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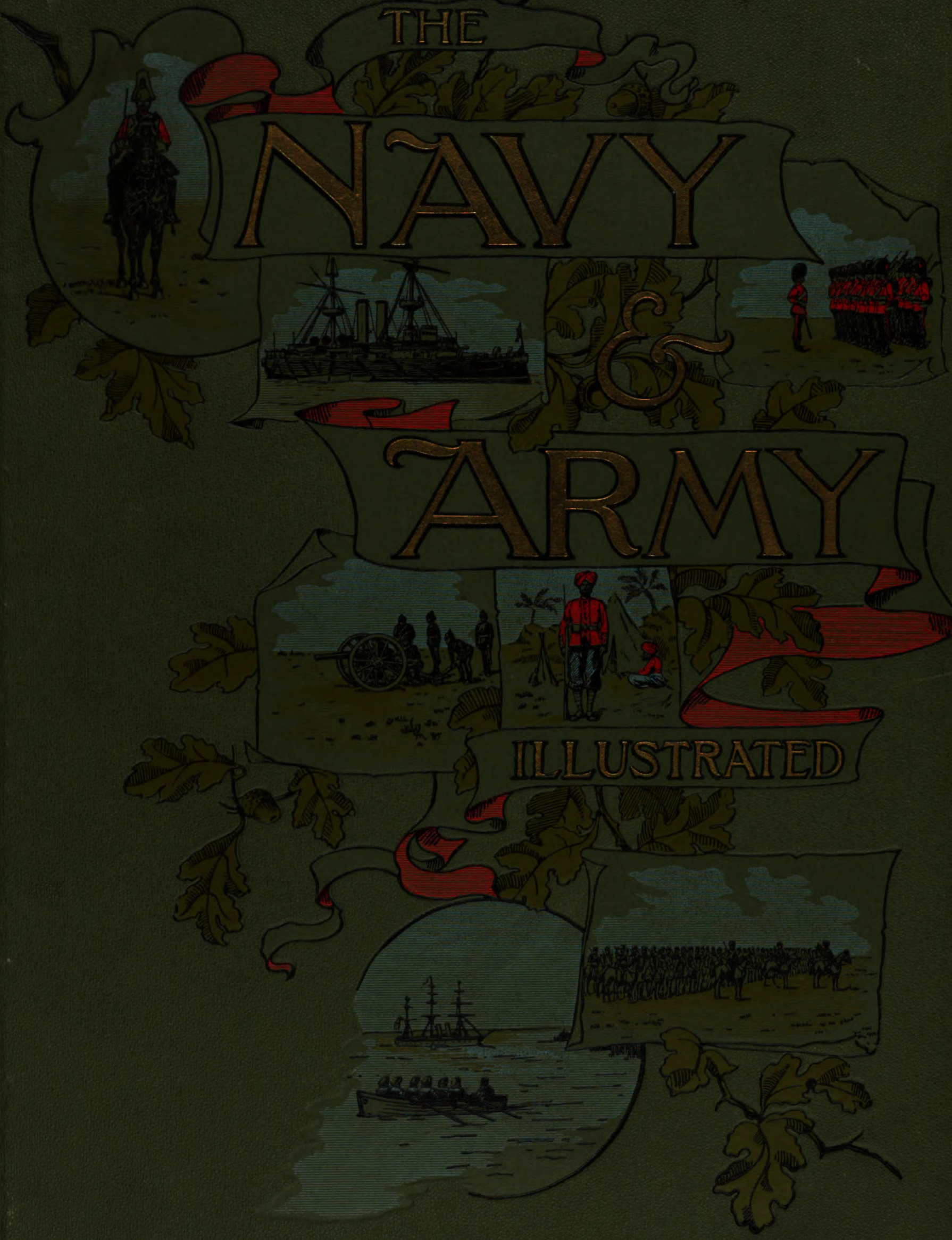

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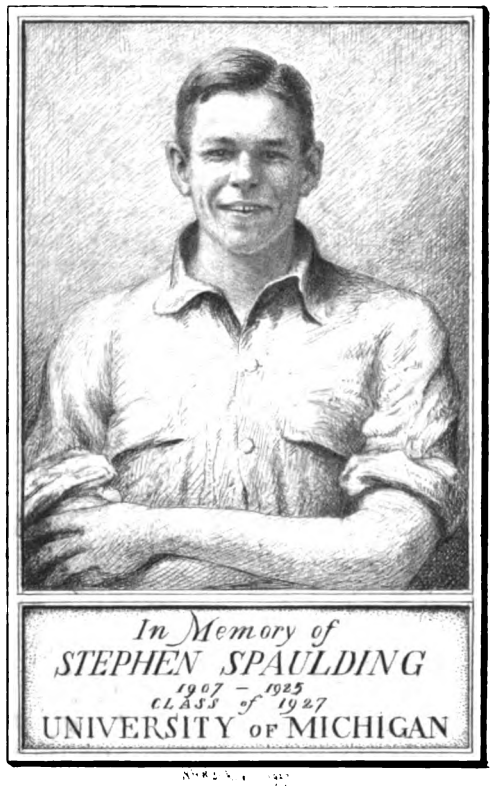

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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COLONEL E. BAINBRIDGE, R.A., C.B.

THE NEWLY-APPOINTED CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT OF ORDNANCE FACTORIES.

(See next page.)

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—I.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

IF it be given to disembodied spirits to revisit the scenes of their earthly labours, surely Prince Rupert, the soldier-scientist of the seventeenth century, must be lost in wonder whilst contemplating the gigantic arsenal of which he was the unconscious originator. For generations before any defensive works were erected at Woolwich, that conveniently-situated port had been a great ship-building centre. During the war scare of 1667 the inhabitants became greatly alarmed at their defenceless condition, and petitioned King Charles II. for protection. He forthwith addressed a letter, pregnant with fate for the whole nation, to Prince Rupert, his cousin:

"June 13, 1667.

"Most dere Cousin,—We greet you well! Whereas we have appointed certain works and battereys to be forthwith raised at or near Woolwich for ye better security of ye river against ye attempt of ye enemy; we give you sole charge," etc., etc.

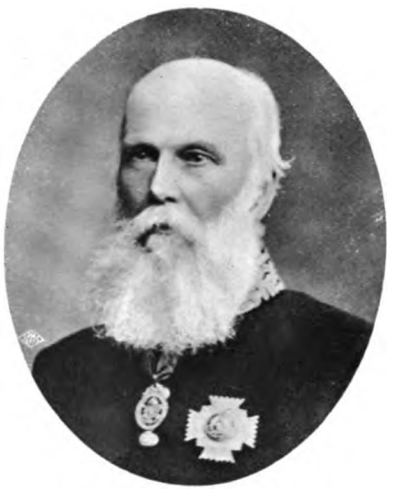

Photo. Busbridge.
The late SIR WILLIAM ANDERSON, K.C.B.

In the leisurely method of the seventeenth century, Prince Rupert began the erection of some modest earthworks, and during their progress built himself a fine house, parts of which are still in existence under the name of the Model Room in the Inspection Department. After his death the building was utilised for the training of youthful artillerists, and under the name of the Royal Military Academy it served as the nursery for the men who did such magnificent work in the Peninsular Wars. From Prince Rupert's earthworks has sprung the greatest Government manufacturing department in Great Britain, from which munitions of war of all kinds proceed to our Navy, Army, and colonies. The growth of the Arsenal has been fitful, now bursting into intense vitality during periods of war such as we waged in the Peninsula, again becoming stationary during the long and corroding peace which ended in 1854. The Russian War really gave the Arsenal its great impetus, and from that time its growth has been steady. To give an example of the fluctuations in the amount of labour employed: In 1805 10,000 men were at work in the various factories, whilst in 1837 the number had fallen to under 500.

Originally the 600 acres that the Royal Arsenal now covers consisted of half swamp, half rabbit warren, and until 1805 it was by the name of The Warren that the establishment was known. To George IV. the happy thought occurred of giving it its present appropriate name, as a memento of a visit he paid it in 1805.

The development and output of the various departments will be dealt with under their respective sections, and hence in this, the initial number, the work of the Arsenal as a whole has to be examined.

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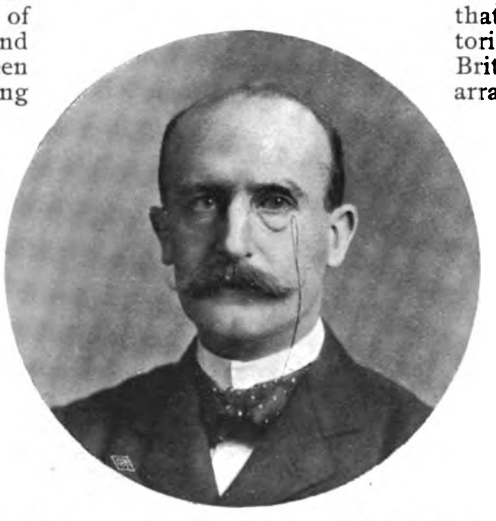
MAIN GATE, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The manufacture of the war material used by our forces is carried out in three great sections, each being under the supervision of the Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories. Woolwich is responsible for rifled guns of all sizes, for ammunition—from the ·303 rifle cartridge to the shell for the 110-ton gun—fuses, torpedoes, waggons, artillery fittings, gun mountings, and shields.

Enfield is devoted to small-arm manufacture, together with bayonets, swords, and lances. Waltham Abbey provides the cordite necessary for the guns, rifles, etc., and also a little gunpowder for practice work. From this it will be noticed that the Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories is the manufacturer *par excellence* to the British Army When these articles were first arranged the chief of the ordnance factories

Photo. Busbridge.
G. TAPP, Esq.,
Civil Assistant to C.S.O.F.



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C.M.E.O.F.

Photo. Downey.
MAJOR BARLOW, R.A.,
Second Military Assistant to C.S.O.F.

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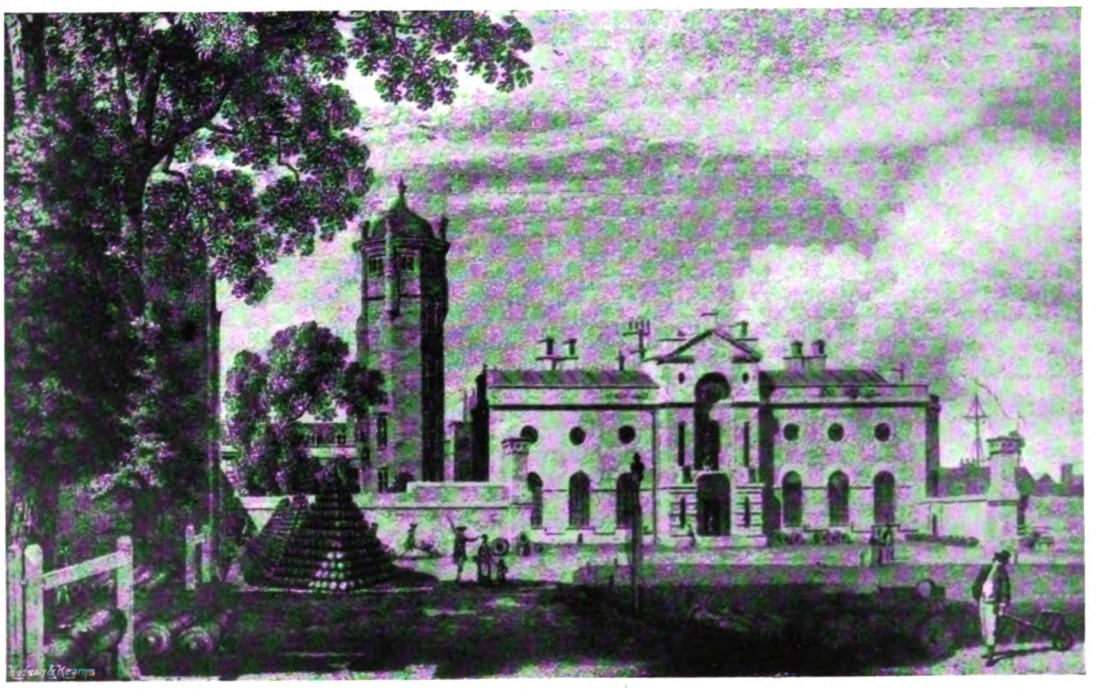
was the late Sir William Anderson, K.C.B. The writer is under a deep debt of gratitude to him for assisting in every way in the production of this series. Many of the seventy photographs were taken under the worst climatic conditions, and only the courtesy and consideration shown by every official in the factories enabled the task to be concluded. That this kindness was due to direct inspiration from headquarters there is no doubt whatever, for machinery was stopped in many instances whenever necessary. No one who knew the deceased official can but regret that he was not spared longer to superintend the splendid factories of which he was so proud. The articles which follow, crowded with pictures as they are, do not pretend to do more than give a brief account of this national war material manufactory; but incomplete as necessarily they have to be, they owe their interest to the man who has "passed."

Since the above was penned the struggle for the control of the ordnance factories between the civil and military authorities has resulted in a victory for the latter, and once more, after an interregnum of ten years, a Service man is in command of a Service manufactory. Colonel Bainbridge, R.A.,C.B., whose portrait forms our frontispiece, and a notice of whom will appear in the next instalment, has been appointed Chief Superintendent with somewhat modified powers.

The chief is assisted by a staff of 46 officers, civil and military, at a cost to the State of £25,208 per annum. Portraits of the Chief Mechanical Engineer of Ordnance Factories, Mr. H. Donaldson, M.I.C.E., of the civil assistant, Mr. George M. Tapp, and of the second military assistant, Major Barlow, R.A., will be found in the illustrations. This staff has the management of close on 18,000 men, having an annual wage sheet of £1,580,000, and a yearly output of £3,000,000 worth of work.

If the visitor walks for an hour or two in the Arsenal, and then stands at the main gate at one o'clock, he is able to grasp the meaning of these figures, but not unless. When he learns that a complete service of trains exists simply to facilitate intercourse between one part of the factories and another, and that actually forty-seven miles of rail are employed, it begins to dawn upon him what a vast establishment the Arsenal is. To a soldier 18,000 men represent so many battalions, but the civilian has no such unit to work from, and hence he has no conception what a mass of human beings this number represents. Stay! The clocks are all striking one, and in a few moments the main gate will be worth seeing. Out of the great hive the workers pour—four, six, eight abreast until the mind loses all count of them. One can realise the absolute consternation that seized Woolwich town when an utterly unfounded rumour got abroad that Government intended to move the factories to a more protected spot. Imagine Woolwich, if you can, deserted by its army of Arsenal labourers, and the fear of the civic fathers can be understood. All over the factories are placed clocks reared on tall pillars, to enable the men to leave off and commence work punctually. These are supposed to be electrically synchronised, and no doubt they are, but that hardly explains the smile which greeted the writer whenever he mentioned these clocks to men in authority. Perhaps theory is not always practice.

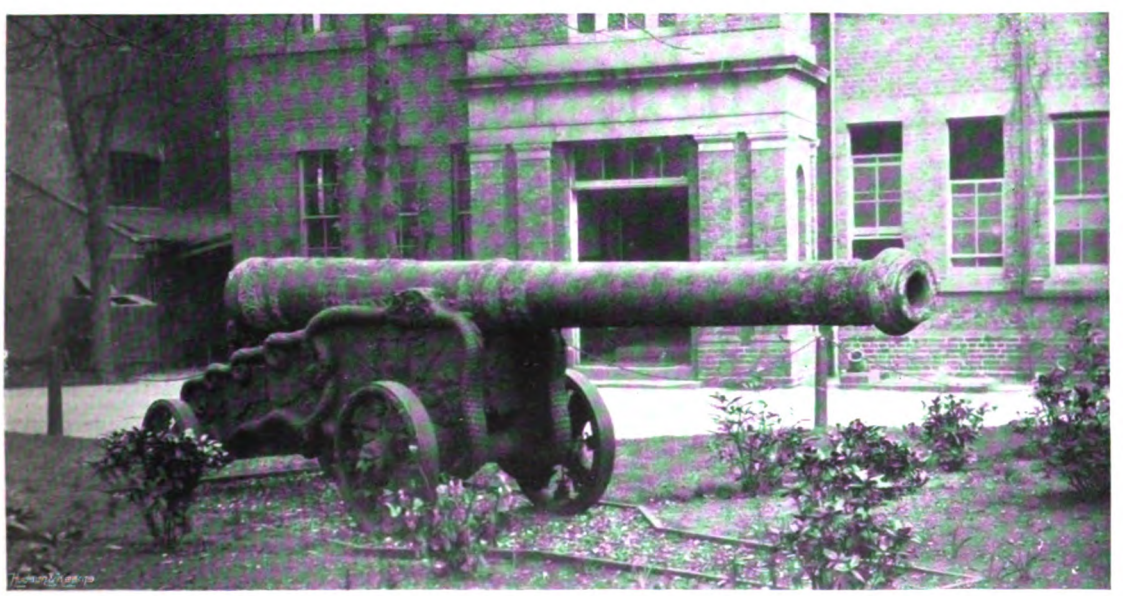
SYNCHRONISED ELECTRIC CLOCK USED IN THE FACTORIES.



OLD HOME OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
In which are incorporated portions of Prince Rupert's Palace.

The entrance to the factories is decidedly impressive, and the illustration, a snap-shot taken on a Saturday afternoon, gives an excellent idea of it. It was built in 1829 by General Viscount Beresford, then Master-General of the Ordnance, and under its friendly shade the police force of the factory has its headquarters. Visitors are rightly enough compelled to sign their names in the police office before admission, a proceeding which is supposed in some way to prevent the entrance of unauthorised persons. As, however, tickets for admission can be readily obtained, this precaution might, one is inclined to think, be still further increased in stringency.

The headquarter staff is



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HEADQUARTERS OF C.S.O.F.—MALTESE GUN CAPTURED IN 1801.

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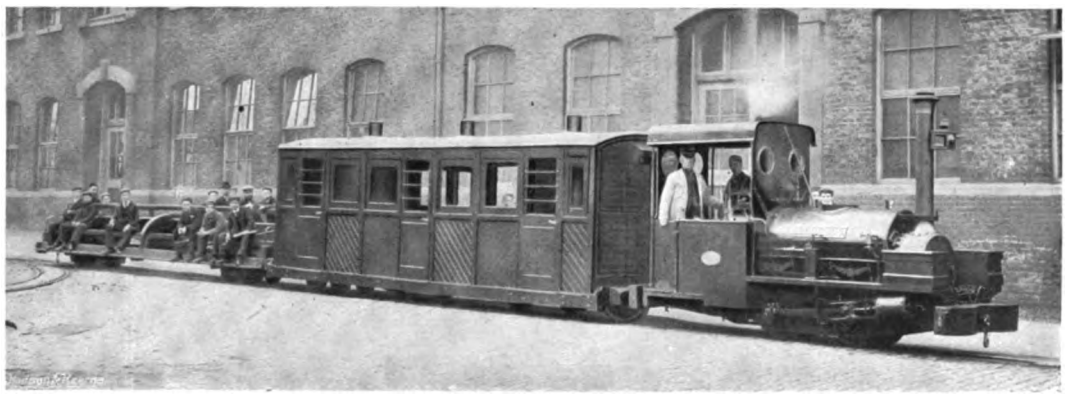
housed in a modern building almost in the shadow of the main gate, having in front of it a magnificent specimen of an ancient Maltese cannon. This superb piece of old-time artillery was captured at Malta in 1801, and is 15-ft. long, and has a bore of 4-in. in diameter.

It will be observed that its shape much more approximates to the modern breech-loading gun than do the ponderous-looking muzzle-loading weapons of a few years back. Beyond headquarters there is a peaceful village green, admirably kept and tended, and surrounded by buildings all belonging to a past age The old guard-room, with its flanking Russian cannon, is a relic of the day when the Royal Regiment of Artillery was quartered here, long before it had grown to its present dimensions. Close beside it, on the far side, an old sundial gives its name to the low, single storey Dial House. Altogether the aspect of the scene is not suggestive of the marvellous range of "shops" beyond, each vieing with the other in turning out its deadly material. The great amount of cartage necessitated by the size of the factories is done by the Army Service Corps, the "hewers of stone and the drawers of water" for their comrades. Their neat blue uniforms lend just the touch of the picturesque to the scene which is necessary to make the military functions of the Arsenal evident. Without them the grimy, hurrying mechanics might be engaged in cotton-spinning, or any other peaceful pursuit, instead of forging Britain's ponderous munitions of war.

OLD GUARD-ROOM OF ROYAL ARTILLERY.

It has been noticed before that the Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories is simply the manufacturer to the Army. It is interesting to observe that the military side of the War Office treats his goods as they might those of any other great firm, and everything produced by him has to undergo the most searching examination by a set of officials quite distinct from, and owing no allegiance to, his authority. This, in spite of what the casual observer might imagine, makes for efficiency, and keeps the officials responsible for the work keenly alive to any imperfections in the quality of their output.

To Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., belongs the credit of making the ordnance factories into an eight-hour establishment, a change which, as far as an outsider can discover, has suited and is pleasing to the men. The great strikes which have diverted so much work from this country have not as yet paralysed Woolwich, and long may this be so. Practically, men by working for a long period can qualify for a pension, and this is an enormous steadying factor. Men who can face the distant future with equanimity are not likely to readily listen to the wiles of the agitator, and hence strikes find no favour in the Arsenal. That men employed here *do* subscribe to their unfortunate brother-labourers' strike funds is beyond doubt, but who shall say them nay? To the casual visitor who uses his eyes, there appears a very excellent spirit prevailing in the factories. Men seem to work cheerfully, and to put their hearts into what they are doing: and whilst this is so, it is unlikely that our ships will want for guns or our troops for rifles by any act on the part of Woolwich.



"FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS."
One of the trains used on the 17 miles of railway in the Arsenal.

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POLICE GROUP, SHOWING SOME OF THE MEN EMPLOYED. FIRE-ENGINE MANNED ENTIRELY BY POLICE.

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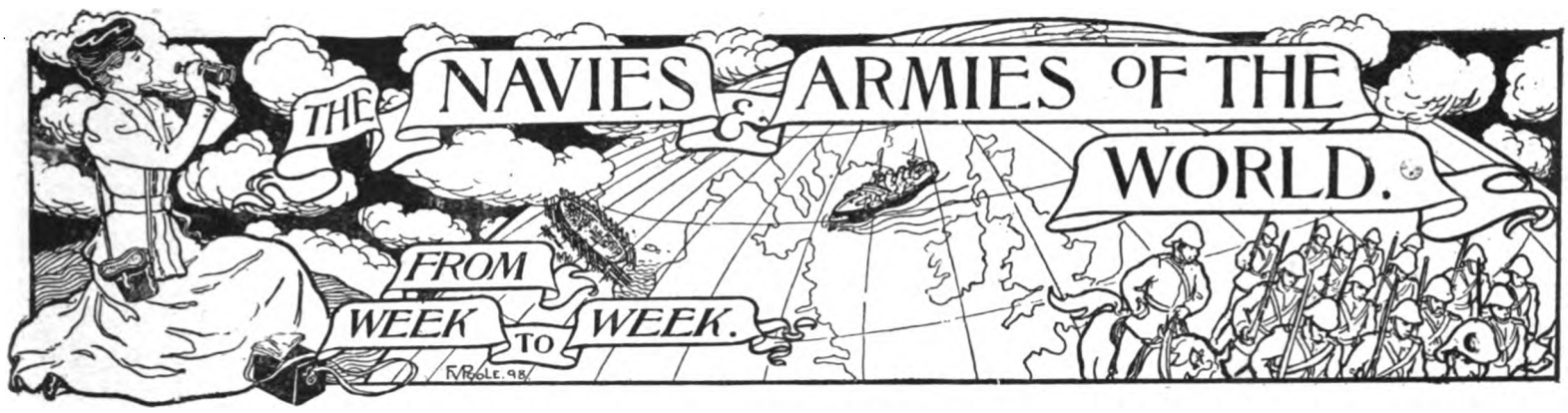

ONE'S first natural inclination is to think that M. Lockroy was hectoring us as he delivered his speech to the French Chamber of Deputies the other day, when introducing the Navy Estimates. On second thoughts one still finds a strong element of threat in his words, but there are other considerations to be taken into account. It is after all only fair to remember that France has been severely snubbed in the Fashoda business, and that she has, as it were, had her nose pulled at Muscat. No doubt the pulling was done by deputy. It was the Seyid, or Imam, or Sultan, or whatever his proper title may be, whose nose was manipulated by the British Agent, who came over from Bushire for the purpose, and by Admiral Douglas. Still it was because he was in treaty with the French that he was subjected to this indignity, and they were able to give him no assistance, which puts them in a more than slightly ridiculous position. Now experiences of this kind cannot but be irritating to our lively neighbours, and they are not a whit the more acceptable because the French have brought their lesson on themselves. So it is not unnatural that a Minister should think that he will please his hearers by speaking up briskly in a general way. Besides, we must not forget that M. Lockroy has been very severely criticised for his management of the French Navy, and his colleague of the Foreign Office has been bitterly accused of subserviency to England. It is natural therefore that they should wish to put the best face they can on things, and make a fine story of what they have done and propose to do. In short, there is a good deal of Parliamentary management in his speech, and we can afford to look on that with a certain amount of fellow-feeling.

* * * *

Still there is an element of threat in the speech. It may remind us usefully that if France could have squared up over Fashoda and Muscat, she would. Also, it is a pretty distinct intimation that if she is prepared to spend hundreds of millions of francs on her Navy, in spite of the embarrassed state of her finances, it is because she hopes to be in a better position next time. We may just as well keep that fact clearly in mind. So it is not useless to take note of what M. Lockroy tells us that France is going to do. As for what M. Lockroy says he has done, there must be a good deal of Parliamentary management in that. He has motives of his own for making the most of his merits as a restorer of the coast fortifications. We may safely have our doubts about the exact truth of what he says concerning the condition of the coast defences when he took them in hand. It is at any rate very doubtful whether any British admiral in his senses would have been in a hurry to steam through the Goulet of Brest, or into the Petite Rade at Toulon. As regards the future again M. Lockroy had nothing to say which is new. We have heard a good deal of late about the submarine boat, and the wonders it is to do. On that subject the only thing worth saying is, that supposing the "Gustave Zédé" to be all its admirers believe, all we have to do is to build a number for ourselves. Then we can send our submarine boats with our blockading squadrons, and they will dispose of the French enemy who are of the same kind as themselves, and they will also be able to dispose of the submarine mines, which will clear the way very satisfactorily for the battle-ships.

* * * *

From another point of view, also, we can afford to take M. Lockroy's eloquence pretty coolly. His talk about privateering is absurd. Where are the steamers fit for the work in modern times to be got in a hurry? How are they to be manned? And how are they to supply themselves with coal? Absurd too is his opinion that the destruction of commerce by privateers and cruisers would be more ruinous to a trading nation now than it was in the seventeenth century. All this is frothy talk, exactly fitted to the ignorance and ill-temper which prevail in the meridian of Paris. The substantial meaning of the speech is not much more than just this, that M. Lockroy would like to be in a position to do us a damage if he could, and that the Chamber of Deputies is very much of the same mind.

The prevalence of this way of feeling in France is forcibly illustrated by an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of this month. It is on the subject of invasions of England, and is really curious reading. The writer, who does not give his name, ranges up and down history. He is not content without including Julius Cæsar, all for the sake of showing that England can be invaded. The example of Julius Cæsar would have been more to the point if the ingenious writer could have shown that there was any British Fleet at sea with which "the greatest man in all the world" had to lay his account. To be sure he thinks little enough of the Fleet. The gem of his article, or the lesson thereof, comes at the end. The writer, with a gravity and confidence which are simply portentous, provides his countrymen with a plan for the destruction of England. It is delightfully simple. All they have to do is to keep their own Fleet carefully in port, treat the British Navy as if it did not exist, and build 1,500 "frams" with engines. When the "frams" and their engines are ready, they are to rush out from all the ports from Dunkirk to Bordeaux, and bring the modern Carthage to deserved destruction. The writer allows that some of them would be damaged in the process, and even estimates that a certain number of thousands of soldiers would be used up in the venture. Still he calculates that the large majority would get through; and when once the irresistible French soldier had landed, the thing would be as good as done. Now it would be wasting time, which is the stuff of life, to argue with such nonsense as this. It has a certain value in one way. When such a very serious and generally well-informed and able magazine as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* can publish such rubbish for no mortal merit it has except a rabid hatred of England, and the fury of its threats against her, the French mind must really be getting beside itself with anger. In that mood it may do anything. For our part, sane Englishmen may be content to tell the anonymous French writer that we hope his plan may be carried out. Supposing that we do hate the French, and they have been doing their best to make us entertain that feeling ever since 1882, then we shall have a grim joy when those "frams" come to sea. It would be a pleasure to see what the most obsolete old ironclad going would do with them. But I do not expect to hear of the "fram" invasion in my time.

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It seems to be supposed in some quarters that Mr. Goschen was proposing a kind of bargain to Russia, and, perhaps, to others also, when he said that our great building vote for the Navy might be reduced if others were also brought down. There is a touch of the fantastic in this interpretation, and it is quite unnecessary to read all kinds of meanings into what public men say—though the practice has many fascinations. Whatever Mr. Goschen meant, it is certainly curious that he should have spoken in this way just when M. de Freycinet was making not dissimilar remarks to the French Chamber. Of course, there are superficial differences between their words. The French Minister was telling his countrymen that they could do no more. The First Lord of the Admiralty was letting a rival know that however much they did, we would do still more. Yet both were substantially insisting on a truth which will have more effect in putting a stop to the race in armaments than all the eloquence and the good intentions of the Czar. It is true that there is a limit to what any nation can do. If it goes further it exhausts itself, but does no harm, rather good, to its opponent. When that limit is reached—and it is imposed not only by the amount of population but by the extent of wealth—there must be an end of the race. Perhaps the best course for us to follow would be to work to the extent of our tether—France seems to have done it already—and then we shall all know just where we stand. Our relative positions will be largely fixed, and the conditions of the game so exactly marked that the risk that any particular player will try a gambling venture must be reduced to the minimum.

DAVID HANNAY.

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The Battle of Kambula.

By A. B. TUCKER.

THE twentieth anniversary of the battle of Kambula is to be celebrated next Wednesday, the 29th inst., at the Prince's Restaurant, with Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., in the chair. The action was not, perhaps, one of those whose names are "as familiar in our ears as household words," but it is well worthy of commemoration. The battle occurred in the second stage of the Zulu Campaign; and just as Rorke's Drift saved Natal from invasion, so Kambula preserved Utrecht and the Transvaal (we had not then surrendered the latter country to the Boers). Kambula is also interesting, first, because the very flower of the Zulu Army was opposed to us, and, secondly, because the victory followed closely on the heels of a disastrous retirement. The invading army which marched into Zululand in January, 1879, and which was to meet with such varying fortune, consisted of four columns, and it is with the 4th, or Northern, Column, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, V.C., that we are now concerned. It comprised the 13th and 90th Regiments, six guns, Buller's Light Horse, and a number of natives, the white troops numbering about 2,000 well-seasoned men.

Colonel Wood's force in March, 1879, was entrenched at Kambula, and on the 28th a reconnaissance was made in the direction of the Hlobane Mountain, about fifteen miles off. Hlobane is unlike any of the adjacent mountains; its steep slopes culminate in a belt of sheer cliff, round whose base rocks and boulders lie piled in rugged confusion, giving the idea that the top of the mountain has fallen away all round. Many of the rocks are of enormous size, and it was in the holes and caves formed by them that the Zulus lay in wait for our men as they marched to the attack. When at length the top of the mountain had been won, after some heavy fighting, it was found that the Zulus had been strongly reinforced, and were trying to surround our force and cut off its retreat. Colonel Buller (now Major-General Sir Redvers Buller), who was in command, found it necessary to retire, and down the fearfully-precipitous side of the mountain our men had to go, the Zulus charging them with fierce shouts. The retirement soon became a headlong retreat. The Zulus came on in hot pursuit. It was in the midst of his escape from a death-trap that Colonel Buller won his V.C., by saving the lives of two officers and a trooper. Later in the evening he brought in seven others who had lost the track to Kambula during the confusion of the retreat.

But our turn was coming. The day after this disastrous reconnaissance we had ample revenge. The great Zulu army, which nearly succeeded in cutting off our retreat from Hlobane, flushed with their success and relying on their vast numbers, had determined to sweep away the small white force entrenched at Kambula. For four hours this army of over 20,000 men steadily advanced. They were, as usual, in crescent formation. On they came, column after column, chanting a war song in vaunt of what they had done at Isandhlwana and what they would do again. At length they began to make a rapid advance, and when the right horn of the Zulu army was within two miles' distance, a mounted party went amidst hearty cheers to give them battle. Having advanced and fired, and found the enemy too numerous, our men retired, drawing the Zulus after them, which was the real object of the manœuvre. The right horn of the enemy's army pressed bravely, in spite of a tremendous fire from the artillery, the 90th and the 13th. The fate of our little force was hanging in the balance. Throughout that long afternoon the battle was waged amid the screech of shell and rattle of volleys, the deep-toned war shout of the Zulus mingling with the scarcely less wild British cheers. Again and again the myriad enemy surged up the incline, again and again to fall back before the "handful they could not subdue," leaving the slope strewn with writhing bodies. Still they reformed and came steadily on. At last, chiefly through the scathing fire of our big guns, the movements of the enemy became paralysed, and a panic began. At the rear of our laager a body of Zulus had gained the top of the hill, about 300-yds. off, and kept up a galling fire upon the 13th. All was, however, soon over; the Zulus wavered, hesitated, turned, and fled. With lusty cheers our men followed in pursuit. Two companies of the 13th charged down the ravine at the point of the bayonet. Shrapnel and case shot continued to pour from the field-pieces on the heavy masses of Zulus, now in full flight. The cavalry pursued them until it was too dark to see. The victory was complete. The Zulus lost over 1,200 killed, while our casualties amounted to thirty killed and fifty wounded.

Sir Evelyn Wood a few months later told the story of the fight at a City banquet. Speaking of his troops, he said, "And when, on that glorious 29th of March, 24,000 Zulus measured their strength for five long hours—they seemed very long to me—against our 1,800 men . . . young and old upheld equally the credit of our arms."

Playing at Soldiers, or Women as Warriors.

By CICELY MCDONELL.

"IT'S a sweet little girl, sir," says the nurse, as the wailing cry of number eleven is heard in the distance.

"Good heavens, Jones!" says Major Smith; "what on earth am I to do with eleven girls?"

The Americans, however, like the go-ahead people they are, have solved the difficulty for us. The surplus woman may, perhaps, be killed off in battle; and though this sounds rather brutal, it simply means that in the Far West women are enlisting, drilling, wearing uniforms, and generally comporting themselves as imitation soldiers. Very far West, indeed—so far, that it may not be true. At the first rumours of this movement, people were apt to think it rather original; it's a good age for forgetting, or they might have remembered that there's nothing new under the sun.

Boadicea, of Great Britain's history, and her female warriors were a brave and dauntless band; Victoria, A.D. 268, controlled the fierce legions of Gaul; Joan of Arc and the Maid of Kent were dauntless leaders; the Amazons of South America fought with a brilliant and desperate valour; and did not the King of Dahomey's body-guard (women too) give our own soldiers some hard work before the struggle was won.

Women do not lack courage, and, when it comes to a point of fighting, ignore altogether the fact that their good looks may suffer ere the victory be won. "Only let me get at 'im!" exclaims the East End termagant; and what an excellent war-cry for an Amazon regiment when charging the manly foe!

Not very many years ago some enthusiast suggested a female volunteer corps—what it was to do was not very clear, as home duties for such a body do not exist—and although some argued that in case of war it would be well that women should know how to shoot straight and defend themselves under fire, as volunteers do not (except in an extreme case) go out on active service, domestic endeavours are more desirable accomplishments. The whole movement began and ended, like many others, in the newspapers, giving one more blessed opportunity for men to be smart at the expense of the sex for which, under the mischievous influence of the little god of Love, they are equally ready to die, to fly, and to adore. "I love thee so well that I only can leave thee," sings one desperate lover; while another pens a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows; and yet another "worships her in distant reverence."

Sergeant W. J. Foster, however, is a practical man. He dwells in Atlanta, and belongs to the Capital City Guards of Georgia, and is drill-master of what is said to be the best-drilled and only real military company of girls in America. The company has its headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia, and numbers some forty girls, whose precision in the manual and marching movements cannot be excelled, it is said, by the best company of males. The organisation of the female

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command was due to an entertainment for charity, for which it was decided that Sergeant Foster should organise a company of girls to take part in a military drill.

They made such a phenomenal success that it was decided to maintain the organisation under the title of "Foster's Light Infantry," in honour of Sergeant Foster, who says "it was no easy task at first to get the company into shape, but in the long run he found his girl company easier to drill than men."

Sergeant Foster, in referring to his experience with the girls, says: "I have often been asked what difference I found between them and the regulation soldier in point of drilling. I think I can truthfully say that the advantage lies all with the girl soldier, after she has once learned exactly what she should do. I found two great difficulties in drilling the company of girls. One was making them promptly and consistently obey the command 'Attention!' You see, women find it very natural to look around when anyone speaks, and at first when I gave a command they would all look at me instead of straight ahead, as they should have done. They did not seem able to grasp the necessity of obeying the command, and at times I thought I never could teach them. Finally they caught the knack of it, and now their 'attention' is superb.

Mrs Christian Davies.

"The second difficulty I met with was in getting them to keep their hands at their sides. It seemed as if every individual girl in that company thought each time we drilled that her cap was crooked on her head, or that something was the matter with her hair. Up the hands would go, in spite of all I could say or do, and they would be patting their hair and adjusting their caps whenever they had a moment's leisure. I don't mean to say that this was any sign of vanity at all, but some things are as natural to women as can be, and they cannot be expected to break away from them without difficulty.

"Finally, I told them that it was necessary for a soldier to complete his toilet before he took his place in the ranks, and that anything that was wrong in his appearance had to stay so unless it was something frightful. They thought the matter over carefully, and at last got so that they could leave their caps and their hair alone during the drill. Now not one of them ever thinks of moving a hand at the wrong time or in the wrong direction." Sergeant Foster finally declares that he "doesn't believe there is a company in the United States Army that drills, according to Upton's tactics, as carefully as these girls." "Good old girls" is the only comment possible.

The ready and enthusiastic tears that rise to our "twa blue e'en" as we read of the veteran's approval, are rather checked when we find that no less a person than the late American Ambassador has stated that he has "no knowledge of any such institution as an Amazon regiment in the United States, nor have any of the officials of this Embassy ever heard of it; and I should say that it is as little likely to exist in my country as in England." And his remarks are confirmed by a letter received (in reply to enquiries made) from the British Vice-Consul at Savannah, Georgia, in which he says:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your enquiry of a recent date relative to Foster's Light Infantry 'Amazon Regiment,' and in reply have the honour to state that, after enquiry among the best-posted military authorities here, I am informed no record is obtainable of any Amazon regiment having existed in this country, United States of North America."

However, we are still told of the "Ladies' Military Company," of Reading, Pennsylvania, where the members wear a uniform of white *waists*, blue and red shirts. They have been drilling with real rifles for several years. All the members are strong muscular young women; but, judging from a picture, not handsome. We have all heard of the unfortunate woman who was "plain" enough to stop a train. It's nice, if plain, to be of use, and a bloodless warfare is ever desirable.

Well, these estimable young persons (the company's full strength is only sixteen) don't particularly want to fight (and "by jingo, if they *do*," the enemy may retreat without firing a shot), but they are quite ready to accompany the soldiers. Their object is to nurse them, to render services in the hospital; they are not afraid of powder, and if they are wanted in the field they will go. Colonel Case, of Marietta, commander of the Fourth Regiment National Guard, was delighted with the company's skill, and declared that they possessed all the knowledge of military tactics to entitle them to admission to the list of State troops.

In speaking of her company, Captain Shilling (not the Queen's Shilling) said, "We are the first ladies' military organisation in the country; others may follow us, but we will always have the honour of being the first. So you can tell the public that we are waiting when the first call for troops arrives to have our places assigned to us." They are still waiting; and the motto of this extremely large and efficient company is doubtless "Waiting for Him." Forty and sixteen make fifty-six—not a very large regiment that!

Of the "matrons" for the Army we have not heard much. Their intentions were quite peaceable; they only went to mend the socks and sew buttons on the shirts of the bonny boys who knew nothing of war. Incidental cases, however, in modern history of woman's bravery in battle are not wanting, though, perhaps not unstrangely, such a profession was sought more for the sake of the man she loved than for loyal devotion to the State—than for honour and glory.

Among a few names only, let me record that of Christian Davies, profanely nicknamed "old Mother Ross," who joined the Army simply to find her husband in *circa* 1700. Like modern wives, she did not appreciate desertion, even compulsory desertion, and after many adventures found her missing link.

Yet another woman with a purpose was Mary Anne Talbot, known as John Taylor; but her adoption of arms was not voluntary. Her husband bade it; and is not obedience (according to Comte, and in this I entirely agree with him) a wife's first duty?

The eighteenth century, prolific in desperate deeds, produced Hannah Snell, Ann Mills, Mary Ambrée, Phœbe Hessel, Doña Rafaela Mora, and Mary Schelienck, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the hands of the great Napoleon. *Après et enfin*, Renée Bordereau (originality is truly a lost art), better known as the military heroine of La Vendée, who was excepted by Napoleon, who for once feared his foe, from the general amnesty, with a very high price set on her head.

La Belle Liégoise led the storming of the Bastile. In the most recent and important battle in the Philippines (under the generalship of the rebel Aguinaldo) many women fought and fell. Theirs no common courage—rather the devotion that enables women to face and meet foes worse than Death!

Playing at soldiers is a very good game played slowly; it cannot be learnt in a hurry, and the bravest hearts will quail, and not unnaturally, when facing for the first time the shot and shell of an almost invisible foe. War is not for women—not even for the surplus woman; let her bide at home and pursue the womanly arts that remain and endure. In the battle-field woman is out of place—even the nurses are stationed at the base of operations; while barrack-life would be absolutely and utterly impossible.

A Stage Amazon.

Well, well, here we have one million more women than men. If conscription for women could exist as an occupation for those who have nothing to do, and don't know how to do it, it *might* be a boon to some; but "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Who is to rock it if there are no womenly women? Can we spare our women for soldiers? Does anyone want to? Far better, let the bachelor man be taxed; the daughters be dressed in pink to beguile them; and as a last resource, if we don't know what to do with our girls, there's always Australia, where one hundred thousand surplus men are waiting to fold them in their empty arms.

But send them for soldiers! *No.*

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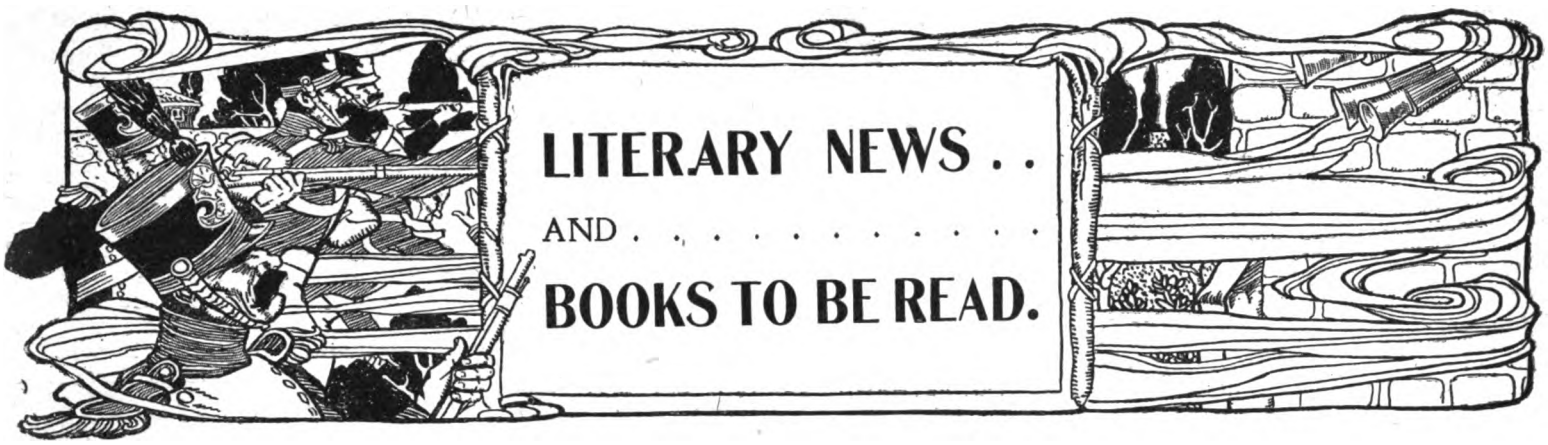

"FROM Peking to Petersburg," by Arnot Reid (Edward Arnold), is undoubtedly a very interesting and a very well-written volume. The author is a practised journalist, well acquainted with Eastern peoples and subjects, and he has written one of the most generally readable and instructive narratives of travel that have lately been published. The charm of the book is in its simplicity and directness. It is neither elaborate in scale nor in design, but it is much more than a mere narrative, for the author often pauses to suggest a condition or discuss some pregnant situation. He had travelled from Singapore to England both by way of America and the Suez Canal, and, seeking a new route, he determined to cross Mongolia and Siberia. Many hastened to dissuade him, but he set out with confidence well justified, and with comfortable optimism rarely disabused. Many may perhaps like to follow in his footsteps, and certainly, if they are as fortunate, they will meet with few difficulties, and have nothing to regret. An excellent description of Peking gives a favourable impression at the very outset. M. Pavloff, indeed, threw difficulties in the way, but, through the instances of the British Embassy, obstacles disappeared, and Mr. Reid and his friends set out on their journey. China was left behind with regret, for he speaks in high terms of the Chinese as a kindly, helpful, and industrious race. They are not, he says, really opposed to foreigners, the spirit of opposition being really in the Manchu ruling classes. Of non-European races that he knows, Mr. Reid, indeed, considers the Chinese the best, for, if they lack the intellectual subtlety of some Indian races, they have a larger practical capacity and greater thoroughness of character. As soldiers we scarcely know them, but, says Mr. Reid, if we can drill the Egyptian fellaheen to withstand Dervish onslaughts, we can certainly drill Chinamen to face any risks of war.

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There is a very interesting chapter in the volume embodying a survey of the railway question, which space fails me to deal with. Mr. Reid, however, has evidently no faith in the emphatic protestations of political innocence offered by the Belgian concessionaires, and he remarks that the question of gauge on the new Chinese railways is one of much importance. Shall the Russian gauge be adopted or that general in the rest of Europe? Our traveller found the Mongolians a sadly fallen and altogether harmless set of people, who know no nations save China and Russia, and are impressed with particular respect for the latter. The journey across the great desert of Gobi proved the most pleasant Mr. Reid had ever experienced, and when he left it he found himself welcomed with great hospitality at the Russian frontier, and compelled to charge his glass with various liquors, and on so many occasions, that the result would have proved particularly uncomfortable if his considerate hostess had not surreptitiously substituted water for vodka. In short, he has nothing to say but what is nice of the Russians. They showed kindness and helpfulness for which he could not be too grateful, and were most willing to go out of their way and to put aside their own affairs in order to assist the strangers. Those who know Russia, and those who have read much concerning the country, will agree that this picture of Russian courtesy is well borne out by general experience. Mr. Reid disabuses a popular misconception concerning Siberia, which, as a place of residence, he considers to be preferable to some dominions under the British Crown. At Kiakhta, Irkutsk, Tomsk, and elsewhere he found the mercantile class thoroughly settled and comfortable, and loving Siberia as a home, just as Canadians love Canada, while the common people were judged to be hardy, laborious, active, and progressive in character. Of course, of the Trans-Siberian Railway Mr. Reid has a great deal to say, though I cannot follow him in this place, and he narrates much that is pleasant of ambassadors, correspondents, and notable persons he met upon his journey, and concludes a very pleasant book with well-written accounts of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and of many things that will interest his readers.

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There remain his views upon the future to be noted. He regards the situation as serious, with the grave remark that if Russia has the opportunity to raise, drill, and discipline armies to be gathered out of 300,000,000 Chinamen, she ought not merely to overrun Asia, but to dominate the Continent of Europe. However, he regards the arrival of the United States upon the scene as the most surprising and hopeful sign of the future. His idea is that our soundest policy would be to urge upon the American President the idea that it is the truest policy of Great Britain and the United States to guarantee, by formal treaty, the independence of the whole, or nearly the whole, of China within precise geographical lines. Unfortunately for such a suggestion, the Americans have at present enough upon their hands, and, though they may not hesitate to "take up the white man's burden," in so far as the Philippines are concerned it seems unlikely that they will for some time be ready to assume other responsibilities of the kind Mr. Reid proposes. He has the alternative of a formal agreement with Russia, by no means so favourable to us, and, failing that, would go in for the game of grab. His opinion that a protected China would, through the administrative capacity of the Chinese, be a true and veritable China, is interesting, though not, in the light of recent experiences, altogether convincing. Mr. Reid has written a volume of much importance and of unfailing interest, which I would commend to readers generally. They will not fail to gather from it the impression that firmness, perspicacity, and decision are at this juncture supremely important in the statesmen who direct our policy in China.

Those who have read Mr. Reid's book will not be disappointed if they take up "Round the World on a Wheel," by John Foster Fraser (Methuen). This is a narrative of a cycle journey undertaken and successfully completed by Mr. Fraser and his friends, Mr. S. Edward Lunn and F. H. Lowe, who covered a distance of 19,237 miles, through seventeen countries and across three continents. Such a journey, under such conditions, could not have been other than interesting, and when I say that the story of it is very well told, the reader will know what to expect. The adventures, episodes, and strange experiences were very many, but, on the whole, it must be said that good fortune and kindly influences attended these wayfarers on the wheel. They were observant and capable travellers, and their spokesman has known what was worth the telling. The route was across Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, the Danubian Provinces, and Southern Russia. They passed the Caucasus and entered Persia, visiting the Palace at Teheran, pushed on to Karachi, and crossed India, Burmah, and China to Shanghai. Thence they reached Japan, cycled through the country, of which Mr. Fraser gives a lively picture, and sailed for San Francisco. They travelled forward to the Salt Lake City, crossed the Missouri to Omaha, reached Chicago and New York, and came home by way of Southampton, Winchester, Farnham, and Guildford, and safely reached the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church on August 29, 1898, which was the place whence they set out on June 17, 1896. Their journey was a good deal talked about at the time, and the record of it will be read with great interest now. It was a plucky undertaking, boldly carried through, and the story of the run makes a very entertaining volume.

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There was some speculation when the novel called "Brown, V.C.," by Mrs. Alexander (Unwin), lately appeared, as to whether it was really by the Mrs. Alexander whose writings have given pleasure to so many. That was, in fact, the case, and, though I do not intend to dwell much upon the book, I may say that it will not disappoint her admirers. The lady who suddenly appears in London lodgings in the beginning of the book, there gives birth to the boy, afterwards the gallant Brown, V.C., and then disappears into space, seems to present a case suitable for the research of a Sherlock Holmes. Somewhat unaccountably her landlady is willing to accept the living legacy of a healthy boy, and no such enquiry is set on foot. The boy grows up, distinguishes himself, proves to be of excellent birth and high position, and marries in the end as his best friends would wish, the whole mystery being cleared up, after being shielded very well. The mother of Brown certainly cannot be absolved from the charge of heartlessness, but, after all, her personal qualities are not the matter at issue. Mrs. Alexander's purpose was to make a good story, and she has succeeded.

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"I have always fought in a cocked hat and silk stockings, as becomes a gentleman, and I shall always fight in a cocked hat and silk stockings, damme!" So says Sir Peter Hawkshaw, Admiral of the White, in Miss Molly Seawell's "The Loves of the Lady Arabella" (Macmillan), a story I have just read with vast amusement. By the date upon it, it is not quite a recent book, but it has only lately reached me, and I must say something of it. A sprightly and inconsequent story it truly is of Naval life presented in the light of wild extravaganza. The admiral, a desperate old sea-dog, is excruciatingly funny. He has learned how to command by learning how to obey Lady Hawkshaw, and, like some American Naval veteran, orders his house as if it were a ship, with the scullions divided into watches, and the rebellious held as mutineers and threatened with double irons. His nephew, a midshipman, and Giles Vernon, another young blade in the Service, are the heroes, and Lady Arabella Stormont and Daphne Carmichael the heroines. After a wordy war between Sir Peter and his lady anent Richard Glyn's entry of the Service, which he does as midshipman on board the "Ajax," 74, we are led to Portsmouth, and make acquaintance with Giles, discovering that young gentlemen of his age and rank draw their swords whenever they cannot draw their purses. A very free-spoken young gentleman he is, and, in the interval of fitting for the Mediterranean to join Jervis's flag, he finds means to drag his new friend up to London, where the pair have an escapade at Drury Lane. By a narrow shave they are on board before the ship sails. The details of Naval life are, of course, questionable, and certainly Giles Vernon would not have signed his letter, "Mid. on H.M.S. Ajax." It was said in the Service that, if ordered to attack hell itself, Sir Peter would stand on until his jib caught fire. There is a sea-fight quite too ludicrous, followed immediately by stormy events ashore, a duel, elopements, or rather abductions, and a flight to Gretna Green. Then one abductor comes within an ace of his life, and Sir Peter publicly declares that it is impossible for a seaman, alone and unaided, to take care of himself on dry land, and that he himself should have been hanged long before but for Lady Hawkshaw. Giles Vernon's love affairs are wrecked, not leaving him a pin the worse, but all ends happily for his friend. What it is all about, and how the *denouement* is reached, the reader will like to discover. It is a thoroughly amusing story, full of spirit and go, and in its details a fine and racy hodge-podge of the last century. Of course it will not be taken *au serieux*.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Queen's Escort to France.

EXTRACT FROM SIGNAL LOG—

"*Calais-Douvres*"—"*General*."
"The Queen is very much pleased with the appearance of your flotilla, and wishes to make her appreciation known to the commander and the officers and crews."

REPLY—

"*Crane*" to "*Calais-Douvres*."
"Please thank Her Majesty in the name of the officers and crews for her expression of appreciation."

NOTE.—A signal is logged as "General" when it is made to all the ships assembled.

IT is a fairly safe assertion to say that no Sovereign in Europe travels with less ostentation and fuss than Her Majesty the Queen. A special train, a temporary inconvenience to passengers along the railway, and a loyal crowd at the points of embarkation or disembarkation, are all the signs on land. If she is proceeding through Portsmouth to Osborne, the principal officers of the port and a Royal guard welcome her on arrival. Within a few minutes she is on board the "Victoria and Albert," which proceeds out of the harbour in the wake of a yacht acting as pilot-boat. About an hour previously a party of twenty Marines has quickly placed the luggage on board. Such ships as may be in harbour, including Nelson's old flag-ship the "Victory," which now flies the flag of the Commander-in-Chief of the port, parade their guards and bands. Steam-boats keep the entrance of the harbour clear, while two graceful pulling cutters in charge of lieutenants are placed near the entrance, where the pretty custom of tossing oars will catch the Queen's eye. This is an effective Naval salute when the twelve oars are tossed in perfect time, and is varied in the case of the Queen by the crew standing up as well.

Custom has decreed that the Sovereigns must never go without an attendant guard. If the Queen goes on board the yacht in harbour a steam-boat patrols the surrounding water; but if the yacht is under way, the might and majesty of the Royal Navy is always in its wake.

On these occasions one thing must surely strike the Queen. Round her are old and valued servants, like Admiral Fullerton, whom Time has mercifully spared to her, but the ships assembled to guard or do her honour are ever changing. Time was—about the fifties—when the old depôt-ships, "Duke of Wellington" and "Marlborough," were among many assembled in the Solent for her inspection. Now they rest at a corner of the dockyard, shorn of their splendid panoply of masts and guns, while their figure-heads of the great military Dukes, when they are not looking into each other's eyes, can see, day by day, a pretty piece of modern seamanship as the torpedo destroyers turn the sharp corner of the narrow, swift-flowing channel, sometimes going ahead, and sometimes astern, with a ticklish wind threatening to upset the calculations of their commanders.

For a few days the Dukes were left mourning for the little 'uns. The brood had flown to Folkestone for the proud task of guarding the Queen to the three-mile limit from Boulogne.

The young Navy in command, from the lieutenant of barely two years' standing to the commander of the flotilla, is delighted. For twenty-nine miles, or ninety minutes by the clock, according to the infallible Bradshaw, the young Navy commanding the youngest ships in the family of Naval invention was to guard the "Calais-Douvres" and its precious passenger.

Torpedo-boats have

Photo Cribb. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "CHAMOIS."

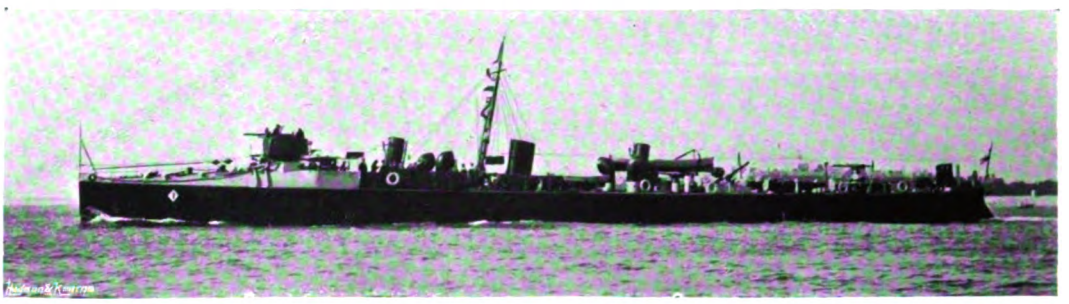

Photo Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "RANGER."

Photo Cribb. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "CRANE."

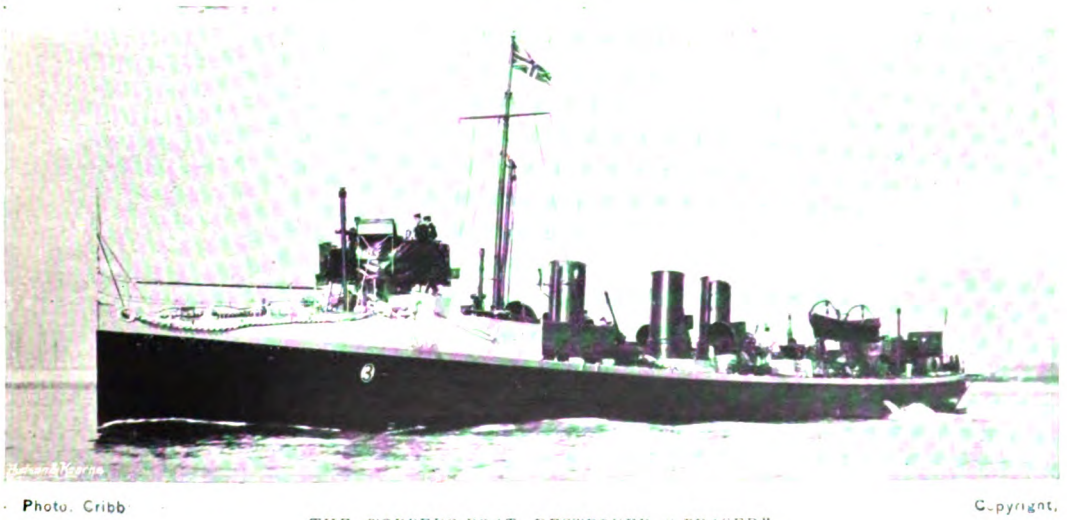

Photo Cribb. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "TEASER."

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occasionally escorted Her Majesty, in addition to a cruiser, for the purpose of warning vessels to make way; but on this occasion "the glorified torpedo-boats," as the torpedo-lieutenant calls the destroyers, were to have the Queen all to themselves. It was no case of "eight little torpedo-boats that went away to sea," and then melted away like the ten little nigger boys of immemorial nursery-made fame. "Break down," said the latest joined of the destroyers' subs.; "why, the 'Dover-Calais'" (he didn't approve of the French name or the precedence of Calais) "takes the minute hand nearly twice round the clock while there isn't room for us to do an hour's full-speed trial in a straight line course."

And that sub. was a prophet. Never again will Admiral Fullerton be able to go one better than his escort if the escort be made up of destroyers; no, not even if all the ingenuity of British engineering be put into the new yacht building in Wales, with the best of Welsh coal in her furnaces.

With the Navy everything is done against time. When Her Majesty embarked at Folkestone, the typical Naval standpoint of regarding everything, from Church and Majesty to coals and anchors, as an evolution to be performed, was well exemplified. As the "Calais-Douvres" steamed out, working up to her 19½ knots, two destroyers rapidly took up positions on either bow, and the remainder formed in their wakes, making two columns flanking the "Calais-Douvres." In about half-an-hour down came the Royal Standard on board the yacht, but the second it started the Union Jacks in the bows of the destroyers were "following motions." The Queen from that moment was *incognito*, and travelled as the Countess of Balmoral.

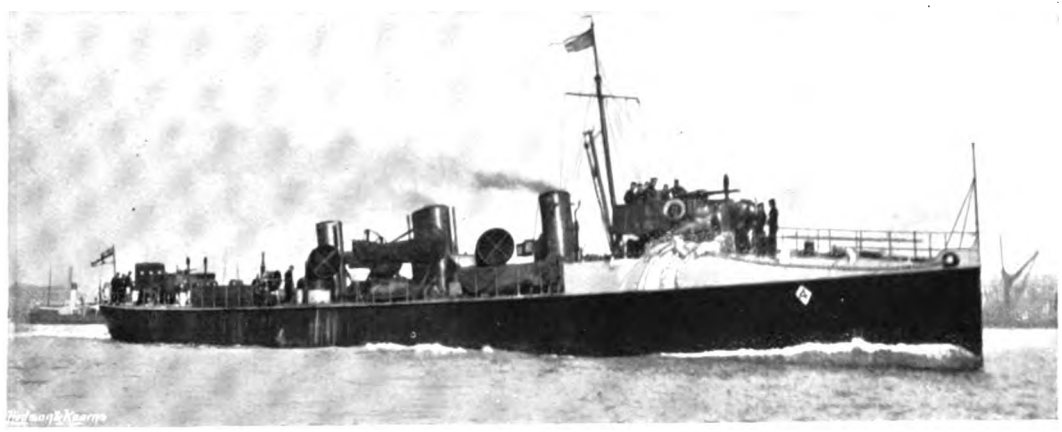

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "STAR."

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "VIOLET."

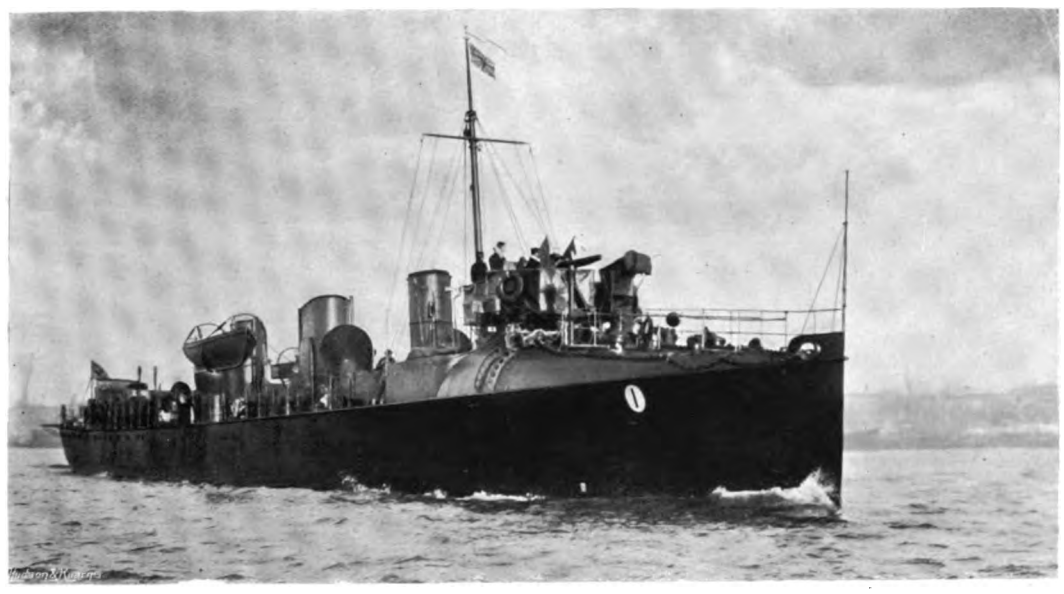

Photo. Symonds & Co Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "FLYING FISH."

Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "HUNTER."

Nearing Boulogne, the destroyers turned in succession outwards. Then for the first time they were enabled to race. Full-speed trials were started, and in a little over four hours the "Violet"—most inappropriate name—was dancing round the corner under the noses of the figure-head Dukes, which seemed to nod approvingly in the dusk at the boat that had guarded the Queen and won the race to Portsmouth.

Then a well-deserved rest for all, and in a day or two—well, the usual thing: teaching Her Majesty's stoker how to shovel coal and keep steam at anything from 5 to 25 knots in weathers which are not all Queen's weathers, with the thermometer an inch below that registered on board H.M.S. "Venus," guard-ship to the Queen at Nice.

ON anotner page we give an illustration of Major-General Congleton and staff. Major-General Lord Congleton, C.B., has commanded the Infantry Brigade at Malta since October, 1895. He joined the Army as ensign in the 3rd Buffs before he was sixteen years of age, became a captain at twenty-three, and succeeded to the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Buffs on November 30, 1878. He commanded it throughout the Zulu War of 1879, including the action of Inzezane, where his horse was shot under him, and the occupation of Etshowe. For his services in the campaign he was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the medal with clasp, being also created a C.B. He obtained the rank of colonel on October 1, 1881, and has twice held command of regimental districts, viz., from 1884-85, and again from 1888-92. Lord Congleton is an officer thoroughly devoted to his profession, and one who can use the pen as well as the sword.

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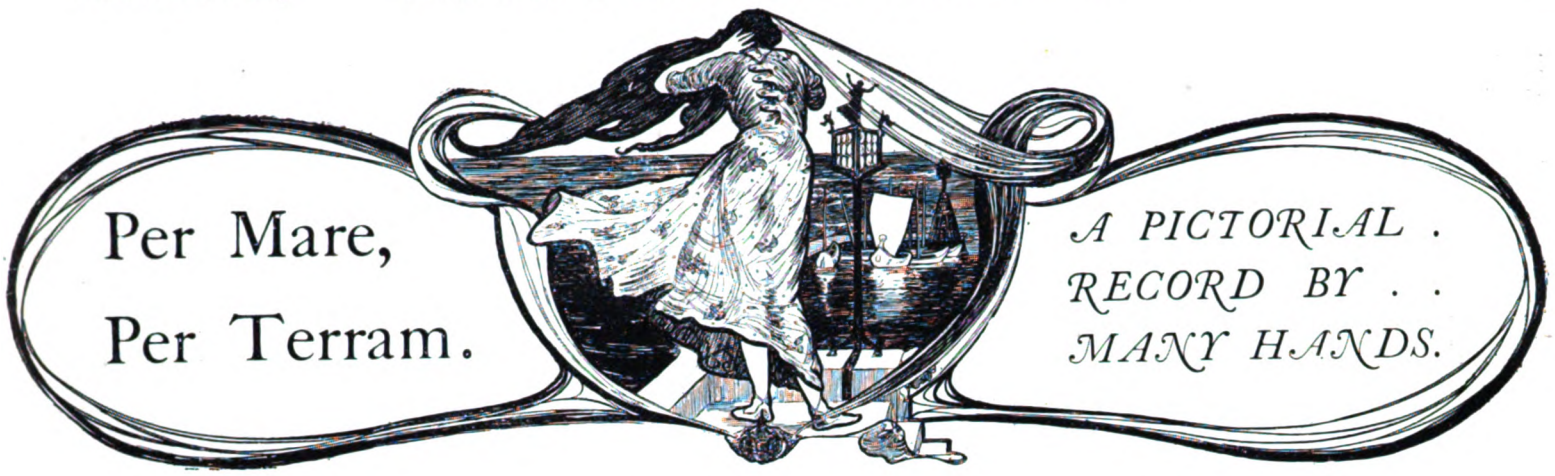

Photo. Sharp Hamilton.

THE LATEST V.C. HERO.

CAPTAIN THE HON. A. G. A. HORE-RUTHVEN is the first British Militiaman to wear the Army's most coveted decoration. The Cross has been won by colonial Militia before now, for it was gained by an officer of New Zealand Militia thirty-five years ago. Captain Ruthven comes of a fighting stock, for his father, Lord Ruthven, the holder of one of the oldest Scottish peerages, served through the Crimea, in India, and in Abyssinia. During the action at Gedaref, Captain Hore-Ruthven rescued an Egyptian officer lying wounded within 50-yds. of the advancing Dervishes. His death was certain, but Hore-Ruthven picked him up and slowly carried him back. The official details of the deed by which he won the decoration are as follows: "On September 22, 1898, during the action of Gedaref, Captain Hore-Ruthven, seeing an Egyptian officer lying wounded within 50-yds. of the advancing Dervishes, who were firing and charging, picked him up and carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Battalion. He dropped the wounded officer two or three times, and fired on the Dervishes, who were following, to check their advance. Had the officer been left where he first dropped he must have been killed." It was one of those cool, deliberate acts of bravery of which the annals of the Cross are so full, and the decoration was never better earned. When we remember the fact that a very large number of Militia officers have quite recently been employed on service in our multitudinous local campaigns in the Dark Continent, it redounds hugely to their credit that the "blue ribbon" of the military forces of the Empire should have so early been gained by one of them.

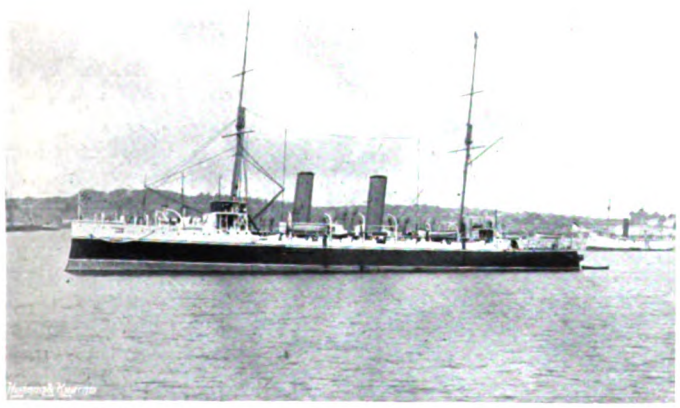

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE "TALBOT."

ONE of the latest additions to our Fleet is to have her first commission characterised by a sad but intensely striking Imperial function. It is the "Talbot," one of the most modern and finest of our second-class cruisers, that is to be the mortuary chapel of the great law lord, revered on both sides of the Atlantic, in his crossing of the Western ocean to his last resting-place.

This will not be the first time that a British man-of-war has been used for a similar purpose. But recently, it will be remembered, the body of Prince Henry of Battenberg was brought home from the West Coast of Africa in one of our fastest cruisers, and it will also be in the recollection of many of our readers that when the great philanthropist, Mr. Peabody, died in this country, his mortal remains were carried back to the United States on board the British battle-ship "Monarch." On the present occasion the American Government offered most courteously the use of the "Brooklyn," but knowing how much more the services of such a vessel must be required in Cuban waters at the present time, Lord Salisbury declined, and ordered the "Talbot" from Bermuda to New York instead. We here illustrate the "Talbot," a vessel the appearance of which will be familiar to some of our readers, since pictures of her officers and men appeared in these pages

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE CAPTAIN'S FORE CABIN.

previous to her leaving for the West Indies. We also show the cabin in the captain's quarters, which has been fitted up as a mortuary for the passage across the Atlantic. Both nations owe much to Lord Herschel, and this country will not forget the courteous offer of our kinsmen across the seas to have his body conveyed to this country in a war-ship flying the Stars and Stripes.

NO day in the Calendar comes home more to Welshmen than the First of March, St. David's Day, and its celebration is always made a great function in the ranks of that most characteristically Welsh corps, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Prominent head and shoulders—we had almost written several hands—high amongst regimental pets stands out the goat of the Welsh Fusiliers, and his portrait with that of his guardian we here reproduce. He comes, as is always the case, a gift from the Queen, and our picture shows him in full war panoply as he heads the corps in a march past on all gala occasions. Note the shield on his forehead, surmounted by the proud badge of his corps, the Prince of Wales's Plume. Decorating

Photo. W. M. Crockett

THE "DOYEN" OF REGIMENTAL PETS.

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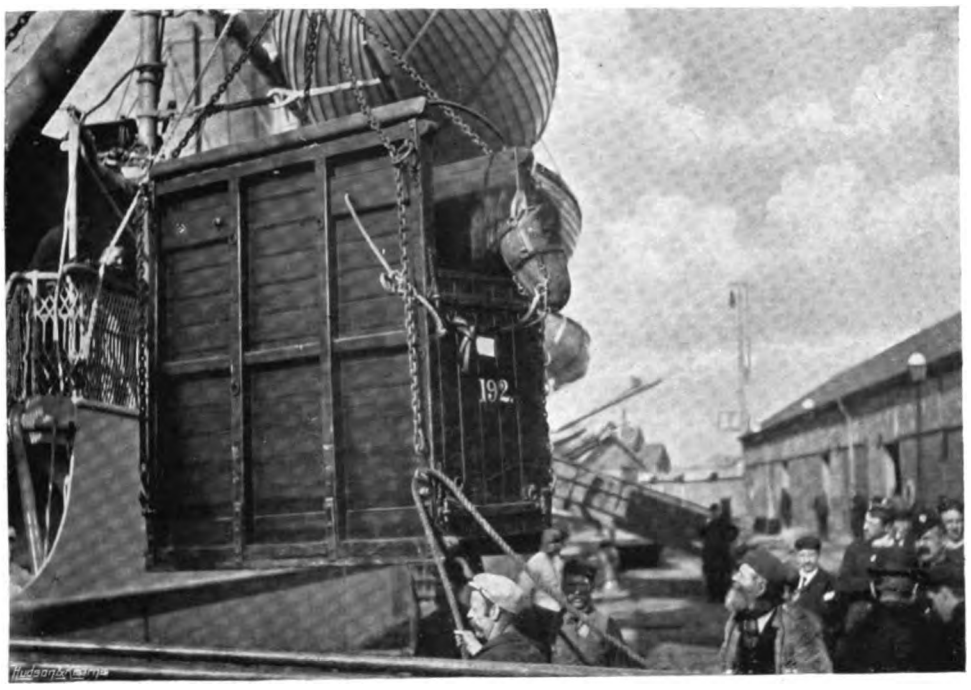
his horns is the leek, the emblem of the Principality, and a less obtrusive specimen of the succulent herb is to be seen in the racoon-skin busby of his guardian.

AS the Empire expands, the demands made on that little British Army which goes such a very long way—such a long way, in fact, that a mere enumeration of the places where it goes would form a not very incomplete gazetteer of the whole surface of the earth—become greater. And now the Guards, with each regiment increased to three battalions, are no longer only called on for service when war's alarum is sounding, but have to take their share of keeping the Queen's guard complete throughout the Empire. Nowadays, indeed, it is no rare sight to see a battalion of Her Majesty's Foot Guards embarking in a troop-ship for service over-seas, and the selected spot where they put in their quota of foreign service in peace is always our great fortress of Gibraltar. So much so, indeed, has this become the case, that of the three battalions that form the normal infantry garrison of the "Rock," two are now Guards' Battalions; and before many more months it is intended that the whole three battalions stationed at Gibraltar in time of peace shall be Guards. Our illustrations here given were taken at the departure of the last Battalion to leave for the "Rock"—the 1st Coldstream Guards. Service at the "Rock" is not unpopular now that the Guards have grown used to it. It is a thorough change, and it cannot but be good for the men to escape, for certain periods of their service, from the London environment with which, except when sent on war service, they were always surrounded.

For service at the "Rock," the white helmet of course takes the place of the ordinary headgear so well known to the Londoner, and these are very much in evidence in the first of our pictures, which shows some of the men crossing the gangway that leads in-board, each with several of his comrades' helmets in his arms. This particular battalion is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Codrington, whose connection with the battalion is family as well as personal. For he is a son of the Sir John Codrington best known as at one time Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Crimea, and afterwards Governor of Gibraltar, but who was also colonel of the Coldstream Guards. The colonel's charger is the one that was snap-shotted as it was being slung in-board in the horse-box that will be its home until its arrival at Gibraltar. Our third illustration shows a group on board all ready for the start, and it is evident that the men do not take long to shake down, a fact not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the embarkation of troops is now reduced to a science. The day before embarkation an advance party is sent on board the transport in order to load in the heavy baggage and make all ship-shape for their comrades to arrive the next day. The women and children also go down with this party.

The battalion, numbering in all 950 officers and men, go out in the hired transport "Nubia," and will, by the time these lines are published, be installed in their new quarters. It is worth noting, moreover, and is strong presumptive evidence that the Guards don't play at soldiering, that of the three senior officers who go out with the battalion, Colonel Codrington and Majors Surtees and Smith, all are entitled to the magic letters P.S.C. (passed Staff College) after their names, and have thus attained the highest military educational distinction that can be earned.

GOING ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT.



THE COLONEL'S CHARGER EMBARKING.

Photos. Crib READY TO START. Copyright

IN our number for March 11 we produced some especially interesting pictures in connection with the Muscat incident, and here, owing to the kindness of an officer in the squadron, we are enabled to show what may be called the Sultan's actual submission to the British ultimatum. For our sketch is that of the Sultan putting off in his barge to the flag-ship "Eclipse," accompanied by his Vizier, secretary, and suite, there to confer with and give satisfactory pledges of his good faith to Admiral

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Douglas. The prompt and vigorous action of the new Viceroy and Admiral Douglas has thus terminated satisfactorily what vacillation and indecision might have allowed to drift into an awkward *impasse*. For years we have been subsidising the Sultan, and he is bound to us by the strictest treaty obligations never to part with any of his ports to another European Power. The necessity for this is made at once apparent by a glance at the map, which will show what a valuable base a coaling station in that region

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer

A TARDY SUBMISSION.

would be to a possible foe. As the British Resident failed to bring the Sultan to his bearings, the Navy was, as usual, turned to, and the "Eclipse," "Sphinx," and "Redbreast" were promptly on the scene to reinforce the despatch-vessel "Lawrence," of the Indian Marine. That smart little gun-boat, the "Redbreast," can be made out on the left of our picture, while to the right can be seen the western fort of Muscat. The "Eclipse," for which the Sultan's barge is just putting off, was at the moment lying ready cleared for action. She had been warped across the harbour so as to place her broadside on to the forts, and she could thus bring to bear on them the fire of three 6-in., three 4·7-in., and four 12-pounder guns, all quick-firers, and the result would have been bad for the forts and those inside them. The excitement of the populace was, as was only to be imagined, intense, but the submission of the Sultan within the time allowed at once cleared the air, and the now compulsorily loyal potentate was loudly cheered by those on shore on his return from the "Eclipse."

NO more terrible disaster has for long occurred than the horrible explosion at the Lagouban magazine, near Toulon. In one fell minute, before dawn on a Sunday morning, dozens of innocent victims were hurled into eternity, others maimed and mutilated for life, and a district extending for a distance of some two miles around the scene of the disaster swept bare of dwellings and vegetation, and turned into a ghastlier scene than would even have been effected by an enemy's bombardment.

Some idea of the horrible devastation that was caused may be gathered from the accompanying panoramic view of the district affected by the explosion. Some of the incidents that occurred speak more eloquently than can any picture of the terrific force of the explosion. For miles around the country was covered with stones and fine black dust. The size of some of the former was enormous, one being picked up that weighed over fifty kilogrammes, a mass, in fact, heavier, and of course much larger, than the steel projectile of a 6-in. gun. In another case peasants found in the fields, some two miles from the magazine, a huge zinc tank, completely flattened out. The effect of the explosion was felt in Toulon and all its suburbs. At St. Jean de Var, five miles away from the scene of the catastrophe, windows were shattered, doors burst inwards, and everything covered with a fine black dust. So violent was the displacement of air caused by the explosion, that it produced a curious and abnormal atmospheric change, for from a sky previously clear and starlit rain commenced to fall. What the effects were on the surrounding vegetation can be well understood from a view we give of an avenue of beech trees destroyed by the explosion, and which are blasted and bent and distorted into the extraordinary shapes which the camera reproduces with

Photo M Bar. Copyright.

WHAT WAS ONCE AN AVENUE OF TREES.

its absolute fidelity. If the reader will search the centre of the big picture he will notice a pool of water, and this is the site of what was once the magazine.

The explosion tore a huge hole in the earth, which rapidly, by infiltration, became a deep pool, for indubitably the effect of the explosion would have been to burst every main in the neighbourhood. One of the ghastliest incidents in the way of human injury was in the case of a corporal who was found alive, but absolutely and literally scalped, for the whole of the skin had been completely detached from the upper part of the skull. What led to the explosion is of course not yet, and perhaps never will be, definitely ascertained. There were two magazines, or rather two buildings in the magazine, the one containing an ordinary powder, regarded as chemically stable, the other a smokeless powder. This latter, known as "B Powder," was one of those liable to explosion at a very high temperature, owing to the fact that ether entered into its composition. And, in truth, a slight explosion of this powder had previously taken place on board the "Amiral Duperré" from this cause. Curiously enough, however, some of this

Photo. M Bar. Copyright.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE TOULON EXPLOSION.

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powder had actually been found unburnt in the streets of Toulon, though not a grain of the brown powder had been found, a fact which rather points to the explosion having been caused by the latter.

STRIKINGLY majestic in its simplicity is the exquisite monument which was erected to commemorate the terrible disaster to the Navy, the loss of the "Eurydice." The monument, which was erected by Government, is situated at the Naval Cemetery at Haslar, near Portsmouth, and beneath and around lie buried a large number of the nearly 400 souls who perished in the ship. A

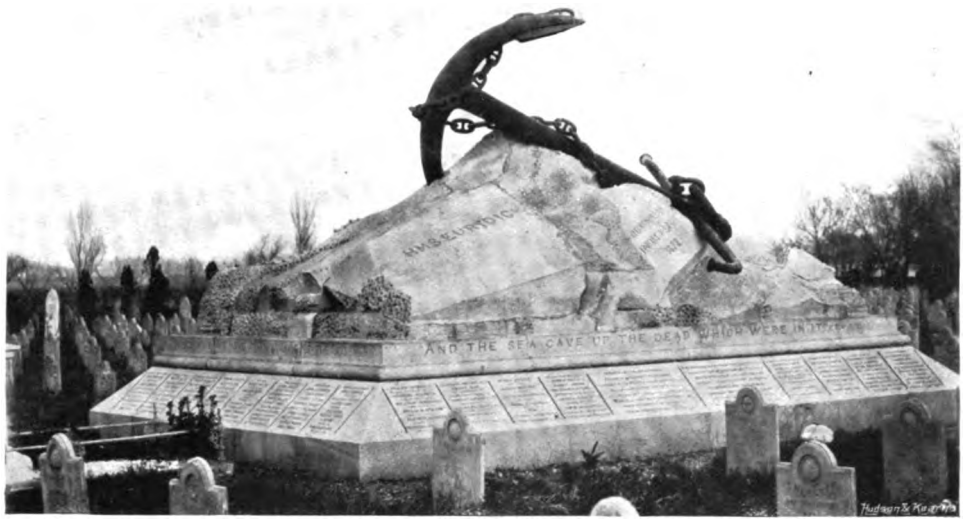

Photo. Harvey THE "EURYDICE" MEMORIAL. Copyright.

training-ship, her crew was composed almost entirely of boys, which made the disaster still more sad. Coming round the Isle of Wight on a fine Sunday afternoon, March 24, 1878, with all sails set, her deck ports open, and preparations being made to come into harbour, she was caught by a sudden squall, which, heeling her over, caused her to fill and go down with an appalling rapidity. Only two lives were saved. The disaster has only been paralleled of late years by the loss of the "Victoria." The wreck was afterwards raised, brought into Portsmouth Harbour, and broken up, and the anchor which surmounts the exquisite granite monument was brought up with the wreck.

A FEW days ago England, on one and the same day, added to her Fleet two of the largest and finest battle-ships in the world—the "Glory," which was floated out of the dock in which she was built at Messrs. Laird's great ship-building works at Birkenhead, and the "Implacable," which took the water in the good old-fashioned way from the slips at Devonport Dockyard. The two illustrations we here reproduce represent the launching of the latter ship. The mechanical appliances necessary for launching a ship of this magnitude, and the care necessary to avoid accident or mishap in the great undertaking, have before now been fully explained in the columns of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. That all that was to be done

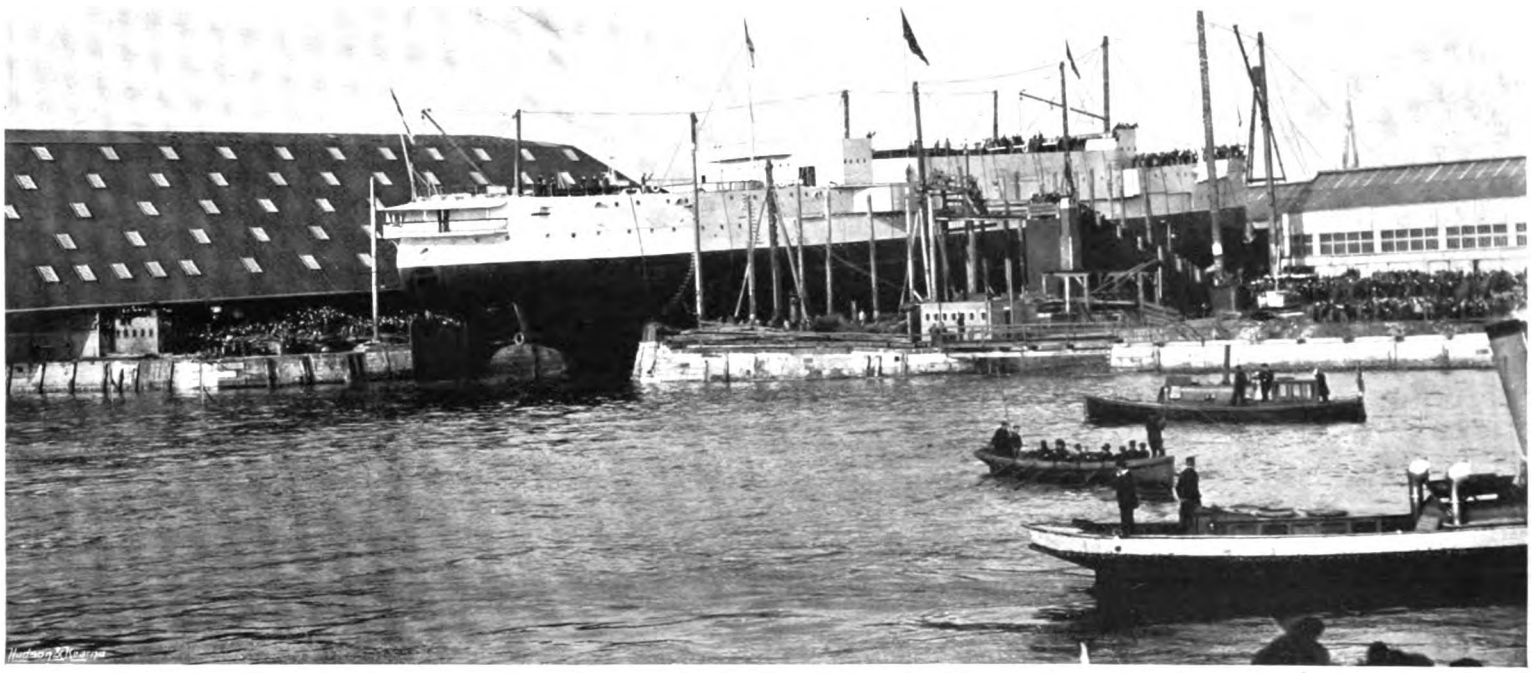

Photo. W. M. Crockett. LAUNCH OF THE "IMPLACABLE." Copyright.

was admirably carried out by the Admiral-Superintendent and Chief Constructor at Devonport Dockyard was shown by the fact that the launch was effected in the most successful manner; for not a moment after Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe had severed the cord and released the weight that knocked away the dog-shores did the huge bulk pause on the ways before it took to its native element.

As the ship lay on her cradle on the ways, the second before the final touch of release was given, was the moment selected for our first illustration. In the second the ship appears as she was a moment after, floating in her own element, as trim and true as any unit in Her Majesty's Fleet, with the little tugs crowding alongside to tow her to her first moorings for her completion.

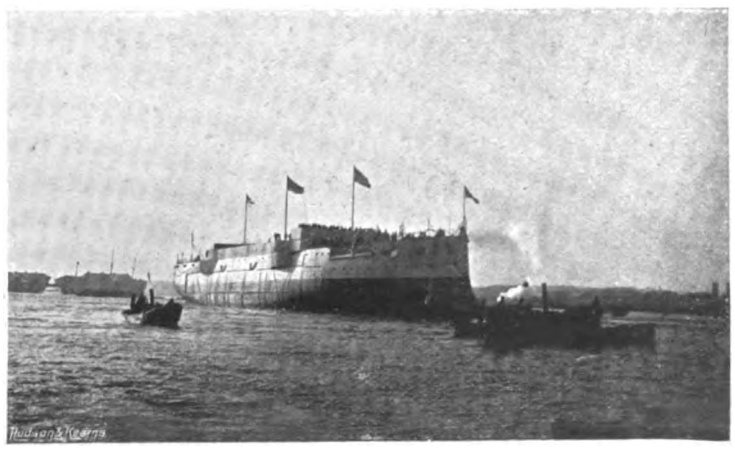

Photo. Short. BEING TOWED TO HER MOORINGS. Copyright.

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Military Ceremonies in Malta.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SIR FRANCIS W. GRENFELL INSPECTS THE TROOPS AT THEIR POSTS.

SIR LYON FREMANTLE, homeward bound, and Sir Francis Grenfell, transferred from the command of British troops in Egypt to the Governorship of Malta, as Sir Lyon's successor, bade farewell to their troops on the same day, and each left behind him nothing but pleasant memories.

Before quitting Valetta, Sir Lyon Fremantle held a grand parade of all regiments in that garrison on the Marsa, where so many similar scenes have been witnessed since Malta became a British dependency. Surrounded by the staff officers, who have done much to bring regular and colonial forces into a high state of efficiency, His Excellency saw the division march past for the last time. Lord Congleton, who gained a reputation for gallant exploits in South Africa, and more familiar as the Hon. Harry Parnell, commanded the parade. Royal Artillery, Royal Malta Artillery, known in other days as Fencibles, Royal Engineers, Warwickshire Lads, Royal Fusiliers, the gallant 20th, of Minden fame, the 34th Border Regiment, the old 54th, now known as the 2nd Dorset, and the merry Sherwood Foresters went by as if conscious that their general could have nothing but good opinions of them.

Then they drew up in line, and Sir Lyon Fremantle rode forward to meet Lord Congleton. They shook hands in silence, and for a moment the Governor could not steady his voice to say farewell. At length, however, in a few soldierly words he told the men how greatly he appreciated the spirit of discipline that animated all ranks, and their readiness to aid him in carrying out every regimental duty.

He had still a pleasant task to perform in handing the Distinguished Service Order to Colonel Blomfield, of the 20th, for gallantry in the Soudan Campaign, and Royal Humane Society's medals to men who had won them by gallant deeds. Then he bade the troops good-bye, and their response was a gratifying tribute to his popularity. Before leaving Malta, Sir Lyon was entertained at a banquet in the Union Club by Lord Congleton, the divisional staff, the regimental colonels, and the headquarters staff, all of whom have worked together under his command in the pleasantest relationship. From Colonel Spence, as chief of the staff, his old friend Colonel Luttman-Johnson, and Colonel Nugent, to the youngest aide-de-camp, everybody has done his best to make Sir Lyon Fremantle feel that he was the head of a

Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE LATE GOVERNOR OF MALTA, SIR LYON FREMANTLE, AND HIS STAFF.

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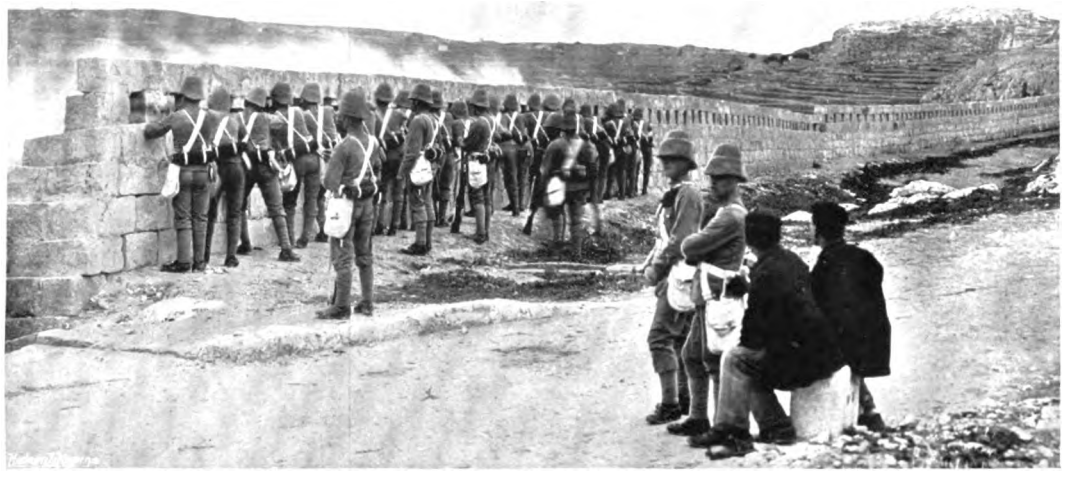
happy family in Malta; and their efforts have borne such good fruit all round, that things are sure to go smoothly under the new Governor, whom they will serve with equal loyalty, as well they may, for Sir Francis Grenfell, though a stern disciplinarian, is the best of good comrades, and appreciative of every merit in those who work with him, as his farewell order to the British and Native troops in Egypt testifies.

THE FAREWELL SPEECH OF SIR LYON FREMANTLE.



THE WARWICKS' RECEPTION OF THE "ENEMY."

It is not every commander of such a force who can say, with justifiable pride, that "during the period of his command, owing to the discipline and good conduct of the garrison, not a single important complaint has been made by a native of the country against any soldier of the force in occupation."

It will be long before Society, civil as well as military, in Cairo ceases to regret the departure of Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell. Their loss is felt still as keenly as it was when, on the last Saturday of December, they said good-bye to countless friends and admirers at Cairo railway station. Six days later they were being received with "all customary ceremony and salutes" on their arrival at Valetta. The Sherwood Foresters furnished a guard of honour at the landing-stage; all Malta's bravest and fairest turned out to welcome its new Governor as he and Lady Grenfell drove to the Palace, where another guard of honour from the Royal Marine Artillery was drawn up, and Lord Congleton, as Deputy-Governor, waited to receive his chief. Sir Francis has not allowed much time to pass before putting the efficiency of his new command to a practical test. He had not been many days in Valetta before all the troops were called out for his inspection, and he took advantage of weather, exceptionally favourable between the cool December days and the beginning of a rainy season, to put them through manoeuvres. The ubiquitous and faithful camera has snapped him in the act of reviewing regiments as he likes to see them—in the field for soldiers' work, and not on a mere ceremonial parade.

We may be sure that the steady volleys of the Warwickshire Lads from behind the Cotonera lines and the timely fire of their Maxim guns were pleasanter sounds to his ears than the music of massed bands, because they told that the regiment had been well trained in the most essential part of the work which has to be performed by a modern soldier.

Lady Grenfell, too, has already distinguished herself in Malta, as in Cairo, by devotion to the social duties that she graces with a singular charm. The presentation of colours to a gallant regiment was a very happy occasion for her, and since then she has played the hostess to officers of American regiments which landed at Valetta, with the Governor's permission, on the way to Manila, and were reviewed by him.

This event should live in history, marking as it does an epoch in the development of America's Imperial power, distinguishing Malta as the place where two Empires meet for the first time, and thus giving especial lustre to the early days of Sir Francis Grenfell's Governorship.

Photos. Ellis. WAITING FOR THE "ENEMY" TO ADVANCE. Copyright.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 26, 1858.—Sir James Outram, with 4,887 men and 12 guns, co-operated with by a squadron, drove the Persians, numbering 13,000, out of Mohummerah. Our loss was insignificant, that of the Persians about 200.

March 27, 1799.—Defeat of Tippoo Sultan's army at Malvilli, near Seringapatam, by General Harris. On this occasion Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley—afterwards the Duke of Wellington—commanded the Nizam's Contingent. The chief feature of this battle was the gallant charge of Tippoo's cavalry, some of whom fell almost on the bayonets of our men.

March 28, 1842.—General Richard England fought an unsuccessful action with the Afghans at Hykulzai.

March 29, 1879.—Defeat of Zulus, by Colonel Evelyn Wood, at Kambula.

March 30, 1853.—Brigadier J. S. Hodgson's successful expedition against the Shirani tribe, on the North-West Frontier of India.

March 31, 1864.—Commencement of the attack on the Pah of Arakau, in New Zealand. Major-General Carey commanded. The Pah was finally captured on April 2.

April 1, 1825.—Capture of Arracan, by Brigadier-General Morrison.

MARCH 26, 1806.—Capture of French 16-gun brigs "Phaeton" and "Voltigeur," by British "Pique," 36, in the West Indies. The "Pique" chased and brought both brigs to action, then boarded and carried the "Phaeton," and afterwards followed and captured the "Voltigeur."

March 27, 1814.—Capture of French "Etoile," 44, by British "Hebrus," 42, in the Channel. The "Hebrus" and "Hannibal," 74, sighted two French 44-gun frigates, and each chased one. The "Hebrus" caught up the "Etoile," and after two and a-quarter hours' fight took her, as did the "Hannibal" later the other.

March 28, 1759.—Capture of French "Danae," 40, by British "Melampe," 36, and "Southampton," 32, in the North Sea. The "Danae," with a consort, was chased and attacked by the "Melampe." They disabled the "Melampe," but the "Southampton" came up, brought the "Danae" to close action, and took her after a sharp action, the second Frenchman escaping.

March 29, 1797.—Capture of French "Général," 18, by British "Kingfisher," 18, off Oporto.

March 30, 1813.—Attack by boats of the British "Undaunted," 38, "Volontaire," 38, and "Redwing," 18, on French batteries at Morgion, between Marseilles and Toulon. The boats' crews landed near Morgion, attacked the batteries from the land side, and stormed them, a convoy of 14 store-ships falling into our hands.

March 31, 1800.—Capture of French "Guillaume Tell," 84, flag-ship of Admiral Décrés, by the British "Foudroyant," 80, "Lion," 64, and "Penelope," 36, after a running fight, while escaping from Malta. The "Penelope" and "Lion" prevented the French ship getting away, until the "Foudroyant" came up and made the "Guillaume Tell" surrender.

April 1, 1761.—Capture of French "Oriflamme," 50, by British "Isis," 50, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Spain. The "Oriflamme" had only 40 guns mounted, and on being sighted tried to run ashore, but the "Isis" cut her off, boarded and took her.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

AN officer writes me, referring to a picture which appeared in the issue for March 11: "To your mention of the services of the late 90th Light Infantry, may I add that the headquarters of the regiment and seven companies entered Lucknow, with Outram and Havelock, on September 25, 1857, on the occasion of what was commonly called the First Relief of Lucknow. For this no clasp was given; but as a reinforcement of the old garrison it served two months, until Lord Clyde's arrival. By the Relief of Lucknow, the late 90th is the only Crimean regiment which has received the bar—Defence of Lucknow. Only three companies of the regiment which came out after headquarters were present at the Lord Clyde's Relief."

* * * *

"F. L."—The term a "drum-head court-martial" is now obsolete. It was supposed to be a prompt method of administering justice when time and place did not allow of the ordinary procedure and formalities. It is to be noted that there was little writing, and the little there was was done on a drum-head. Thus it was literally a drum-head court-martial. A correspondent, who was a member of one in the Crimea, tells me that only the names of the members of the court, the name of the prisoner, the charge, the finding, and the sentence were committed to paper. With the exception, however, of not being recorded, the evidence, etc., was given as usual. The offence for which the prisoner on that occasion was tried was of a comparatively venial character. About the same time, however, the French made a very severe example with remarkable swiftness. A party of French troops was marching down to the trenches. Suddenly a scoundrel stepped out of the ranks and shot fatally an officer against whom he had a grudge. The party was at once halted, a summary court-martial assembled by the senoir officer, the man found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. A mounted man was sent back to camp to obtain confirmation by the general entitled to give it. The messenger rapidly returned, the prisoner was shot and buried, and the party resumed its march to the trenches, within half-an-hour of the commission of the crime.

* * * *

"W."—Tradition has it that the term "Ever-sworded Twenty-ninth" dates back to 1746. The origin of the custom of officers of that regiment wearing their swords at mess is doubtful. It is referred to in old standing orders, and is believed to have arisen from a detachment of the regiment having been surprised by Indians at St. John's and massacred, the deed being, it is said, prompted by the French inhabitants from a feeling of revenge. The custom was relaxed in India somewhere between 1842 and 1859 (I am sorry I cannot be more exact), but even now the captain and subaltern of the day appear with swords at dinner, and so the custom is in a measure perpetuated. In an officer's diary of 1792 it is stated that on one occasion "one of our very best men, weighing 20-st., found it" (the custom of wearing a sword at mess) "so inconvenient, that he was allowed to dine without his sword, provided it hung up immediately behind him." The 1st Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, the old 29th, which has a very distinguished record, has enjoyed the privilege of marching through London with drums beating and colours flying ever since its formation. The 29th was the last regiment of the Peninsular Army to discard queues and hair powder. Wellington, writing from Badajos on September 12, said of the 29th: "It is the best regiment in this army, has an admirable internal system, and excellent non-commissioned officers."

* * * *

ADMIRAL JAMES HANWAY PLUMRIDGE, with regard to whose services a correspondent asks for information, entered the Navy in 1799 as a first-class volunteer. He served in the Egyptian Expedition of 1801, and was a midshipman in the "Defence" at Trafalgar. In 1809, as senior lieutenant of the "Melpomene," he distinguished himself in action in the Baltic, both on board ship and in boat cutting-out affairs. After that he served with the famous Sir Peter Parker in the "Menelaus," and was later Lord Exmouth's aide-de-camp at the reduction of Genoa. He was promoted captain in 1822, and rear-admiral in 1852, in which latter rank he commanded the steam squadron at the destruction of Russian munitions of war in the Gulf of Bothnia in 1854.

* * * *

"F. W. W." and "A. H. G." are both anxious to become cavalrymen. The former is 5-ft. 10-in. in height, weighs 10-st., and is 34-in. round the chest—from a physical point of view evidently a desirable man, and would no doubt set off the uniform of a Lancer, which he is anxious to wear. According to the very latest regulations on the subject, he is well up to the standard as regards weight and chest measurement, but unfortunately he is, strictly speaking, too tall for Lancers. It is possible, however, that if he presented himself for enlistment his offer might be accepted. In that event he could not ensure joining the 16th Lancers, but would be enlisted for the "Corps of Lancers," and would be liable for service in any regiment of Lancers. Unfortunately, too, he is 1-in. too short for the Life Guards, according to the regulations; but he would do well to go to the nearest recruiting office. If sound, it is probable that he would be enlisted for one of the two branches referred to. The latter correspondent, "A. H. G.," who is 5-ft. 8-in., is desirous of joining the Hussars, but has been told by a friend that he is not tall enough. On the contrary, 5-ft. 8-in. is now the maximum height for Hussars. If, then, he measures 33-in. round the chest, weighs 115-lb., and is sound in wind and limb, he may yet wear the Hussar busby. He must join the "Corps of Hussars," and is eligible for service in any Hussar regiment.

* * * *

IT is impossible to give the exact number of foreigners serving in the British Fleet. They are not very many, and comprise the crews of the few ships composing the Indian Marine Squadron for the protection of trade in Indian waters, and the "Tamar," receiving-ship at Hong Kong. The standing crew of the "Tamar" consists of about 100 Chinese Bluejackets, mostly drawn from the colony, and a few petty officers, who are, with few exceptions, British. There are some Maltese employed in domestic and various minor capacities in the Mediterranean Fleet, and some Kroomen in the ships stationed off the West Coast of Africa. No Europeans whatever of foreign nationalities have a place in the British Fleet.

* * * *

AMONG the various Christmas greetings I have received from all quarters of the globe is a booklet from Canada that seems deserving of a few words of special mention, apart from the general cordiality with which I naturally welcome these tokens of goodwill. The front page of the cover of the booklet bears the crossed colours and crest of the 62nd St. John Fusiliers, the back showing Fusiliers of to-day and of 100 years ago standing opposite to one another, with "ported" arms, and a beaver creeping between them. The greeting conveyed is from Lieutenant-Colonel McLean and the officers of the corps, and the taste and appropriateness of the cover alone make it a desirable "Christmas card." But the value of the memento is considerably increased by the fact that the inside six pages of the booklet contain well-executed reproductions of the twenty-eight officers of the battalion, including the chaplain and the two doctors. I am not aware whether it is customary among Canadian corps to issue miniature regimental albums of this sort, but it certainly strikes me as an excellent idea, and one well worthy of extended adoption. In the case of the 62nd St. John Fusiliers the notion is admirably carried out, and I take leave to state that the result is pleasantly accentuated by the circumstance that the smart officers of that corps are collectively and individually very well worth looking at.

* * * *

IT is to be regretted that owing to a clerical error a mistake occurred in connection with the illustrations of the football teams published on March 11. To the 10th Hussars belongs the distinction of possessing probably the best football team in the cavalry. For the final round of the Cavalry Cup at Aldershot the team of the 10th beat that of the 8th by two goals to none, and not the 8th the 10th, as was stated.

THE EDITOR.

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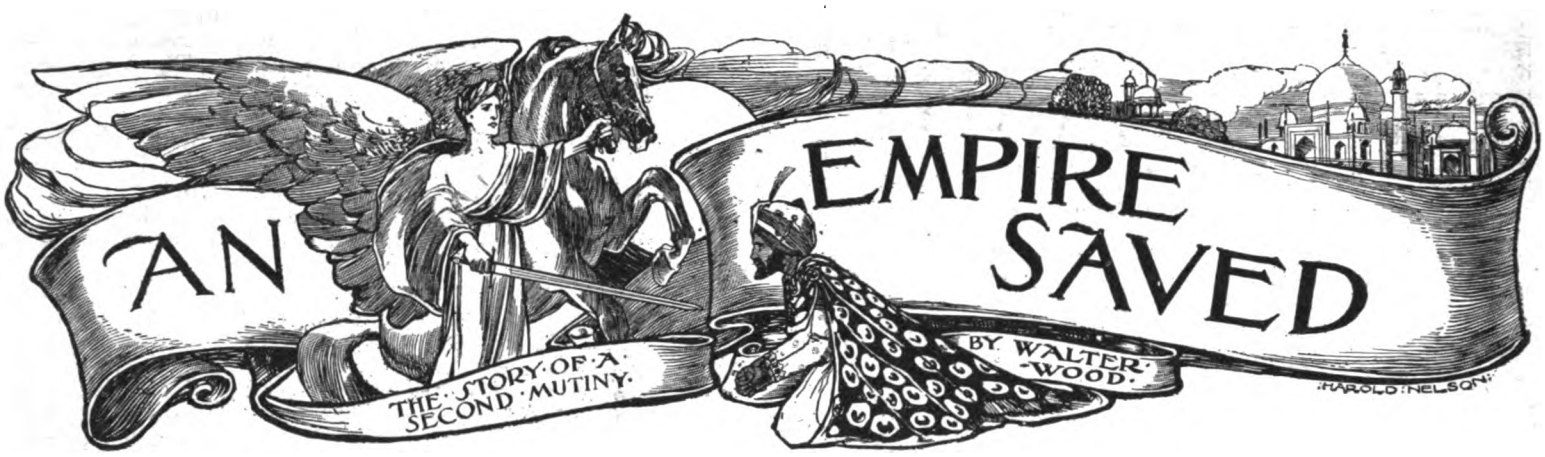

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan, and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. In this struggle, Pioneer-Sergeant Death particularly distinguishes himself before being overpowered and killed by the enemy. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements.

CHAPTER VII. *(continued.)*

"MY goodness!" exclaimed Murray, "did you ever hear such talk! Soon be about again! My lad, you must make up your mind to keep on your back in the straw for a few weeks or months. But, never fear, we'll pull you through."

"Shot through the left lung and the right thigh," murmured the doctor, behind his hand, as he accompanied the colonel down the ward. "Poor fellow, it's little chance he'll ever have of being about again."

They halted at a window from which in the distance they could see the forces of Murrib Khan in movement.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the doctor, in a subdued growl. "What are the vermin up to now?"

"Up to?" echoed the commanding officer, bitterly. "What can they be up to but a renewal of the devilment of last night? Would to heaven I could rush out upon them and sweep them from the earth!"

"But as that can't be done, colonel, let us be thankful that we have a good building to shelter us, provisions enough to last us for some time, plenty of ammunition, and that the niggers outside have no artillery."

"But the mutiny, as far as I can see, is spreading, and they are sure, if they have any wit at all, to bring some of the native batteries on. They are making us the object of their efforts for the present—going to wipe us out altogether, and then overrun the dominions. Murrib Khan knows what the moral effect of a victory such as that would be."

"But he hasn't won it yet," said Murray. "I'm not much of a soldier, but I should say he isn't going to win it, either."

"Why, to hear you talk is like medicine," said the colonel, gratefully.

"I hope it's a good deal pleasanter," rejoined the doctor, so heartily, and so much as if no danger menaced him, that Colonel Barr, if he had not hated any such show of affection, would have wrung him by both hands.

"If it were not for the women and children, and the sick and wounded, I would not care so much," said the colonel.

"As for them," answered Murray, "pray make your mind perfectly easy. I've taken them all entirely under my wing, so that you shall be as free as possible to—well, to take the enemy under your's."

"How thoughtful of you!" exclaimed the colonel, feeling as if a great load had been taken off his shoulders.

"And I've got the most wonderful ally you could think of—a perfect helper," continued Murray.

"Ah! Macpherson," said the colonel.

"Not him," said Murray; "though he is very good. It's a woman, or rather girl—Margaret Alexander."

"Oh!" said the colonel, somewhat disgustedly. He peered out of the window, and kept a sharp eye on the enemy's doings, as if the subject demanded no further notice.

"But she's much more important than you seem to think," added Murray, with a touch of indignation. "Why, she's a born soldier herself. Bad as she must feel about her uncle's death, she's smothered all her own grief. As for fear, she hasn't got any. She and the officers' wives and all the children are down in the basement, which, as things are, is an absolutely safe place for them."

The colonel nodded emphatic approval.

"And a happier and more united family, all things considered, you couldn't find in all India. They have a sublime belief that you will bring them out all right."

"And, God sparing my life, I will," vowed the colonel, deeply moved. "Now I must get back to my old place. I'm wanted there, and you—well, if you go on as you've begun, I can ask for nothing better."

He disappeared, and the doctor listened to the clank of spurs as the colonel descended the bare stone steps that led to the room below.

"How much depends upon a life," he murmured. "I hardly like to think of what might happen if the colonel loses his. But groaning won't mend matters now. I must go downstairs and see how the big family is."

The doctor went into the basement, and Margaret came to meet him, accompanied by a troop of soldiers' children. By them the sounds of war had even so soon been forgotten. They knew that a fight had taken place, but they saw nothing of its results except that the ladies had come to live with them, that proud women had suddenly become very kind to them, and that the officers' children had been allowed to mix and play with them; and that for some reason or other they were in no sort of awe of either the doctors or anybody else, but looked up to their superiors as to their natural protectors.

"My dear young lady," said Murray, kindly—he was a grey-haired widower, and felt that he knew her well enough to warrant such familiarity—"how wonderfully you help us all to keep our spirits up! Why, those youngsters," he had given them a friendly sign to run away, and they had obeyed, "are positively riotous. You couldn't serve the regiment or the country better than by keeping it up."

"I shall do that so long as I am spared," said Margaret; "surely we cannot be imprisoned here for ever. At any rate, I know that so long as a man of the Queen's is left alive not one of Murrib Khan's people shall enter here."

"Bravely spoken," exclaimed the doctor, gazing admiringly into the beautiful, courageous face, and at the tall, supple form of his companion. "Why, if it came to the point, I believe you would handle a rifle yourself."

"That, doctor, I shall most certainly do, if necessary," she replied, without a suspicion of bravado. "I have quite planned it out. Uncle taught me how to shoot; you know how he always feared something of this sort would happen, and said that I was as good as any average shot in the battalion, and might some day find that my marksmanship was useful. I'm proud of my skill, and shall use it, if I must. But I hope and believe that God will spare us. I'm sure this wicked creature will not be allowed to triumph. Murrib Khan! Ah! How I hate the very name of him!"

"A proper feeling," said the doctor, commendingly; then he instantly wondered if that was a correct thing for him, with a Presbyterian conscience, to say. He resolved to

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postpone a decision on the point until a more convenient time.

"It's a terrible thing to be besieged like this," continued Margaret, with something of a shudder. "But the imprisonment is easier to bear when one remembers that those brave fellows Banks and Brear are on the way to raise the alarm. Surely one of them will live to give it."

"Both," said the doctor, emphatically; "both. I'm sure of it. It's a big thing; but they're big men, and equal to it, and the mere pride and excitement will help them marvellously. In addition to which, the colonel gave them a flask of extraordinarily fine and vitalising brandy. Think what they're riding for! Not a cup, not a medal, not even a record—but more than a thousand lives. There's an object for you; and, mark my words, we shall all live to shout ourselves hoarse with joy when we hear the clank of the relieving cavalry, for cavalry are sure to be hurried up first. I prophesy that the first European troops we see will be the 8th Dragoon Guards from Halabad, and that when you see their honest brown faces and lithe swinging bodies you'll vow you never set eyes on more splendid fellows. They're largely Scotch," concluded the doctor, proudly, and as if explanatorily. "The colonel is my fellow-townsman, and such a tremendous swordsman that I wouldn't give a bawbee for the life of any rebel who comes in his path."

"I hope he is not quite so hard on us poor women as our own colonel," said Margaret, with a smile.

"Twice a widower, and to be married again," replied the doctor, laughing. "What more proof would you have that he must love you all?"

"Colonel Barr is strange," she added; "but I hope he will find, by the time this second Mutiny is finished, that women are a good deal more helpful than he thinks. I, for one, am going to show him that."

She turned and left the doctor. "I wish I could be as pleasantly taught," he muttered. "Ah! they're beginning again. Fools! It's a mere waste of life and powder for them. Strange how soon one gets used to this sort of thing and doesn't feel disturbed by it."

The sound of firing was heard again as the doctor turned away, for the rebels were beginning to attack the besieged.

CHAPTER VIII.

How They Rode with the Alarm.

"I WISH," said Brear to his comrade, as they left the battalion and began their long ride to Halabad, "that we could have the Grand Trunk Road to spin over. If we had a surface like that all the way, we could make a record for India. You know the way we're going?"

"I've done it twice," said Banks, "by way of experiment, and as I always, as a matter of business, make careful note of every feature, you may trust yourself to me. We shan't go wrong. But say all you've got to, quick, because we can't afford to waste breath in talking."

"I've done," said Brear, laconically. "We'll leave our jawing till later."

"Now for the longest, hardest, steadiest ride that was ever done on bikes in India," said Banks; and in the darkness and the silence they settled resolutely to labour on the pedals.

Proud of the responsibility that had been placed upon them, thrilled by the knowledge that the road for them possessed unknown dangers from an unseen foe, with their blood roused by the thought of the treachery of men who had been so greatly trusted, and the picture of their comrades besieged, and perhaps overwhelmed, they clenched their teeth and braced up their muscles as they gripped the handle-bars and drove the cranks round. With stripped machines, revolvers substituted for their rifles, and an experience in riding that enabled them to use every ounce of power to the best advantage, they started on their journey strongly, and covered twenty miles without remark. By that time they had settled into steady work, and the steel clanked rhythmically as the cycles were propelled along the road. The riders' breath, too, was drawn in deep inhalations, after the way of men who knew how best to husband strength and spend it. The beginning was a perfect ride, without the waste of even a fraction of strength and energy.

"We shall hold if the machines do," said Banks, breaking the silence for the first time. "Only one thing I fear, and that is that one or both of the bikes may be crippled. There's no time for mending, and that's been making me think."

"Yes," said Brear, whose breast was very near his handle-bar.

"And I've drawn up a plan."

His comrade grunted, by way of showing that he heard and gave attention.

"If one of us pegs out, or if one of the machines is done up, the other must go on and leave him."

Brear made a deep sound by way of acquiescence. The prospect was not an inviting one, but neither he nor Banks was thinking of self now. It was with both a simple question of obeying orders and fulfilling duty, and so long as the alarm was raised by them, their own lives and welfare could not be allowed to reckon.

"Buck up, old man."

"If I keep the fittest," continued Banks, "and my machine breaks down, I shall take yours, and you must do your best until you hear the cavalry from Halabad coming along. You'll have to hide, or do the best you can, so as to keep out of harm's way. You understand, old chap?"

"Yes," said Brear. "You needn't fear that I shall cause any bother. But don't you suppose I shall cave in if I can manage to trundle along on the rims. A hard ride's been made on rims before to-day."

"I know you wouldn't; but I thought I'd make it clear. In case I should smash up through any cause, I've got a sketch-map of the road from Nilgoa to Halabad. You must take it—it's in my pocket here—follow it and your nose, and peg on until you've given the alarm. We'll go on till daylight, and then have a bit of rest and breakfast. Thank God, we've got some honest English steel work under us, and tyres that were made on the right side of the North Sea. Now let's shut up again, and go on thinking. The moon's rising, and that'll help us a lot."

Steadily, bravely, and strongly they travelled on through the Indian night, the miles passing quickly still, and the hours slowly. Supporting each other by example, they kept close abreast, with, as yet, no thought of flinching or taking rest. Their hearts beat more quickly, and their breath came faster. Their tongues, too, were getting parched; but neither spoke a word to show that he was otherwise than in as good condition as when he left the Queen's. Occasionally Banks opened his dry mouth wide for an instant, and longed for a drink of water from the bottle at his side, and his comrade did the same, but each gave no sign which could cause distress to the other. Banks had made himself the leader, and had vowed silently that he would not be the one to show evidence of weakness; and Brear scorned to indicate that he was any whit less hardy or enduring than his temporary superior.

At last the dawn appeared, and day broke.

"We'll go on riding a bit before the sun gets up," said Banks; and Brear ground steadily at his pedals. "The further we get now," added the leader, encouragingly, "the less we shall have to do."

"Right," said Brear, from lips that were already parched to cracking.

"It's a matter of restraint," said Banks, "but we shall feel the benefit when we get near the end. You see how discipline and training help a man."

"That's so," replied his fellow-wheelman; and they went ahead again in silence.

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The sun had risen high and hot before Banks showed, by slowing down, that the time for rest had come. He tried to stop his machine and jump off, but his stiffened limbs refused to yield to his will, and he fell to the ground sideways.

"It isn't," he explained to Brear, "that I couldn't skip out of the saddle in the ordinary way, but I find it easier to sort of fall out like that. It saves energy."

"That's just what I think," said Brear, admiring the excuse, and the spirit that prompted the transparent falsehood. "It's a good tip," he added, when he had done the same, although he could himself have jumped to the ground well enough.

"Don't drink too much," said Banks, as they sank upon the wayside and slung round their bottles. "Remember what the doctor says—that it's all the better for you if you can drink just a mouthful and make the most of it. He says that it's mostly a question of moistening the tongue. After all, we're not so badly off as on that day when we had to soak our puggarees in the mud and suck the moisture out."

"I must drink or die," said Brear, putting the neck to his blackening lips and gulping the water down.

"My temptation is as strong as yours," said Banks, rising, and placing a restraining hand upon his comrade's bottle, "and I can overcome it."

"You're the commanding officer," answered Brear, after a moment's hesitation, "and I must obey." He gave a longing glance at his bottle, then swung it round and put the temptation to drink further resolutely from him. "I'm at your orders, and ready to start again when you give the word."

"The wisest plan will be to rest awhile," said Banks. "We shall make all the better travelling. How do the tyres stand it?"

"As right and hard as nails," replied Brear, when he had tested them.

"Now for a bit of breakfast," said Banks, opening his haversack and taking part of his ration from it. "Keep your revolver handy—what a mercy we're not saddled with rifles!—and be ready to jump and ride in a jiffey, if we find we have to. Just now we can't tell what may happen to us."

They munched their food in silence, and, having finished it, Banks produced a packet of strong cigarettes.

"Ah!" exclaimed Brear, in deep satisfaction.

"Thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you," said Banks, striking a match. "I wonder how many of the old corps are past smoking now?"

"I wonder," echoed Brear. He sighed as he blew a heavy cloud of smoke from his mouth, and looked drearily ahead. "It seems a bit queer and selfish to be doing this, when they'll be thinking at Nilgoa that we're grinding it for all we're worth to get to Halabad in time."

"It's harder for us to be resting now than it would be for us to go on riding," said Banks; "and I couldn't do it if I didn't know that it will be best in the end. We shall go on like giants refreshed when we start again." His limbs ached as he spoke, but he stretched them, and persuaded himself that the physical weakness passed from him in doing so. Brear ached also, but he felt that he would have fallen and perished where he stood rather than have confessed or admitted any sensation of fatigue. It was a noble game of bluff, and the comrades played it so well that it was hard to say which was the better actor.

At last the cigarettes were done, and the machines taken from the roadside for mounting.

"Now!" said Banks, with his foot on the step.

"Right!" responded Brear.

They gave two or three stiff pushes forward, and then vaulted into the saddles, and soon again were pedalling along so that they might give their life and death alarm. For some miles they rode on in silence, neither daring to utter the fear which arose in him that perhaps they would not live to reach Halabad. Rest and sleep did not occur to either; this was essentially with them a mortal combat, a question of whether both or one could endure to the end.

The sun rose high and fierce, but the pair rode on. Any moment they might fall from the saddle, to rise no more; but neither quailed. The sweat rolled down their faces, and the handle-bars glistened with it, while their clothing was as if it had just been brought out of the water.

Brear spoke at last. "Can't we throw the revolvers away?" he asked. "It would be so much less dead weight to carry."

"We can't tell when we shall have to use them," answered Banks; and his comrade, taking this to mean that he must not do it, pedalled on.

In the eyes of both the men the great ball in the sky had never seemed so strong and glaring as now. The heat of it appeared to strike upon and shrivel them. Their mouths, opened occasionally at first, were now no longer shut at all; their tongues and lips were parching and turning black.

"I must drink or die," said Brear, suddenly, and mechanically he swung his bottle round, steering with one hand as he did so. He unscrewed the stopper with his teeth, and drank the water as he rode.

"It may be advisable to rest again," said Banks. "Suppose we pull up for a bit."

They stopped together, and, having tottered to the wayside, put their machines gently down, and then fell prone and gasping on the ground.

"Here," said Brear, taking his comrade's bottle and placing it to his bleeding lips. "Drink that; then I'll give you a nip of a physic which the colonel handed over and said I wasn't to use till we were at the last gasp."

He put his hand into his jacket, and produced a small silver flask, the top of which he unscrewed. "It's some of the finest brandy in the world, and the colonel said that a tablespoonful of it, neat, would make a giant of both of us. Try it—it'll have to keep us alive until we get to Halabad."

"God bless him—he's worth working for," said Banks, gratefully, as he poured a little of the brandy down his throat. "Why, it makes a man of you!"

He jumped to his feet as he spoke, in proof of his assertion.

"The giver of life!" exclaimed Brear, drinking a little also. "Just another nip for the colonel, and then we'll get on again."

He solemnly swallowed a few drops, and Banks did the same. "The colonel," said Brear, gravely, and Banks replied, feelingly, "The colonel—and the Queen's—God bless 'em both!"

The flask was carefully closed up and put away again, to be used as a last resource. The water-bottles were filled from a little stream near them, a stream in which they also laved their burning faces and cooled their heads; and again they made a pretence of vaulting lightly into their saddles and pedalling vigorously along.

"We're well on the right side of Halabad now," said Banks. "What tale does your cyclometer tell?"

Brear looked at the tiny instrument on his right fork, and answered, "We've done one hundred and fifty miles since we started."

"Then that leaves only forty miles," said Banks. "Why, we shall nearly do it by sunset. Buck up, old man, and be a party to one of the most magnificent sensations ever known."

He laughed wildly, strong and level-headed though he was, for the strain and excitement were proving too much for him.

Brear laughed wildly also, more wildly and longer than his comrade. "Work like this means keeping steam up," he said. "Suppose we grind ten miles out, then finish the grub and start again, and don't stop till we reach the end? I don't know how you'll ride in, but I reckon we shall be lucky if we manage to keep propped up on the bikes till we can hail the nearest sentry and gasp out what we've got to tell."

"That'll suit me," said Banks, and, bending his aching back again, he forged desperately on.

More than once while those ten miles were being done, miles which seemed, even to Banks, brave and enduring as he was, as if they would never be covered, Brear, with lolling tongue and bloodshot eyes, looked up into the blazing, burning sun, and laughed aloud. Banks heard and saw him, and shuddered when he thought of what might follow.

"Five we've come, and we've five to go," said Brear, reading from his cyclometer.

"Sounds almost like poetry," answered Banks, with the wish to humour and encourage him.

"Poetry it is, and damned good, too," shouted Brear. "You've hit the nail. Poetry it is—

'Five we've come, and we've five to go;
But it's five we never shall count, you know,'

How do you like that?"

"Very clever," commented Banks, with a great fear stealing over him. "But we shall get there all right—why, it's only four now."

"Five we've come, and we've five to go;
But it's five we never shall count, you know,"

sang Brear.

"Has the sun touched you a bit?" asked Banks.

"Sun be damned! No—I can stare at it without flinching," answered Brear, and he did so, still with blackened lips and lolling tongue.

"We shall get there all right," said Banks, soothingly and encouragingly.

"The Flying Dutchman doesn't, and he's always trying," answered Brear. "Look at me—I'm the Flying Cyclist. I'm always pedalling, and I never move an inch. I've been wound up to go like this—and damn me if I ever stop. I'll be a pacemaker for you; and, mark me, if you don't keep up, I'll shoot you."

He forged ahead, and Banks followed, pantingly, in his track.

"Keep off my tyre," shouted Brear. "If you run against it with yours we shall both be sent to kingdom come."

(To be continued.)

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Photo. R. Ellis

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD H. CONGLETON, C.B.,
COMMANDING INFANTRY BRIGADE, MALTA.

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COMMANDER F. C. D. STURDEE.

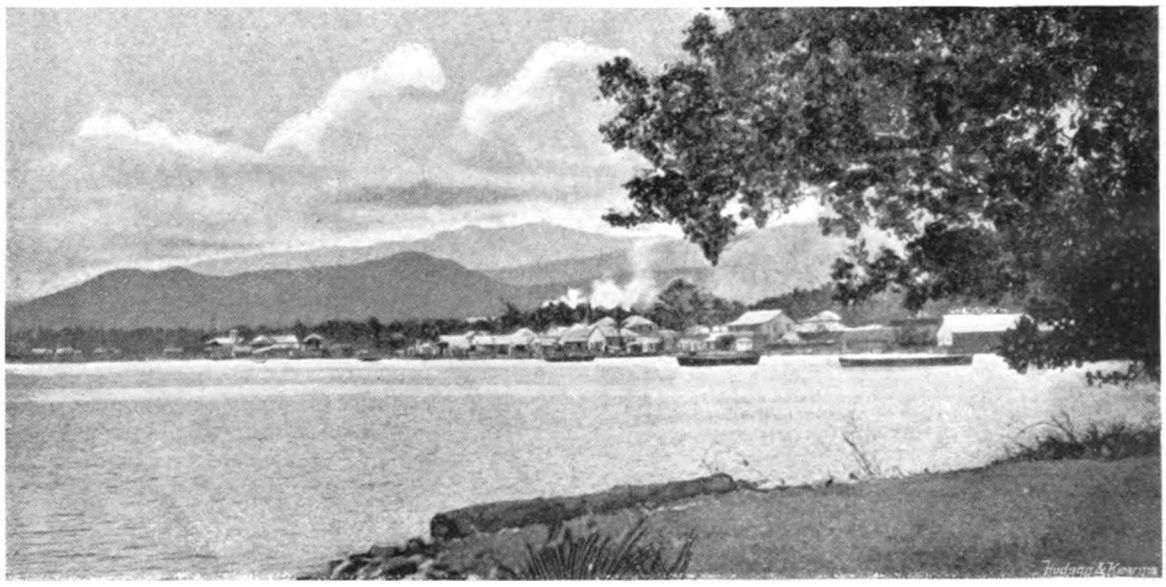
Affairs in Samoa.

CERTAINLY the situation in Samoa may be described as a storm in a teacup, and we may hope that the tempest will be quelled with proportionate ease. Meanwhile, a good deal of bitterness has been displayed towards England. Her Majesty's cruiser "Porpoise," of which we give a picture, together with that of her captain, has been boycotted at the instance of Dr. Raffel, the hot-headed German President of the municipality, who has been made to apologise for his offence; German subjects have been protected by their Consul from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court; Chief Justice Chambers has been insulted; the Germans have sided with Mataafa against Malietoa, who took refuge on board the "Porpoise"; and Mataafa and his braves have wrought much havoc and broken into and looted Stevenson's house at Vailima.

This last is a mournful episode, for Stevenson loved the islanders, and has left delightful word-pictures of them and their country in his "Vailima Letters."

Quite apart from practical considerations, the British have learned to like Samoa and the Samoans, and it might have seemed that the triple guarantee of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States would have given permanent peace. The supporters of Mataafa received as a thunder-clap the intelligence that, at the Samoa Conference of 1889—when the three Powers guaranteed neutrality for the islands, and equal rights of residence, trade, and personal protection for their inhabitants—Prince Bismarck had declared, with something like a shrug of the shoulders, that he did not care who was King, so long as Mataafa was excluded. But the Germans have never been pleased that they allowed the full control of the islands to escape their grasp, when the Reichstag, on April 27, 1880, refused to grant a sum of £15,000 as a guarantee, which would have given Germany a dominant position in the islands.

The importance of the Samoa group lies in the fact that they are not only exceedingly fruitful themselves—they have been described as the "garden of the South Seas"—but that they will develop into a great centre of trade for the neighbouring island groups. Of the fourteen islands, all of volcanic origin, the chief is Upolu, with Apia, the centre of life and government, possessing a fine and beautiful harbour, though one not too well protected, as was seen in the terrible hurricane of March, 1889. Apia will long be memorable in our Naval annals, because of the nerve and decision displayed by Captain Kane, of the "Calliope," in steaming out to sea in the teeth of a gale which entailed the total loss of four foreign men-of-war out of seven, and the stranding of two more in Apia Bay.



APIA HARBOUR, SAMOA.

The other chief islands are Savaii, where the German ex-Lieutenant von Bülow organised Mataafa's forces, and Tutuila. The inhabitants, who are of Polynesian race, number about 34,000, and are, nominally at least, Christians.

They are a very intelligent people, and the islands retain many evidences of the existence of a comparatively high state of civilisation.

Such islands deserve peace, and the three Governments are in agreement to secure it. The presence of the "Porpoise" and "Royalist," and of the German cruiser "Falke," of which we give a picture, and the American cruiser "San Francisco," should be enough to enforce it upon hot-headed officials whose rivalry has fomented the enmity of Samoan braves.

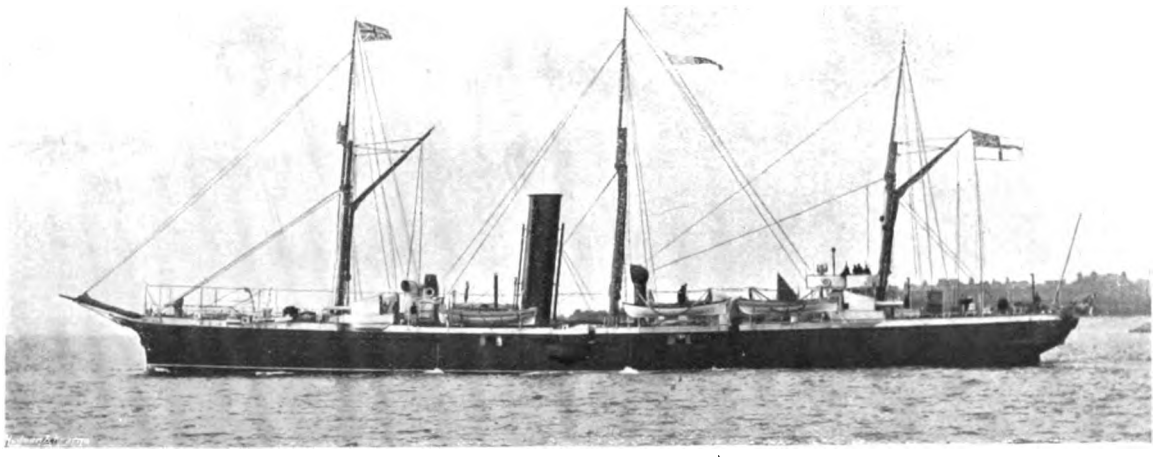
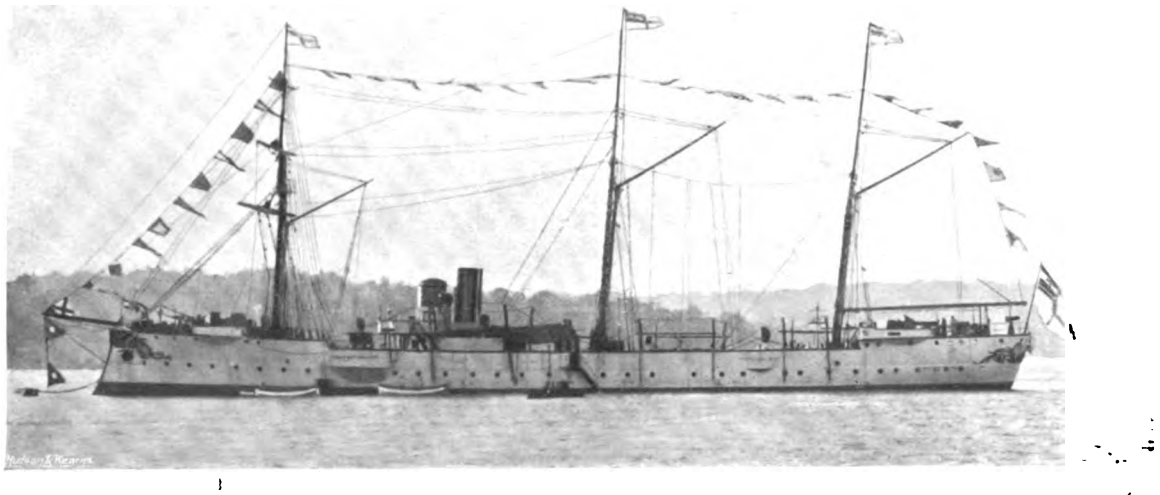


Photo. Symonds & Co. HER MAJESTY'S CRUISER "PORPOISE." Copyright.



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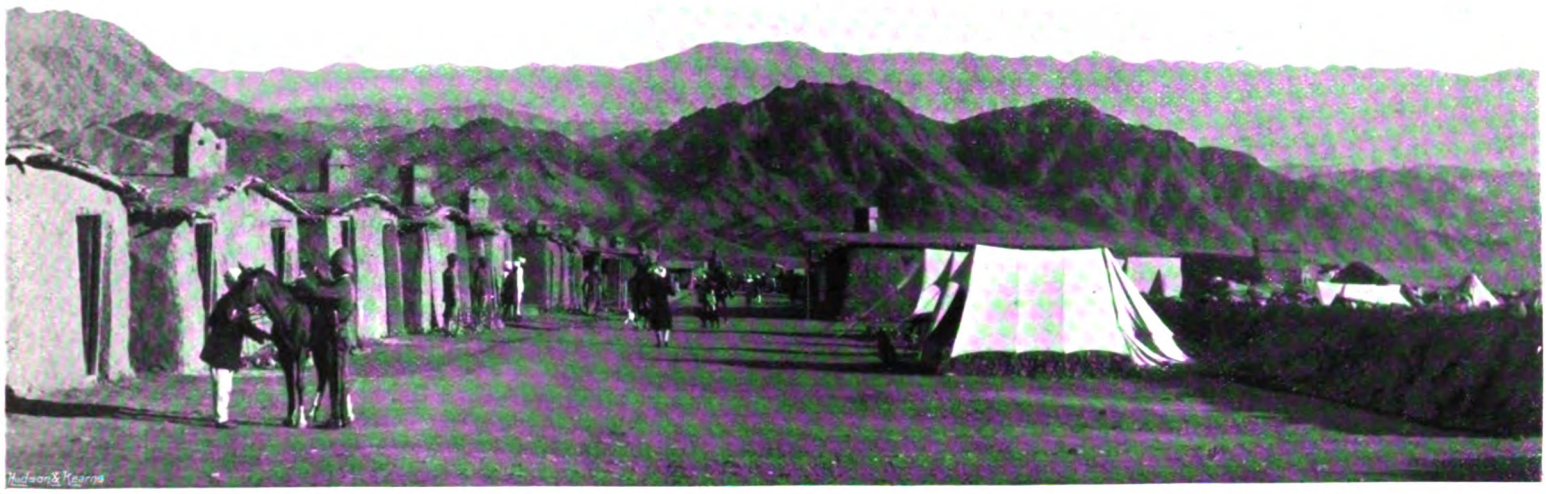
An Indian Frontier Outpost.

[From a Military Correspondent.]



IN THE MAIN STREET, DATTA KHEL.

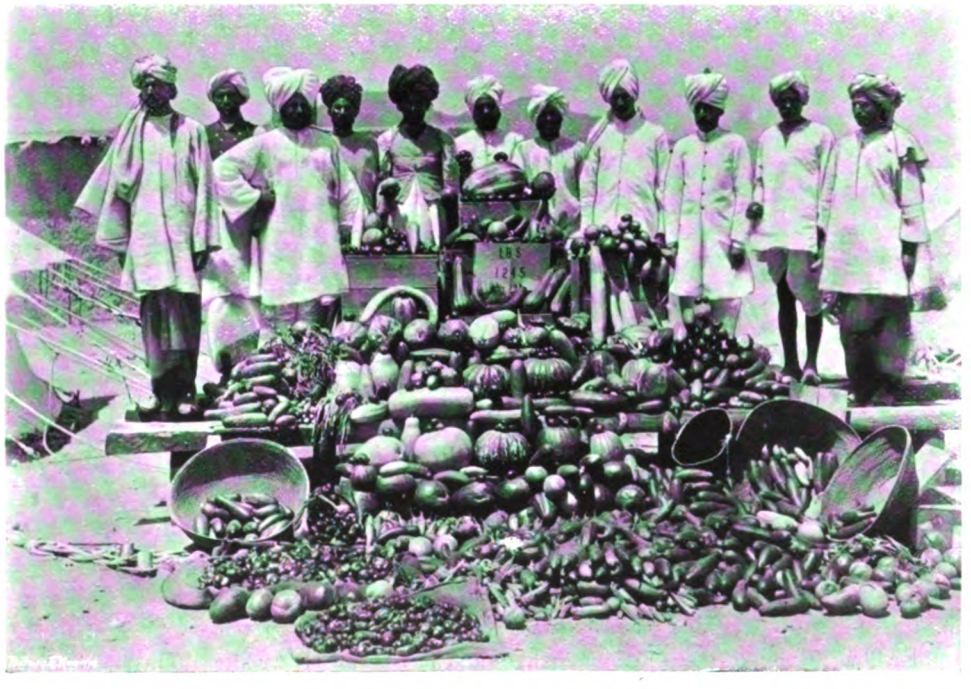
THESE three pictures are of both up-to-date and historical interest. Everyone who has taken any interest in the work done by our troops along the North-West Frontier of India has heard of the Tochi Valley, which runs up towards Ghazni in Afghanistan from a point near the British post of Bannu. Fifteen years ago this valley, then better known as the Dawar Valley, was, practically speaking, a sealed book to us, and the writer well remembers having a long talk with a native explorer who travelled up it in disguise in 1883 in order to obtain information, and who found it difficult, even at the risk of his life, to collect much "intelligence" of real value.

But the "whirligig of Time" brings about strange Frontier changes. Where that solitary native officer, "made up" as a Fakir, travelled painfully along the banks of the Tochi, to the constant accompaniment of playful bullets from successive villages, British troops have since carried wholesome respect for our arms, and to-day we hold the valley literally in the hollow of our hand.

If any proof were wanting of this last assertion, it is to be found in the accompanying pictures. Datta Khel, the main street of which, with the mud huts of the officers on each side, is here illustrated, is the most advanced of six military posts which we have established along this route, and which are garrisoned by a considerable force, fully equipped and ready to move at a moment's notice. At Datta Khel, where the colonel commanding the Tochi Valley and his staff reside, there are two regiments of Native Infantry, four mountain guns, and a squadron of native cavalry.

The group of Tochi Valley representatives is composed of Waziris, chiefly belonging to the Kushali clan of the Tori Khel section of the tribe. These enjoy the proud distinction of being the most troublesome scamps in the whole of the valley. The centre figure in the lower row of this jirgah, or deputation, was, until lately, a well-known and expert rifle thief, who a little while ago carried off a Punjab cavalry carbine, in spite of a bullet fired by the sentry on duty, which passed through his cheek and knocked out several of his teeth. The carbine was subsequently recovered, and the thief has had to produce two sureties of Rs.1,000 each for his future behaviour.

SOME TOCHI VALLEY REPRESENTATIVES.



From Photos. *A RECORD DAY FOR THE STATION GARDEN.* By a Military Officer.

The picture showing the result of a day's output from the Datta Khel station garden is a pleasant reminder of those arts of peace with which the soldier sensibly diversifies his existence even in a Frontier outpost. The men have reason to be proud of their haul of half a ton of vegetables, gathered at no cost to themselves.

The names of some of these vegetables must sound strange to English ears, yet ka'buzas, sag bhindi, phoot, and sukarkunders are greater favourites than the potato, tomato, melon, and cucumber.

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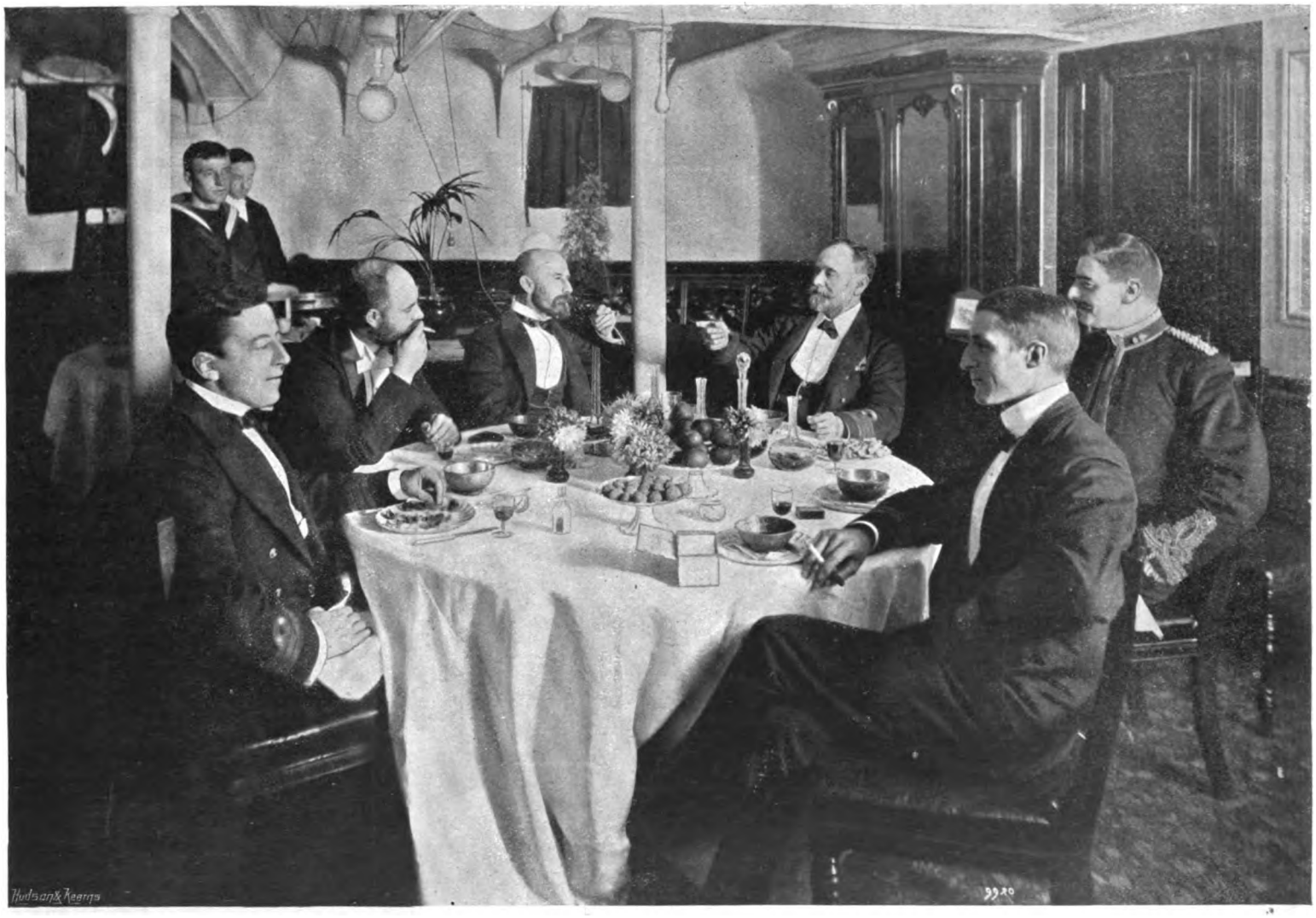
PREPARING CREATURE COMFORTS FOR THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

When a soldier attains to the rank of sergeant, a great change takes place in his life and comforts. Instead of having his meat brought on to the bare-boarded table in a tin dish, and his tea or coffee poured out from a can, he sits down to table with a cloth, eats from a china plate, and pours out his tea from a tea-pot. In every sergeants' mess three soldiers are regularly employed as attendants and cooks. Our illustration shows the kitchen of the sergeants' mess of the 2nd Life Guards at Windsor.



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IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF THE "SANS PAREIL."

In the ordinary way, on board a British man-of-war, the captain lives and has his meals by himself in the lonely solitude of his high position. But, of course, he may unbend at times, according to his disposition, and most captains do so practically every day, by inviting one or more officers to the cabin to breakfast or dine with him. That these meetings are not necessarily stiff and formal official affairs, our illustration of a gay and festive party in the captain's cabin of one of our coastguard battle-ships stands as an interesting piece of evidence

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON,

SIR HARRY RAWSON, AND HIS STAFF.

(See next page.)

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The Channel Squadron Flag-ship.

THE flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, as our readers are probably aware, is the "Majestic," one of the front rank of battle-ships, she and her eight sister vessels being universally acknowledged to be about the finest of their class in actual commission, though they are already being improved upon in some respects by vessels just launched or on the stocks. The "Majestic" class, for instance, have not the new water-tube boilers, with which their successors are being supplied, and which will enable them to add half a knot to their speed with a small extra consumption of fuel. The general characteristics of these huge and complicated vessels have been described before, and do not require recapitulation. To understand them thoroughly is a matter of years of education; and to be able to handle them to the best advantage in action demands a constant devotion to duty, and a fertility of resource for which, fortunately, we do not look in vain among our admirals and captains.

The officer who is entrusted at present with the responsible duty of commanding the Channel Squadron is Vice-Admiral Sir Harry H. Rawson, K.C.B. His services—and an excellent record he has—have been recently described in these pages. Probably no better man could be found for the post; he has had a wide experience, as flag-captain and in subordinate positions, in the management of a squadron, and possesses moreover that happy combination of strength and *bonhomie* which constitutes the best type of commander in any service.

Our first illustration is a group of Sir Harry Rawson and his staff. The flag-captain—Prince Louis of Battenberg—is seated; the flag-lieutenant, A. F. Everett, stands behind the admiral, with Mr. W. H. Rowe, secretary, on his left.

Next we see the admiral in his cabin, a comfortable apartment enough, though not so roomy as in the old wooden vessels. Besides that shown in the picture, he has a large dining-room, and one or two bedrooms, so that he can entertain a friend if so disposed. The flag-captain, flag-lieutenant, and secretary habitually share the admiral's table, though each has, of course, a private cabin allotted to him.

The admiral in command of the Channel Squadron has a very busy time, except when the ships are in the dockyard for refit, etc., and the crews are having leave. When at sea his responsibilities are heavy indeed, and he enjoys but little relaxation, in spite of the able assistance which he receives from his numerous subordinates.

THE ADMIRAL IN HIS CABIN.

Not the least important among these are the members of the signalling staff, who are under the immediate command of the flag-lieutenant. The picture shows him seated in their midst; and a numerous crew they are, including a sub-lieutenant, two boatswains, four midshipmen, and some five-and-twenty seamen, besides a few who, we may be sure, are on duty, and cannot be spared for grouping. Spy-glasses are as common as blackberries; each officer has one of the handy two-foot Ross glasses, and there are several also among the Bluejackets, while the big Dollond, on a stand, is seen to the right. Some of the men hold signalling flags, neatly furled, and in front are two lanterns; while on the left stands a fog-horn, which can be utilised, by means of long and short "grunts," for signalling by the Morse or other code.

This staff, numerous as it appears, is by no means unnecessarily strong for the work demanded of it at sea. The officers and men are, of course, divided into watches; but when "fleet evolutions" are in progress the watch has to be supplemented by others. At all times there is a keen eye to be kept upon a dozen vessels which may at any moment run up some signal, or may require admonition from the admiral for some delinquency, such as being out of station. During some complicated manœuvre the bunting is flying in clouds, while the restless semaphore frantically waves its wooden arms. The "Futile" has misunderstood the signal; the "Indolent" is too far astern; the "Irascible" is going at it too rashly; and all have to be told of it instantly, the signalmen flying about in apparently hopeless confusion, and flags lying knee deep about the deck. Welcome is the advent of the dinner hour, when the admiral goes down to lunch and the signalmen have time to make up their flags and get ready for a fresh start.

Photos. Symonds & Co

THE FLAG-LIEUTENANT AND SIGNALLING STAFF

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The group of the admiral and the officers affords some idea of the large staff necessary for such a vessel as the "Majestic." Her total complement is 757, and some critics are telling us nowadays that this is not enough; our men-of-war have, in fact, always had less numerous crews than those of France, but it is possible, many experts are of opinion, to err on the side of numbers.

There is no doubt that, at least in some departments, more officers could be carried with advantage, but it is not so easy to find accommodation for them, even if the problem of obtaining a larger number were always a simple one, which it is not.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE "MAJESTIC."

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Photo. W. M. Crockett Copyright.

BOYS FROM THE TRAINING-SHIP "FORMIDABLE."

These boys, who are now beginning their sailor life in the Royal Navy on board the Naval training-ships at Devonport, as their cap ribbons show, are ex-"Formidables." They all originally came from the Bristol training-ship "Formidable," an industrial school-ship for homeless and destitute boys, maintained by a philanthropic society, which has sent a large number of first-rate lads into the Navy.

Photo. Ellis. Copyright.

LOOKING FOR THE "ENEMY."

The above picture represents an outpost of men of the Warwickshire Regiment practising duty during field manœuvres at Malta. The men are admirably ensconced at a point which is an excellent place of vantage to look out from and watch any movement of the "enemy" below. Their service khaki-coloured kit, blending as it does in colour at any distance with the weathered tone of the stonework and the ground all round, renders the men at the same time practically invisible to the "enemy."

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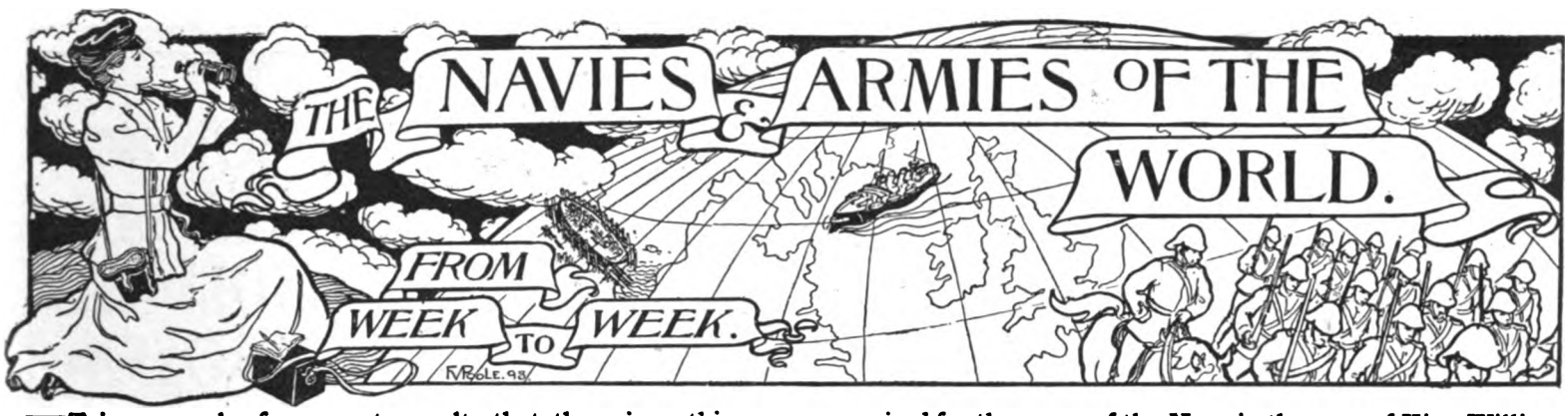

IT is a remark of no great novelty that there is nothing new under the sun; as it is very old, and has stood the test of much experience, it is probably also true. Still things do happen for which it is difficult to find precedents. The story of the Spanish prisoners in the Philippines is one. Did anything quite like it ever occur before? The misdeeds of the Spaniards were punished, justly, by a rebellion of their native subjects. Then their weakness and general incompetence caused them to lose their territory to a civilised enemy. At this time a number of them were prisoners to the native rebels. It was made a part of the treaty that the new possessor should secure the release of these captives; but the Filipinos take up arms against the new comer who is trying to make himself their master; and now what is to be done? Negotiations between them and the Americans are impossible on any terms which they will listen to till they are fairly beaten—a result which does not seem likely to be reached for some time. The Spaniards offer to ransom their countrymen, but to this the American officer objects, on the not unreasonable grounds that the money paid to release them would put resources in the hands of Aguinaldo, who is his enemy. The case is one of those which present an apparently hopeless deadlock, for both parties are in the right and neither can well give way. Putting all question of humanity aside, the Spaniards are fairly justified in calling upon the Americans to keep their promise. They again may not unfairly reply that they never undertook to supply resources to an opponent who is giving them a great deal of trouble, and whom they have not yet been able to defeat decisively. So apparently there can be no solution till Aguinaldo is overcome. Meanwhile the position of the Spanish prisoners is, when everything is taken into account, without precedent—or so one thinks; but it is never safe to be too sure on that point.

* * * *

And now suppose that these captive Spaniards, finding themselves without hope of release, throw in their lot with Aguinaldo? They could not reasonably be blamed if they did, and it is possible that they might take a certain amount of revenge. There must be among them at least a good sprinkling of men with some military training, even a few officers educated at the artillery school of Segovia, and a number of sergeants. Among them they could give the Filipinos a good deal of instruction in their entrenched positions in the hill country unless the Americans storm them shortly. It is not at all impossible that some, if not all, of them will take this means of relieving themselves. Unlike ourselves, but like the French in their colonies, the Spaniards have always shown a rather fatal tendency to mingle with the native races. They are more squeamish than the Portuguese about marriages with negroes, but they always showed themselves ready enough to mix with the red races. One of the Pizarro brothers married an Inca princess, and so did others among the Conquistadores, even when they were themselves gentlemen of very distinguished families. To this day there are ladies and gentlemen in Spain who can count the old sovereigns of Peru among their ancestors. A very considerable mixed element exists already in the Philippines. It seems by no means improbable that it may now be further recruited by the Spanish prisoners who will sink their differences with the Filipinos, take to themselves wives of the daughters of the country, and unite against the common enemy. If so, the Americans may discover that it would have been more to their advantage to let General Rios pay the ransoms for his countrymen.

* * * *

The old saw quoted above—that there is nothing new under the sun—is always receiving illustrations from one source or another. I have one before me at this moment, in the shape of the second edition of an old pamphlet. It is dated 1726, the preface is signed by Thomas Robe, and the title is "Ways and Means whereby His Majesty may man his Navy with Ten Thousand able Sailors on Short Notice, with less Expence to the Government than at Present, and entirely to the Benefit and Satisfaction of the Merchants." There is a good deal of interest in its few pages, as, for instance, when the writer says that the number of sailors employed in the home and foreign trade was estimated by knowing persons at 30,000. Now as it was calculated that some 40,000 men were required for the crews of the Navy in the wars of King William and Queen Anne, it will be obvious at once that our fleets cannot have relied even mainly, still less wholly, on the merchant service for their complements. Again the writer confirms what we know from other sources as to the extent to which the bad treatment endured by the sailors in the King William and Queen Anne time had made the Royal Service hateful among them. Further, he has something to say as to the severity with which the press was enforced, and the sufferings it inflicted on men and employers alike.

* * * *

The point I wish to make is that this writer's scheme has a very striking resemblance to some plans which have been advocated of late for supplying a reserve to the Navy. He suggests that 10,000 "able sailors" should be taken into regular pay. In peace they were to be employed in the dockyards, or allowed to serve in trading ships, which were to be required to take them in certain proportions. They were to be entitled to a pension. If disabled in a trading ship, they were to have a right to Greenwich Hospital; and if killed, their widows were to receive half their allowance for life. There is also a rather fantastic proposal that Government should undertake the reclamation of waste lands and marshes, and give some of its 10,000 men work in that fashion. But this is proposed "by the way," and only to show the fertility of the author's mind. Though his pamphlet is short, he is very thorough. He goes so much into detail as to propose that each of the 10,000 men should receive a complete kit "to cloathe them from Head to Foot, once in every two Years, with a Badge of the Flag of England, as a peculiar and honourable Distinction, from all other Sailors. Those Cloaths to be worn by such as work in the Yards only at such Times as they shall be absent from their Work. So many brave and skilful men" (says our author, rising to enthusiasm) "all appearing in a national Livery, cannot but affect the Mind of every thinking *British* Spectator with the most sensible Satisfaction, when he beholds the true Protectors of the Kingdom's Grandeur and Happiness, so deservedly cherished; and every Foreigner will have the strongest Sentiments as well of our Gratitude and Policy as of our undoubted Security." Ten thousand men seems a small force to be able to give so much, but the author does not, of course, suppose that the ships were to be manned wholly by his "able sailors." If he had been pressed, he could have replied that they were not supposed to form more than a third of the crews. Marines, or soldiers serving as marines, landsmen, "waisters," and boys would make up the other two-thirds. They were always easily got. The difficulty was to get the prime seamen. Altogether, with the men in constant employment, they would suffice to put the Navy on a war footing according to the standard of 1726.

* * * *

Such ample justice has been done to the writer of the article on "The Invasion of England" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that perhaps nothing more need be said about it. It is what Admiral Rieunier called M. Lockroy's talk about the submarine-boat—a tale of Mother Goose. Yet it has a beautiful piece of unreason in it which is worth quoting as a warning. The writer says that the passage of the Channel must be assimilated to the passage of a river, which, as the whole history of war shows, has never been a very serious obstacle to a well-led army. Wellington forced the passage of the Douro, where it is both swift and broad, under the very nose of Soult at Oporto. But could he have done it if the French marshal had had a flotilla of gun-boats on the watch? That is the question which our worthy friend does not face—and his argument is worthless just because he does not. Nevertheless, we ought not to jeer too much at his (or her, for there is a very feminine tone about the article) foolish speculations. It would require no considerable research to discover alarmists of our own who have said substantially the same things when they were writing about the invasion of England. Moreover, if it is irrational to suppose that an invading army could be brought over the Channel while we had an undefeated force on its waters, it is certainly not very much wiser to suppose that a blockading force off Brest would necessarily prevent a bold fellow from making a push from Dunkirk or Havre. And sometimes one may hear that maintained.

DAVID HANNAY.

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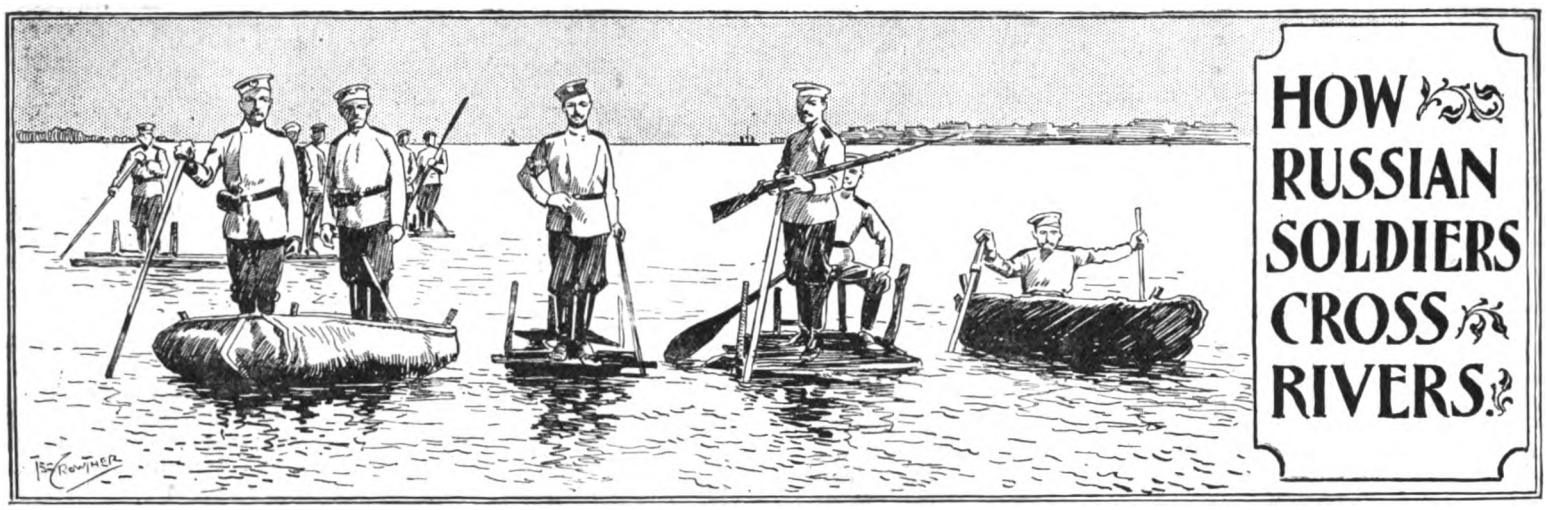
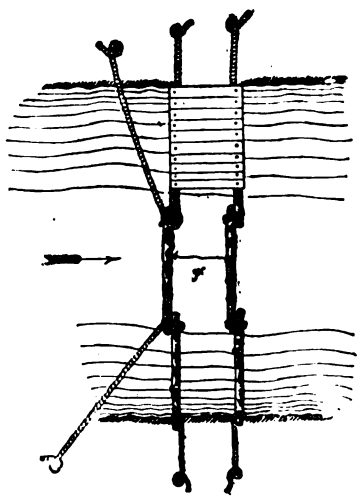


HOW RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CROSS RIVERS.

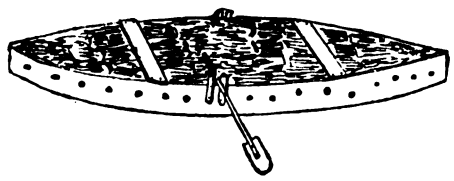
I BEG to present my Russian friends with a method not included on their list. Jack was ashore in Egypt, and got aboard a fine tall Egyptian donkey. The creature immediately made for an irrigation canal at full gallop, and, stopping suddenly in front of it, landed Jack neatly on the opposite bank. Whereupon Jack exclaimed: "That's all very well for *me*, shipmate, but how the blank blank are *you* a-coming over?" Russia is the land of plain and river, of forest and morass, and the Russian cavalry prepare themselves to solve Jack's problem by carrying leathern or skin sacks, which, when inflated, serve as floats for both man and horse.



A LOG BRIDGE.

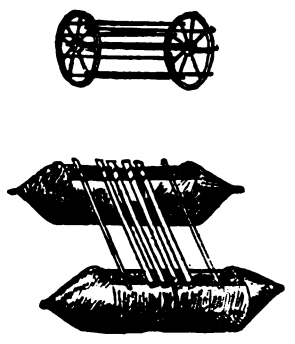
The infantry, on the other hand, have been left largely to their own devices in this matter. Recently, however, the staff of the Moscow Military District has availed itself of the experiences of the so-called Okhotniki Commands, and issued some suggestions on the subject for the benefit of the Army generally. The word "Okhotniki" means "hunters," and men for these "Commands" are recruited largely from foresters and game-keepers, who, in their private capacity, have continually to face the problem of the best way to cross water without the aid of existing boat or bridge.

The first suggestions of the Moscow Staff deal with the crossing of narrow streams, and for this the construction of a bridge resting on the water is recommended. The simplest form mentioned consists of logs, of not less than 1-ft. in diameter, lashed together end to end until their length is sufficient to bridge the stream. Cross-pieces of wood are attached at intervals to give the bridge steadiness. All this is done close to the nearest bank, so that the construction lies at first not across the stream but along the bank. The end of it which points down stream is secured to the shore, while the end which points up stream is pushed out from the bank, so that the whole construction is soon brought by the current athwart the stream, and the free end comes in contact with the opposite bank, when the builders cross over and make it fast there. Should there be any danger of the current carrying the bridge away, one end of a rope is attached to the middle of it, while the other end is made fast on shore a little way up stream. In addition the bridge is anchored by means of stones hanging from it by ropes which are of sufficient length to allow the stones to lie in the bed of the stream. The first illustration shows a bridge in which the logs are placed in two parallel lines, not more than 7-ft. apart, the intervening space being covered with cross-boards. Barrels are sometimes placed between the parallel logs, to give the bridge greater buoyancy, rendering it capable of bearing a greater weight. Rope—tent rope is generally available—is used to lash the logs in each line together and to make them fast at the shore ends. The logs in this second case need not measure more than 7-in. or 8-in. in diameter. If the stream is very narrow and has little or no current, bundles of rushes, straw, etc., may be used instead of logs and planks.



A STRAW RAFT.

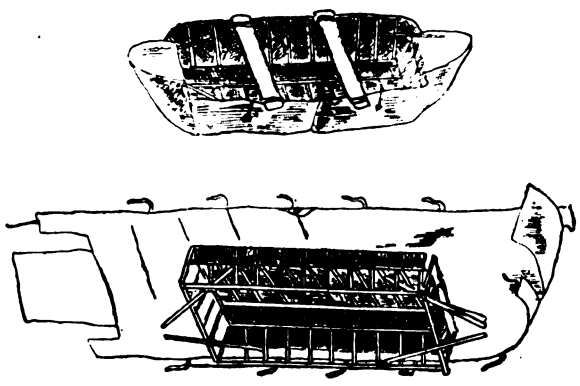
The simplest form of raft is called the "twin." It consists of two logs about 35-ft. in length and not less than 7-in. in diameter, with a distance between the logs of 7-ft. They are joined together by three planks, one at each end and one in the middle. This is apparently intended as a fighting raft, for it is said to accommodate six men, two to sit down and row and four to stand ready to shoot.



WHEEL FLOATS.

The second illustration shows a raft made of straw, tightly packed in a wooden framework, which keeps it ship-shape, while the tight packing prevents the straw from soon getting sodden.

Two faggots of brushwood 6-ft. or 7-ft. long and 2½-ft. thick, if dry and the wood closely packed, are considered sufficient to make a one-man raft, though, as many a young swimmer has discovered, it is one thing to float and quite another thing to make progress. A bundle of straw, hay, or rushes packed tightly in a framework of sticks, and then wrapped in a piece of tent canvas which has been steeped in oil to render it water-tight, is strongly recommended as a most excellent and durable float easily made. Floats of this description can be used in combination when logs are not available. A novel idea is to separate the body of a cart from the wheels and place it on a piece of oiled tent canvas, as shown in the fourth illustration. Tent poles are fixed fore and aft in the cart so as to form the framework of bows and stern, then the canvas is drawn tightly up around the whole, the result being a punt-shaped boat with pointed ends. The wheels are joined together in pairs by means of



UTILISING THE BODY OF A CART.

long sticks, so that a cylinder framework is formed which is wrapped in oiled canvas, the wheels having been previously bound with hay or grass to prevent the iron tyres from rusting the canvas. In this form the wheels can not only be floated across the stream themselves, but also serve as floats for other things. Apart from the consideration that it may be necessary or convenient to transport a cart or waggon across a river, a far lighter and more serviceable canoe is made by covering a light framework of sticks with canvas, the result being a kayak something after the style of that used by Nansen in his ever-memorable expedition. Another plan of utilising the body of a cart is to render it water-tight by caulking it with tow or hay. The Russian soldiers are hardly likely to take wheel-barrows with them on the march, but yet one can but admire the

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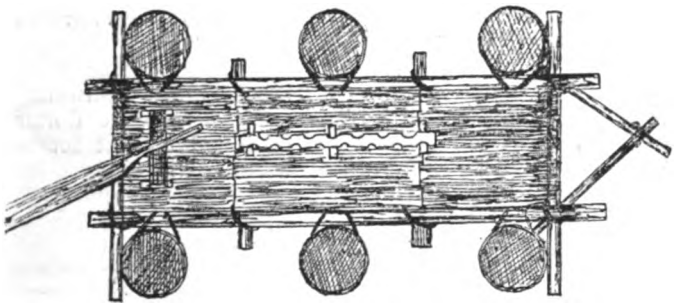
ingenuity which suggests that, deprived of their wheels, a pair of them will serve as bow and stern in the framework of a canoe.

Another ingenious device is that of stuffing stockings or other garments with dry grass and using them as floats. Yet another plan is that of making three frameworks of sticks each shaped like a copper, covering each with canvas and then joining them together in a wooden triangular frame. One man is supposed to sit in each copper, the wooden frame serving as a resting-place for the three kits, arms, and ammunition. In this new version of three men in a tub progression must be slow and steering difficult.

The fifth illustration shows a much better way of utilising tubs. A platform about 7-ft. wide and 21-ft. long is made of planks, and three tubs are lashed to each side of it at a distance of about 4-ft. apart. Two planks are arranged in front as a cutwater, and the raft looks as though it would steer fairly well. The danger is that unless the tubs are covered in at the top they are liable to get filled by the water splashing into them or going in with a rush should the raft get a list to port or starboard.

The platform would of course float by itself, but the tubs give it, as the Russians say, a greater lifting power, that is, it will bear a heavier load with them than without them. A raft of about the same size with six barrels lying on their sides within the wooden frame is also suggested, and if the barrels were water-tight this would no doubt be a safer craft than the tub one to put to sea in. It is worthy of note that the great value of barrels in the construction of rafts seems rather to have been overlooked in the tales of the sea written for English boys. They did not enter, for instance,



PLANKS AND TUBS.

into the composition of Robinson Crusoe's famous raft. It is true that the native of the country without a sea-coast who wrote "The Swiss Family Robinson," appreciated them at their full value, though he did not seem to be aware of what would probably happen to a washing-tub in anything approaching a rough sea.

As a heading to my article is reproduced a photograph of soldiers crossing the Volga on small rafts made out of rough and ready materials, or, as the Russians put it, of any materials "under hand." The men form part of one of the already-mentioned Okhotniki Commands, in this case belonging to the reserves. They were employed in experimenting with various kinds of rafts made by themselves, and a report was drawn up giving the result of their experiences.

Special attention may be drawn to the raft of inflated skins. It has been made on the spot, and the inflated skins are not quite the finished articles which have been referred to in connection with the Russian cavalry. The report, indeed, states that it is difficult to make and inflate the skin sacks properly without special appliances. Furthermore, that although the rough and ready made articles are fairly water-tight when dry and newly made, the air escapes somewhat freely from them when they have been used a little and softened by the water. If to this is added the fact that the Volga, in the neighbourhood of Kazan, where these experiments were carried out, is from a quarter to a mile wide, it can be imagined that the man on this particular raft was not altogether to be envied. As the whereabouts of Kazan is not well known to English readers, it may be stated that it is about 380 miles due east of Moscow, and that the Volga when it reaches it has already run over 1,600 miles, and has still over 500 miles to go due south before it arrives at Astrakhan, where it empties itself into the Caspian Sea. And this, though the largest, is only one of the many rivers and streams of Russia where the various methods of crossing referred to in this article may be put into practice.

H. RAYMONT.

Military Chiropody.

By SPECIALIST.

A GOOD deal of thoughtless amusement was caused a few weeks back by the announcement that a class of instruction in chiropody had been started for non-commissioned officers at Aldershot, under the supervision of the Principal Medical Officer. Fanciful visions were conjured up of full-dress parades, minus boots and socks, at which the pedal excrescences of a corps should be inspected and operated upon by company chiropodists, with the battalion chiropodist as a referee upon all difficult cases. A system of corn-cutting drill "by numbers" was suggested, and it was gravely proposed that military chiropodists should wear a distinctive badge—such as, for instance, a corn-plaster worked in gold lace and worn on the sleeve!

But thinking soldiers, and, for the matter of that, sensible civilians too, soon ceased to make a joke of the new departure. In any case, it wants but a moment's reflection to gauge the improbability that one of the most practical—perhaps *the* most practical—of our generals, as Sir Redvers Buller unquestionably is, would sanction any new class of instruction within his District unless for some definite and common-sense military reason. Nowadays the non-commissioned officer, in particular, is far too precious to be allowed to fritter away his time in acquiring useless knowledge, especially when he happens to be at such a continuously busy centre as Aldershot.

As a matter of fact, this new chiropody class is a splendid idea, and one which, if properly carried out, will confer an immense boon upon the British Army. During the last few years the soldier's foot has been a continual source of solicitude to the military authorities, who have come to recognise clearly the paramount importance of good marching as a factor of infantry efficiency. But hitherto the minds of the powers that be have been chiefly exercised not so much with the foot as with its covering, and in several quarters and at sundry times the battle of boots has been waged with considerable vigour. Whether an ideal foot-covering—to use a Continental expression—has yet been found may be doubted, but it is a fact that with the latest pattern of boot, and after a few annual courses of route marching on the new "gradual increase" system, the latter-day British soldier can cover the ground in capital style, and have quite enough "go" left in him at the end of a long morning to put in some pretty fighting if occasion arises.

But, however excellent an Army boot may be, it is hopeless to expect that it can be worn in every case without fear of corns. If Thomas Atkins could be measured for his boots by a West End bootmaker, and have his own last, and so on, he might escape these inconveniences. But then his boots would cost a couple of guineas a pair, instead of only a few shillings, and the taxpayer would probably grumble at paying the difference. Accordingly the private soldier has to be content with drawing from the quartermaster's stores the size of regulation boots which most nearly fits him. He is seldom such an idiot as to take a pair too small for him, but in a multitude of cases those he draws are a shade too big. The result is—corns, which, as everyone knows, are produced quite as readily by boots which are too big as by boots which are too small. Now a corn is no great matter to some people, but to a soldier, who often wears the same pair of boots day after day, week after week, it may soon prove a source of real annoyance, and eventually may even make it impossible for him to march more than a mile or two without having to fall out and, possibly, in the end "go sick."

Another fruitful source of trouble with the soldier's foot is the ingrowing nail. It may not be a particularly pretty thing to talk about, but in an article of this kind one would almost sooner convey a little information than merely discuss the subject in its more attractive aspects. The ingrowing nail in, practically speaking, all cases is simply the result of neglect. But it must be taken into consideration that Thomas Atkins is not supplied by Government with a pair of nail-scissors, and is not, as a rule, inclined to buy instruments of that sort for himself. Consequently, he not infrequently acquires an ingrowing nail which can be both painful and extremely destructive of walking power. The writer remembers to have seen a detachment in India showing their feet to a medical officer before starting on a long march, and, though the men were otherwise splendidly fit, quite a number of them would have broken down after the first march or two if their ingrowing nails had not been detected and put right.

One of the great advantages of training non-commissioned officers as chiropodists will be that it will save men from going to hospital for what they consider to be a purely trivial ailment. Yet a mere inconvenience which, nevertheless, detracts from a man's efficiency as a soldier, may be serious, and if it can be successfully coped with by an intelligent sergeant or corporal, so much the better for the sufferer and for the Service.

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In a Foreign Port.

By T. M. P.

IT is most emphatically the right thing to keep up appearances in a foreign port. Anyone could see that this principle was recognised on board the "Anonyma." It seemed to be always Sunday while she lay in Trois Etoiles Harbour. The men habitually wore their best, or second-best, clothes, and the guns their Sabbath Day trappings of red cloth pinked out at the edges, white sennit beckets, and burnished brass etceteras. The mere fact that the white ensign floated from every boat gave a gala air to what the inhabitants of Trois Etoiles called her "embarcations," and it was only on one or two days in the week that any really hard work was done on board. The men's conduct was exemplary, and one quite enjoyed coming across groups of them at the various places of entertainment in the neighbourhood. The Marines' best tunics, more especially, made spots of vivid colour which no picturesque gorge or deep blue seascape should ever be without. Moreover, every man in the ship's company looked bigger and finer than he had done at Malta, by comparison with the natives of Trois Etoiles, who were of diminutive stature. What wonder then that the "Anonyma" was considered worthy of a visit by sightseers, and that her quarter-deck became the scene of comic incidents and strange interviews, carried on in broken English and mutilated French and German.

One hot afternoon the long "Anonyma" was slowly rising and falling to the swell that rolled into the harbour, and giving now and then a crooked little wrench to her anchors, when the officer of the watch espied two well-dressed strangers coming off to the ship in a shore boat, and sighed. "They will go ashore again fast enough if the motion's too much for them," said the doctor, as he went over the side in bicycling kit, and the officer of the watch hoped he might prove a true prophet. As it turned out, he was wrong.

The English lady whom the officer of the watch presently received at the top of the ladder did not seem anxious to go round the ship with her husband, and soon reappeared on deck with sadly pale cheeks. The officer of the watch, seeing what was amiss, offered the sufferer every alleviation he could think of, and begged that she would let him send for her husband, so that she might go ashore—a matter of a hundred yards or so.

"Oh, please don't; he would never *think* of coming," said the poor woman, plaintively. "I will just lie down on the deck, and take a little soda water, thank you." And there she lay with closed eyes, and scrunching her smart Paris hat against the drum of the capstan, quite unconscious of the pitying glances cast upon her by the quartermaster and the indignant sympathy of the officer of the watch.

Presently the attention of the latter was distracted by the appearance of three very grand ladies, who spoke no language but their own. "Nous ne désirons pas voir le croiseur, nous désirons voir des Maltais," they kept repeating, and at last the officer of the watch realised that they had come on board merely to see some natives of Malta, in the hope or belief that they would have eyes in the middle of their foreheads, or, at least, the skin of the Ethiopian. Then he sent for a Maltese steward, and explained the ladies' wishes, and with him they swept and rustled round the ship on their tiny high-heeled shoes, pausing to gaze upon a Maltese bandsman or two, a bum-boat-man, and another steward, quite contented, apparently, and talking volubly to their astonished escort all the while.

The heartless English husband with a thirst for information now reappeared, after an exhaustive survey of the ship, and finding that his wife could by this time neither speak nor walk, remarked, "Oh, she's often like that," and accepted the suggestion of the officer of the watch, that the big quartermaster should carry her down the ladder to the boat, as calmly as though he were having a cab hailed to convey him from his club to the theatre.

Peace reigned on board for a brief space after their departure, but the officer of the watch had by no means come to the end of his troubles. Two more visitors now appeared—a gaunt German lady, with dishevelled grey hair and a perfect command of the English language, accompanied by a speechless gentleman with rolling eyes. "I wish to see this ship," said the lady, firmly. "I desire to see *everything*."

"Certainly," replied the officer of the watch, and, calling a boy, told him to go round with the lady and gentleman and show them everything except the conning-tower and the submerged torpedo-tubes.

"But it is exactly the conning-tower and the submerged torpedo-tubes which I particularly wish to see. In fact, I *insist* upon seeing them. I have been on board ships of every nation, and always I have been treated with the greatest respect and attention. Never before have I received such treatment as here. I will not be refused."

"I'm exceedingly sorry, I'm sure, but I have my orders from the captain."

"The captain! *I* am the friend of admirals!"

"I have no doubt of it, but I cannot set aside my captain's orders."

Furious, snarling as she went, the German lady followed her guide, and her dumb companion, rolling his eyes horribly, trotted after her. Half-an-hour later she returned, still protesting, demanded a boat, and, flinging a "Good afternoon, and thank you for your very scant courtesy," at the luckless officer of the watch, the "friend of admirals" left the ship.

"I believe that fellow was a spy," said the torpedo lieutenant, solemnly, as he watched the angry lady go ashore.

"Seated themselves on the gratings round the capstan."

"I daresay he was—hang him!' replied the officer of the watch, bitterly. "Look here, Arden, do, like a good chap, look out for me, if it's only for five minutes. I can't swear as I want to when I'm on duty. I must get away somewhere and give my whole attention to it."

Only ten minutes later the quartermaster reported, "Five ladies coming alongside in a shore boat, sir." "More Germans, by the cut of them," groaned the officer of the watch, buckling on his belt once more, and saluted the new comers gravely as they laboriously climbed the ladder, all fat, and all dressed in mud-coloured stuff dresses. They were not able to speak English, but walked aft as of set purpose, and seated themselves on the gratings round the capstan. For half-an-hour they remained there, whispering among themselves, eating bon-bons out of their horrid leather reticules, and throwing the sticky little frilled papers about the deck.

At last one of the party, summoning up her courage, addressed the officer of the watch, "Kindly tell me when the steamer may start."

She and her friends had actually mistaken the "Anonyma"—7,500 tons, and 12,000 horse-power—for the little steamer which plies daily between Trois Etoiles and Mentone!

Eight bells struck as the officer of the watch bundled the five ladies somewhat unceremoniously into a boat. "Thank heaven!" he cried; "another hour of this sort of thing, and I should be a raving lunatic."

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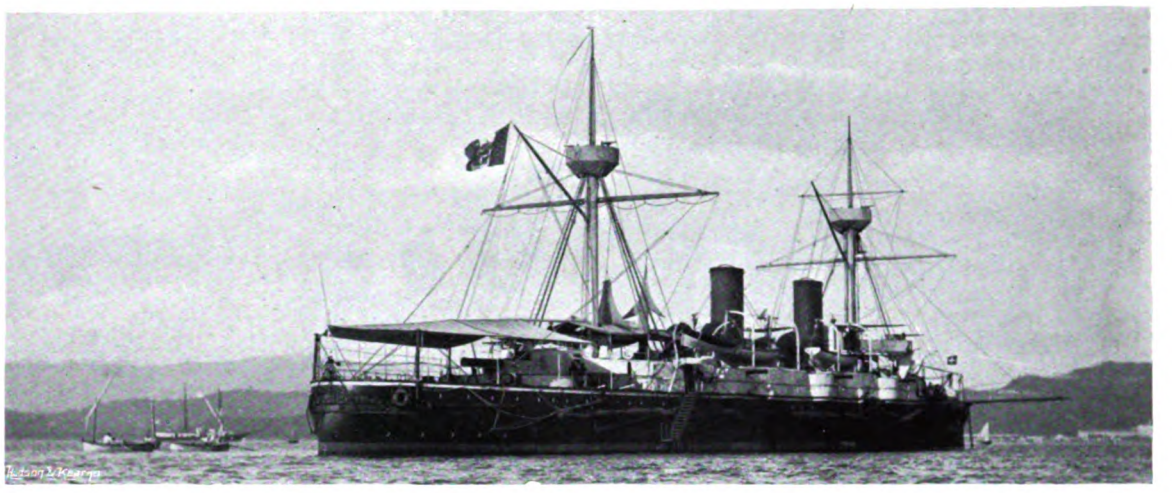
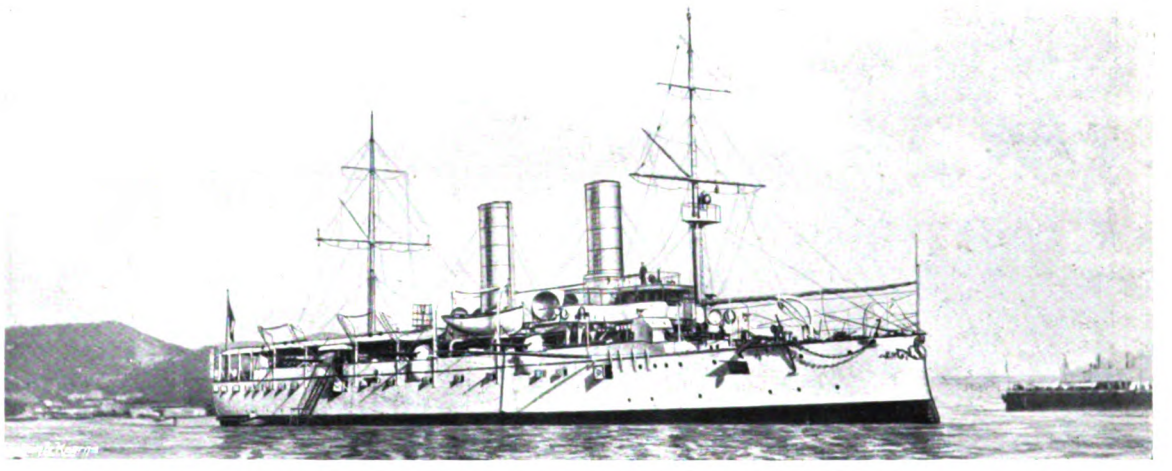
ITALY IN CHINA.

WHEN the map of China is reconstructed, and particoloured so as to show the territorial acquisitions, or zones of influence, of the various Powers, that portion which will bear the hue denoting Italian possession will be found around Sanmun Bay, in the Chi Kiang province. This latter province is the one immediately south of the Bay of Hang Chu and the Yang-tse estuary. Though not so large or densely populated as some of the other Chinese provinces, it is both rich and fertile. It produces tea, silk, indigo, and cotton, and is, moreover, rich in mineral products, possessing mines of silver, iron, copper, tin, and lead. It is mountainous and well wooded, and has many navigable rivers, two of which flow into the Bay of Sanmun.

This latter is a noble roadstead, with a superb anchorage capable of harbouring, to use the hackneyed expression, the Navies of the world. There is water for ships of any size, and Sanmun, in fact, possesses all the requirements for a position of commanding importance, both strategically and commercially. Two rivers enter the far end of the bay, and one of these is navigable for large vessels as far inland as the district town, situated some eighteen miles from its mouth. The illustrations herewith represent both the material and the personnel of the Naval force Italy possesses in these waters.



THE ITALIAN FLAG-SHIP, THE CRUISER "STROMBOLI."



THE ITALIAN CRUISER "ELBA."

One gives us an excellent idea of what the officers and seamen of the Italian Navy are like. The landing party herewith depicted are a smart, alert-looking body of men, apparently thoroughly well equipped and disciplined. The men are wearing the usual tropical kit of the Italian Navy. In the centre of the group are three officers, and a fourth on the extreme right of the line. These latter have that semi-military air so often seen amongst foreign Naval officers, and especially those of Latin races. The ships at present on the station are the "Marco Polo," "Amerigo Vespucci," "Elba," and they are now being joined by the "Stromboli," flying the flag of Admiral Grenet, who will be in supreme command.

Photos. Conti Vecchi

AN ITALIAN NAVAL LANDING PARTY.

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The largest is the "Marco Polo," a 19-knot cruiser, carrying a main armament of six 6-in. and ten 4·7-in. quick-firers. The "Elba" is a craft of similar type, but slower and more lightly armed. The "Stromboli," the flag-ship, is of quite a different type, carrying two 10-in. guns and six 6-in. The "Amerigo Vespucci" is the oldest and most obsolete type in the squadron, but still has a formidable quick-firing armament, and is provided with deck protection.

It is indeed only a cruiser squadron, and of second-class cruisers at that, but none the less quite equal to any demands that are likely to be made upon it.

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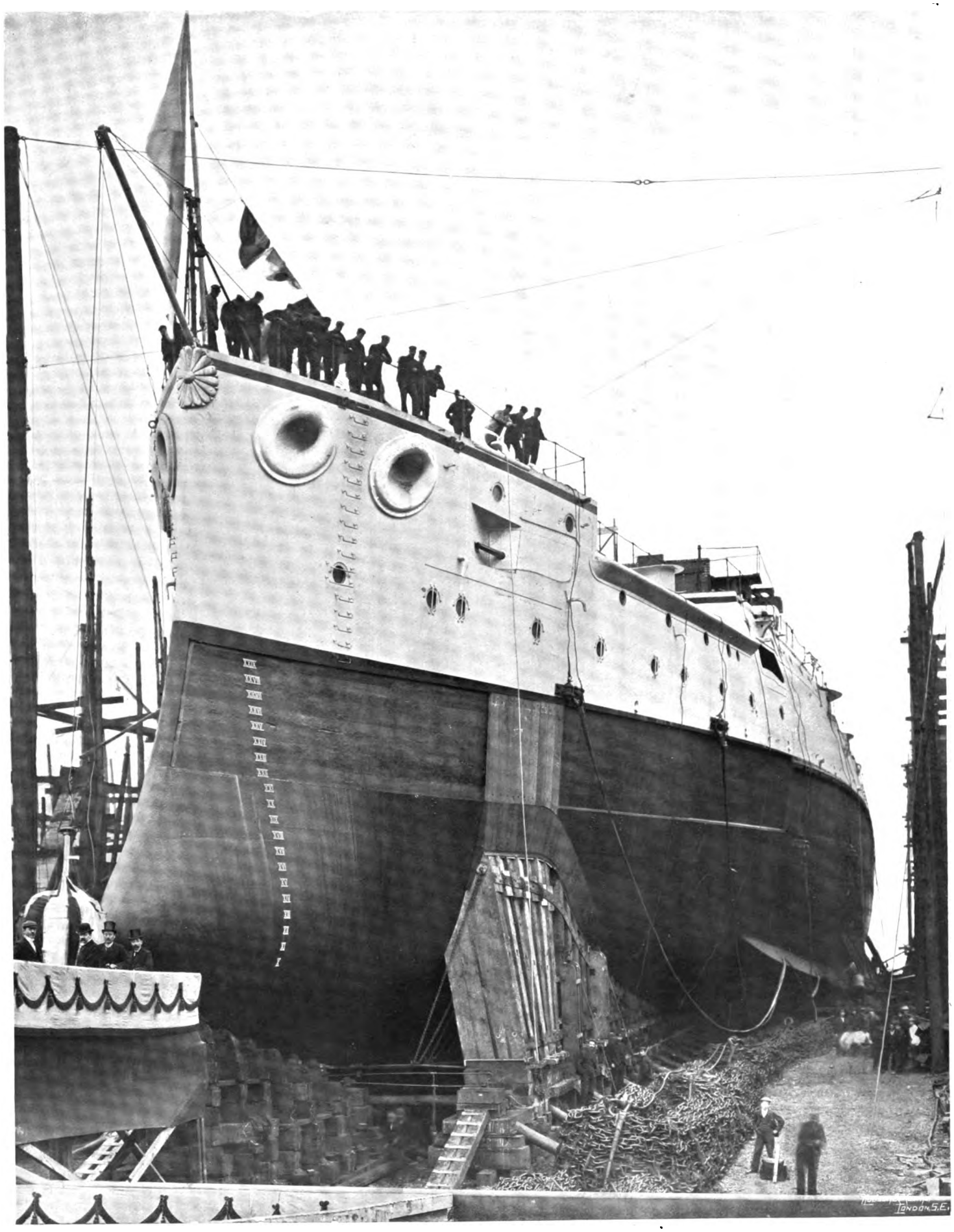

From a Photo. by Permission of The Clydebank Ship-building Co., Ltd.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE JAPANESE NAVY.

The new battle-ship "Asahi," just launched at Clydebank, on the stocks.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

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COLONEL GILBERT HAMILTON, 14th Hussars

GILBERT HAMILTON holds an unique record, for he is the first cavalry officer in the Army who has ever risen straight from the ranks to command a cavalry regiment. And he deserves the position he has won for himself, if ever a man did, for he has shown himself an exceptionally fine soldier and officer. He joined the 2nd Life Guards as a trooper at the age of seventeen and a-half, and before he was twenty-three he had won his commission, being appointed to the regiment he now commands. His war services comprise the Afghan War of 1879, in which he was, first, aide-de-camp to Sir Sam Browne, and afterwards galloper to the officer commanding the Cavalry Brigade at Cabul, and also the Boer War of 1881. In all military exercises Colonel Hamilton is *facile princeps*. He holds the record score for shooting with the Martini-Henry carbine, and won twice running the Inter-Regimental Revolver Competition. So much for his shooting powers. As a swordsman he competed seven times at the Royal Military Tournament in the Sword *versus* Sword, Mounted, competition, and for six years out of the seven was either first or second. In fact, only on one occasion was he knocked out before reaching the final. Gilbert Hamilton comes of a soldier stock, for his father was General Hamilton, C.B., one of his brothers, Bruce Hamilton, is a major in the East Yorkshire, a brevet colonel, and a Staff College man; another, Hubert, a major in the West Surrey and attached to the Egyptian Army, is also a Staff College man and wears the Distinguished Service Order; whilst the youngest, Keith, is a subaltern in the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. Father and sons have earned sixteen medals between them.

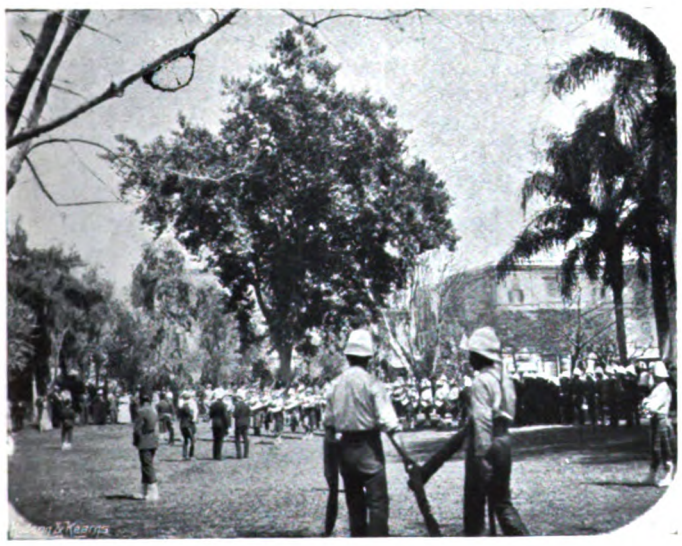

Photo. H Allen Copyright.

MASSED PIPERS AND DRUMMERS.

THERE is no prettier or more effective military pageant than a torchlight tattoo, and an especially effective one was that organised on the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Cairo. Our views are photographs of the full-dress rehearsal, and show the massed pipers and drummers and massed bands of the corps engaged, which included the 21st Lancers, Camerons, Seaforths, Royal Irish Fusiliers, and selected bandsmen of the Egyptian regiments. The programme was an essentially good one, musically and spectacularly. Amongst the features were the use by a Royal Artillery detachment of a 7-pounder bronze gun captured from the Khalifa at Omdurman, and also an historical procession of the uniforms worn at different times of their history by the 1st Seaforths, the old 72nd.

Photo. H. Allen. Copyright.

MASSED BANDS

WE were aware that ships' pets are generally omnivorous, and that, in fact, even such delicacies as cigarette ends or a fid of tobacco would be sampled if presented, but we have never yet been shipmates with a goat who was "on the canteen."

This Nanny, the pet of the smart little third-class cruiser, the "Mohawk," apparently is, for beside her biscuit-kid stands a bottle which once held good colonial beer.

Nanny strikes us as being rather an interesting goat, for there is a look in her eye that shows she is certainly "all there" as to quickness of intelligence. She looks, moreover, like an animal who, while willing to be perfectly friendly and polite to any visitors to her domain, would on no account allow liberties to be taken with her. Those two little horns, impelled by all the weight and muscular power of her shapely little body, would hurt, and Mistress Nanny looks as if she would use them promptly and

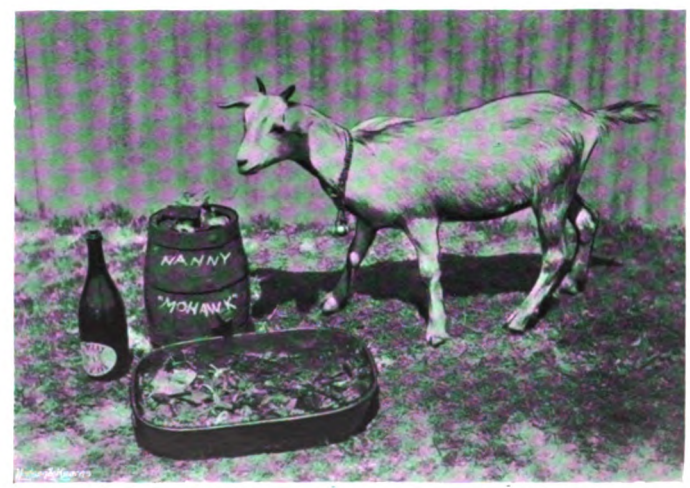

Photo. Herbst. Copyright.

THE PET OF THE "MOHAWK."

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energetically the moment that, in her opinion, the circumstances called for an immediate and active act of aggression. Nanny is a goat not to be trifled with, and is evidently one of those ladies who are mistresses in their own houses.

RECRUITING difficulties prevail in the Army, but luckily for the Empire, there is never found any difficulty in drawing the youth of the Empire to the Fleet. To create a reserve to fill the vacuum that must occur when the Fleet is called on to fulfil the function for which it is in being, is not quite such an easy matter, but, as Rudyard Kipling says, that is another story. Our illustration reproduces the cover of an excellent pamphlet which the Admiralty Recruiting Committee has prepared for the information of the many enquirers who are anxious to know all about the mode of procedure of getting a lad into the Navy, either as a seaman or in any other rating. This little brochure supplies all information possible on the point, and is accessible to all, for it can be obtained either from the Secretary of the Admiralty in Whitehall, from any recruiting officer, or—which is much the most useful to the man in the street—at any post office. There are few lines of life open to men that offer greater attractions than service in the Royal Navy, and it is well that the regulations which govern the entry into it, and the advantages offered by a career in it, should be as widely known and disseminated as possible. The Admiralty has taken a good step in issuing this little pamphlet. That its effect will be shown in getting the very best class of youth into the Service we are certain.

"LADS FOR THE FLEET."

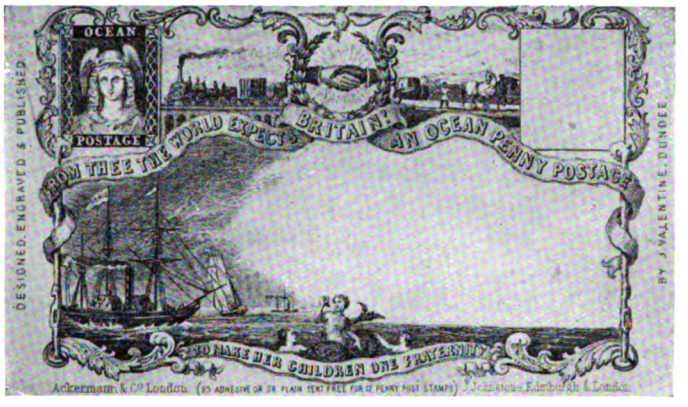
taking one of the over-sea portions of our Empire.

AS usual when there is anything doing in any part of the world, Her Majesty's Navy plays a part in it, and the "Intrepid," which we here reproduce, turns up usefully, as the British war-ship generally does.

This time it is in a little Central American Republic, Nicaragua, where the white ensign comes in handy. Captain Burr, who commands the "Intrepid," seems to have been built for this kind of thing. If our memory is not at fault, he was the man who, as commander of the "Porpoise," played a very useful part in the North Pacific some years ago over the seal fishery question, to say nothing of his rescue of the survivors of the "Bokhara," the P. and O. mail steamer wrecked on one of the Pescadore Islands in 1892.

His old ship, the "Porpoise," has now been doing the Navy's work in Samoa, while her old commander has been using the "Intrepid" in the usual way of the Navy on exactly the other side of the Pacific.

Captain Burr was sent to Bluefields on the outbreak of one of those frequent revolutions that seem to be an indigenous growth in the soil of Central American Republics. Reyes, the revolutionary leader, refused to allow certain officials who had sheltered in the American Consulate to take refuge in the "Intrepid," though Captain Burr requested that they might be allowed to do so. Captain Burr consequently issued an order forbidding all foreigners to contribute in any way by sale or supply to the



AN INTERESTING ENVELOPE.

Photo. West & Son. ALWAYS ON THE SPOT. Copyright.

ONE big result of the expansion of the Empire is shown very clearly in the necessity for and the introduction of an Imperial penny postage. That there is nothing new under the sun is a very old adage, and we here once more exemplify it by the illustration of an envelope issued by the firm of Messrs. Winch Brothers, of Colchester, during the early forties of the present century. It is one of a series designed by Mr. James Valentine, the founder of the firm of Valentine and Sons, of Dundee, the well-known photographic publishers. To none in the Empire is a "penny post" throughout the British dominions more valuable than to those who are serving us in the Army and Navy, and by none is it more welcomed.

What it has already done for the Empire is shown by the fact that since its introduction the number of letters from Canada has doubled. And this is only

resources of the insurgents, and in his action he was cordially supported by his brother Naval officer commanding the United States gun-boat "Marietta," and the war-ships of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers worked in unison. In truth, in the cementing of the alliance between the two great English-speaking peoples the Navy of each is playing no small part. It is scarcely necessary to add that Reyes gracefully "caved in."

RUDYARD KIPLING has said very truly that the backbone of the Army is the "non-commissioned man," and a very typical bone of the vertebra we here reproduce in the group of the sergeants of the 1st Battalion of the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment.

In the centre of the picture is Colonel Bruce, who commands the battalion, and beside him Captain Christian, the adjutant. The 19th is a corps which displays only

Photo. Freyone. Copyright.

THE SERGTS. OF THE 1st BATT. PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN YORKSHIRE REGT

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four battle honours, but those it does emblazon on its regimental colour denote the most glorious of the many glorious honours that the British Army inherits.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE MASCOTTE OF THE "IMMORTALITE."

THAT good ship the "Immortalité"—or, as Jack always calls her phonetically, the "Immortal Light"—is now on her way home from the China station, where she has been relieved by a sister craft, the "Aurora." And home in her comes the ship's pet, a cat well known on the China station, the "Immortal Tom" of the "Immortal Light." Tom has the free run of the ship, from the hawse-holes through which the cables run down to the bottom of the deep, right aft to where the autocrat of the ship stoops to caress him as he casually saunters in to that "Holy of Holies," the captain's cabin. Our artist, however, has snap-shotted him on the fore-bridge going through his usual tricks in mute demand for the succulent morsels that he can always have for the asking. Tom, we fear, is not a sporting cat, as his girth and development go to show that he does not earn his food by pursuit of the wily rodent in the lower depths of his floating home, but by an easier method—an insinuating familiarity with his human comrades. Tom's floating home will soon glide into the loneliness of the Fleet Reserve, but Tom himself will no doubt make his small and lissom personality equally acceptable to a new crew, in a new ship, on a new commission.

OUR picture below reproduces a group of officers of the Jersey Militia. The force—which, be it remembered, is that which in time of war would garrison our most outlying post towards the Continent—comprises in all a very considerable contingent of all arms except cavalry. Jersey boasts three battalions of infantry—our illustration is that of the 3rd Battalion—and a regiment of artillery. Each infantry battalion is fully equipped, for it can produce its quota of mounted infantrymen, signallers, cyclists, and stretcher-bearers. In the other islands, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, the first-named produces three regiments of infantry, while each of the three islands has to its credit a

Photo. Grut. Copyright

AN OUTPOST OF GREAT BRITAIN.

regiment of artillery. And the Channel Islands Militia is especially interesting, for it is, in truth, the only portion of the military forces of our Empire called into being by conscription. For in the Channel Islands service is compulsory, and regiments are recruited from districts, in each of which a register is kept containing the names of all men in the district liable to service. This practically includes all able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen and fifty-nine. Boys and recruits undergo a preparatory training of a fixed number of compulsory drills before they are drafted to the active list. In this latter they serve for ten years, doing, of course, a fixed annual training and course of musketry. Finally they pass to the Reserve, in which all under the age of forty-five rank as first-class. Not a bad nucleus for a defensive force which in time of war would be called upon to garrison a very important strategic position. As a nursery for young officers, it is worth noting that the Channel Islands Militia has passed a very considerable number of officers into the Regular Army.

IN our issue of January 21 we reproduced two interesting photographs of the Legation Guards at Peking. These showed the officers and men in ordinary full dress,

LEGATION GUARD AT PEKING, 1894-95—WINTER DRESS.

our own Royal Marines wearing the white helmet which so well "sets off" that particularly smart and stalwart corps. Lieutenant-Colonel B. Arthur Milne, who commanded the British Legation Guard at Peking in 1894-95, has sent us a further most interesting photograph, showing the dress worn by the Guard in winter for sentry and night work. "Joey the Marine" in the similitude of a Polar bear may not look quite so smart as he does in a tunic and trousers; but he is evidently equally alert, and it would take a smart Chinaman to get by him when he is doing sentry-go, even in this embarrassing costume. The present Legation Guard was taken up to Peking by special train, but the correspondent who has supplied us with this picture recalls the fact that the British Guard in 1894 entered the Celestial capital in very different style. As a matter of fact the men marched up from Tientsin in small parties, described in the passports as attendants, and dressed in thick pilot-jackets and fur caps. The arms and ammunition were carried in the country carts which accompanied each party, so as to avoid unduly exciting the natives.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

MOMBASA.

MOMBASA HARBOUR, here illustrated, is probably the finest harbour on the East Coast of Africa. Stretching inland as it does, it covers the ten-mile limit on the mainland to which Zanzibar Dominion was confined by the Anglo-German Agreement of 1886. Mombasa is an important place for it is the main sea outlet of the great district that the British East African Company first opened up, and that, stretching northwards and eastwards, takes the zone of British influence up to the confines of the Congo Free State, and through Uganda joining hands with the British Egyptian Soudan, couples the belt of Empire that runs southward through the Dark Continent from Cairo to Cape Town.

Mombasa is the place which Major Macdonald reached on March 4, after the expedition he headed had come to a premature end, owing chiefly to the mutiny of the Soudanese troops under his command. In the House of Lords a week ago Lord Salisbury exonerated Major Macdonald from blame. The report

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he will no doubt draw up will give the reason why so much reliance was placed in half-disciplined Soudanese levies, and why he did not reach Fashoda before Ma or Marchand, for, says the *Times*, if a stronger and more trustworthy force had been available at the outset, the British Expedition from Uganda might have been despatched earlier, and would probably have reached Fashoda before Major Marchand's party.

D COMPANY 1st WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

the house deserted until the time of their death.

However, if not *vero* it is certainly *ben trovato*. As a matter of fact, but little is known outside his professional career of the tough old seaman who won his way from the "fo'c's'le" of a merchant ship to a position of high dignity in the Royal Navy One of those seamen that England alone seems to be always able to produce when the occasion arises.

TANNERS' sons seem somehow to have a way of coming to the front, as, for example, William the Conqueror and the late President of the French Republic. One of the men who has left his mark on the Naval history of this country, the great Admiral Benbow, was also the son of a tanner of Shrewsbury, at which historical old town he was born on March 16, 1652. Benbow's bones, however, lie far from his native place, for the sturdy old sea-dog sleeps peacefully beneath the chancel of the Church of St. Andrew's at Kingston, in Jamaica, where a blue slate slab marks his last resting-place. The good people of Shrewsbury, however, proud of their celebrated townsman, have erected the handsome mural monument we here reproduce to his memory.

Photo. W. Archer.

Benbow's Monument at Shrewsbury

It is placed on the north wall of St. Mary's Church, and the bust is modelled after the portrait of Benbow which now hangs in the Town Hall, and was the gift of the admiral's sister. One is at once struck with the aristocratic cast of the features, for though a tanner's son, and a butcher's apprentice, Benbow came of a good and ancient Shropshire family. His father must have been a pretty well-to-do man, for the house in the next illustration was his. From this house Benbow, at the age of thirteen, ran away to sea. The story goes, that the night he eloped his parents were away, and Benbow made his escape by the sycamore tree on the left of the picture, distinguishable by a white band round its trunk. Before descending, however, he hung the house key on a bough of the tree, where it remained till, many years after, the butcher's apprentice returned to his native town a renowned sea-captain. His parents had meanwhile died, and the house remained barred and bolted as he had left it. Benbow remembered the key, climbed to where he had left it, and with the rusty old relic opened the door. A pretty story, but one that makes one wonder why the youth's departure had made his parents leave

Photo. W. Archer. Copyright.

BENBOW'S HOUSE AT SHREWSBURY.

FOR nearly eight months the company of the 1st Battalion West India Regiment here represented was in the bush during the recent fighting in the Sierra Leone Hinterland, and during that time saw some of the hardest and most trying kind of fighting, viz., bush fighting in a West African jungle. As was only to be expected from the 1st West India, D Company proved themselves thorough soldiers. The company lost Lieutenant Ricketts killed, a young officer with barely a year's service, Lieutenant Jones severely wounded, two privates killed and three died of wounds, two sergeants and twelve men wounded. The central figure in the group is Major H. C. Buck, with on his right Lieutenant E. F. F. Sandys, and on his left, in the picturesque Zouave uniform, Sergeant-Major J. Sydenham. A fine stalwart body of men are those in the group before us, and it is easy to imagine what grand fighting material the West India black makes when drilled and officered and led by Europeans. The men of the 1st West India Regiment are in the main recruited in Jamaica, while Barbados sends its recruits to the 2nd Battalion, and there is, indeed, as great a difference between a "Badian born" and a Jamaican negro as between an American and an Englishman.

THE accompanying illustration is one more proof of how the territorial regiments keep in touch with their local associations. At a bazaar recently held in Leicester in aid of St. Martin's Church, the Leicestershire were well to the fore. In restoring this church, the St. George's Chapel therein has been arranged as a "Regimental Corner" for the territorial regiment, where their colours may find a time-honoured resting-place, and memorials of their fallen comrades be collected. At the bazaar the Leicesters had a splendid kiosk draped in the regimental red, white, and black, decorated with trophies of swords, bayonets, etc., the crowning piece being the regimental honours as here reproduced: Within an unbroken laurel wreath the Bengal tiger, which, with the legend Hindostan, was conferred on the regiment "as a lasting testimony of the exemplary conduct of the corps during its service in India from 1804 to 1823." Around on the wreath, in scrolls, are the battle honours of the regiment, commemorating hard fighting, from the siege and capture of Louisburg in 1758 down to recent Indian campaigns. Our readers will, we think, agree with us that the design is a strikingly handsome one, and is greatly to the credit of the designer, who is an old officer of the regiment. The Leicestershire Regiment is one of those corps whose territorial connection with their counties is of very old standing. The regiment enlists largely from and is in close touch with the county, while the county loves and is proud of its territorial regiment. This is as it should be, and the closer territorial regiments are in touch with and enlist from their own counties the better it is both for the Army and the Empire.

THE LEICESTERSHIRE'S HONOURS.

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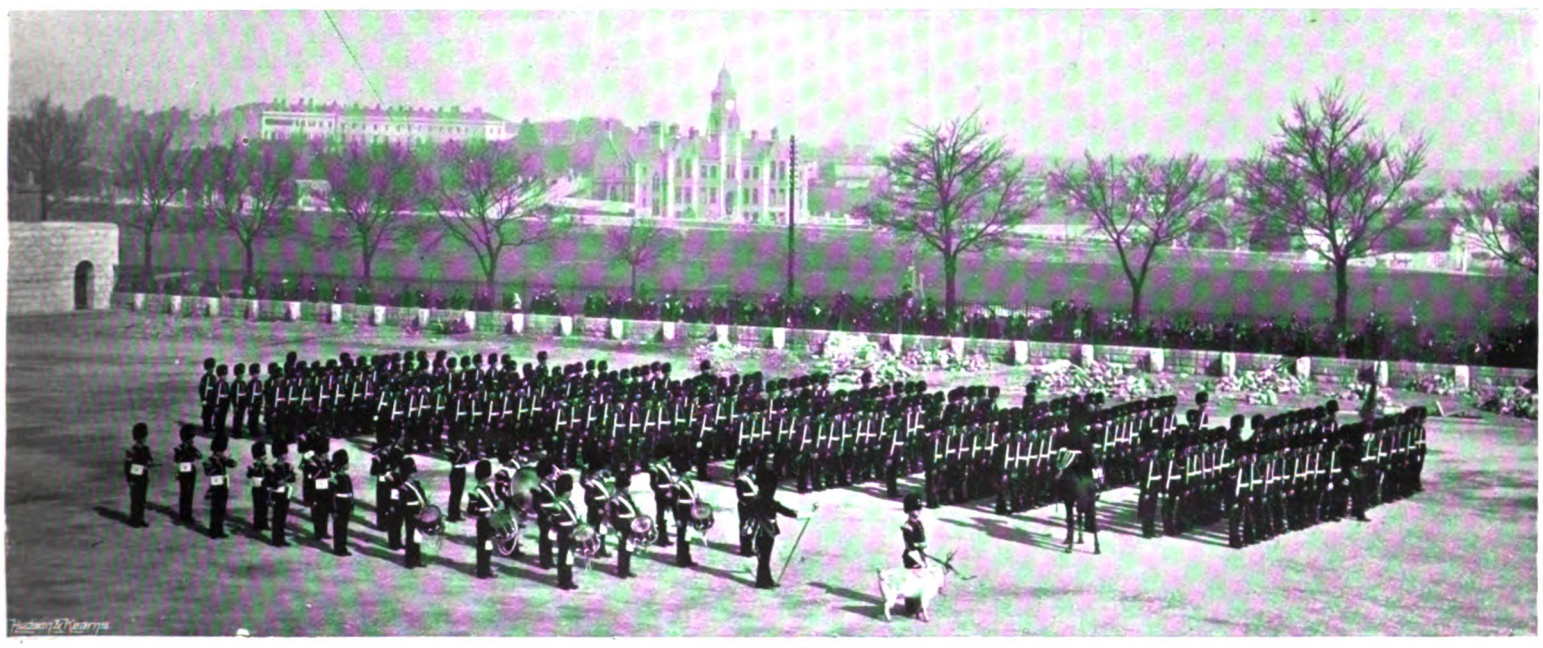
St. David's Day with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

ONE of the greatest stimulants to the preservation of regimental *esprit de corps* is the punctilious observance of old customs peculiar to a regiment. St. David's Day has from time immemorial always been kept by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the day dedicated to the patron saint of the Principality is annually observed with certain ceremonies. In accordance with time-honoured precedent, the day was duly kept by the 1st Battalion at Devonport this year.

The battalion returned last trooping season from India and Aden, after seventeen years' service abroad, and is now stationed at the Raglan Barracks, Devonport. The day's celebrations began with the trooping of the colour on Mount Wise. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of spectators, including Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, the Hon. Lady Fremantle, General Sir E. Bulwer, Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, Lieutenant-General Sir E. Forestier-Walker, and other officers of the port and garrison. One of our illustrations depicts a very interesting point of the ceremony. The escort for the colour, in front of the centre of the line, moved out, and marched up to the colour, while the band played "The British Grenadiers." Behind the escort was Sergeant-Major Parker with drawn sword. This is, it should be noted, the only occasion on which a sergeant-major draws on parade. Sergeant-Major Parker advanced to receive the colour, and returned to the escort. The lieutenant for the colour met him, took the colour, and turned about, facing the escort, which presented arms, while Sergeant-Major Parker saluted with his sword exactly as the officers do. Another of our illustrations shows the battalion in companies on its return to Raglan Barracks. As is usual on St. David's Day, the officers entertained the past officers of the battalion in the evening. The picture of the group of the past and present officers, with Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. H. Thorold, who commands the battalion, forms an interesting souvenir of the occasion.

PAST AND PRESENT OFFICERS, ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

SALUTING THE COLOUR.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE RETURN TO RAGLAN BARRACKS.

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Soldiers Between the Flags at Aldershot.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

IF you were to pick haphazard the first twenty men who ride with the crack packs in the best hunting districts in England and Ireland, the probabilities are that you would find the larger proportion of them are, or have been at some time of their lives, officers in the Army, and you would be pretty sure to find amongst them one or two who have trodden the quarter-deck in their time. If you were to choose from the men who hunt with the crack packs the fifty best performers across country, you would be certain to find amongst those selected a distinctly strong percentage of officers or ex-officers. No finer cross-country riders are there to be found in the world than our officers, especially those of the cavalry. It is no wonder therefore that wherever soldiers do congregate steeplechasing is a sport that is strongly in evidence, and amongst the most important fixtures of the soldiers' racing year are the Cavalry Brigade Steeplechases at Aldershot. These took place last week, and the photographs reproduced herewith were taken on the first day of the meeting. The regiments comprising the brigade are the Carabiniers, the 12th Lancers, and 13th Hussars. Each regiment had races for regimental and subalterns' challenge cups. Both the 12th Lancers and 13th Hussars had a hunt cup race. The Carabiniers had also two challenge cup races for prizes presented by old officers, Colonel Betty and Captain Smith. Finally, there was a consolation race, and thus the card for the two days comprised eleven events. At Sandown the other day I heard an old veteran — a noted man between the flags in his day — expressing his delight at the great improvement in race riding in the Army of late years. And he was right, for a few years ago, though there were many fine cross-country riders in the Army, there were not a large number of fine race riders, though some exceptionally brilliant ones. A man may be the finest cross-country rider in the world, and yet be wofully lacking in that knowledge of pace and capability of getting the most out of his mount so essential in race riding.

CARABINIERS—FITZJOHN WINS EASILY.

The illustrations all represent the finish of races. One shows the finish for the Royal Lancers' Subalterns' Cup.

12th LANCERS—SPILLANE WINS ANYHOW.

CAPTAIN SMITH'S CHALLENGE CUP—LAST JUMP.

Spillane, ridden by his owner, Mr. G. W. Hobson, led throughout, and won in the commonest of canters by fifteen lengths. For the same race of the Carabiniers, Mr. R. H. Collis's Fitzjohn carried his owner to victory almost as easily.

For the subalterns' race of the 13th Hussars the finish was closer. Mr. E. W. Denny's Anthony, the horse in the foreground of the picture, won by a distance, owner up. The last picture shows Pompey, Fizzer, and Princess negotiating the final jump for Captain Arthur Smith's Challenge Cup, which Pompey, the grey in the foreground, ridden by his owner, Mr. F. E. Till, won easily. In spite of the cold snap which prevailed, and the last attempt of winter to assert itself, the meeting was a most successful and enjoyable one.

Photos. C. Knight. ANTHONY WINNING 13th HUSSARS' SUBALTERNS' CUP Copyright.

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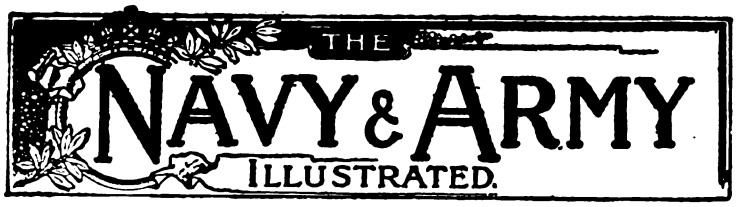

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 2, 1801.—Lord Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, with ten sail of the line and two 50-gun ships under his orders. The Danish defences mounted 628 guns, manned by 4,819 men. The British loss amounted to 255 killed, and 688 wounded. The Danish loss, at the lowest estimate, amounted to between 1,600 and 1,800, including both the killed and wounded. The battle lasted four hours—from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.—before the Danish fire was subdued.

April 3, 1762.—Affair between the "Hussar," 28, and four French privateers, two of 16 and two of 12 guns, under the guns of Fort Tiburon. The "Hussar" attacked the enemy at anchor, cleared the Frenchmen out of the four vessels, and then destroyed two of them and captured two.

April 4, 1759.—Action between the "Achilles," 60, and the French "Comte de Florentine," 60, fitted out as a privateer. After a hardly-contested battle of two hours, the "Florentine" was dismasted, and surrendered, with a third of her complement killed and wounded.

April 5, 1387.—Battle between an English fleet, under the Earl of Arundel, and a large fleet of Flemish, French, and Spanish ships, under Jean de Bucq, fought off Sluys. The battle lasted three tides, and many ships were sunk on both sides.

April 6, 1809.—Capture of the French "Niemen," 40, off Bordeaux, by the British "Amethyst," 36, Captain Michael Seymour, grand-father of the present Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. The fighting lasted for several hours, the French vessel making desperate attempts to get clear, but she was outmanœuvred, brought to close action, and silenced by the "Amethyst's" fire, surrendering at last on a second British frigate, the "Arethusa," coming up.

April 7, 1799.—Dashing sortie of seamen and marines, serving under Sir Sidney Smith in the defence of Acre against Bonaparte's army, to destroy a mine which threatened the walls of the town at an important point. The sortie was carried out with great spirit, and was covered by the guns of the "Theseus," 74.

April 8, 1814.—Six boats of the "Hogue," 74, "Endymion" and "Maidstone," 36, and "Boxer," 14, destroyed twenty-seven large American privateers, some on the stocks and some afloat, with a large quantity of Naval stores, at Pettipague Point, fifteen miles up the Connecticut river.

APRIL 2, 1879.—Action of Ginginhlovo, where the Zulus were defeated by Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford. Our loss was 61 of all ranks, killed or wounded.

April 3, 1811.—Action of Sabugal, by Sir William Erskine, with 5th, 43rd, 1st and 2nd Battalions, 52nd, Rifle Brigade (1st and part of 2nd Battalions), a troop of Horse Artillery, with 3rd Cacadores. Our loss was about 200, while that of the French was more than 1,500. General Reynier commanded the French, 12,000 strong.

April 4, 1858.—Complete defeat by the British, under Sir Hugh Rose, of the rebels on the banks of the Betwa, close to Jhansi.

April 5, 1842.—Forcing of the Khyber Pass by Major-General Pollock. A large Sikh contingent co-operated by another road. Our loss was 135 killed and wounded.

April 6, 1812.—Storming of Badajos by Lord Wellington. British commander, Lord Wellington; French, General Phillipon.

April 7, 1842.—Sir Robert Sale made a sortie from Jellalabad, which practically raised the siege. Our loss was 84 killed and wounded, that of the enemy was heavy, and they also lost four guns which they had previously taken from the destroyed Cabul force.

April 8, 1814.—Cavalry action at Croix d'Orade, in the South of France, in which the 18th Hussars, under Major Hughes, were successful. General Vivian planned the attack, but he was wounded at the beginning of the affair.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE "Asahi," first-class battle-ship built for the Japanese Government, has just taken the water at Clydebank. The vessel was far advanced when launched, for of the 14,850 tons she will displace when completed for sea, no less than 7,500 tons had been built into her while on the slips. The vessel was named by Madame Kato, the wife of the Japanese Minister in London. The Japanese ceremony differs from ours, in that no bottle of wine is used. In lieu, a very pretty custom is in vogue. The large wicker basket seen on the platform is at the moment of the ship's release run up to the derrick, which can be seen projecting from the bow. The bottom of it unhinges, and a swarm of pigeons, which have been confined within it, are released, and circle round and round the ship and spectators. The "Asahi" will be a very powerful ship, very similar in type to our latest battle-ships. She will carry four 12-in. barbette guns, and a secondary battery of fourteen 6-in. and twenty 12-pounder quick-firers. Her speed will be 18½ knots, and she will have the large coal capacity of 1,400 tons. The "Asahi" is the largest battle-ship ever built on the Clyde. *(See page 34.)*

"RAILWAY."—The Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, now known as the Army Railway Council, is a little-known body of semi-military technical experts. This corps, which dates its foundation from the year 1865, was originally composed of a quota of leading civil engineers, several of the great contractors (forming what is known as the Labour Branch), and the general managers of the principal railway companies in the United Kingdom, all of whom met regularly at their town headquarters in Great George Street, Westminster, for the purpose of discussing schemes relative to the transport of large bodies of troops by rail. But whereas this old council only forwarded its suggestions on this score to the Secretary of State, with no assurance that the same would be accepted, the new one, strengthened as it has been by the combination of the officers of the Royal Engineers who act as railroad inspectors to the Board of Trade, stands now authoritatively recognised as a corporate unit in our prearranged measures for national defence, and to its safe keeping is delegated the study of railway strategy in all its branches. The latter, however, hardly includes the probabilities of continental operations; it would, indeed, be problematical in the extreme for our experts to concern themselves with details in this respect, hence their province rests solely with those affecting the question of home defence.

* * * *

By the Regulation of the Forces Act of 1871, the provisions of which were more strongly reaffirmed in the subsequent National Defence Act, promulgated in 1888, any or all lines of railway may be taken possession of by Her Majesty in the event of war or threatened invasion, and be then devoted, in priority, to military purposes. The immediate consequence of such a step would be to transform all the railway officials belonging to the lines affected into servants of the State, who would then act under the instructions of the Military Headquarters Staff. The railways of the country have already been divided into nine strategical groups, each of which would be placed under the direct control of an officer of the Railway Staff Corps — most probably the senior general manager among the companies comprising that section—these officers in their turn acting in conjunction with the new head council of the corps. At the very first signs of any national crisis likely to occur, the council would assemble in London, where the members would be kept well informed as to the nature of the operations contemplated, together with their probable extent, thus enabling them to regulate the distribution and supply of rolling-stock in the event of mobilisation. The rules and regulations on all railways of the United Kingdom being now uniform, they would, of course, be the same in time of war as in time of peace. No attempt would be made to transfer the actual technical working of the railways from the hands of experienced officials to those of military authorities. The new council would elaborate all details to fulfil the minutest requirements that the circumstances might demand, and the civil functionaries would conduct all their operations through that medium. Save, however, in the event of an invasion threatening to take place within a few days, there is not likely to be any great stress on our railway system, is the opinion generally expressed.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"The term 'son of a sea cook' is frequently used as a comprehensive form of abuse, implying all that is awkward and unseamanlike; but it is difficult to see why the son should be selected as the type of stupidity, to the exclusion of his parent, who, doubtless, in the old days, was not a popular person with the ship's company, whose rations had a mysterious habit of diminishing to an abnormal extent while passing through his hands, from which, also, they seldom emerged in a palatable form. The term 'sea cook' is said by some to be derived from 'sea coot,' the guillemot, which has earned for itself a great reputation for stupidity, but it seems scarcely necessary to go so far afield for an explanation of the place usually held by the cook in the estimation of his shipmates, when it is considered that culinary skill was not taken into account when selecting men for the appointment, the chief recommendation being interest or wounds received in the Service. As an example of the first, it may be stated that Lord Nottingham, when Lord High Admiral, gave a patent to his own cook to appoint all the cooks in the Fleet, and it may be assumed that the *chef* did not solicit such a grant without some idea of feathering his own nest. In 1704 the appointments were vested in the Navy Board, who had orders to give preference to sick and maimed sailors, not so much with the view of conferring benefit on deserving men, as to diminish the drain on the Chatham chest. There is a story told of a plucky marine who lost both his legs at the battle of Camperdown, but survived, and ended his days as cook to the ships-in-ordinary at Portsmouth. This man, Coney by name, when carried below for the amputation of the stumps of his shattered limbs, remarked to the surgeon 'that he presumed them —— scissors would finish the work of the bullets.' On being told that such an ending was very probable, he exclaimed, 'Well, never mind, I've lost my legs, and, mayhap, may lose my life, but we've beat the Dutch, my boy, we've beat the Dutch.'"

* * * *

"D. F. B." asks (1) How many kinds of uniform there are in the British Army? Space, however, will admit of this being answered only in general terms. The Life Guards and Horse Guards, then, may be said to wear much the same type of uniform, although the former wear red, and the latter blue tunics, with cuirass on certain occasions. Turning to the cavalry of the Line, we find the Dragoons and Dragoon Guards similarly attired in scarlet tunics, with various facings, except in the case of the 6th Dragoon Guards, the uniform of which is blue. Hussars are known by their blue uniform, with rows of trimming on the tunic. The lance cap and the plastron on the tunic distinguish Lancers from other cavalrymen. The Artillery wear blue uniforms, and the Royal Horse Artillery are to be distinguished from other branches by the abundance of yellow trimming on the "jacket." The uniform of the Royal Engineers, in a sense, resembles that of the Garrison Artillery, but a scarlet, in place of a blue, tunic is worn. As a rule, Line regiments wear a scarlet tunic, with helmet (or busby, if Fusiliers), but there are many exceptions. For instance, Highland and Scottish regiments wear a national uniform, and Rifles are clothed in green. The uniform and facings of each regiment or corps are to be found in the Army List, and for minute details the dress regulations may be consulted. (2) To rough riders are entrusted the training and breaking of horses, and they are the assistants of the riding-master. Some are non-commissioned officers, and some privates, and their distinguishing badge is a spur. The squadron sergeant-major rough rider in the cavalry of the Line corresponds to the squadron corporal-major rough rider in the Household Cavalry. They both rank with their infantry comrade who is known by the more modest title of colour-sergeant.

THE EDITOR.

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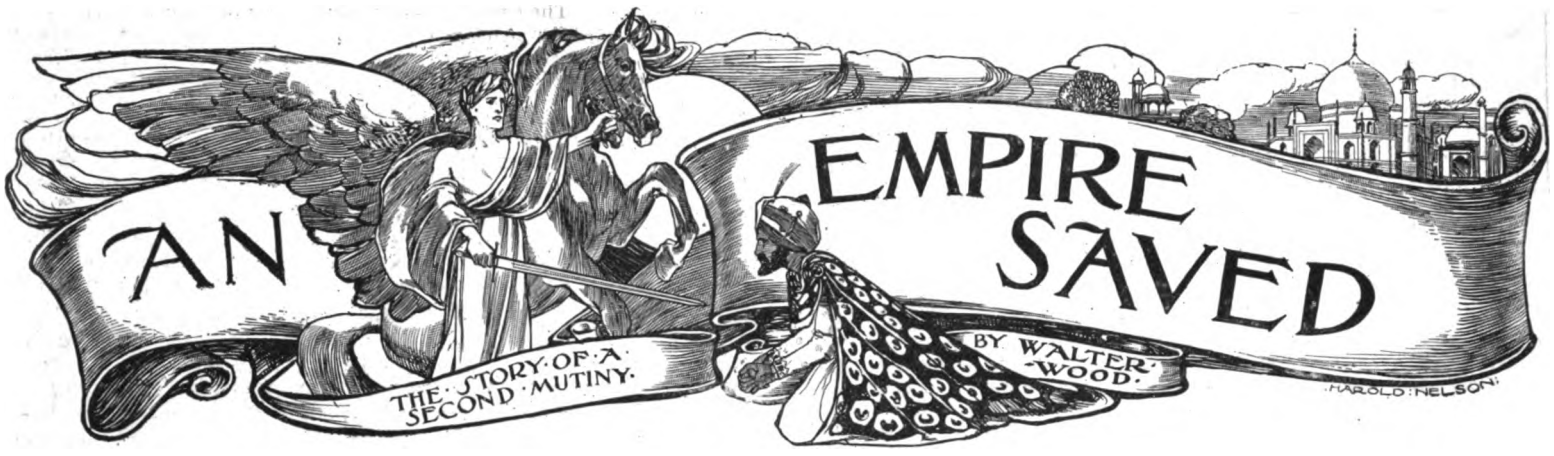

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is very unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway and any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. In this struggle, Pioneer-Sergeant Death particularly distinguishes himself before being overpowered and killed by the enemy. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued.)*

BY this time he had drawn his revolver, and was holding it loosely in his right hand, steering with his left.

Banks was a man of swift action. He saw his opportunity, and, with a tremendous effort, spurted up. Before Brear could realise what had happened, he had seized the revolver and thrown it with great force into a rice-field alongside the road.

With a wild cry, Brear turned towards him and seized him. The machines collided, and, in a moment, the riders were in a dusty heap in the middle of the road.

Brear was senseless, with blood issuing from his mouth and nose, and Banks bent over him. For the moment he forgot the cycles, and thought only of his friend. He took the flask from his comrade's jacket, forced some drops of the precious brandy down his throat, and poured a little of the spirit over his brow and lips. Then he lifted the machines, and, to his joy, found that they were uninjured.

By the time he had propped them against a tree, Brear had recovered his senses and was sitting up, dazed.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he asked. "Have we had a spill?"

"A mere apology for one—all my fault," said Banks, delighted to see his friend's condition. "This will just give us the chance to finish our ration and the brandy and the water, and then we'll do the rest of the run—if you think you can stand it."

"I feel as if I'd toothache in every nerve and muscle of my body," groaned Brear; "but I shall be as right as a trivet when I get into my saddle again. I fancy I was going a bit thick in the head, you know; but this loss of blood has relieved me a lot. Have I lost my revolver?" he asked, rising unsteadily and walking towards his machine.

"I fancy it must have been sent flying somewhere when I ran into you," said Banks, hastily; "but never mind, we're hardly likely to want more than my own now; we're so near Halabad."

They finished their ration, and, with great deliberation, drank most of the remaining brandy. The spirit nerved them wonderfully, and Brear declared that he felt fit enough to ride a hundred miles further without a stop.

"Then we'll keep a nip for the very last, and get ahead," said Banks, joyfully, and they tumbled their sore and weary bodies into the saddles once again.

The hot sun sank at last, and night closed in. The last few miles, in spite of their utmost effort, had been covered very slowly.

"Surely," said Brear, faintly, "we can't be far away by this time, after the miles we've done. Hark! what's that? Did you hear?"

"It was a challenge. Stop. Let's get off and listen."

Thrilled so much that for the moment they were almost fresh again, the two dismounted and stood by their machines.

"Halt! Who comes there?" demanded a deep voice from the darkness, followed by the champ of a bit.

"English cavalry!" murmured Brear to Banks.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Banks, devoutly. "Queen's Light Infantry!" he cried. "Two cyclists with a special message for the officer commanding at Halabad."

"But the Queen's are nearly two hundred miles away," replied a fresh clear voice. "I'll see to this," added the speaker, riding forward, and the challenger respectfully replied, "Yes, sir."

"Come forward, one of you," said the voice, in the tones of a man accustomed to command.

Banks gave his machine into his comrade's keeping, and staggered on to meet the approaching horseman.

"Halt!" cried the horseman.

Banks obeyed.

"Now say what you have to say."

"Not, sir, until I know who I'm speaking to," answered Banks, respectfully, but firmly.

"You address Captain Pearson, of the 8th Dragoon Guards."

"Then I thank God, sir." Banks spoke with a great choking at the throat.

"Come, come," said Captain Pearson. "No humbug. What's your message? Here, Raines, strike a match, and let's see what this business means. I don't like the look of it. Keep your carbine handy till we see what the man really is."

The trooper rode up and struck a match.

"Seems all right, sir," reported Raines. "I know that uniform."

"Now, my good fellow, we're from Halabad. Can you give your message to me?"

"I think so, sir," answered Banks. "We come from Nilgoa to tell you that Murrib Khan and the native troops have risen there, and to ask that help should be sent to Colonel Barr at once."

"A mutiny!" exclaimed Captain Pearson. "Surely that's impossible!"

"That's the fact, sir," added Brear, who had crawled up. "And we've ridden from Nilgoa since last night."

"Where are your machines?" demanded Captain Pearson, still incredulous.

"Fallen into the road, sir—couldn't hold them up."

"Could you ride on with us to Halabad—it's only a dozen miles off?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"I couldn't get into the saddle again, sir, if I had to be shot," answered Banks.

"My brave fellows," said Captain Pearson, admiringly and pityingly, and putting all doubt aside. "You, Raines, take one into your saddle, and you, Stead, the other. Put the machines on the roadside till they can be sent for, if there's a chance. Now for a race back to Halabad, so that you can deliver the colonel's written message."

There was a loud thud of hoofs in the still night as the troop rode hurriedly back to finish the work which Banks and Brear had begun.

Before midnight had passed the message had been given, and officers and men of the 8th Dragoon Guards were marching to the relief of the Queen's at Nilgoa.

CHAPTER IX.

A Woman with a Rifle.

The rebels were again in energetic motion at Nilgoa. Those who had wavered at the outset were undecided no longer. All were for Murrib Khan and in his service, and from the

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highest to the lowest ranks the last vestige of loyalty and devotion to the authority which up to that time had guided them had vanished. They had embarked upon a mission from which now there was no retreat, and, knowing this, they came strongly and hopefully to the attack upon the barracks and those who were defending them. If they were to strike successfully they must do so without more delay, for they knew that sooner or later European troops would hurry up to relieve the garrison. For the present they believed that no alarm could have been raised, and that in the quarters from which help could soonest come no doubt of the loyalty of the Contingent or any portion of it could have been created.

Murrib Khan was soldier enough to understand the desperate nature of the task which lay before him. He knew the spirit and endurance of the officers and men who formed the beleaguered garrison, and that the building in which they were imprisoned would not be his until every Englishman within the walls had fallen at his post. But he conquered his misgivings, and, putting himself at the head of his best followers, he gave the order for the advance.

The rebels began to move in good order, opening out as they marched, so that the rain of bullets from the barracks should work the minimum of havoc in their ranks. They spread fanlike as they neared the building, a strange silence falling upon them as they approached. There was total stillness also on the part of the besieged, and for a moment Murrib Khan wondered if by any chance his quarry had evaded him. But a moment's further thought showed him how hopeless such an evasion was, and how certain it was that the hidden enemy was waiting for his coming.

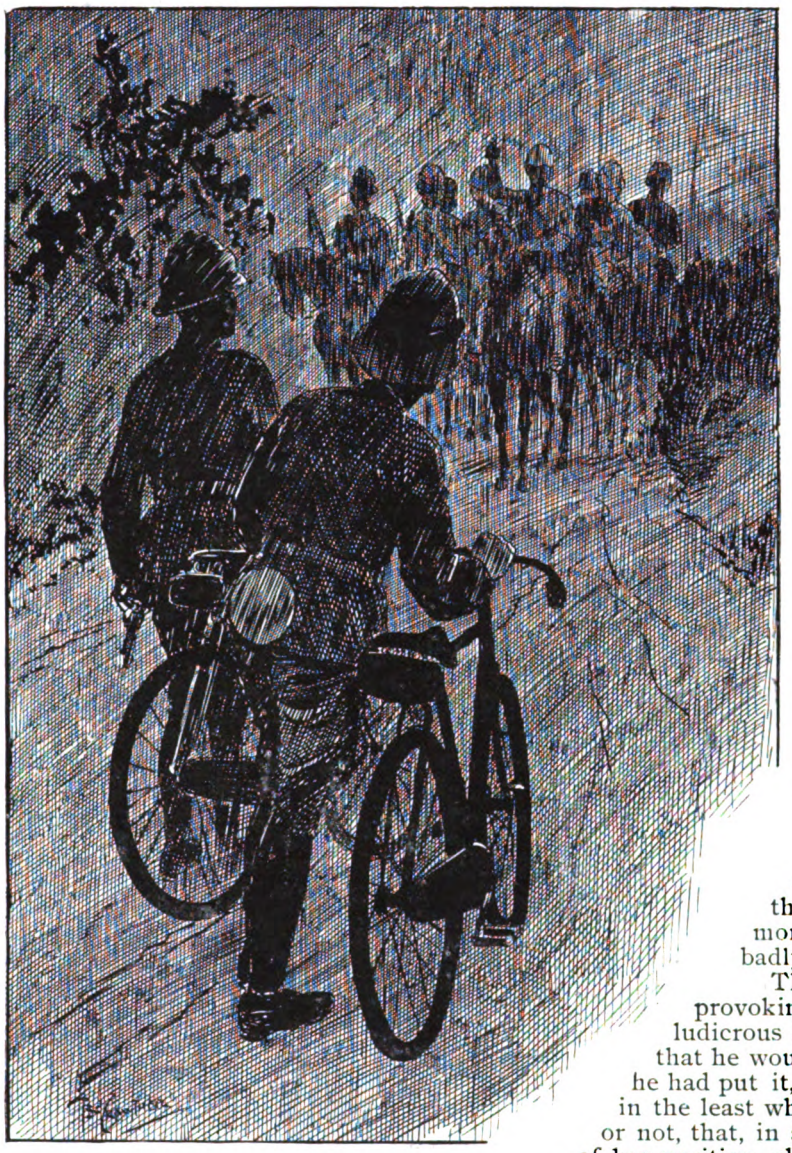
There was something so ominous in this stillness that Murrib Khan ordered a temporary halt; and so it happened that the rebels stood a tempting target, within rifle shot of the garrison.

An inviting target they appeared to every one of the defenders, and many a man longed to raise his Lee-Metford and take, at any rate, a sighter at those who had already done such havoc by their treachery.

But the colonel's order had been absolute, and overpowering as the temptation was to discharge a bullet, not a trigger in the Queen's was pulled.

But suddenly, in the perfect stillness, there was a sharp report from the barracks, and an instant later Murrib Khan had fallen.

As if the sound had been a spark to powder, the rifles of the defenders crackled furiously, and in return the rebels fired and shouted as they resumed the onslaught.



"'Halt! Who comes there?'"

Colonel Barr, incensed at this disobedience, renewed his order for the firing to be held back. In his wrath he struck down one or two of the nearest muzzles with his sword, shouting that the enemy was yet too far away for the bullets to prove effective to the full. His orders and entreaties were lost in the madness of the fusillade, and quickly seeing this he shouted, "Well, then, blaze away, and kill as many and as fast as you can!"

In the same breath he promised that if he could discover, at the end of the fight, who had dared to disobey his order, and had fired the first shot, the punishment should be such as to be long remembered in the regiment.

Murrib Khan himself advanced with the rebels. He had risen almost as soon as he had fallen, and again put himself in front of his men. His wound was not a serious one, and it had the effect of making him vow savagely that once inside the building not a soul should be spared on any consideration. If he could have seen Margaret at that precise moment, assuredly his determination as far as she was concerned would not have been altered, for it was she who had fired the first shot upon the halted rebels.

Looking from the window of the ward in which she was then engaged, she saw the latest movement of the disaffected troops, and at their head the man she so much hated. Feeling that if he, the cause of the outbreak, could be removed, there would be a speedy ending of the rising, she hurried to the spot where the doctor had left his loaded gun, and then quietly sought a window from which she could take aim without being seen by those who were in the ward. Margaret was an admirable shot, and if Murrib Khan had been nearer to the barracks the heavy bullet from the weapon would have struck him lifeless to the ground. As it was, it whizzed past his right leg and grazed the knee, and it was the shock for the most part which caused him to fall. He was up again immediately, and before Margaret could discharge the second barrel he was leading on his men, and the rifles from the windows of the room below were spitting forth their missiles.

The doctor's sharp ear had caught the sound of the first shot. He knew the report as well as he knew the colonel's voice, and rushed back to see by what extraordinary means his faithful and beloved piece had been discharged.

As he entered the room he saw Margaret putting back the gun where she had found it.

"Why!" he gasped, "you don't mean to say that it was you who were potting the rissaldar-major?"

"I couldn't resist the temptation to try to get the business over," she replied. "I'm sorry I didn't do better. I'm afraid I've wasted some of your precious cartridges."

"Done better! Wasted cartridges! My dear girl, you've done as well as I should!" exclaimed the doctor; "and as for ammunition, you'll find as much as you can use in half a day in the top drawer of the dresser there. Help yourself to as much as you want till I come back."

He approached her closely, and said in a low voice, "Trust me not to let the colonel know who did it. I know how to keep quiet on some things, and this is one of them. You understand? I shall not give you away."

The doctor made a sign of deep secrecy, by pressing a finger against his lips, and then begged to be excused once more, on the ground that he was badly wanted in the room below.

There was something so mirth-provoking in his act, something so ludicrous in his laboured effort to show that he would not give Margaret away, as he had put it, when she really did not care in the least whether the colonel got to know or not, that, in spite of the gloom and danger of her position, she burst into a laugh that rang throughout the room.

She was laughing when she returned to the window from which she had fired, and saw that Murrib Khan was still uninjured, and in spite of his losses was getting nearer to the barracks.

The peril of their case flashed upon her, and the laugh died as quickly as it had been born. They had entered now, she believed, upon the last stage of their fight with the enemy, and it was a mere question of endurance as to which of the opposing forces should prevail. If Murrib Khan and his people came on as they were advancing now, the end could not be far distant. At all costs he must be kept from coming into actual contact with the defenders, for if once he succeeded in doing that, and gained the slightest opening, he had men enough to overpower the British force within the walls.

She watched, with a growing fascination, the advance of the rebels. It now afforded the strange spectacle of a body approaching rapidly, and yet not making any progress, for as quickly as the front rank was reinforced the supports were shot down, and the line was constantly dissolving and coming to life again. Murrib Khan himself appeared to be

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invulnerable, for although men fell around him in clusters, dead or wounded, he remained unhurt.

Watching from the window, and remembering that to this man was due all the woe and suffering of the night which had passed, Margaret felt more and more the longing grow upon her to put him past the working of further mischief, and almost unconsciously she went to the doctor's gun and took it up again and fired. The shot went wide, and fell harmlessly in rear of the rebels. She fired again, and had no better luck.

Margaret then reloaded, and took more careful aim; but Murrib Khan's advance remained unchecked. Only when she had sent half-a-dozen bullets pinging about him did she realise that at last she was feeling her target, and that in the end Murrib Khan must fall before her bullets.

He began to see that he was the selected prey of one of the defenders, and his courage was greatly tried. He made one last desperate effort to get his men nearer the barracks. The rebels rushed forward, but only to strew the ground a little nearer that side of the barracks which was spitting ceaseless fire.

The rissaldar-major was in the act of heading his men for a last desperate rush, when a bullet from the doctor's gun struck his scabbard, shattering the lower part of it. The shock caused him to stoop, under the impression that his leg had been severely injured. In the confusion he was knocked down, and the rebels nearest to him, believing him to be badly wounded, seized him, and began to retire in disorder, dragging him with them.

There was a shout of triumph from the grimy troops within the walls, and a prolonged rattling of rifles as a parting salute. The doctor himself, leaving for an instant a man to whom he was attending, picked up a rifle near him, and joined in the deadly farewell. He emptied the magazine, and as he put the weapon down he said, "I hope that every bullet I have fired has put a devil past the reach of any skill of mine or anybody else. It isn't a very Christian thought," he added, half-apologetically, to his assistant, Macpherson, to whom he addressed the observation; "but, you know, it isn't a very Christian occasion."

The assistant, a taciturn Scot, admitted casually that circumstances altered cases, and as a matter of business said that if his superior shot at all he hoped he would shoot as effectively as possible, and not add to the already heavy burden of their work by causing more wounds, which they would have to deal with.

"I'm afraid you'll never see beyond your nose," said Murray, shaking his head; "although," he added, by way of a fearful joke, "that would be a tidy distance."

Scorning, even if he saw it, to notice the playful reference to the proportions of that feature of his countenance, Macpherson laboured on in silent conscientiousness, and Murray, abandoning hope of ever succeeding in making him look small, applied himself to his work.

They were working thus when Colonel Barr came up and demanded abruptly, "That was your gun that went off, wasn't it, doctor?"

Murray looked blandly at his questioner, thought instantly of his faithful pledge to Margaret, felt that now was the time to show of what true stuff he was made and how closely he could keep his own counsel, and replied to the question with an abstracted look, which confirmed the irascible chief in his supposition that he had discovered the offender.

"I knew," said Colonel Barr, somewhat hotly, "that I could not be mistaken. No other piece of iron but your ancient fowling-piece could have created so much uproar and done so little mischief."

The colonel was warming to his task, and he got positively heated as he noticed the almost insolent satisfaction with which, as he supposed, the senior surgeon was already dwelling upon his achievement.

"You must have heard me," continued the commanding officer, in a rising voice, "issue strict orders that not a shot was to be fired until I gave the signal. I presumed that my instructions would be observed by all ranks—even the non-combatant."

There was scarcely an attempt by him to veil the sarcasm with which he uttered the last few words. The colonel would have condemned himself instantly for using them, because he knew that, combatant or non-combatant, there was not a braver man in India than Murray; but the surgeon's quiet manner had roused him to ungovernable wrath, and he was all the more incensed by the apparent impassiveness of Macpherson. If that admirable operator felt any interest or emotion in the passage of words between the colonel and Murray, he had a wonderful power of controlling his satisfaction. Not by word or deed did he show that he was aware of the presence of the head of the battalion.

"I consider," proceeded the exasperated colonel, "that you were guilty, Dr. Murray, of a grave breach of discipline, and I must consider what steps I shall take with regard to the act. It might have imperilled the safety of the whole building and the entire battalion. I presume that you do not deny that the gun was yours?"

"The gun was, and is, mine, most certainly—that is, of course, if you mean mine," answered Murray.

"Come, come, no quibbling," snapped the colonel. "You will save time by acknowledging that the weapon was your property."

"I thought I had already done so," said Murray, in mild astonishment. "I suppose we cannot be thinking of different weapons? There is not another like my own in the battalion."

"We shall probe the matter by-and-bye," continued the colonel, sarcastically. "Having indirectly learned that the gun is yours, I suppose you have no objection to my assumption that it was you who fired the shot?"

"Assume it with pleasure," rejoined Murray, with much cordiality.

"I do not wish to do anything either idiotic or unfair," proceeded the colonel, greatly nettled. "But as I cannot waste all my time here, and as I am absolutely determined to get at the root of this matter, I must ask you point blank if you discharged your gun at the rebels?"

"I did not," replied Murray, promptly.

"Then why did you lead me to suppose that you did?" demanded the colonel.

"I admitted that it was my gun, and that it had been used," rejoined the senior surgeon, "but I did not say that I had used it. I did fire, it is true, but it was with a rifle which was lying about and was not being used. I should not have done that, but I thought it was a case of all hands to the pump to save the ship."

The senior surgeon was so good-humoured about his wrong-doing, that Colonel Barr had fuel added to the fire of his wrath. He was all the more aggravated by seeing the flicker of a smile upon the face of the assistant. Macpherson had been the surgeon of an Atlantic liner, and the nautical simile which Murray had suggested had tickled him to the extent of showing that he was at any rate listening to and enjoying the conversation.

A new idea instantly entered the colonel's mind on seeing the smile. Clearly, if Murray had not fired the shot, Macpherson had, and was now smiling as much as he dared because of the admirable way in which he had supported the senior surgeon in making the head of the regiment look foolish.

"So, Mr. Macpherson," said the colonel, turning belligerently upon him, "*you* are the one at fault? I am surprised you should have stood there and allowed your superior officer to remain, even for an instant, under an unjust suspicion. That it was unjust, Dr. Murray," he added, grandly, turning to the senior, "I hasten to admit, and I at once apologise for even having allowed it to enter into my mind. Having *now* discovered who discharged the shot, I——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Macpherson, placidly—he had a sense of uncompromising fairness, and was not going to allow himself for a moment to remain under the shadow of a wrong—"but I have not fired any shot. I never touch a gun, and couldn't handle Dr. Murray's if I tried."

The colonel looked from one to the other in silence, then, without saying a word further, he stalked out of the room, and entered the ward where Margaret was once more busily employed in attending to the sick and wounded men.

"We saved the situation," said Murray, with much satisfaction, as the colonel went out.

"I made it clear that *I* had nothing to do with it," remarked Macpherson, warily and selfishly. "I thought it was my duty to do that."

"I don't suppose you'll ever get *your* neck into a noose by saving anybody," said Murray, rather disgustedly, and not trying too much to make his words sound like a jest.

"Not willingly," assented Macpherson, quietly.

"But even the canniest of us slip sometimes," added the senior, rather maliciously, but his companion remained silent and undisturbed; and muttering that needle-pricks were lost upon the hides of elephants, Murray went on with his work, and refrained from making any further remark on any subject to his assistant.

Macpherson, perfectly satisfied with himself, and quite content to be allowed to do his task in peace, kept silence also, and having other matters to occupy his thoughts, did not even trouble to wonder who really had discharged the first shot, and whether the colonel would succeed in finding the offender.

Murray, however, was keenly interested in the little affair, and longed to find some reasonable pretext for entering the ward above, just to see if Margaret had encountered the chief as successfully as he had done, presuming that Colonel Barr had not hesitated to suggest even to her that she was the culprit.

(To be continued.)

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Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—IX.

THE mounted corps of the New South Wales Forces already referred to—the Lancers and Mounted Rifles—are, as we pointed out, borne on the partially-paid establishment. In addition to these corps, the Colony can lay claim to yet another cavalry regiment, known as the 1st Australian Horse. Although raised as recently as August, 1897, it is second to none in efficiency and smartness, and is technically on a footing with volunteer regiments in the Mother Country, in as far as the rank and file are not granted the remuneration which is given to other mounted corps in New South Wales. To Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Mackay is due the credit of having raised and organised the regiment. Himself a cavalryman reared in the bush, he had long recognised that in the "back country" was to be found the very finest material obtainable for an effective regiment of cavalry. It is no matter for surprise that the enthusiasm of Colonel Mackay on the subject was not at first shared by the Government, but the ardour of the former was not easily to be damped. On every possible occasion, both private and public, he lost no opportunity of making known his views, and after several fruitless applications to be allowed to "beat up" recruits, his request was at length sanctioned. When once it was known that Government was favourably disposed towards the new project, the gallant colonel lost no time in carrying it out. Nor was there any lack of recruits. Indeed, in certain districts it was found necessary to reject numerous applicants, in order that the detachments might be as nearly as possible equalised. So favourably did the work of recruiting progress that within four months the Australian Horse numbered some 400 men, for each of whom the Government allowed a capitation grant of £5 to cover the preliminary expenses. Colonel—then Captain—Mackay was gazetted to the command, and had as his second in command an able coadjutor in the person of Captain A. F. H. Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, who at that period was aide-de-camp to Lord Hampden, Governor of New South Wales. Drill instructors were not at first provided officially, but several non-commissioned officers with a greater or less amount of knowledge of drill were soon "discovered," and at once "told off" to drill the newly-joined recruits.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MACKAY, 1st AUSTRALIAN HORSE.

The task was by no means an easy one, for as yet there were only fifty swords among 400 men, and hardly any carbines.

Photos Kerry

THE 1st AUSTRALIAN HORSE ON PARADE.

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But the officers, as well as the rank and file, continued to work hard, hoping that ere long their uniforms, carbines, and swords might arrive from England. Their patriotism reached a pitch which we at home can hardly realise, and it was no uncommon thing for men to ride forty miles, engage in a five hours' drill, and complete the return journey on the same horse.

The adjutant appointed was Lieutenant Thompson, a painstaking and energetic officer, who in 1883 saw service in New Zealand, when he took part in the expedition against Te Whiti. In 1893 he visited England, and went through the cavalry instructor's Long Course at Canterbury, obtaining a certificate.

In January of last year Captain Mackay was promoted to the rank of major, and to that of lieutenant-colonel three months later; but until the Monday before Easter the uniforms and equipment did not arrive.

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NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS 1st AUSTRALIAN HORSE.

Copyright. H. & K.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS 2nd REGIMENT.

The men were, therefore, ordered into camp on Good Friday without uniform, no fewer than 402 men mustering for training. The last detachment had not reached camp until midday, but before nightfall the men and horses were clothed and equipped, with the exception of swords. The need of these weapons was fully realised when on the following day the order was given by the general officer for the regiment to parade at 3 p.m. Luckily, however, about half-an-hour before the hour appointed for parade, the swords arrived and were issued to the men. Few of the rank and file had ever drawn a sword, but for all that they marched past in a manner which elicited praise from the general.

Photo. Kerry. Copyright.

OFFICERS 1st REGIMENT.

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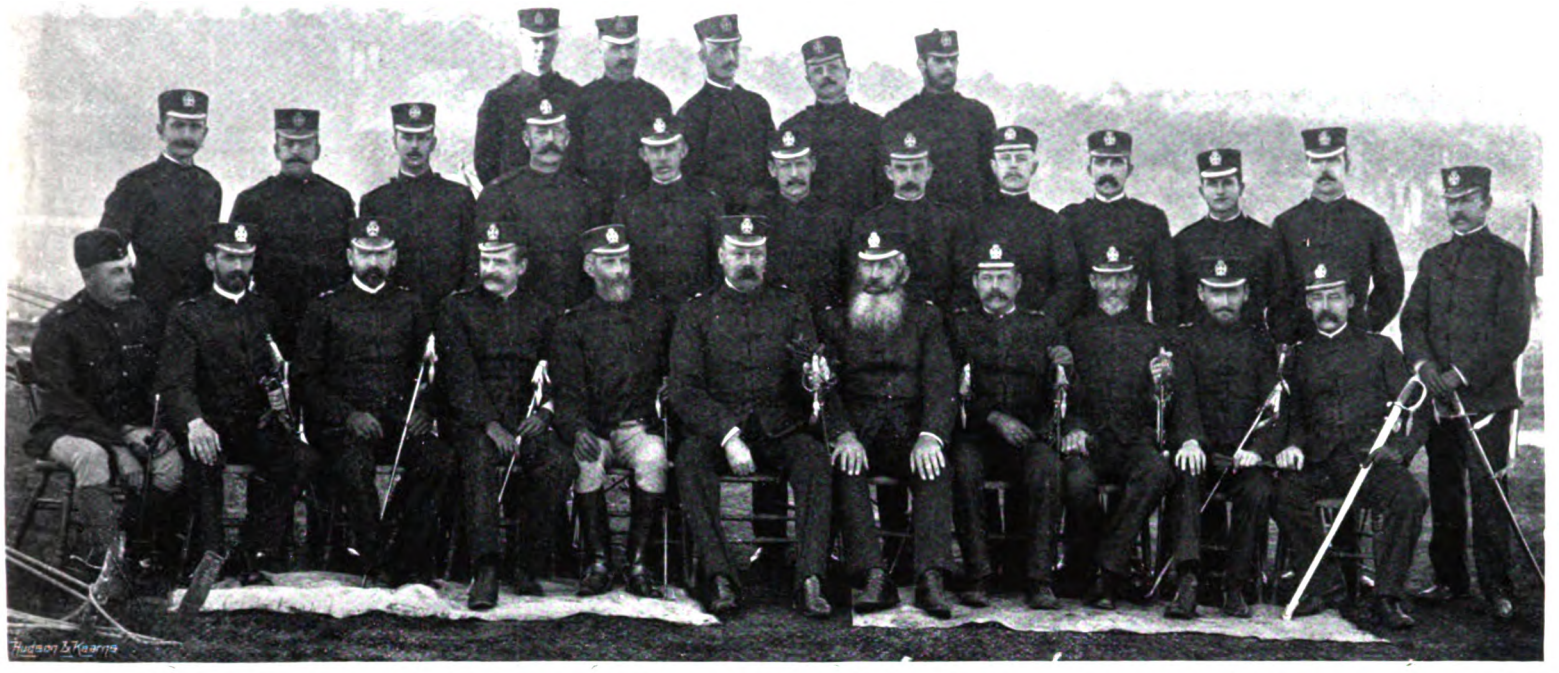

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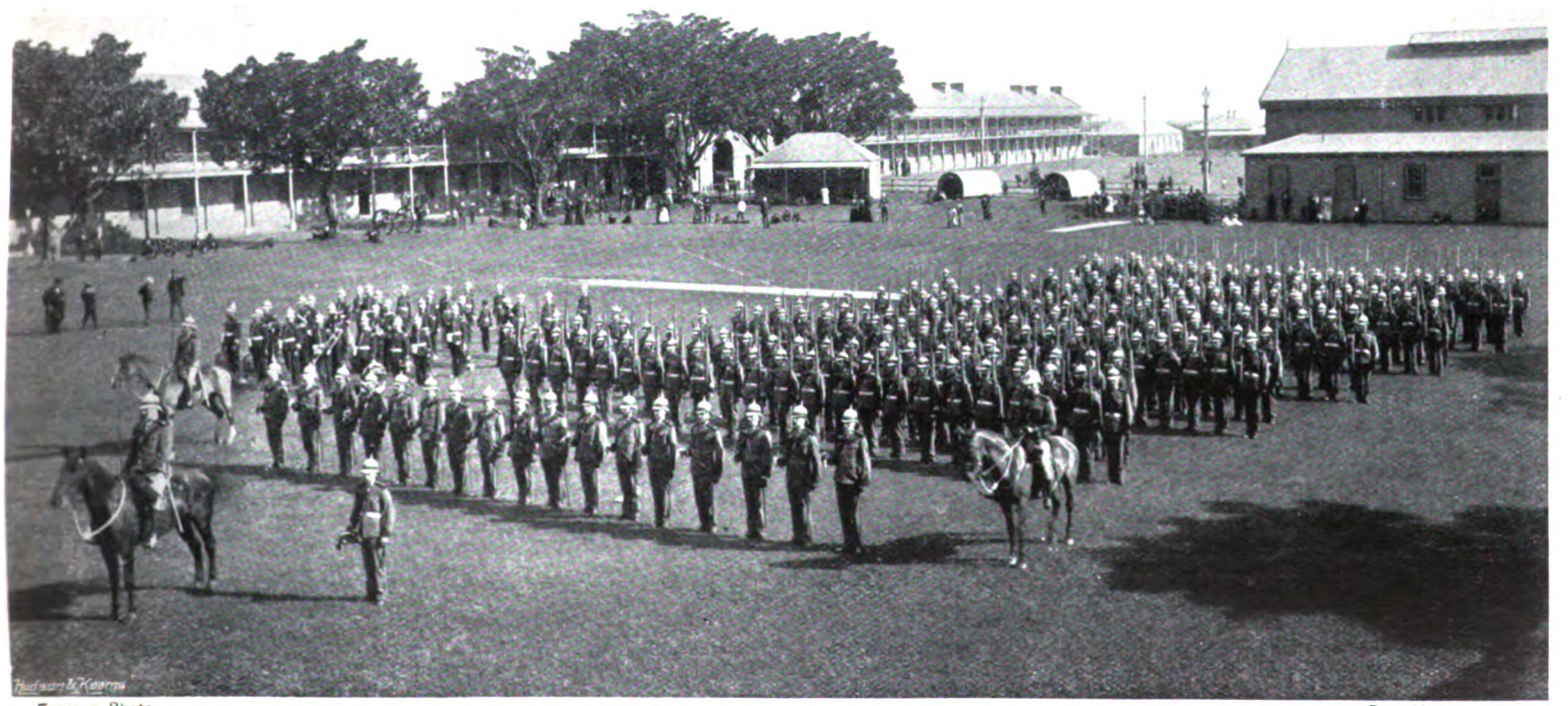
OFFICERS 2nd REGIMENT.

The recruiting ground extends from north to south some 1,000 miles. The headquarters are at Sydney, and there are detachments at the following places: Murrumburrah, Gunnedah, Gundagai, Quirindi, Mudgee, Scone Micalago, Boggabri Cootamundra, Braidwood, and Bungendore. The uniform of the corps is green, with the usual pattern of Australian hat. Among the accompanying illustrations is one of the enthusiastic commanding officer in full uniform, another of the regiment on a full-dress parade accompanied by the band, and a third of the non-commissioned officers. An Imperial officer has thus criticised the junior regiment of New South Wales Cavalry: "The men are grand fellows, fine riders, and hard as nails. The horses are unsurpassed for their endurance and staying powers." Though Australia is essentially a land of horses, its forces are by no means composed of cavalry alone. As we have already pointed out, there are four regiments—or, to be strictly correct, *battalions*—on the New South Wales Establishment maintained by a system of partial payment. To these belong the 1st Regiment, the officers of which are here depicted. The strength of this battalion is ten companies. Four of these form the head-quarters at Sydney, and one company is stationed at each of the following towns: Yass, Wagga, Albury, Young, Hunter's Hill, and North Sydney. To the strength of the regiment must also be added the Sydney Cadet Company, commanded by Captain Shawelhood, who served in the Soudan Expedition of 1888, was present at Tamai, and wears the medal and Khedive's star. The battalion is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Weeks, who received his first appointment in August, 1885, and reached his present rank in May of last year.

The 2nd Regiment is also borne on the partially-paid establishment. It is ten companies strong, four of which are stationed at Sydney, and the remainder at Kiama, Ulladulla, Goulburn, Boural, Ashfield, and Cooma. The commanding officer is Colonel S. W. Waddell. His first appointment dates August, 1883, and he has commanded his battalion since 1893.

Captain Legge, the adjutant of the corps, has held several military appointments in the Colony. The battalion is here shown drawn up in quarter column for inspection, with the officers "to the front," and it is evident that Colonel Waddell commands a body of men of exceptional physique and smartness. A typical group is that which includes a colour-sergeant, sergeant, private, and bugler of the battalion in their picturesque full-dress uniform. It will be observed that the non-commissioned officers are both wearing the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's star.



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

THE 2nd REGIMENT ON PARADE.

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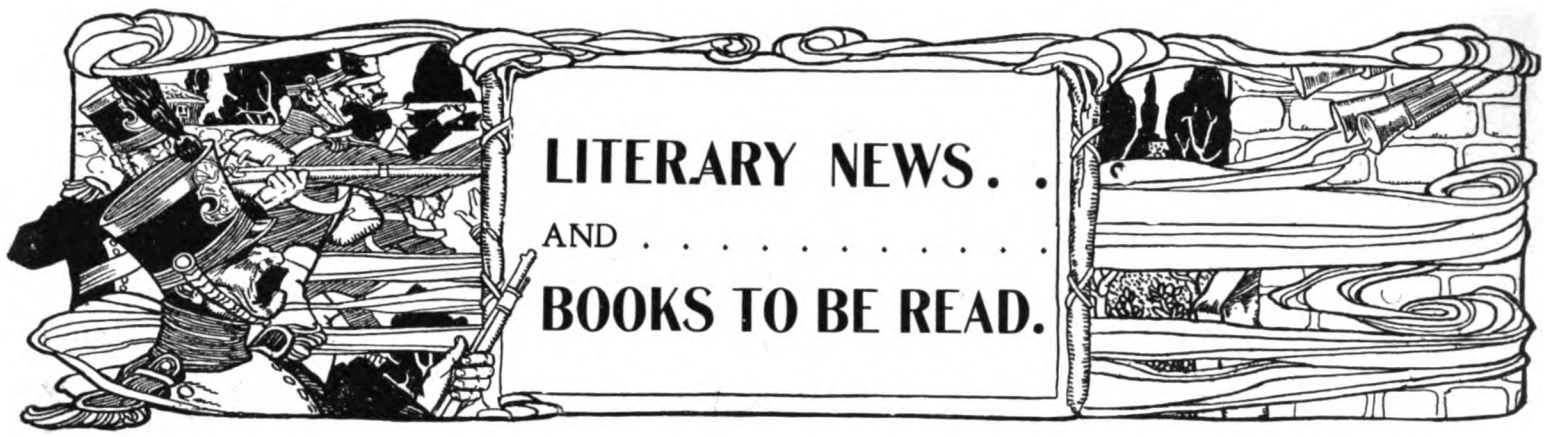

A GREAT deal has been heard and written of the Polar journey of Dr. Nansen and his intrepid companions in the "Fram," but there still was room for the modest, straightforward narrative of Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen, which has been published under the title of "With Nansen in the North," translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad (Ward, Lock). Not much is added to our knowledge of what actually occurred, for Dr. Nansen's own book was fairly exhaustive, but we get a new picture of the spirit that inspired the company of the "Fram," and of the hardships and dangers undergone. Lieutenant Johansen is an officer of the Norwegian Army, for whom no place could be found in the ship except as stoker, until he developed into the meteorological assistant of Lieutenant Scott-Hansen, and afterwards became the sole companion of Nansen in that adventurous journey Pole-ward across the ice, and then southward to escape.

* * * *

It is extremely pleasant to find the book so full of generous appreciation of Nansen, and of all who joined in the enterprise, though, of course, as Lieutenant Johansen says, in the long solitude, with frequent depression, and temper tried, differences did arise. Yet they were only passing clouds, and we cannot read this eloquent testimony to the patient organising power of Nansen and to the goodwill of all his companions without feeling that the very best conditions prevailed for success. Indeed, never did an Arctic expedition go forth so well furnished with every necessity. In former times there had been less experience of requirements, but Nansen, besides having his own record of Greenland journeying, had been a diligent reader and comparer of the experiences of others, and nothing seems to have escaped his vigilance. From every quarter help had come. The only failure seems to have been in the steam-jet apparatus for oil-spray stoking. On the other hand, the dynamo, presented by Mr. Oscar Dickson, and driven by a windmill, was a brilliant success, and the ship was nearly always lighted from stem to stern in the winter. There were preserved meats from Norway, Denmark, America, and Australia—pork cutlets, forcemeat balls, roast and corned beef and mutton, rabbits, bacon, various kinds of pemmican, cod-roe, minced fish, mackerel, dried and grated fish, fish meal, dried and tinned vegetables, jams, marmalade, rice, cocoa, chocolate, sugar, coffee, and a whole host of other useful and toothsome articles. The result was that good health and good spirits prevailed, and that scurvy, the dread enemy of the Arctic explorer, did not invade the ship.

* * *

The first half of Lieutenant Johansen's volume is occupied with his account of life in the "Fram," of the routine on board, the occupations of the ship's company, the time always being well filled, of the festivals held on the occasion of any birthday or national celebration, of the passing of Cape Chelyuskin or some parallel of latitude, of the excitements of bear-hunting and the dangers of ice-pressure, the humours of the *Framsjaa*, or ship newspaper, and so forth. The first Arctic winter passed, and the sun "did not meet those pale emaciated faces and bowed figures of which we heard so much in connection with other expeditions; it was our good ship and our excellent provisioning which we had to thank for this." The expedition had been planned on the idea that the current would carry them through, but Johansen became convinced that the wind was their only friend. "When we compared the observations from day to day with the direction and strength of the wind, we saw that it was by the wind alone that our movements were influenced." It was in November, 1894, that Nansen proposed to Johansen to accompany him on a sledge journey to the Pole in the spring. He had no hesitation in accepting the proposal, and the intervening months were occupied by weighing every consideration, making every preparation, and testing every matter in doubt. Still, when the time came, there were breakdowns and false starts, and it was not until March 14, 1895, that the intrepid pair were away on their daring journey. In the order of march Nansen went first, followed by the sledge with his kayak, nine dogs in the team, then the middle sledge with necessaries, and Johansen's, with his kayak, bringing up the rear, these having nineteen dogs between them

Licutenant Johansen on Board the Yacht.
From "With Nansen in the North."

A terrible experience awaited the wayfarers—a continual struggle, with growing difficulties, to get along by day, and great suffering from cold and want of sleep at night. Still, courage, confidence, and resolution carried them on, until, on April 7, Nansen decided that it would be perilous to go forward. They had reached their furthest north in what proved to be 86-deg. 13·6-min. north latitude, and the event was celebrated with a little banquet of lobscouse, dry chocolate, stewed whortle-berries, and whey-drink. Then came the terrible journey southward, with diminishing powers and increasing dangers, the dogs perishing one by one. "The last day of May, and still no land; we only saw clouds on the horizon, and everywhere around us the eternal ice-fields, which we had now been gazing at for two long years. At times the sight made us quite depressed. Time seemed to drag so heavily so long as there was no sign of land, and then what sort of land would it be? A desert, cheerless, ice-bound coast in the far north, where no human being could desire to live; it was for this land we were now and had for long been wearying." At length land was reached, but they knew not where it was, and the winter again approached with all its troubles. It was not until June 17, 1896, fifteen months after they had left the "Fram," all their dogs being dead, that they heard the barking of other dogs, and were welcomed by civilised men. Mr. Jackson's expedition had saved them. They were received on board the "Windward," and had the supreme satisfaction of welcoming their comrades of the returned "Fram" on the deck of Sir George Baden-Powell's yacht the "Otaria." This was the crown and completion of their labours, and they laughed "at dangers o'er." Lieutenant Johansen has told the story exceedingly well. His illustrations are many, but not all of great excellence, though the circumstances in which the negatives were taken suffice to explain any small imperfections of the kind.

* * *

The Indian epics, says Mr. John Campbell Oman, are precious relics of the spring-time of Eastern thought, and foremost among them stand the old-world stories of the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata," which, after the lapse of centuries, are still loved with untiring love by the Hindoos. These should appeal powerfully to Englishmen. Unfortunately only students know them, and they are, in a manner, unfamiliar to the English mind. It was, therefore, an excellent idea of Mr. Oman's to tell in English prose the tale of these two ancient stories. Messrs. Bell published the book in 1894, and a new edition has just been called for. It is in most desirable form for one's library shelf.

* * *

Now to speak briefly of two annuals. "Whitaker's Naval and Military Directory" has achieved its success. The issue of 1899 includes in its alphabetical list the names of about 45,000 officers on the active and retired lists, being something like 20,000 more than in last year's volume. The additions are mostly from the retired lists, officers now being included, on the Naval side, down to commanders and others of equivalent rank and majors of the Royal Marines, while on the Military side not only general officers, but field officers and equivalent ranks of all corps, services, and departments are inserted. A great feature is also made of the Indian Army List, and, in short, the volume is wonderfully extended in its utility, and has value to all who are concerned with Naval or Military matters. The other annual I refer to is the "Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory," edited by Joseph Jacobs (Allen). This book contains an extraordinary variety of information, which can hardly fail to commend it, though it has many defects, and its appreciations cannot always be accepted. Still, in its account of published books, events of the year, biographies, obituaries, directories, lists of various writers, agents, and book producers, and technical information it has considerable utility.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
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VOL. VIII.—No. 114.] *SATURDAY, APRIL 8th, 1899.*

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THE "CABINET" OF THE "AURORA."

CAPTAIN E. F. BAYLY COMMANDER H. J. L. CLARKE, AND LIEUTENANT T. W. KEMP.

(See next page.)

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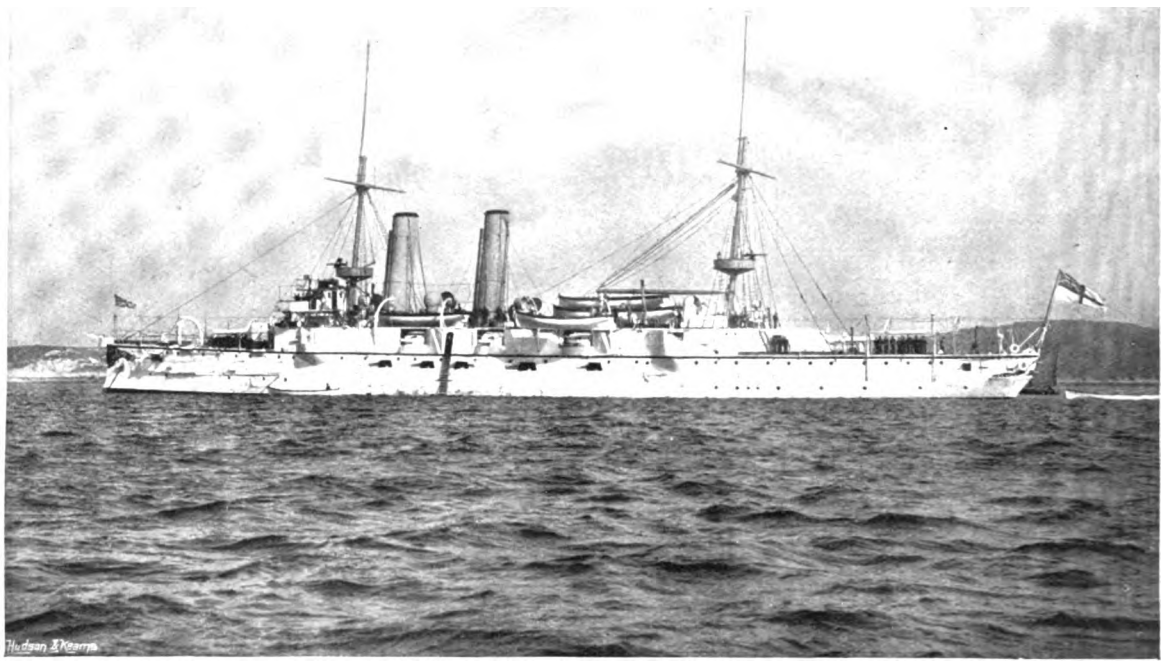
Off to the Far East.

THE interest which attached some years ago to the "Eastern Question" in Europe has now been transferred for a while to those regions which are included, for distinction sake, under the name of the "Far East," meaning China and Japan, but especially China. Every reader of the daily papers looks at the telegrams under this or some similar heading, and no one knows what will appear there from day to day. The tremendous excitement caused by the lease of Port Arthur to the Russians, followed by our counter-stroke in obtaining Wei-hai-Wei, has somewhat subsided, but there is material there for a possible conflagration at any moment, and all the nations which have, or aspire to have, important commercial interests in China are represented in these waters by more or less of a squadron. Naturally the British Squadron takes the lead, for our interests are disproportionately larger than those of any other nation, and the flag is represented by some five-and-twenty vessels.



THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "AURORA."

The "Aurora" is about to relieve her sister vessel, the "Immortalité," on the China station, the latter having been four years in commission.

These vessels are first-class cruisers, launched in 1887, and are protected by a considerable amount of armour of the compound type—that is, iron faced with steel—disposed in a water-line belt 200-ft. in length and 10-in. in thickness, transverse bulkheads of 16-in., and a protective deck of from 2-in. to 3-in. of steel. They carry two 9·2-in. guns, and ten 6-in. quick-firing guns, with others of smaller sizes; and, though not up to their more modern successors in point of speed, are undoubtedly very formidable craft, and well suited for the station.

A picture is given of each, and their exact similarity is

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THE OFFICERS OF THE "AURORA."

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THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

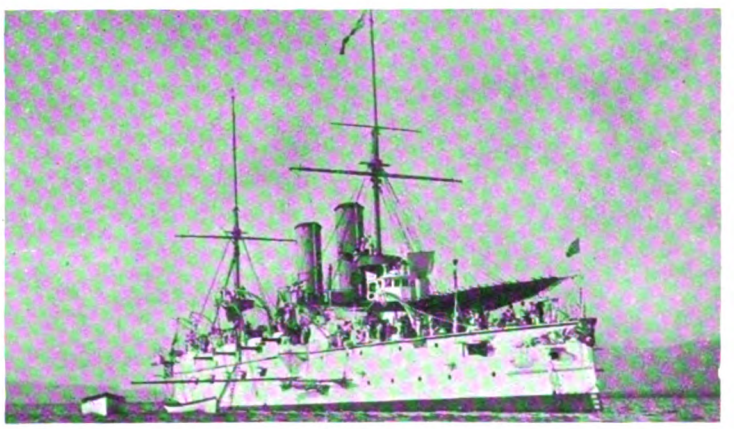
obvious. The "Immortalité" is rather lighter, and is seen on a bow view, which makes her look somewhat higher; the broadside view of the "Aurora" presents her to greater advantage, and a very rakish, business-like craft she looks.

Captain Edward H. Bayly takes out the "Aurora" to her new station; his portrait is given, together with that of Commander H. J. L. Clarke and Lieutenant T. W. Kemp.

Captain Bayly entered the Service in 1863, and attained his present rank in 1894. He served in the Ashanti War of 1873-74, and was specially commended for his services as acting commandant of Secondee; he also received the thanks of the Colonial Office for the energetic part he took in quelling a riot at Dominica, being severely injured on this occasion. He recently commanded a much smaller though newer vessel—the smart little third-class cruiser "Pelorus," attached to the Channel Squadron, a craft which, though she could not fight Captain Bayly's present command, would, as the next best alternative, show her a clean pair of heels. The "Pelorus" is shown in one of our illustrations steaming into harbour at Plymouth. There is no doubt something very attractive about our modern cruisers, now that we have become used to them, as substitutes for the picturesque but comparatively clumsy frigates or corvettes of former times. It is pretty to note the easy manner in which they slip along, in response to the least motion of their powerful engines, scarcely raising a ripple at the bow.

The captain of the "Immortalité," who is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his relief, is Sir Edward Chichester, Bart.; he joined the Service at the same time as Captain Bayly, but has managed to outstrip him, being five years his senior as captain.

The passage out is, however, sure to be a busy one, for the men have to be exercised and made thoroughly at home in their new craft, and for a while they may have more drill than they care about; the homeward bound, on the contrary, take it easy, their efforts being chiefly directed to the touching up of paintwork, and generally to ensuring a satisfactory report from the inspecting admiral on paying off.

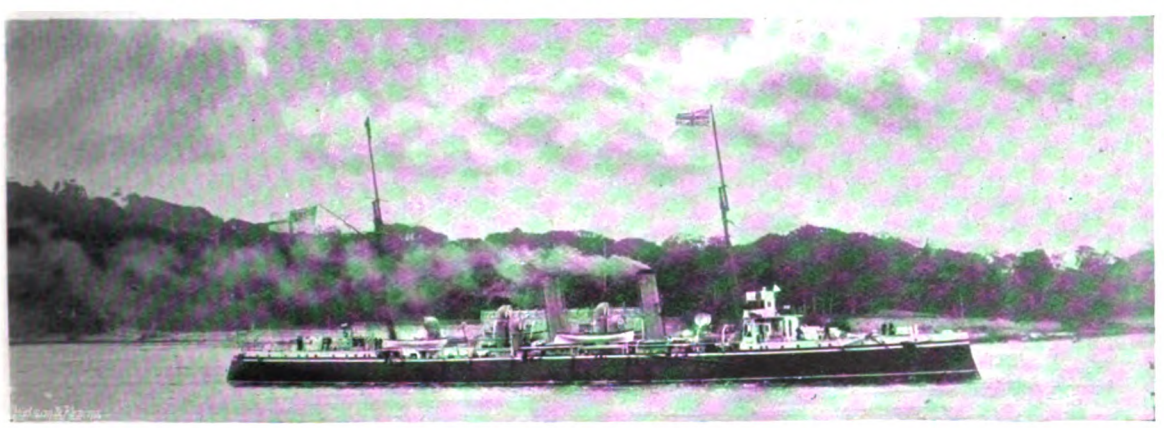


From a Photo. By a Naval Officer

THE "IMMORTALITE."

Captain Bayly and his officers do not make such an imposing show, as regards numbers, as some groups we have shown lately of the officers of flag-ships and battleships; only twenty-one appear in the picture, but there are probably a few absentees. They are none too many, it must be admitted, for a vessel of 5,500 tons, with a total complement of nearly 500.

The ship's company appear to have exercised more than the usual ingenuity in finding convenient and handy places whereon to pose; some of them, indeed, are clinging to a single rope, a posture which most people would find it difficult to maintain for any considerable length of time; but they would certainly escape the photographer's abominable neck-rest!



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THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "PELORUS."

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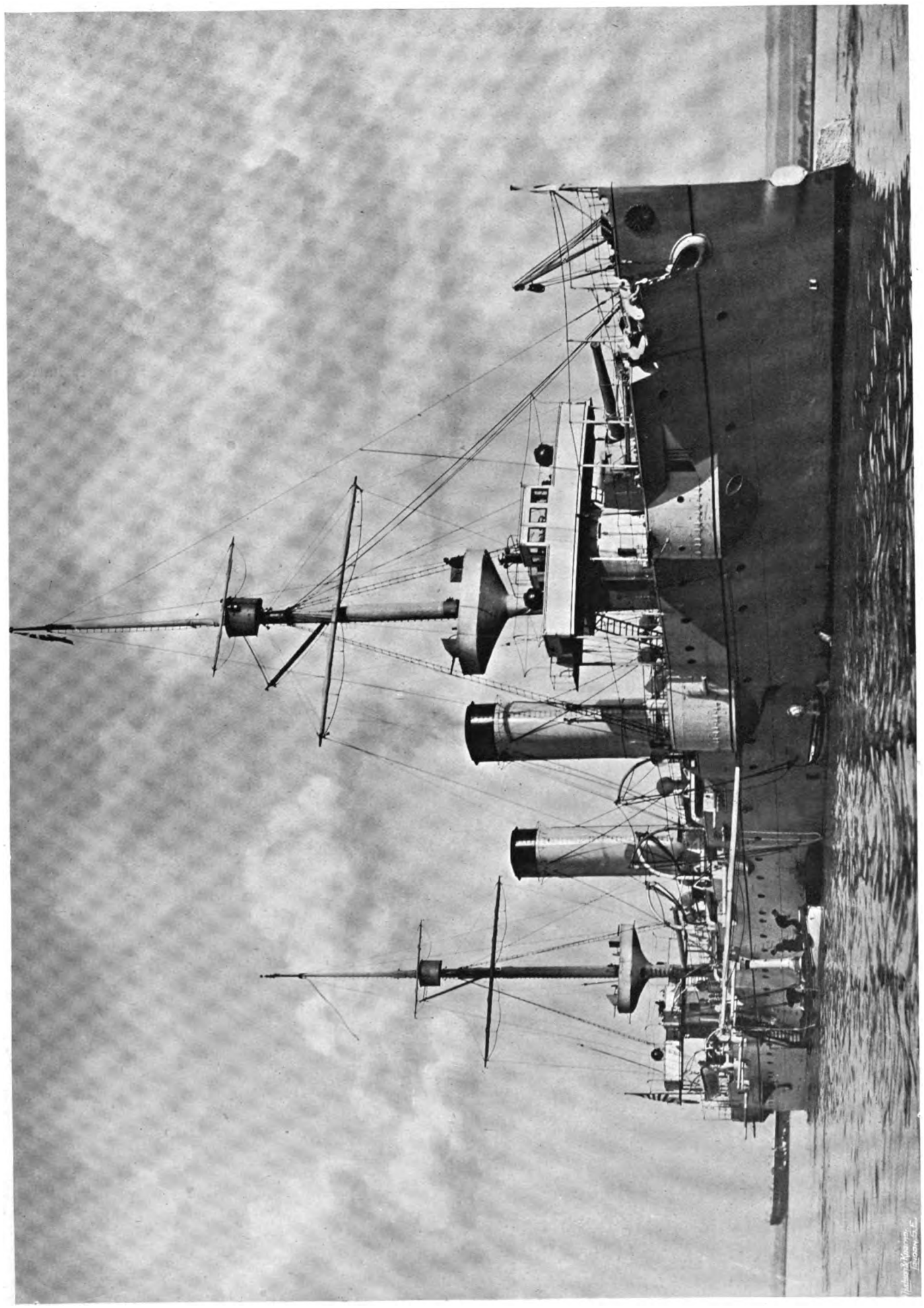

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THE NEW JAPANESE CRUISER "KASAGI."

Built in America, armed at Elswick, capable of steaming 23 knots.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Photo. Cribb

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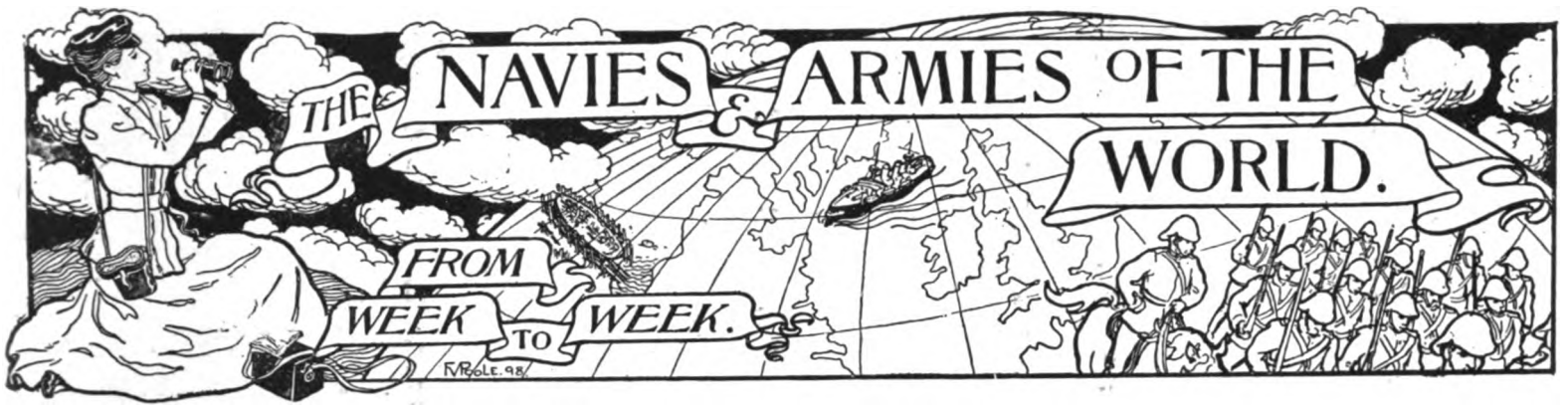

AN excellent talker, if you let him start from no premise, and arrive at no conclusion, was the verdict which one of his friends is reported to have passed on the poet Coleridge. With a very trifling change in the wording, it might serve to describe most of the discussions which are started from time to time about the ships of the Navy, or those which it is proposed to build. We have an example of the kind in the papers now in the shape of the difference of opinion which exists between Sir E. J. Reed of the one part, and "Examiner" and "Navalis" of the other, concerning the new cruisers promised by Mr. Goschen. I do not venture to take part in the fray myself, beyond saying that "Examiner" and "Navalis" seem to be thoroughly justified in asking Sir E. J. Reed whether he would propose to sacrifice something for the sake of speed, and if so, what? My purpose is rather to ask whether it is not a waste of time to complain of want of speed in a war-ship till you have decided with some approach to precision what the value of speed is? There would seem to be three purposes for which it is desirable to make your vessels very swift. First, because you wish to cover a given space in the minimum of time; second, because you want to be able to run away from every enemy; third, because you wish to be able to overtake somebody whom you propose to attack. The first and second are simple cases, but not so the third; and as this must be the case of every vessel built for war, it makes the question of the value of speed in cruisers rather complicated.

* * * *

Nobody, I presume, would be satisfied with a cruiser, whatever her speed might be, if she were notoriously unable to fight a vessel of half her size built for strength, and to carry a powerful armament. She must be able to tackle a serious opponent at the end of a chase, or she has chased to no purpose. But the question just is, can the very high speed you desire be obtained without sacrificing strength, offensive and defensive, or without building your vessels on such a scale that you must needs have very few of them? This is on the supposition, of course, that the commerce you aim at destroying is protected by convoy. If it goes as it pleases, each ship by itself, then high speed is by no means very necessary for the destroyer, since the great bulk of trade is carried in vessels which certainly cannot steam 20 knots, or anything like it, to say nothing of the sailing vessels. There remains the supposition that you want high speed in order to overtake the enemy's destroyer. Yes, but supposing that he reduces you to a sinking condition, or sets you on fire in ten minutes, what good has your speed done you? Moreover, there is this to be considered, that the destroyer which is reduced to flee before every serious armed force will find her prey escape her continually, and will use her coal up, not in damaging the enemy, but in saving herself. Neither in commerce destroying, nor in any other kind of war, can you win in the long run by running away. It is by beating the other side that victory is gained, and in order to be able to do this it is far more necessary to be strong than to be swift. At least that is what seems to me the conclusion of the whole matter.

* * * *

It is a common reproach against the French, and they not infrequently make it themselves, that they are terribly enslaved to phrases. In this matter of commerce destroying they are only giving another instance of this slavery. Nothing is more common than to find one of them saying that this kind of sea warfare suits the genius of their people. Then they go on to talk about Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin and Forbin-Jonson. The conviction which they obviously hold is that these corsairs sailed with single light ships, relying mainly on their speed and on surprise. Now that they did so, sometimes is true. Forbin-Jonson and Jean Bart went on a cruise in those conditions together, and it landed them in an English prison, from which, however, they contrived to escape. But the substantial fact is that the best work of the Dunkirk, St. Malo, and Rochelle privateers was done with effective little squadrons of well-appointed vessels, many of which belonged to the Royal Navy and were lent by the King, partly because he could not keep up his fleet, partly in consideration of a share of the booty. These squadrons could not have faced the "Grand Fleet." If they had the ill-luck to fall in with Russell or Rooke or Leake, going out to or returning from the Mediterranean, there was nothing for it but to run. Yet they were quite strong enough to deal with an ordinary convoy of two or three or four English or Dutch war-ships. When they met a force of that kind they rarely had the least hesitation in attacking. What their success proves is that commerce destroying, in order to be thoroughly effective, must be conducted by squadrons capable of giving battle to small forces, not that it can be done by single vessels which have to run from every armed opponent.

* * * *

M. Paul de Cassagnac has a very hearty hatred of the Republic, and we may be sure that he will do his best to abuse it for mismanaging the Army and everything else belonging to the nation. Therefore when his paper, *L'Autorité*, draws a most damaging picture of the condition of the non-commissioned ranks in the French Army, we may make some allowance for his prejudices. Yet M. Paul de Cassagnac has himself served, and has many friends among the officers. What he allows to be said in his paper may be exaggerated, but cannot be wholly unfounded. Now if only one half of what *L'Autorité* says is true, M. de Freycinet has a "long warp to rouse in" before he gives the French Army that superiority of quality which he said he relied on to counterbalance the greater numbers of the Germans. The sum and substance of the case is, that it is found to be almost impossible to induce Frenchmen to remain in the Army as sergeants. The bulk of the conscripts who come from the country districts (the best element in the Army) are too slow witted to learn quickly. Therefore you cannot make non-commissioned officers of them in time, and they will not re-enlist at the end of their three years. So the authorities are driven to make sergeants out of the educated men who have taken degrees and who only serve for one year. This sounds incredible, but it is down in black and white in the *Autorité*. These men also go at the end of their year. It is true that the French Government has a costly apparatus by which it hopes to secure non-commissioned officers. This is the so-called *enfants de troupe*, the children of soldiers, gendarmes, Army Service Corps men, etc., who are educated at the public expense. But out of 7,238 of these soldiers' children, and in the course of ten years, only 4,312 were found fit for military service. Of these only 3,512 were capable of making non-commissioned officers, and only 1,728 consented to re-engage. This is a mere drop in the bucket. Now if there is one common-place which is better established than another it is that, as the non-commissioned officers are so the Army will be. *L'Autorité* makes a sad comparison between the positions of France and Germany in this respect. It seems to cherish the hope that if a few changes were made Frenchmen would be as ready to serve as Germans. The facts hardly bear it out. When men will not re-engage in a country which believes itself to be so military and is so proud of its Army as France, the deduction would seem to be that Frenchmen have a rooted distaste to passing their lives as "under officers." It will take a great deal more than a few changes in education to get over that reluctance.

* * * *

Here is a queer glimpse into the discipline of the Navy about 1695. Certain officers of the "Dunkirk" make an affidavit and certify that Theophilus Buxton and John Heath are very bad men who "having in one of their drunken fits at sea set a candle on a jar of oil in the steward's room next to the powder-room, by which means the oil took fire, the said ship with all that was in her had in all probability been burnt or blown up" if the second lieutenant had not exerted himself. For this offence they received "about forty lashes" each. They also certify that they know "John Brinlay, mariner," who is "a person very negligent of his duty and very seditious, and at Portsmouth threatened his said captain, and to kill one of the lieutenants of the said ship, and attempted to head the ship's company in an open mutiny." Nothing is said of any punishment inflicted on Brinlay. The "one of their drunken fits" is good, as it implies that these diversions were common, while the apparent impunity of Brinlay, as compared with the severe correction of Buxton and Heath, looks very odd.

DAVID HANNAY.

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SPANISH NAVAL CADETS

BY DAVY JONES.

The Port of Ferrol.

SPAIN! At the mere mention of that once-famed and feared name, what thoughts of greatness and power do not rise in our minds! what visions of past glory and splendour are not evoked! Spain! once the mistress of the world, and now brought so low! Spain! once the terror of Europe, and now an object of compassion to the weakest nations! Spain! who could once boast an empire over which the sun never set, empire which supplied her with untold wealth, and now reduced to its ancient limits and practically bankrupt! Such are some of the thoughts that rise uppermost in everybody's mind whenever mention is made of the Iberian Peninsula. Sufficiently gloomy in themselves, they are rendered still more so by the actual helplessness of Spain, which seems unable to extricate herself from her present difficulties, and whose future is over-shadowed by clouds so dark that there seems to be no silver lining to them. These remarks may induce some to think that a country that has come to such a pass is hardly worth troubling about.

However, this is not so, for when once a country has been great it is always worthy to occupy our minds, were it only with a view to avoid the mistakes which have caused its downfall. Now it must be remembered that if Spain is now an insignificant factor in Europe, the part she once played in it still assigns her an important place in history. Her Navy, once the most powerful in Europe, was feared and respected by all, and continued to be so after the defeat of the Armada. Her armies held a similar position on the European Continent, and were the terror of the Netherlands until finally beaten by the French at Rocroy. If Spain no longer plays an important part in the politics of European nations, and if her influence is now *nil*, yet her recent conflict with America would warrant us in saying something of the actual Navy of Spain, and of the manner in which the officers of her Fleet are trained. Besides, we must bear in mind that, though vanquished, the Spanish Navy was not dishonoured, but that, on the contrary, her sailors showed that they had lost nothing of the old qualities, and of the courage and chivalry for which Spain has at all times been conspicuous. It is these qualities which make many hope that this last sad misfortune may be the beginning of better things for Spain. It will be so if Spaniards will exert themselves in the right direction, and if, instead of brooding uselessly over lost splendour and glory, they will set resolutely to work to reconstruct the national edifice.

Were Spaniards to sink their differences, and to bear in mind that by far the greater part of their misfortunes arise from the internal quarrels which have won for their country the not unmerited name of "Classic land of Revolutions," this national edifice would soon be reconstructed, and would rise once more in the course of time to a high level. That this may be so is the earnest wish of the writer, and of all those who are sufficiently familiar with Spain and the Spaniards to appreciate their solid qualities and their virtues.

The cadets of the Spanish Fleet are trained on board the old two-decker "Asturias," which is moored in the magnificent harbour of Ferrol, of which the illustration at the head of this article will help the reader to form an idea. The large men-of-war the artist has represented are not Spanish ships, but belong to the British Navy, he having taken his sketch at the time of the visit of a British squadron to Ferrol a few years ago. To find a finer or better harbour than Ferrol is not an easy task. This harbour is situated on the North Coast of Spain, not very far from La Corunna. Ferrol was, in former days, a very poor and humble fishing village; but owing to the Naval establishment that was created there in 1752, and to the numerous manufacturies of Naval stores which were subsequently established in connection with the arsenal, Ferrol is now and has long been a prosperous town, of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, with a large amount of trade, said to reach a sum of over half a million sterling annually. The harbour is safe and capacious, and can accommodate vessels of any tonnage. It has, however, a very narrow and somewhat difficult entrance, strongly defended by two forts.

Such is the roadstead in which the training-ship "Asturias" is moored, and where the future officers of the Spanish Fleet are first taught seamanship and navigation. The cadets on board the "Asturias" receive a much better training than one would be led to suppose from recent events. It would, indeed, be a mistake to imagine that the reverses the Spanish Fleet sustained during the Hispano-American conflict were due to the inefficiency of the Spanish officers. It was not so indeed, and even better-trained officers than they are would probably have fared no better than they did, simply because success was well-nigh impossible. This proves once more that there are greater factors in warfare than mere theoretical training and bravery. The officers of the Spanish Fleet could do nothing, absolutely nothing, with obsolete or ineffective vessels and with sailors who had had no proper gunnery training, and many of whom were not even practically acquainted with the best weapons now in use.

The entrance to the Spanish Naval school is open to all young born Spaniards who are between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, the limit of age being extended by twelve months in the case of officers' sons, whether the fathers have served in the Army or in the Navy. The first step, after a young man's name has been entered, is to be medically examined, and this examination is at least nominally a very searching one. Although a boy may become a candidate when only thirteen years old, it is hardly ever that one of such tender years presents himself, for the standard is somewhat high. There are two entrance examinations yearly, one in May and the other in November. First of all the candidates are examined either in freehand drawing or in the elements of topography. No special mark is assigned to that portion of the examination, but all who wish to be subsequently admitted to compete for vacant cadetships must satisfy the examiners in that branch of the test, and to do so they must reach a certain standard of proficiency.

The remainder of the examination consists of the following subjects: French, the principal language taken by Spanish cadets, and in which they must be able to show that they can translate from and into the language with a certain facility. They also have to read aloud a passage out of a French book. They must offer a second language, which must be either English or German, and which in the vast majority of cases is the former, being not only easier but also more useful. There are, indeed, few ports in the world where either Spanish, French, or English is not understood, hence those three languages may be put down as those most useful to a Naval officer of any nationality. Besides the languages, Spanish cadets are examined in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and both plain and spherical trigonometry. The examination being competitive, a candidate, to have any chance of passing in, must be able to obtain a minimum percentage of marks of about 55 or 60 per cent.

The successful candidates join the training-ship "Asturias" soon after the examination. A peculiar feature of the Spanish system is that, within a fortnight after a young fellow has joined, he may ask to be further examined, with a view to being placed in a higher class, and so save time and gain in seniority. In this manner the time which has to be

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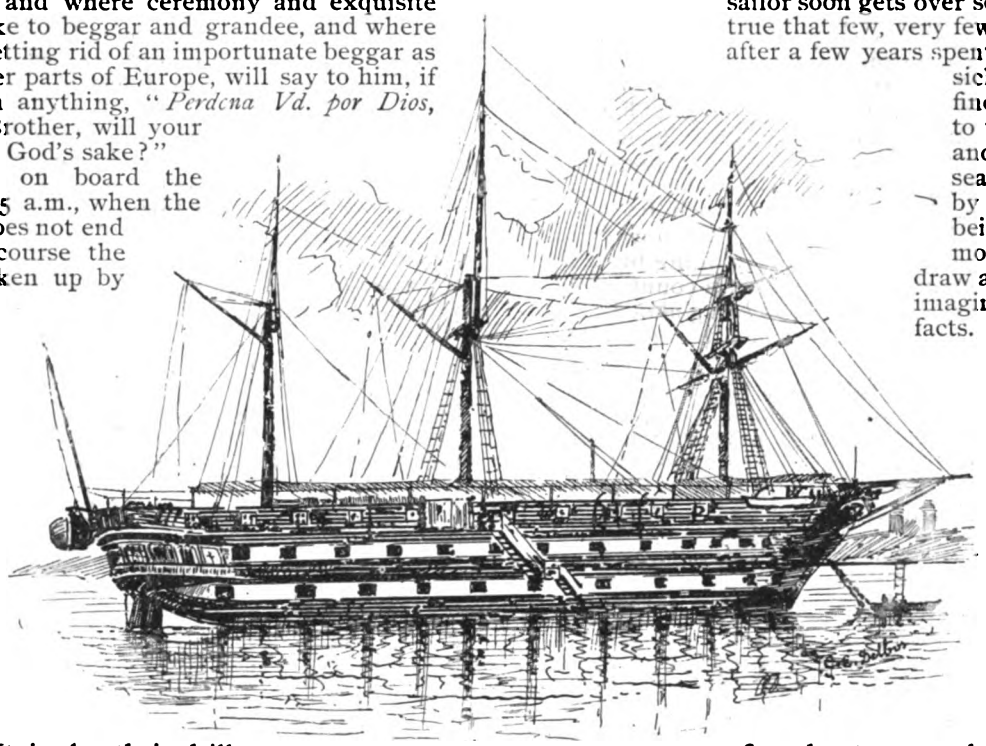
spent in the training-ship may be shortened by a whole year. However, this cannot be managed unless the candidate can obtain a high percentage in each one of the subjects forming the curriculum of the course from which he seeks exemption. The year is divided into two halves, each of which is called "semestre" (a period of six months), and the whole course of studies consists of five such periods, that is, thirty months. The studies on board the "Asturias" are pretty much what they are in other establishments of the same sort, and the teaching staff is mostly composed of Naval officers, assisted by a few civilian instructors, who take such special subjects as French, English, and drawing. The course pursued is to combine theory and practice on board the "Asturias." The cadets are initiated into the use of ordnance and small arms, and in order that they should also know something of the steam-engine, an engine has been fitted on board the training-ship, and steam launches and a sea-going steam-boat also form a part of the training establishment. Every six months the cadets are examined, and they must satisfy the examiners. If they fail to do so, they are sent back to the same class for another six months; and if at the end of that new period their examination is not satisfactory, they have to leave the training-ship. As soon as a cadet joins the "Asturias," he is impressed with the idea of decorum which pervades everything in Spain. When I say that the new cadet is impressed, I mean that he is made aware that Spanish decorum rules as much on the water as it does on land; but Spaniards are so much accustomed to it, that probably few cadets notice these things as much as we do, for Spain is pre-eminently the land of good manners—the land where manners may indeed be said with perfect truth "to make the man," and where ceremony and exquisite politeness are dear alike to beggar and grandee, and where the latter, instead of getting rid of an importunate beggar as is usually done in other parts of Europe, will say to him, if he will not give him anything, "*Perdcna Vd. por Dios, Hcrmano*," that is, "Brother, will your worship excuse me for God's sake?"

The day's work on board the "Asturias" begins at 5 a.m., when the cadets turn out, and does not end until 9.15 p.m. Of course the whole time is not taken up by studies. The latter are mostly carried on between the hours of 8 a.m. and 10 a.m., then from 11 until 12.30, and again from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. The remainder of the time is occupied either in studying practical subjects, or in private study, or in play. The cadets have a rather large field ashore, which is used for amusements and exercise, and where they also have a gymnasium. It is also their drill ground and the place where they practise pistol-shooting. On Sundays and fête days, Spanish cadets are allowed ashore for some hours, either in the morning or the afternoon, according to the season of the year; and those among them who have friends or relatives in or near Ferrol may be allowed to spend one Sunday a month with them. On any of these occasions the cadets are taken ashore by a petty officer and marched to a certain place, where they are dismissed, and where they have to assemble again by a certain hour, so as to return to the ship in a body.



The Training-ship "Asturias."

At the end of the course a general examination takes place, and includes all subjects taught on board, whether literary, scientific, or practical. If this examination is passed satisfactorily, the cadet at once becomes a Guardia Marina, that is, a full-blown midshipman, and previously to his embarkation he is granted forty days' leave. At the expiration of that time he joins the corvette "Nautilus," in which he will henceforth devote the greater portion of his time to seamanship, nautical astronomy, physical geography of the sea, and hydrographic surveying. It is hardly necessary to say that the "Nautilus" has a large staff of instructors. The young officers spend twelve months on board that vessel, which is a sailing craft without any auxiliary engine, as it has been thought better, for the purpose to which this vessel is employed, to depend entirely on canvas. After that first year of sea service, the young Spanish midshipmen are sent to other vessels of the Fleet, and as much as possible to those forming part of a squadron. It is only from that time that Spanish officers begin in real earnest their duties as officers. It is also the time when they enter upon the study of Naval tactics and torpedoes.

At the end of another twelve months they undergo a further examination in the subjects which have formed their principal studies since they left the training-ship "Asturias," such, for instance, as navigation, steam, the use of ordnance and torpedoes; in short, the numerous things a Naval officer must of necessity learn so as to discharge his duties on board a vessel in as efficient a manner as possible. After this they spend the next eight months of their third year in the service of the Fleet, in further improving themselves, and at the end of that period they are once more sent to Ferrol, in order to attend a special course of lectures in the Naval school, in all the subjects of the examination they will have to pass at the termination of the third year. This—the last examination—is held on board the "Asturias," and comprises navigation, applied mechanics, steam-engines, seamanship, both practical and theoretical, also ballistics, ordnance, Naval tactics, and also French and English. This examination is the most important of all to the young officers, since it determines their seniority in the new rank they are now advanced to, that of Alférez de Navio, or sub-lieutenant. After this they are sent to Cartagena for a period of nine months to study in the torpedo school, or, as some say, to spend that time ashore as pleasantly as possible—a thing which is not very difficult in Cartagena. The advisability of such a prolonged absence from the sea may be questioned, especially as it takes place so soon after the young officers have entered upon their career, and it may also be doubted whether it is calculated to give them a greater liking for it, for, after all said and done, one is only too much inclined to get weary of the monotony of sea life; and if it is true that a sailor soon gets over sea-sickness, it is equally true that few, very few indeed, are those who, after a few years spent afloat, are not heartily sick of the sea. It is very fine for novelists and poets to tell us that it is not so, and that the beauties of a sea life grow upon us day by day, but this is far from being my experience, and most novelists and poets draw a great deal more upon imagination than upon bare facts. They are like enthusiastic young sailors who long for storms and hurricanes.

However, storms and tempests have a very quieting effect on the imagination, and are apt to damp our enthusiasm and to make us prefer fair weather to anything else. This is indeed the case with all who have seen a good deal of the sea, and I for one prefer a fine day to cross the Channel to a boisterous one, which I hope novelists and poets may enjoy when they take a trip across the Channel. Hence my doubts as to the advisability of keeping the young Spanish officers so long ashore to study things which, in my humble opinion, they would, in great part at least, study equally well at sea.

As in other Navies, various certificates of proficiency in certain subjects can be granted to Alféreces de Navio and to lieutenants. Those certificates are only obtained after certain examinations; and in order that Spanish officers wishing to obtain them may have the means of studying the subjects, those who desire to do so are sent to the Academia de Ampliacon, which is a higher Naval school established in San Fernando. It is possible for a Spanish officer to obtain a certificate not only in gunnery and torpedoes, but also to become qualified as a Naval constructor, as an engineer, or as a hydrographer.

Such are the leading features of a system of training which, though good enough in itself, has failed to provide Spain with a Navy adequate to her wants, simply because she is too poor to give her officers and sailors proper ships, and the means of putting into practice the knowledge they possess. Spain cannot afford to spend much in ammunition, neither can she throw away money on new guns and modern vessels. This state of things will endure in Spain until her finances are in a better condition; till then, and not till then, will all her efforts be vain, and will her Navy remain in the inefficient state in which it has so long been, a state of inefficiency, be it plainly said, which is solely due to pecuniary causes, and not in any way to the inferiority of the sailors of Spain.

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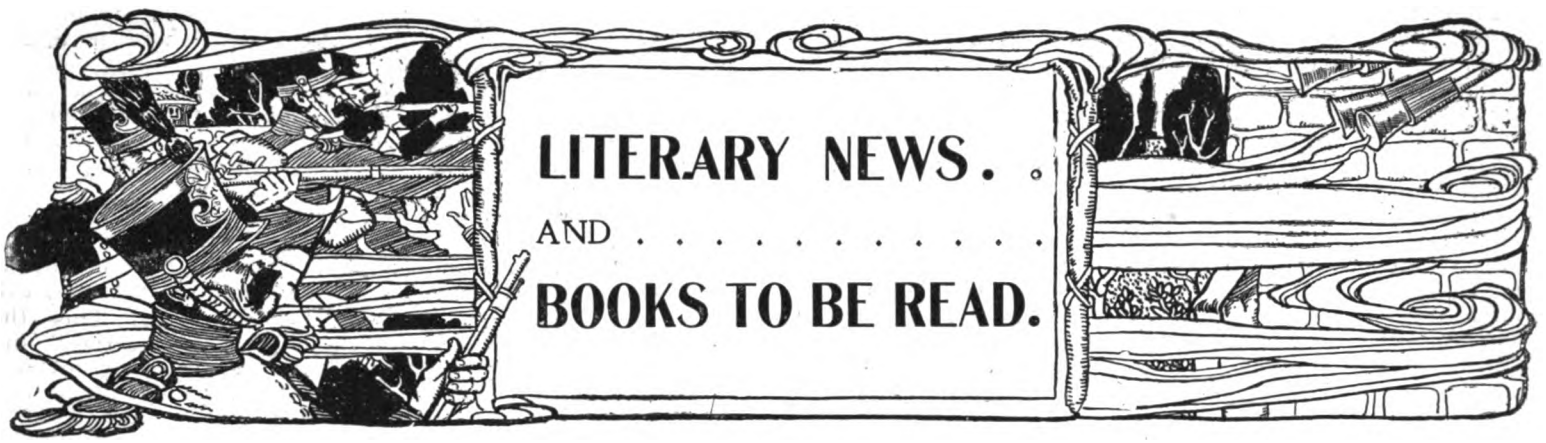

"THE 'Maine': An Account of Her Destruction in Havana Harbour" (Unwin), is a volume very remarkable from several points of view. Among the many disasters that have befallen war-ships, that which overtook the "Maine" will always be remarkable, both on account of the magnitude of the misfortune, and of the special circumstances that surrounded it. That disaster, to use the word of the gallant author of this volume, was the "pivotal" cause of the war between the United States and Spain. Captain Sigsbee has written a volume that is both pleasant and painful to read—pleasant because of the spirit in which it has been penned, and painful because of the horror of the tragedy it records. "None can ever know the awful scenes of consternation, despair, and suffering down in the forward compartments of the stricken ship; of men wounded or drowning in the swirl of water, or confined in a closed compartment slowly filling with water," writes Captain Sigsbee, and it is easy to see that he has written this book under the shadow of the tragedy. Yet he writes in high admiration of the Spaniards he met at Havana. On every hand they rendered to the Americans the uttermost of official courtesy, and they did so with the dignity and grace of manner which are characteristic of their nation. General Parrado was kindness itself; General Blanco was the embodiment of courtesy. He excused himself from visiting the "Maine" in person, because, he said, of a decree prohibiting captains-general from going on board foreign men-of-war, which decree, it is interesting to learn, was issued on the occasion of a certain captain-general being abducted when paying a visit on board a British war-ship. The Spanish officers were not only kind and courteous; they impressed Captain Sigsbee as being alert, intelligent, and well informed professionally, and, superficially at least, their vessels were admirable; though the shrewd observer could not entertain a doubt that in true discipline and character the Spanish Navy, ship for ship, was very inferior to the American.

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It would have been a pleasure to dwell upon Captain Sigsbee's account of his relations with the Spaniards, which it may be said generally were most cordial. There was extreme vigilance on board the "Maine," a quarter-deck watch being kept at night, the sentries supplied with ammunition, and a supply of shells for the guns being at hand; but Captain Sigsbee testifies that up to the very night of the explosion, nothing whatever occurred to show that extreme vigilance was necessary. Of the disaster itself he gives a very vivid picture, and he has collected many narratives of what occurred. His book is a speaking testimony to the high qualities, the fine conduct, and the real heroism of the officers and men of the "Maine" in that harrowing catastrophe. Melancholy are the details that follow, though once again it is pleasant to read of the gallant author's appreciation of the kindly sympathy and deep respect displayed by the Spaniards. In regard to the cause of the disaster, Captain Sigsbee is, of course, in accord with the American finding. He never entertained any doubt that the cause was without the ship and not within, and, although he is careful to guard himself against ascribing personal blame, he is at pains to show how a mine might have been laid underneath the ship. But Captain Sigsbee's book is more than a mere account of the great disaster. It is essentially, though without intention, a study of men and manners, and I regard it as a most interesting contribution to the history of the war. Here we see how passions were slowly stirred, and as if by some immutable law how the two countries were steadily tending to the breach. The whole narrative is full of instruction, and the book is one of great value. Embodying the complete findings of the American and Spanish Commissions, and much elucidatory matter, it is an excellent manual of its subject. The many illustrations and portraits add a great deal to the interest of a remarkably interesting volume.

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When the "Almirante Oquendo" arrived in Havana Harbour to join her sister the "Vizcaya," Captain Sigsbee thought them so much alike that a bead or moulding under the coat of arms at the stern, black in one and yellow in the other, was the striking distinction. Captain Eulate, smiling, found another; the "Vizcaya" had a silk flag and Galician bagpipers, while the "Oquendo" had not. Mr. Fred T. Jane would probably have discovered still other differences more significant to the trained eye. He is the keenest searcher after the distinctions between sister ships in England, and his "All the World's Fighting Ships," just issued by Messrs. Sampson Low in a new edition, is a monument of patient industry and careful comparison. The idea of the book is to convey information visually and at a glance. Ships are to be recognised by drawings cleverly made, which exaggerate slightly their salient features, and their strength and weakness are disclosed by a system of diagrams and notation. To recognise a ship when you meet her, to be acquainted with how she may treat you, and to have a knowledge of her vulnerable points—these are the things Mr. Jane endeavours successfully to teach. The resisting power of armour is reduced to a common denomination upon a system which has worked well in connection with Mr. Jane's Naval war game. There are many improvements in the book as compared with the issue of last year, and it has growing utility. Next year's volume will doubtless be better still. Now, in addition to the simple and useful notation of gun-powers, the calibre is also given, which, from the point of view of clearness, is an advantage. Again the pictorial index is considerably enlarged, and in many places I have discovered emendations, as well as a lapse here and there. The book appeals to Naval men all over the world, and, in his preface, Mr. Jane speaks to them in four languages. In his book there is little they will not understand, and here and there such a word as *Panzer-deck* or *Besatzung*, *Deplacement* or *Equipage*, will encourage them, though I have not discovered upon what principle foreign words and sentences are introduced in descriptions. The notes upon the Hispano-American War are excellent and practically informing. I have been surprised to find how completely the volume is up to date. Only an enthusiast could produce such a book, and Mr. Jane's enthusiasm is well directed. It is true that it is a comparatively easy matter to disguise a war-ship, and that many a wolf in sheep's clothing has appeared in the pages of Naval history, but, even in such cases, Mr. Jane will help towards recognition, and he gives good ground whence officers may work out their own conclusions. Besides, as he says, the recognition of vessels has its value in peace as much as in war.

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Although "Pharos the Egyptian," by Guy Boothby (Ward, Lock), may not have all the grip and character of fateful Dr. Nikola, it is still a capital story for those who love the mysterious. Mr. Rider Haggard, in what I may call his "potsherd" vein, set the pattern for books such as this. A very ingenious idea furnishes the plot of the story. The spirit of incarnate wickedness is in it, in the person of Pharos, no other than Ptahmes the prophet, whom Pharaoh sought to kill, but who lives in the world, through successive avatars, or perhaps in continuous existence, breathing the breath of pestilence, and working with fiendish malevolence his diabolic will. The strange figure casting his gloomy spell upon men and women of the world gives a new sensation, and if, as one critic has said, Mr. Boothby here "out-Boothbies himself," his admirers will like the book all the more. Extravagance is forgiven where the merit of attraction prevails.

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Among the many achievements of Englishmen, Sir Walter Gilbey rightly singles out the creation—if the word may be permitted—of two very distinct classes of horses, the race-horse and the heavy draught-horse. Few, perhaps, remember that the huge and heavy-shouldered animal which drags the plough or the van is the direct descendant of the great horse upon which our mail-clad ancestors rode to victory. "The Great Horse" by Sir Walter Gilbey (Vinton) is a demonstration of the fact, and, at the same time, contains an excellent account of the characteristics of the breed, with suggestions for care and judgment in its development. So much interest was evoked by the first edition of the book that a new edition has just been called for.

* * * *

The illness of Mr. Kipling has aroused fresh interest in his works, and introduced them to the submerged class which knows not the movements of literature or of intellectual thought. The multitude may now have "Departmental Ditties" (Newnes) at the price of sixpence, which is truly a marvel, and it is chiefly to the multitude that these ditties appeal.

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I have been asked to draw attention to the work and proposals of the Society of St. George, which I do gladly, for the idea is patriotic and sound. The Irishman may don his shamrock, the "brither Scot" his thistle, and the Welshman his leek each upon a particular day of memory, but where is the Englishman's festival. "St. George for merrie England!" has been many a time the cry, and the Society of St. George aims to make it so again upon St. George's Day, which was also the birth and death day of Shakespeare. To encourage patriotism, distribute patriotic literature, supply decorative devices, quotations, and loyal proverbs to schools and places of public resort, seems an excellent idea. Money must be needed, and subscriptions are asked for, but I do not know what force or influence is behind the society. Perhaps the secretary will soon be able to name a committee.

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Among many magazines that have reached me, I shall now name only the *Portmuthian*, or organ of the Portsmouth Grammar School, and this because many young Naval and Military officers have received their early training in that "Dilecta Schola." In fact, the new issue has quite imposing Navy and Army lists composed of "old boys." It is surprising, indeed, to find how widely the school is represented in the Navy among executive, engineer, accountant, and medical officers, and in a less degree in the Army. A very amusing, and, to "old boys" at least, interesting magazine does the school put forth.

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My readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's novel, "Fortune's my Foe," which lately ran serially in these columns, is now to make its appearance in a day or so in volume form. It will be published in London by Pearson and Co.; in the United States by Appleton and Co.; and also in the well-known colonial edition of Methuen and Co.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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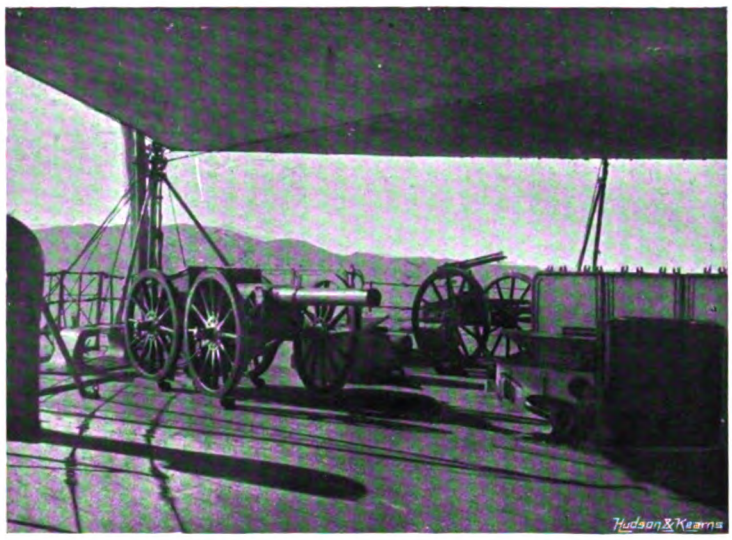
Mems. from Malta.

A LETTER FROM A MIDSHIPMAN.

Malta.

MY DEAR FATHER,—There is no news beyond the usual Malta round of polo, dances, etc., so I am going to spin out this letter with a yarn about the enclosed photographs, showing something of life in "the Queen's Navee."

In the first one we have the officer of the watch, midshipman of the watch, and "No. 1"—the first lieutenant—the two former with the badge of office on in the shape of sword-belts, though wearing anything but a quarter-deck aspect on their faces. However, a camera in the hands of an amateur is a privileged occasion, or "enough to make a cat laugh," as that chap used to say at Earl's Court as he exhibited his funny walking-elephant toys.

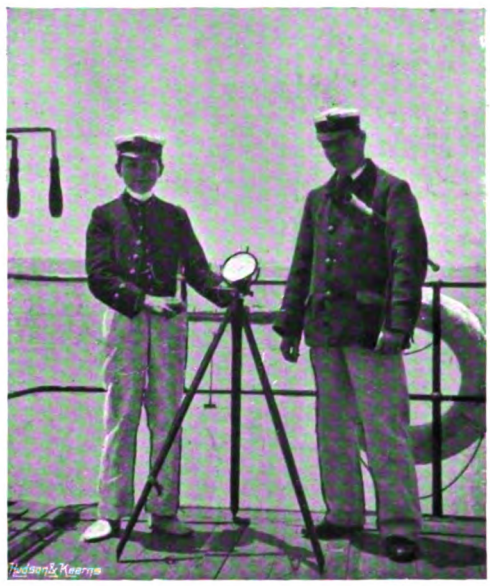


QUARTER-DECK ORNAMENTS.

You will find the second photograph rather a contrast. It was taken immediately afterwards, and as it is "the dinner hour," many men have availed themselves of their freedom to sleep—or "caulk," as we call it—after their meal. I could not help thinking of the contrast to the real caulking when the Maltese dockyard "maties" were filling in the seams between the planks of this deck with fresh pitch and oakum. It was one incessant jabber, and I think they must be born politicians by the way they settled down to argument. The guns pointing so ominously over the men's heads are our 12-in. barbette guns. If they had been fired then all the men would have been killed, stunned, or deafened by the rush of air.

HAVING THEIR PHOTOS TAKEN.

The next photograph shows the "Cæsar" with some of the external decorations of a man-of-war on Christmas Day, in the shape of evergreens at the yardarms and mastheads. Like all the other photographs, this one was taken at Malta, and it also brings in the entrance of the harbour. The men decorated their messes very prettily at Christmas, and we had the usual round of officers preceded by a band, while the men offered us dishes in which plum-pudding naturally predominated. One of the lieutenants told me that Christmas Day not ten years ago used to be a rowdy affair, and the men sometimes carried the officers round on their shoulders. It is quite another story now, and Christmas rowdyism, like Father Neptune's christenings on crossing the line, has died out. I told you that we play at soldiers once a week. Well, one photograph shows a 12-pounder field-gun and Maxim on carriages for landing on these occasions. The 12-pounders are very ornamental, being finely burnished, etc., but I wish during peace-time we could have the old 9-pounder muzzle-loaders that the Bluejackets chucked about so splendidly at the Agricultural Hall. I know nothing so good as that sight of them running away with all the parts and then recapturing the gun, building it up and firing it at the retreating enemy in a few seconds. But the 12-pounder weighs 8-cwt. and its carriage nearly as much, and this with its fittings will not let it stand much rough usage.

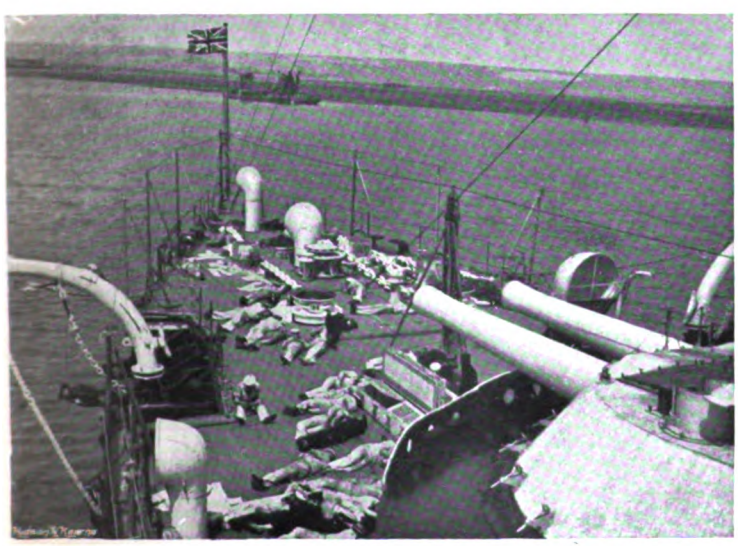


THE USE OF THE HELIOGRAPH.

My last photograph is of a signal midshipman heliographing, with the chief yeoman of signals standing by. Of course, it requires a sunny day, so that the mirrors catch the rays of light.

With love to all,

Your affectionate son, NED.



From Photos.

TAKING A "CAULK."

THE "CÆSAR" AT ANCHOR.

By a Naval Officer.

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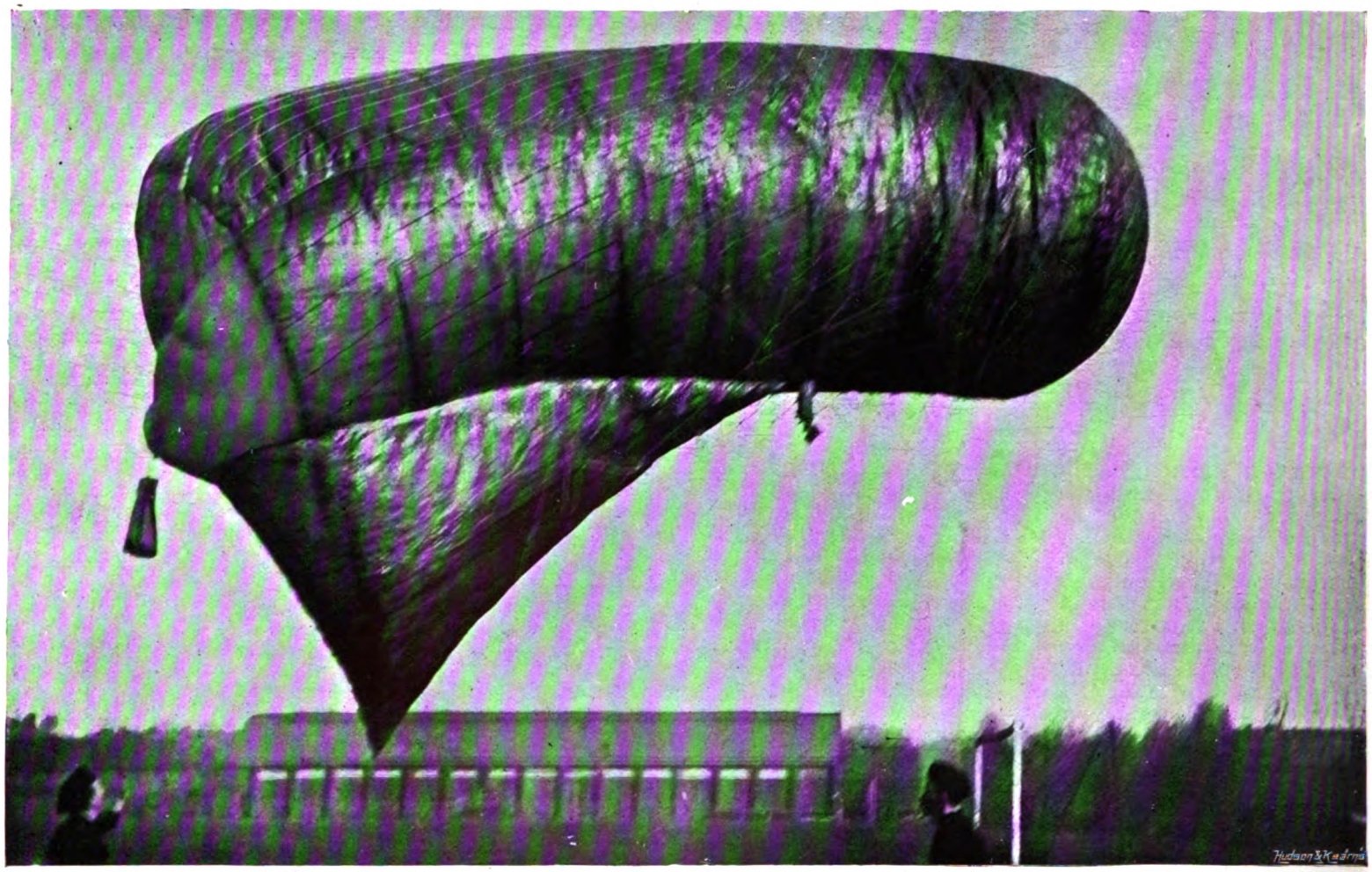

GIVING THE NEW BALLOON A TRIAL TRIP.

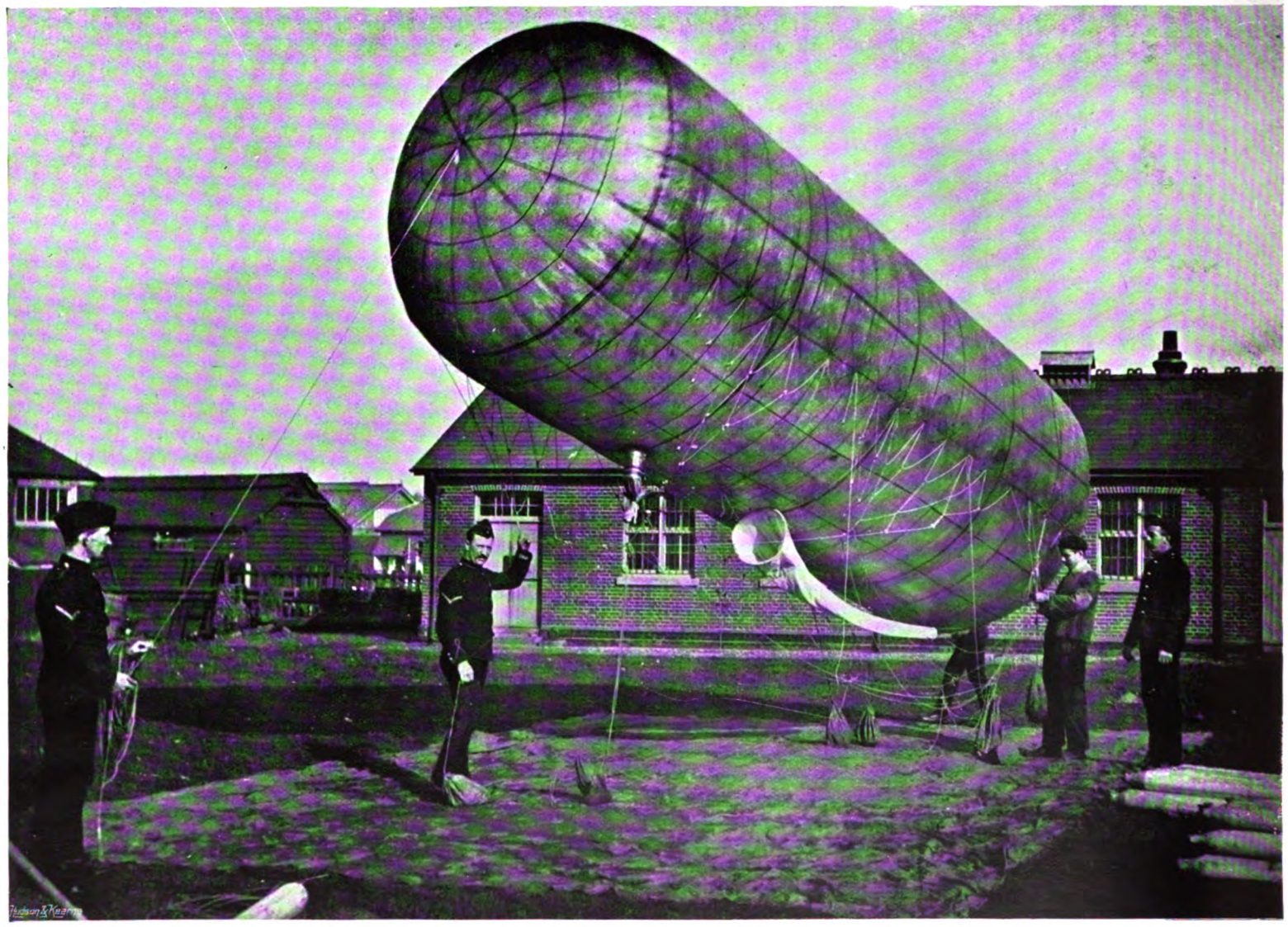

Photo: C. Knight. Copyright.

THE NEW MILITARY BALLOON AT ALDERSHOT.

Military ballooning has for many years been recognised by the chief continental nations as an important branch of the science of war, but it is only, comparatively speaking, within the last few years that the balloon has been seriously considered in the British Army. Experiments have been chiefly made at the School of Military Ballooning, Aldershot, where experiments are now being carried on with a new type of balloon, evidently copied from that used in the German Army, of which we gave some illustrations in a former issue.

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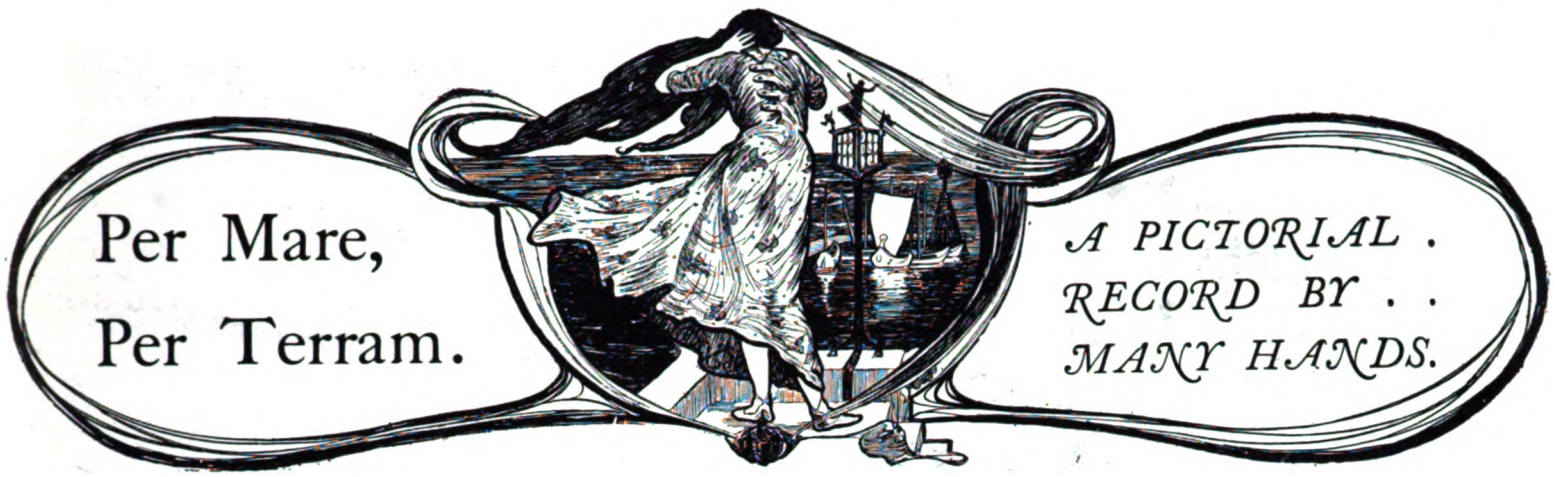

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer
REAR-ADMIRAL A L. DOUGLAS.

THERE is no better setting for the picture of an admiral than the deck of his flag-ship, and here we have the admiral who has lately loomed largest to the great B.P. so setted. Admiral Douglas was just the man for a crisis like that which he has so satisfactorily settled, for he learnt his work of bearing "the white man's burden" at his start in the Service. Away back in the sixties, as a junior officer in the "Arrogant," he served in all the engagements of her boats, and with the Naval Brigade, up the Congo and Gambia during her commission. As "Gunnery Jack" of the "Aurora" he was told off to command a gun-boat on the Canadian lakes during the Fenian invasion—a big word for a ridiculously abortive attempt—of 1866. A smart gunnery officer, he was selected for senior staff officer of the "Cambridge," the Gunnery School at Devonport, a postion he occupied for three and a-half years. Then he was switched on, in 1872, to teach the Channel and Reserve Squadrons how to use the Harvey torpedo, the towing torpedo that was the forerunner of the present automobile weapon. When Japan asked our Admiralty to send them an instructor for their Navy, Captain Douglas was the man whom the Admiralty selected, and for two years he served as Director of the Naval College at Yedo, his services there earning for him the thanks of the Emperor of Japan, and also the strongly-expressed approval of our own Admiralty. As captain of the "Serapis" he earned the Egyptian medal and star for the operations in 1884, and then again came back to administrative work, to serve on the Ordnance Committee for four years—from 1887 to 1890. In 1893 he gained his well-earned aiguillettes as an aide-de-camp to the Queen, and last year was appointed to the command of the East Indian station.

THE position of a judge of assize is one of no small dignity. As far back as the reign of the monarch from whom we squeezed the Magna Charta the observance of *assisæ venalium* was enforced. To-day "assizes" means the periodical session of the judges of the superior courts held in the various counties of England for the purposes of "gaol delivery," *i.e.*, the trying of criminal cases and ordinary common law trials.

An important work of Her Majesty's judges is this, and as such it entitles them to a guard of honour. Our illustration shows the guard of honour of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry which escorted Her Majesty's judges at Mullingar.

THE French cruiser we here reproduce is a wood-built ship, the "Nielly," which has just gone out to reinforce their squadron on the East Indian station. A smart, stately-

Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.
THE FRENCH CRUISER "NIELLY."

looking craft, but absolutely out of date both in construction and type, she bears one of the most historic names in the French Naval Service, for she is the godchild of the admiral who was third in command to Villaret de Joyeuse when the French were so wofully beaten on the great First of June, 1794.

He was also the hero who captured our line-of-battle ship the "Alexander," a few months later, only to be retaken almost immediately by her original owners, at the battle of L'Orient, on June 23, 1795.

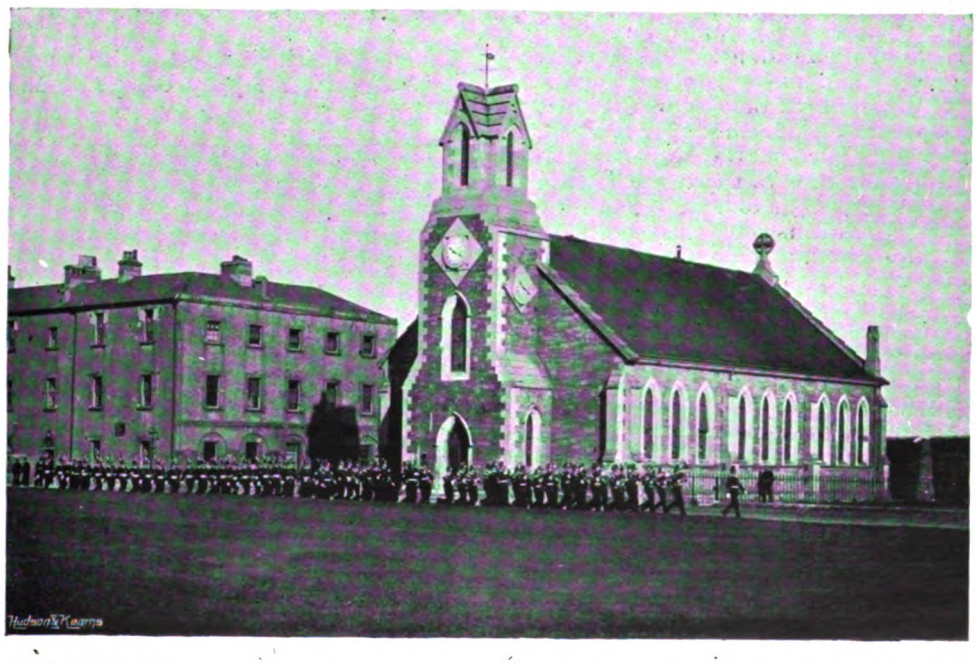

Photo. J. Easden. Copyright.
A JUDICIAL GUARD OF HONOUR.

IMAGINE yourself standing on the upper deck of the "Powerful" and looking down on the lighters below, and you will form some idea of how coaling is effected in a big war-ship.

Throw into your mental picture a realisation of the quantity of material that has to be not only got in-board, but stowed away down in the bowels of the ship; grasp in your conception of the whole a full idea of the physical energy that has to be expended in getting the mass in-board, and then you will have got some

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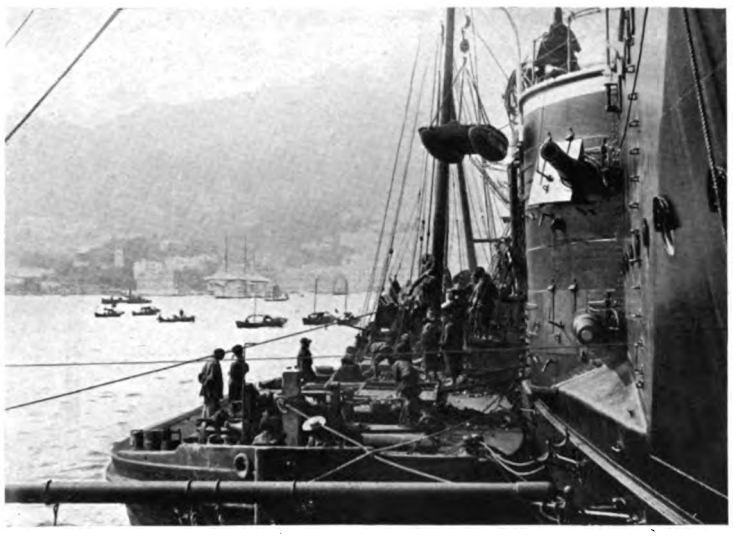

Photo H. Sharp *LIGHTER AND JUNKS ALONGSIDE.* Copyright.

idea of what coaling a big ship means. Our illustrations show the method of getting coal on board in the Far Eastern waters. At home Jack does the bulk of the work, but out there it is different.

It would not only be injudicious, but bad economy, to risk the health of men on whom the taxpayer has spent a lot of money in training, by exposing them to continuous and excessive hard work under tropical conditions. Moreover, it can be done far better by employing local labour, which is cheap, acclimatised, and hungering for the job. Our pictures show the work as being carried out at Hong Kong, the ship coaling being the largest cruiser in the world—the "Powerful."

Before being placed on board ship, the coal is weighed into lighters by a gang of coolies at the "Godowns"—the universal name in the East for a store—at the Naval Yard, or belonging to the contractor. This operation is attended to by an engineer, or other officer from the ship, in charge of a party who check and weigh the amounts, so that there can be no mistake as to the quantity supplied. The coal-lighters, which vary from fifteen to fifty tons in capacity, and are sometimes even larger, are specially constructed for the purpose. Occasionally junks are hired and used, as shown in one of our illustrations. The number of lighters which can lie alongside and unload together must of course depend on the size of the lighters, the size of the ship, and the number of coaling ports with which the latter is fitted. Stages are rigged from the coaling ports in the ship's side to the deck of the lighter, at sufficient intervals to make it easy to pass the coal in baskets from one stage to another, and the method in which this is done is well illustrated in the first of our pictures. The baskets are small, and do not hold more than from 30lb. to 40lb. of coal. Two coolies are stationed on each stage, and these pass the baskets from the hold of the lighter to the deck of the ship, whence they are taken to the coal-shoots, and their contents tipped into the bunkers. When shot down into the bunkers the work is by no means completed, for the coal has yet to be "trimmed." This work is done, of course, by the ship's own men, and in doing it the stokers have always a disagreeable, and not seldom a dangerous, task. The men have as they stow to shovel their way along and out of the bunkers. For the greater part of their time they are working lying on their stomachs in an atmosphere heated beyond the normal, stifling to a degree, and impregnated with coal dust In coaling, the stokers get the brunt of the work, but the Bluejackets also do their share. They have to see to the securing and shifting of the lighters, and to aid the coolies in the transporting of the coal along the deck and shooting it down the coal-shoots. All hands, as is always the way in the Navy, work with a will, and, when necessity demands, stowage can be very rapid. In fact, ships vie with one another in rapidity of coaling, and are proud to show more tons in an hour than a previous record. A big ship like the "Powerful" would work in 2,000 tons in a day, and think nothing of it.

Photo. H. Sharp. *COALING IN THE FAR EAST.* Copyright.

A CURIOUS incident, which seems worth relating, occurred on board the British man-of-war acting as guard-ship during a previous visit of the Queen to the South of France. One day two small boys from a neighbouring village arrived on board with a letter for the commanding officer, to which they desired an immediate reply. Its contents were so curious that they brought the commander up on deck to see the writers. The letter, written on a leaf torn from a copy-book, ran thus:

"Monsieur le Commandant,—Nous voudrions savoir si M. le Commandant der croiseur Anglais ne pourrait pas nous faire embarquer à son bord, comme aspirants.

"Monsieur, si vous nous acceptiez vous nous rendriez un fier service, digne de vous servir très-fidèlement, en même temps nous vous serons très-reconnaissants. En cas où vous ne pourriez pas nous faire accepter est-ce que si nous demandions à S. M. la reine d'Angleterre est-ce qu'elle nous ferait embarquer soit à votre bord, soit alors sur son yacht ou bien encore est-ce que nous pourrions être ses serviteurs, la servir très-fidèlement et faire partie aussi de la Maison Royale, et lui être tout dévoué à sa personne. Oh, Monsieur, faites tout votre possible pour nous accepter et nous vous serons très-reconnaissants. En attendant veuillez agréer, Monsieur, nos sentiments respectueux et reconnaissants.

"Vos serviteurs tout dévoués,
"Marc —— et Jean ——.
"Agés chacun de 15 et 16 ans.
"Vive l'Angleterre.
"Vive la Reine.
"Vive le Commandant du croiseur."

Poor little fellows in shiny black linen blouses! How bitterly were they disappointed to find that there was not the remotest chance of their being received as midshipmen on board the cruiser, nor yet on board the Royal Yacht, nor yet of becoming faithful and devoted servants in the Queen's Household.

The commander, pitying them sincerely, sent them down to the ward-room to drink the Queen's health before going ashore again. When they left the ship it was with wistful eyes and heavy hearts.

THERE is no keener football regiment in the Service than the 2nd Lincoln, and its interest in the game is kept very much alive by the inter-company competitions for the very handsome

Photo. J Wade. Copyright.
CHAMPION COMPANY TEAM OF THE LINCOLNS.

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A HANDSOME TROPHY.

shield presented by the officers of the battalion. The team shown in our illustration is the crack company team in the regiment. It won the shield in 1896, in 1897, and in 1898, this last year scoring in the ties twenty goals to love.

During the last three years the team has never been defeated, and has only had three goals scored against it in the championship competitions during that period.

The team is captained by Second Lieutenant Johnson, the officer in the white jersey seated in the front.

THE shield shown above has recently been presented to the sergeants' mess of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade (Edinburgh), which regiment forms the first three volunteer battalions of the Royal Scots. The donor is Colour-Sergeant John Lessels with some friends, and it is given as an inter-company tournament trophy for competition between sergeants of companies.

The shield itself is made from a piece of old oak taken from one of the ancient houses lately demolished in the Lawn Market of Edinburgh. The whole is, as will be seen, most handsomely mounted in silver. The centre panel bears the City of Edinburgh arms, and below is the inscription. On the friezed silver plate surrounding is, in raised Gothic letters, the full title of the regiment, and on one side is the badge of the Queen's Brigade, and on the other the badge of the Royal Scots. Embossed on the outer panel are twenty silver bosses, to be in due course engraved with the names of the winning teams. The trophy was designed and made by Mr. Cassie, jeweller, of 2, Bristo Street, Edinburgh, the quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment.

THAT fine cruiser the "Gibraltar" has just paid off after a long and eventful commission. On January 14, 1896, she first commissioned under Captain Royle, D.S.O., to form part of Admiral Dale's Particular Service Squadron. On the dispersal of the squadron, and after a period of cruising round the Coast of Ireland, the "Gibraltar" was sent to strengthen the Mediterranean Squadron.

In 1897, when there was trouble in Zanzibar, the "Gibraltar" was sent to the East Coast of Africa, where she remained for six months, returning again to the Mediterranean, where she completed her commission as a unit of that squadron. One of our illustrations represents the very beautiful tablet erected by the ship's company in memory of their comrades who died during the commission.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY THE SHIPS COMPANY OF HMS GIBRALTAR IN MEMORY OF THEIR SHIP-MATES WHO DIED DURING THE COMMISSION COMMENCING JAN 14 1896 ENDING MAR 10 1899
ALFRED BALFOUR
JOHN COLLINS
JAMES WALSH
WILLIAM B RYMER
ARTHUR MOXLEY
CHARLES HAMBLY
JOSEPH JUDD
ALBERT W ROCH
WILLIAM M DONALD
ALBERT H WILLIAMS
ARCHIBALD GRAY
ALFRED T TICKER
WILLIAM HORRITT

Photo Russell & Sons. Copyright.

IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED COMRADES.

The Castle and Key above the inscription is, with its motto "Montis Insignia Calpe," the insignia of the fortress from which the ship takes its name, and was granted to the "Rock" by Henry IV. of Castile in 1462, after its capture from the Moorish King of Grenada. The ship herself is shown in the other picture, and it will be noticed that she is flying the paying-off pennant. Every ship on paying off flies this pennant, and the pride of the ship is to have it as long as possible. In this case the "Gibraltar" must have run pretty near to a record, for her pennant was 800-ft. long.

From a Photo *GENERAL AND STAFF OF QUETTA DISTRICT.* By a Military Officer.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GALBRAITH, who is shortly about to vacate the command of our most Western Frontier district in India, that of Quetta in Baluchistan, is an officer who has seen long and arduous Frontier service. He joined the Service as far back as 1855, obtained his captaincy ten years later, and was promoted major in 1877, thus putting in twenty-two years' service before attaining that rank. Then his chance first came to him in his appointment as assistant-adjutant-general to "Bobs," who commanded the Kurram Division. In his memoirs Lord Roberts says of him: "Major Galbraith, the assistant-adjutant-general, though new to the work, proved exceptionally good." At the Peiwar Kotal, where he specially distinguished himself and earned mention in despatches, he had a very narrow escape.

Attacked by a powerful Pathan, Major Galbraith threw up the man's

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "GIBRALTAR."

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

SIR W. GALBRAITH, K.C.B.

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rifle and attempted to shoot him, but his revolver jammed or missed fire. Luckily Captain Cook came to his aid and saved his life, thus earning a well-merited Victoria Cross. Later he served in the operations carried on in the Hariab and Khost Valleys, in the engagement at Charasiab, where he again earned mention in despatches, and in the subsequent occupation of Cabul. With the 85th he served through the Zaimukht Expedition, and finally commanded a brigade in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, for which he received the C.B. Our first illustration represents Sir William surrounded by his staff, the officer on his left being his aide-de-camp, Captain Mallaby, of the Royal Engineers.

"AURORA" is one of the good old Service names now borne by a first-class cruiser which has recently commissioned for the China station. This "Aurora"

Photo. Copyright. H & K

THE 'AURORA" AT QUEBEC.

is the eighth since 1697, the first being a French 'Aurore' captured and brought into the Service in that year. It is, however, of her immediate predecessor, the seventh of her name, that our pictures are illustrative. She was a wood-built screw frigate carrying fifty-one guns, the heaviest being a 68-pounder, and was launched at Chatham in 1853. Her first commission was commenced on November 18, 1863, and she paid off at Plymouth on December 20, 1867. She was then commanded by Captain, now Admiral, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, the celebrated Arctic explorer and the discoverer of the fate of Sir John Franklin. All through 1864 she cruised North, visiting many places in Denmark and the Scandinavian Peninsula. In the January of the following year she sailed for Barbados, and spent the best part of the year cruising amongst the West Indies. The greater part of 1866, and till she sailed for England in November of 1867, was passed in Canadian waters. One of our illustrations shows her in that most picturesque of places, Quebec, where she passed two summers. The other gives one an excellent idea of the home of "Our Lady of the Snows," for it shows the "Aurora" in snug winter quarters at the mouth of the St. Charles river, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. And not uncomfortable quarters does she make as she lies there hutted in over her upper deck with her topmasts stowed

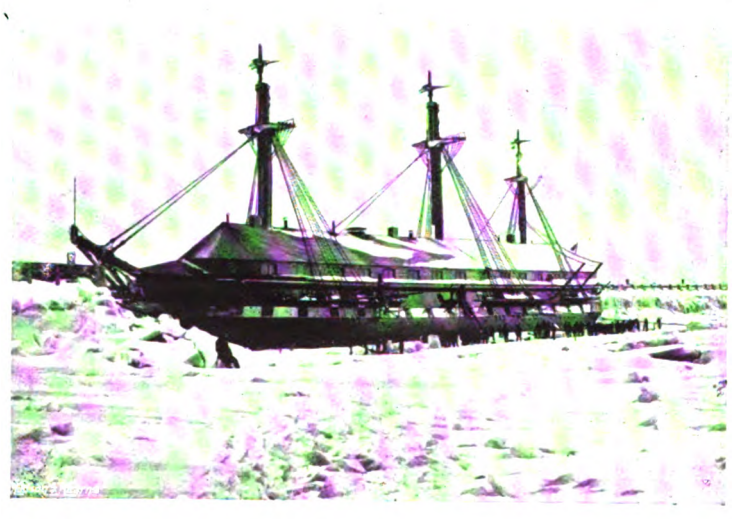

Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

SNUG WINTER QUARTERS.

Photo W. A Altree Copyright.

A NOBLE LANDMARK.

FORMING a grand landmark, there stands on Portsdown Hill, near Portsmouth, the monument to the hero of Trafalgar erected by those who served under him at that greatest of all battles. The inscription runs, "To the memory of Lord Viscount Nelson, by the zealous attachment of those who fought at Trafalgar, to perpetuate his triumphs and their regret, 1805. The British fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, of France and Spain thirty-three, nineteen of which were taken or destroyed." As the hill itself is 300-ft. high, and the obelisk another 150-ft., it is easy to realise how conspicuous an object it is to a ship approaching Spithead, either by St. Helen's or the Needles. The monument should be kept in repair, and if we mistake not, the Navy League, some time back, took the initiative in carrying out measures for this purpose, and in doing so they have done good work, for it would be not only a pity but a disgrace that an unique memorial of this description should be allowed to fall into disrepair.

A 25-TON GUN in a country road is not a common sight, and yet such might have been seen the other day in Yorkshire. The gun in question was sent by rail to Scarborough. On reaching that place it was unloaded and

Photo. F. Foxton. Copyright.

AN UNCOMMON OBJECT IN A ROAD.

placed on a gun-carriage, and a couple of traction engines commenced to drag it along the road to the Artillery barracks. The road being in bad condition, the great bulk sank so deeply immediately after the start that it took three hours to get it out. When it had reached the spot depicted in our illustration —where the road was extra bad—it again sank so deeply that all efforts to move it were unavailing. Like Kipling's elephant in the pass, it completely blocked the whole thoroughfare, and for two days the gun was entire master of the position. At last, after dint of terrific hard work, the inanimate monster allowed itself to be persuaded to move, and it was eventually hauled to the gates of the barracks, but not before the services of three traction engines had been brought into requisition. The engines were blocked in the road with heavy chains and great baulks of timber, and by means of their haulage apparatus they dragged the gun up, along a platform of stout planks which had been laid across the roadway. Even with all this power at work, however, it was only possible to move the gun a few feet at a time. Wire ropes snapped like thread several times, and it was lucky no casualties occurred. Altogether the job must have proved an unremunerative one for the contractor, who undertook for a fixed sum to convey the gun from the station to the barracks.

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The Public Schools Field Day.

[FROM A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.]

THE cadets belonging to no fewer than twenty-four of our large public schools recently visited Aldershot, to engage in their annual spring field day. As far as weather was concerned, the cadets had no reason to complain, but disappointment was expressed on all sides owing to the small number of regular troops told off to take part in the exercises. To each side was attached one battery of regular Artillery and one troop of regular cavalry only. The battle was, therefore, left to be decided by two rival forces practically composed of cadets.

Photo. Cummings. *ETON STANDS EASY.* Copyright.

Although the lads were naturally disappointed at the absence of the "real Mackay" in large numbers, it is open to doubt whether more good did not result to the cadets themselves than in former years. When large bodies of regulars are detailed to take part in the operations, a great part of the work is naturally placed upon their shoulders, and the cadets are, figuratively speaking, robbed of much military glory.

Phtoo Cummings. *HARROW MARCHING TO THE RENDEZVOUS.* Copyright.

This is, in our opinion, a disadvantage, and there is much to be said for the new order of things, which leaves the infantry part of the battle at least entirely in the hands of the young soldiers.

When the Duke of Connaught commanded at Aldershot these Public School Field Days were operations of a much more extensive nature; but the Duke was greatly interested in the military training of our rising generation, and, it may be, attached more importance to it than does Sir Redvers Buller.

Be that as it may, on the last occasion the march past was also dispensed with, and the men of ten years hence went home somewhat disappointed that they had come so far to do so little.

Despite the changes, however, which have come with the new *régime*, there were, no doubt, many valuable lessons to be learned from the scheme worked out by the two forces. The area of operations was more or less confined to the Fox Hills, in the country between Brookwood, Ash, Frimley, and Pirbright, a tract of land for which all of us who have, so to speak, "graduated" at Aldershot have a tender regard. No matter if its very name recalls advancing and retiring to an abnormal extent, our affections in some mysterious way seem interwoven with it, especially when compelled to spend the hot weather in some station, little to our liking. It is then that we long for the once-despised Aldershot, with its myriads of "brass huts," orders, and reports. But to return to our muttons, or, to be strictly correct, to our cadets.

There were present in all some 3,000 of all ranks, besides the regular troops, and these were, after the manner of field days, divided into an Eastern and Western Force. The general idea—which always seems an item of such little importance to the subaltern, and such a weighty consideration to the battalion commander—informed the belligerents that the

Photo. Fry. *CHARTERHOUSE AWAITS ORDERS.* Copyright.

Photo. Fry. *HAILEYBURY OPENS FIRE.* Copyright.

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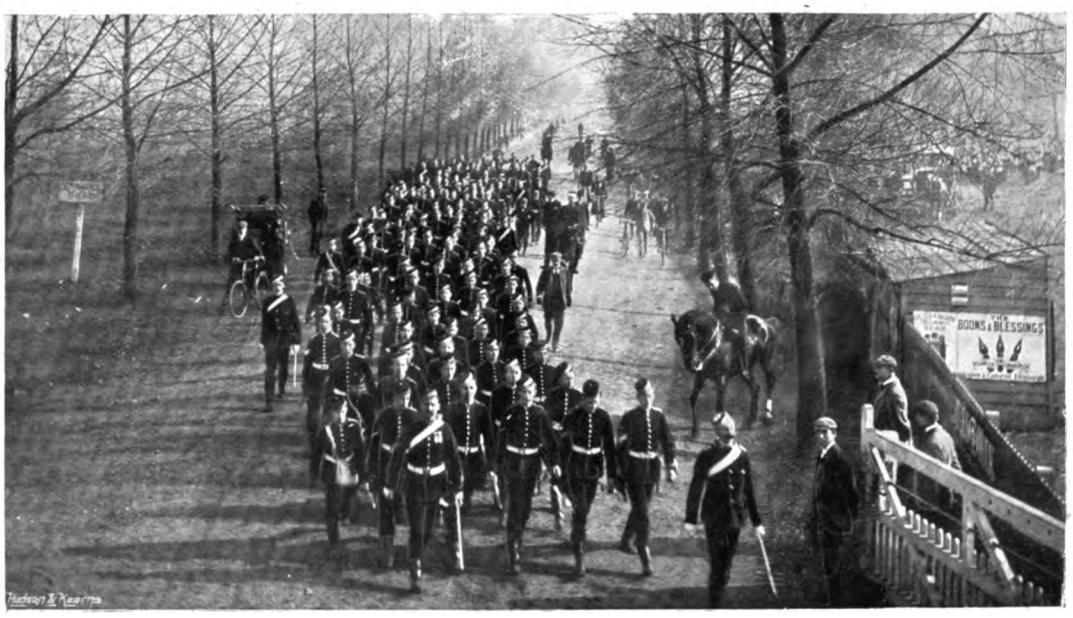

Photo. Fry. MALVERN—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME." Copyright.

Photo. Fry. BRADFIELD AND CLIFTON—"HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE." Copyright.

Western Force was falling back on the line Farnham Crondall, pursued by the Eastern Force; on the face of it an uncomfortable position for the former.

Each force consisted of two provisional battalions, composed of public school corps, together with the regular troops already mentioned. To Lieutenant-Colonel Gallwey, 2nd Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry, was entrusted the command of the pursuing force. The brigade consisted of the 1st Battalion, including the Eton and Harrow contingents, some 800 strong, under Major Lowry, and the 2nd Battalion, under Major A. S. Duff, 2nd Battalion the Black Watch, numbering 700 of all ranks. Colonel S. M. Bullock, 2nd Battalion Devonshire Regiment, commanded the retiring force, and this consisted of the 3rd Battalion, about 800 strong, under Major W. S. Burrell, 2nd Battalion the Queen's, and included detachments from Tonbridge, Cheltenham, Clifton, Hurstpierpoint, Bradfield, and Winchester; and the 4th Battalion, numbering some 650 cadets, under Major H. T. Hicks, 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and comprising the Malvern, Charterhouse, Marlborough, Wellington, and Eastbourne corps.

The duties of umpire-in-chief were performed by Major-General Barnard, and he was assisted by Major Hutton, Lancashire Fusiliers, Major Strong, Scottish Rifles, Major McLaughlin and Major Foster, both of the Royal Artillery.

The cavalry of the Western Force, together with the 4th Battalion, formed part of a rear guard moving from Rudge Hill towards Ash. The battery of Artillery and No. 3 Battalion were assembled at Great Bottom Flash. When the advance commenced it was apparent that the Western Force was not easily to be forced back, and took every advantage of the natural features to delay the advance of the pursuing troops.

However, the Eastern Force boldly advanced, covered by its Artillery, who had, like that of the enemy, come into action, and the Western Force gradually fell back, until the "cease fire" was sounded at Scrap Hill, and another battle had been lost and won. The troops afterwards rendezvoused at Great Flash Bottom and Aldershot North Station, where two separate attacks were made simultaneously on the viands, and as one of our illustrations proves, neither side attempted to retreat. The other pictures depict the troops both before and after the battle. The Haileybury Corps is especially deserving of attention, presenting as it does an uncommonly smart appearance in the line of attack.

Photo. Cummings. RUGBY ON THE MARCH. Copyright.

Photo. Fry. EASTBOURNE AT "ATTENTION." Copyright.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 9, 1868.—Defeat of Abyssinians by Sir Robert Napier, at Arogee, a few miles outside Magdala.

April 10, 1814.—Defeat of French under Marshal Soult by British army under the Marquis of Wellington, at Toulouse. The loss of the allies was 5,000 men, that of the French 3,600.

April 11, 1812.—Cavalry action in which Sir Stapleton Cotton, afterwards Viscount Combermere, defeated a French cavalry division, chasing them for four miles, the French losing, besides 100 killed and wounded, four officers, and 142 men captured. Our loss was fifty-six of all ranks. The 5th Dragoon Guards particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion. This action was fought near Llerenais, commonly called Usagre.

April 12, 1858.—Pursuit of rebels from Manihar, by Major-General Lugard, who captured two guns.

April 13, 1868.—Magdala stormed and captured from the Abyssinians, by Sir Robert Napier, created for this achievement Lord Napier of Magdala.

April 14, 1814.—Sortie from Bayonne, in which the French inflicted a loss on the British troops, and Sir John Hope was wounded and taken prisoner, and 150 killed, 457 wounded, and 236 missing. The loss of the French was somewhat greater. The Governor of Bayonne was General Thouvenot. This was the last engagement of the Peninsular War.

April 15, 1793.—The Island of Tobago surrendered by the French to Major-General Cuyler. Lieutenant-Colonel Montedi commanded the French.

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APRIL 9, 1709.—Capture of the French "Glorieux," 60, in the Channel, by a squadron under Lord Dursley. Duguay Trouin, in the "Achille," 60, was in company with the "Glorieux," but escaped. The British "Bristol," 50, taken by the French on the previous day, was retaken by the squadron, but sunk from a shot under water shortly afterwards.

April 10, 1795.—Capture of the French "Gloire," 42, by the "Astræa," 32, Captain Lord H. Paulet, in the Channel, after a long chase and running fight, concluding with a close quarter action of one hour. The "Gloire" was with two consorts when the chase began, and the "Astræa" formed one of a frigate squadron, but the chase and fight were carried out without assistance from any other vessel.

April 11, 1809.—Lord Cochrane's attack on the French Fleet in Aix Roads with fire-ships from the Channel Fleet, under Lord Gambier. The enterprise was daringly carried out, and would probably have resulted in the destruction of the entire French Fleet, but Lord Gambier refused to support the fire-ship attack until too late to effect any service.

April 12, 1782.—Rodney's great victory over the Comte de Grasse, off Dominica, the famous occasion on which the manœuvre of breaking the line came specially into prominence, and settled the tactics of sea warfare down to the days of steam. Rodney had thirty-six ships to De Grasse's thirty-three, three French ships having left the fleet after meeting with mishaps through collisions and bad seamanship shortly before the battle. Five French ships were taken, including the flag-ship, "Ville de Paris."

April 13, 1796.—Capture of the French "Unité," 38, by the British "Révolutionnaire," 38, after a smart chase. Two broadsides made the French ship surrender. The "Révolutionnaire" belonged to Sir E. Pellew's cruising squadron, from which she separated to run down the "Unité."

April 14, 1809.—Capture of the French "D'Hautpoult," 74, off Dominica, by a squadron of five of the line and frigates under Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. The frigates cut off the French ship from a squadron of three French ships of the line, hung on her, and delayed her until the leading British 74 came up, when after a sharp fight the dismasted Frenchman surrendered.

April 15, 1759.—Capture of the French "Valeur," 24, off Cadiz, by the British "Favorite," 14, Captain Timothy Edwards, after a fierce fight of two and a-half hours. Captain Edwards was made a post-captain for his gallantry, and given command of the prize.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE rapid progress made by the Japanese in Naval matters has attracted attention for years past, and the manner in which they handled and fought their vessels in the war with China elicited much favourable criticism. In ordering new war-ships, they have displayed a laudable determination to be up to date, and have placed their contracts with some of the most noted builders in the world. The "Kasagi," their latest cruiser, which has just sailed for Japan, was built at Cramp's yard at Philadelphia, and armed at Elswick, and the Japanese are to be congratulated upon having obtained a very fine and efficient cruiser of the smaller class. She is of 4,760 tons displacement, will steam 23 knots, and carries a very formidable armament, consisting of two 8-in. guns, ten 4·7-in., and twelve 12-pounder quick-firing guns, besides others of smaller size, and six machine guns; she is also fitted with five torpedo-tubes. If her coal-carrying capacity is equal to her other good points, she is a most formidable specimen of a second-class cruiser. Before leaving Portsmouth for their distant home, the officers gave a reception on board, and great interest was displayed by Naval men in the guns and general equipment. *(See page 52.)*

* * * *

"O. K. W. G."—The tune played by the pipers of the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders at the memorial service at Khartoum on September 4 was "The Land of the Leal." It is really a funeral march, and is always one of the tunes played by Highland regiments at funerals. The hymn which was played at the service by the band of the 11th Soudanese was "Abide with Me." I am sorry that the answers to these questions have been so long in appearing; but the delay was unavoidable, as some correspondence was necessary to ensure accuracy, and the answers here given are absolutely trustworthy.

* * * *

THE following purports to be the log of a sailor of the period of the Napoleonic War. It appeared in the *Naval Chronicle*, 1803, under the title of "Jack Junk's Journal": "Hove out of Portsmouth on board the 'Britannia' fly—a swift sailer—got an outside berth—rather drowsy the first watch or two—liked to have slipped off the stern—cast anchor at the George—took a fresh quid and a supply of grog—comforted the upper works—spoke several homeward-bound frigates on the road—and after a tolerable smooth voyage entered the port of London at ten minutes past five, post meridian—steered to Nan's lodgings—Nan admired shiners, so did landlord—gave them a handful apiece—emptied a bowl of the right sort with landlord to the health of Lord Nelson. All three set sail for the play—got a berth in a cabin on the larboard side—wanted to smoke a pipe, but the boatswain would not let me—Nan, I believe, called the play 'Pollzaro, with Harlkin Hamlet'—but I don't know stem from stern—I saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned—some of the lubbers in the cock-pit began to laugh—tipped them a little forecastle lingo till they sheered off—emptied the grog bottle—fell asleep—dreamt of the battle of Camperdown—my landlord told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded sail for a hackney coach—got on board—squally weather—arrived at Nan's lodgings—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind the change—supped with Nan—and swung in the same hammock—looked over my rhino in the morning—great deal of it, to be sure—but I hope with the help of a few friends to spend every shilling of it in a little time to the honour and glory of old England."

* * * *

"X. X." has been reading an old book of adventure, and wishes to know what is meant by a "body of fifty lances." Contrary to the evident interpretation, this phrase does not indicate a troop of fifty men armed with lances. In the Middle Age, the age of chivalry, the tactical unit in military formation was the *lance fournie*, which was a small party of fighting men, the numbers of which varied in different countries and at different periods from three to fourteen followers. It usually consisted, however, of a knight, his esquire, a *coutillier*—a sort of esquire—a page, a valet, and three archers, all mounted. A "knight banneret," distinguished by the little flag indicating his rank attached to his lance, would command several of these lances. In fact, according to some of the old chroniclers, there was in the feudal armies of the Continent a sort of regiment of from 250 to 300 cavalry, made up of five *baceles*, each *bacele* consisting of ten "lances" of about five men. The "fifty lances," therefore, referred to by my correspondent really meant about 250 men.

* * * *

THE passing away of the old wooden man-of-war "Nelson," which has lately been sold at Melbourne, after doing duty there for a number of years as training-ship for the Harbour Defence Corps, is worthy of notice here. She was originally one of the two first-rates specially named by the Admiralty in honour of Trafalgar, immediately after the news of the battle reached England. The other is the still existing "Pitt," originally called the "Trafalgar," which name was later changed, first to the "Camperdown" and then to the "Pitt." The "Nelson" was named and ordered to be built early in 1806, but owing to pressure of work in the dockyards in the way of repairs to ships of the cruising fleets she was not begun until December, 1809. She was launched on July 4, 1814, at Woolwich Dockyard, and a very interesting account of the ceremony is given in the *Naval Chronicle* of that year. She was a three-decker 120-gun ship. The "Nelson" was never commissioned, and in 1860 was cut down to a two-decker and fitted with engines and a screw-propeller. Four years afterwards she went out to Australia, where she has remained ever since.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT complains of the neglect with which the records of English and Irish regiments are treated. Of the doings of Scotch regiments we have, he says, more than enough, but it is difficult to obtain information about English and Irish regiments. He asks where he can obtain that information. I think that he somewhat overrates the difficulty, for at the Royal United Service Institution are to be found historical records of most regiments, in addition to a mass of unpublished MSS. I could not, within the limits of space at my disposal, give a list of authorities to be consulted, but as regards old military history I may mention the following authors and works: D'Auverne, Story, Lloyd, Parker, Bland ("Military Discipline"), Stedman, Scherer, Laudmann, Botta, Kane, the *Military Chronicle*, Carter's "Records and Badges," and the same author's "Medals of the British Army." It is impossible, owing to space, to go into the question as to whether or not the achievements of Scotch regiments have been, as our correspondent states, over-rated. I may, however, point out that Havelock had not a Highland Brigade at the reinforcement of the Lucknow Residency; there was only one Highland regiment, the 78th, with the force. Napier, we admit, was somewhat partial, and given to write as if the Light Division only were worth noticing. As to my correspondent's remarks concerning Pack's Brigade at Quatre Bras, it consisted of the 44th, the Royal Scots, and the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders. The 42nd was the only regiment which could be said to have been broken. That regiment, charged suddenly by lancers, the latter fell upon two companies which had not taken their places before the square was completed. These two companies suffered, no doubt, and some of the lancers got inside the square, but were soon killed. The 42nd was not, in the true sense of the word, broken at Quatre Bras, and the 92nd was not broken at all.

* * * *

THE photograph on page 69 of this issue of Major J. S. Douglas, R.A., is by M. Jacolette, South Kensington. The other photographs in the same article are the copyright of this paper. THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan, and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. The colonel is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. In this struggle, Pioneer-Sergeant Death particularly distinguishes himself before being overpowered and killed by the enemy. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended, and Margaret distinguishes herself by taking the gun of Dr. Murray, the senior surgeon, and trying to shoot Murrib Khan.

CHAPTER IX. *(continued.)*

FINDING an excuse at last, Murray quietly left the room and made his way into the ward above. He coughed slightly as he entered, in order to make known his presence to the colonel and Margaret. They were, he noticed, conversing near a window—the window, in fact, from which she had discharged the gun.

The surgeon-major could scarcely credit his senses when he heard her calmly saying, "I thought it best to tell you at the very earliest moment, because I was so afraid you might blame the wrong person."

"Madam," replied the colonel, with splendid politeness, "I am obliged to you for what you have done. I certainly was under the impression that someone else had fired the shot, and I was very much concerned, as I had no wish to cause trouble by learning that my strict order had been defiantly broken. I am so sure you meant no harm, that I shall say nothing further about the matter."

"But, Colonel Barr——" Margaret was beginning to say, when she saw Murray behind the chief's back. He was imploring her, by a sign, to say no more, and to allow the incident to rest where it was.

"Not another word, Miss Alexander," broke in the colonel, whose recent wrath had given way to astonishing affability. "I can not only afford to overlook the matter, remembering the motive which prompted you to fire, but I can say that I am glad to see that the gallant spirit of my old friend Green is so firmly planted in his niece."

By this time Murray had quietly found his way back to the staircase, unobserved. Hearing the colonel's footstep, he suddenly turned, and began ascending the steps hurriedly, as if he had just left the room below on a pressing errand.

The two met on the staircase.

"I have discovered a most extraordinary thing!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Indeed!" answered Murray, with a laboured effort at abstraction.

"I have found the shooter!" added the chief—for him, almost jocosely.

"You don't say so!" Murray spoke as if the matter could not by any possibility be of interest to him.

"And you'll be as much surprised as I am," went on the colonel, "to learn that it was not a member of the Queen's at all who picked up your weapon and fired it—that is, I mean, not a combatant member; and yet, in a way, it was a member."

"A member, and yet not a member? Dear me, who in the world could it have been, then?" asked Murray, with a hopelessly puzzled expression.

"A woman!" said the colonel, almost proudly. "A young lady—Miss Alexander, Major Green's niece. If I hadn't been able to overlook it for the major's sake, I should have passed it by for the sake of the girl herself. She is one of the most extraordinarily handsome and courageous women I ever set eyes on. We ought all to be proud of her. I'm sorry I said what I did to you and Macpherson; but really, you know, there's no bearing with the two of you at times."

"Especially the other one," said Murray, with a sly look.

"You both come from the same place," retorted the colonel; and immensely pleased with the hidden sting of his rejoinder, he hurried off before Murray could frame a sentence to dim its lustre.

The surgeon-major walked slowly up to Margaret.

"I almost seared my conscience by shielding you," he said. "Wasn't it rather unkind to give me away so soon and so badly?"

"You don't go quite as cheaply as that," she answered, "or I might have acted differently."

"Then you think I'm well able to take care of myself?" asked Murray, delightedly.

"What do *you* think, doctor?"

"Well, if your opinion on the point is the same as mine," he laughed, "we are in perfect accord, and nothing more need be said. Let us put aside the incident of the woman and the gun for the present, and see what fresh demands these unhappy rebels have made upon our skill."

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CHAPTER X.

REINFORCEMENTS.

THE Dragoon Guards were the first reinforcements to start for the relief of the garrison. They were in perfect fighting trim, and although most of them, when the order to march was given, were more fit to take to their beds than their saddles, the day's work having been long and heavy, yet there was not a murmur of complaint from any man.

For the present, the officer commanding at Halabad hesitated, in view of the gravity of the information he had got, to deplete his own forces too seriously. He could not tell that the rising would not extend to his own immediate district at any moment, and felt that whatever might, unfortunately, happen at Nilgoa, he must be ready for eventualities at Halabad. He could, however, spare two squadrons of the 8th, and trusting that that number of cavalry, every man of which was a tried soldier, would, by its unexpected appearance at Nilgoa, have as good a moral effect as it would exercise physically, and would show that the British troops were warned and active, he sent it off, Colonel Dunbar commanding, and prepared to follow up with infantry from the regiment with him. At the same time he warned Major Burne, commanding the 80th Field Battery R.A. at Lambad, and Burne was on the road with his guns soon after the squadrons of the 8th had ridden out of Halabad, the horses' hoofs clanking to the accompaniment of ringing cheers. Captain Savage, commanding the 5th Battery of Field Artillery, Lambad Contingent, watched Burne depart with jealous eyes, and longed to be going with him.

"My own men," he said to the major, "are as loyal as yours, although mine are natives and yours are English. I'd trust them just as much as if they were my own countrymen."

"I'm sure you're right," answered Burne, "and I hope so, for you'll be in a tight corner in Lambad if your men play you false. My own impression is that their loyalty will be pretty toughly tried if the rising at Nilgoa is successful."

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"Successful!" said Savage; "how can it be? Do you suppose a handful of fanatics could pull a thing like that off?"

"A spark can do a lot of mischief with gunpowder," replied Burne. "This rebel leader seems to be a pretty lurid spark, too. Well, good-bye, and may you be lucky enough to escape bother here. I don't mind a bit of a blaze, but I don't wish to see all India in flames."

The 80th rode away, watched by many piercing eyes. There was much marvelling in Lambad as to the meaning of the sudden movement; but the people, knowing nothing of the actual state of things, accepted the official explanation, which was, that the 80th was changing station, and, as a matter of experiment, was seeing in how short a period of time the change could be effected.

The Dragoons and the 80th met on the road to Nilgoa during the next day, and kept company, pushing resistlessly ahead, until they were within easy distance of Nilgoa.

The colonel observed, as they were halting, "To-morrow, if not earlier, we shall, so to speak, be fighting for the body of Patroclus. The remark is not altogether original," he added, explanatorily, noticing the dubious look on Burne's face; "it was made by Rodney when he set about the task of licking De Grasse in the West Indies. It seems to me not inappropriate here."

"Certainly not," assented Burne. "It's just the ticket, and ought to apply as well to the East Indies as to the West. For my own part, colonel," he added, frankly, "I don't care much for the classics. I never see quite where they come in."

"Mental training and discipline," rejoined the colonel. "As such, and a gentlemanly accomplishment, I think they are invaluable."

Burne murmured. He did not think so, but he had no wish to get across with the colonel, who, in spite of his leaning towards things ancient, was an excellent soldier, and accordingly refrained from saying, as he would have liked to say, that he thought the space in a soldier's brain occupied by classics could be made much better use of for the storage of matters military.

"But there," said Dunbar, "this is no time for idle chatter. The men are now refreshed and rested a bit, and I propose to send Pearson and Brindsley out ahead with a strong body to see what is happening and bring us word. They should be able to get very near to Nilgoa, and perhaps to let Colonel Barr know that reinforcements are at hand."

Pearson and Brindsley, with a strong body, rode forth accordingly, and cautiously reconnoitred in the direction of the camp.

The captain was searching the horizon with his glasses, and was on the point of telling Brindsley that he believed he could discern the barracks at Nilgoa, when he exclaimed, "Hullo! what's that?"

Brindsley looked ahead, and saw a couple of men hurrying off, under cover of a hedge, towards Nilgoa.

"Scouts for the enemy!" said Brindsley.

"Come on; we must get them at all costs," cried Pearson, and he and Brindsley galloped off, the men remaining stationary, by the captain's orders.

The officers speedily rode down the pair of natives. They saw that they were discovered, and ceased to run. Halting, they turned and covered their pursuers with their rifles. The fugitives fired simultaneously, but the bullets went wide of the horsemen.

"Tackle one, and I'll deal with the other," shouted Pearson, and he rushed upon the foremost of the two. "Don't kill him, if you can help it."

"Right," said Brindsley; "but I'd better knock him on the head a bit, for safety's sake." He galloped up to the native, and with a timely blow of the flat of his sword struck him to the ground.

Pearson did the same, and before the astonished natives could pull themselves together they were prisoners, the officers towering threateningly above them.

"Attending . . . the worst of the wounded."

"Now," ordered Pearson, "get over the ground, quick, that way. If you try to escape we'll cut you down. Hand up your rifles and bayonets."

The natives sullenly obeyed, and, disarmed and dismal, preceded the officers to the camping ground.

Colonel Dunbar interrogated them immediately, but believing that death was their certain punishment, they refused to speak. Only when he had solemnly assured them that he would intercede on their behalf, and plead that the Government should save their lives, were they disposed to talk. Then, slowly and by patient questioning, he learned of what had taken place at Nilgoa, and of the plan for a general rising in the dominions, and afterwards throughout India. He heard of the fierce assault upon the barracks, of the brave defence of the garrison, and their obvious determination to fight to the last man. The natives told him how, time after time, they had, led by Murrib Khan, endeavoured to force their way to the buildings, but how they had been as often driven back; and they told, too, of the first fierce fight, when Colonel Barr and the Queen's had marched back unexpectedly, when they were believed to have gone into the country for some minor operations of war. Of Death, particularly, they spoke, and his tremendous deeds they mentioned with fervour, and made it clear that the pioneer, in his last stand, had by himself done much to fill the rebels with despair.

"We could not stand against him," they said to the colonel; and Dunbar's heart beat the quicker when he listened to the recital of the sergeant's deeds.

"Now, tell me," said the colonel, "how many of you has Murrib Khan led astray with him?"

The natives professed not to know.

"The more you tell me," said the colonel, "the more I shall plead for you; but if you keep back anything whatever, I shall learn of it hereafter, and shall not forget."

The prisoners answered precipitately that, trusting in the colonel as their saviour, they would tell him all they knew; and with the fear of the hangman filling them, they vied with each other in anxiety to tell him all they could.

From what they said Colonel Dunbar obtained a pretty accurate idea of how things stood at Nilgoa. The garrison were hard pressed by Murrib Khan, but there was every hope that they were still holding out bravely, and that their losses for the present were not very serious.

On the most important point of all, as he regarded it, the colonel sought information warily; that was as to whether arrangements had been made for other regiments to flock to Murrib Khan's assistance. At first the natives professed ignorance, but gentle pressure and renewed promise of intercession prevailed, and they told the colonel, but not without much circumvention, what they knew. Other regiments, they said, were to join, but not until the rissaldar-major's initial success was certain. For the present he had not secured the necessary victory to establish confidence, and, in consequence, the promised forces were holding back. There was to be that very night a last and desperate assault upon the barracks, and, if triumphant, Murrib Khan's army would by the morrow swell like an advancing tide. So the natives assured Colonel Dunbar, and he saw no ground for disbelieving them.

"We shall be in the nick of time, after all," he said to Burne. "We must push on at once. Everything depends on swift and stern action now. I believe this night's and to-morrow's work will decide the danger, and show us whether the rebellion will be stamped out now, or spread, which God forbid."

Questioning the natives finally, he said, "One thing more—and on your truthful reply your very lives will depend—does Murrib Khan expect reinforcements for the European troops? Does he suspect or know that an alarm has been given?"

The prisoners hesitated to answer. Even now, although they themselves had been astounded to see the cavalry and artillery, they would have liked to make believe that their leader knew of the coming of the troops from Halabad and

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Lambad; but they saw no hope of satisfying the colonel that Murrib Khan was aware of their proximity. At last, reluctantly, they told him that the rissaldar-major had no suspicion that help was so near. And how could he, they asked, since from the very first the roads had been watched, the telegraph had been destroyed, and there was no railway by which speedy messengers could travel? Their puzzle was one which Colonel Dunbar did not unravel, beyond saying that everywhere in India the eye of Britain was omnipotent, and that God had willed that no native could act disloyally without his want of faith becoming known.

Having learned all he could, and placed the prisoners in safe keeping, Colonel Dunbar and Major Burne got their forces in motion, and had soon the evidence of their own eyes and ears that what the captives had said was true. As they approached Nilgoa they heard the sound of firing, and soon discerned the flashes from the weapons of the combatants.

"There's one thing to be thankful for," said the colonel, "and that is, there's no artillery to be reckoned with."

"Except ours," observed the major, correctingly; "and the tune of it will soon be playing at Nilgoa. It'll make the sweetest music that has ever been made in the dominions."

CHAPTER XI.

A FORLORN-HOPE.

CAPTAIN REID conducted his love-making under difficulties. At the best he was not the man to go sighing into his lady's presence, and had a horror of acting in a way that would make him look absurd. He had lived so long without succumbing to the charms or wiles of any woman, that now he had little difficulty in refraining from an ostentatious show of his regard.

Nor was Margaret more demonstrative. She loved Reid with an undivided and passionate devotion, and was content, without having too many visible proofs of his affection, to know that he was quite as much attached to her. Besides, however much they might have wished to bill and coo, each recognised that there was little opportunity to do either in existing circumstances.

Truth to tell, neither of them missed the mutual attentions which are held to be inseparable from the condition of the engaged. So little did they show of their love, that no one at Nilgoa suspected that there was anything more than friendship existing between them. If they had been married they could not have been more sedate in their demeanour.

It was while Colonel Dunbar was interrogating the two prisoners that Reid sought an interview with Margaret. He found her attending, with Murray and Macpherson, the worst of the wounded. The surgeons, like her, were worn out with work and anxiety, but neither of them thought of flinching while any strength at all remained in his body. Macpherson, with all his personal selfishness, was not the man to spare himself at such a time as this, and the senior surgeon had more than once reproached himself for having entertained harsh thoughts of the silent, studious being who so ungrudgingly laboured in the wards. Up to the present Macpherson had not been really tested, but now in time of trial and emergency he was proving that he was a man.

When the adjutant found his future wife she was standing silently by a bed, on which lay a soldier who had borne a noble part in the attack in the open, and in the later defence of the barracks. Time after time he had brought down a man in the rebel ranks, and had himself escaped unhurt; but at last, while aiming from his post at one of the windows, a bullet had found him, and he now lay, helpless and a dangerous case, on his mattress. As Reid stepped up to the bed, Murray shook his head helplessly.

"I'm afraid it's no good," he said, sorrowfully. "The only chance of salvation for him is to have someone constantly by the bedside. If he's left to himself he's bound to go—he'll be suffocated. I can't—you can't—Miss Alexander here is so dead tired, and has so much to do, that I fear she can't, and I don't know another soul in the building to depend on now."

Macpherson sighed. He would willingly have stayed himself, although his eyes were sore from want of sleep, but the increased number of wounded to be dealt with made that impossible. He and Murray were sorrowfully resigning themselves to the belief that they could do nothing more, and that the soldier must be left to his hard and unmerited fate, when Margaret spoke.

"I will stay with him," she said, quietly, "if you can manage to see to the other people who are expecting me."

"My devoted girl!" exclaimed Murray, gratefully. "If you can do that, I'm certain we can pull him through."

"Beyond question," answered Macpherson, with a quickening of his sluggish pulse. He vaguely thought that if ever he got married it must be to some such plucky person as this. Such a woman, he imagined, hazily, would be worth very much indeed to any struggling doctor. What might she not do towards building up a lucrative and successful practice? Nurse a bad case, perhaps; dispense, even; probably——

His thoughts were checked by the approach of Reid, who drew Margaret aside.

"If you can spare Miss Alexander for a moment, I shall be obliged," said the adjutant.

"Macpherson will stay till you have finished," answered Murray, kindly; and then he left, and busied himself with a patient near.

"Margaret," began Reid, in a low voice, "I have been chosen for a work of special honour."

Something in his tones caused her to look up questioningly.

"Yes," she answered.

"We have sure information," continued Reid, "that to-night Murrib Khan will risk everything on one grand act. At all costs, he is going to work his way up to the barracks, and try to destroy the buildings. If he once succeeds in getting near, the rest will be pretty easy, for he has still a large force with him."

Margaret nodded, by way of showing that she listened.

"It is quite possible," continued the adjutant, "that, under cover of the darkness, he may get so near that our rifle fire cannot hurt him, and then——"

"God help us!" sighed Margaret.

"But," Reid spoke with a brave show of hope and confidence, "the situation has been discussed, and we are agreed, from the colonel downward, that there is one good chance of thwarting the scoundrel, even yet. That is by means of a forlorn-hope. There was not one amongst us who did not volunteer for the duty, but I was the honoured one of all. The colonel accepted me."

He turned away, so that he should not see her face as he spoke. He knew that what he said was almost equal to the uttering of his death warrant. After a moment he turned, and saw that Margaret was regarding him with an unwavering look. Terrible as the news was, she was not the woman to trouble or unman him at such a time of peril. There were no tears, and she showed no agitation as she asked him when the sortie would take place; but he knew as well as if she spoke what was passing through her mind. It seemed hard to both of them that when they had become pledged to each other, and when the future seemed so bright and full of hope, this unlooked-for rising should occur to crush their expectations ruthlessly.

"It cannot," said Reid, encouragingly, "be long before our position is known and supports are hurried up. Help is sure to come, even if Brear and Banks did not manage to get to Halabad. If we can keep the enemy off, we shall pull through, even yet."

He made a gallant show of being cheerful, but anxiety and peril had affected even his intrepid spirit, and his brave attempts were not successful.

"And at what time do you start?" she asked.

"As soon as we see Murrib Khan in motion," he answered. "That will be before very long. I and my party—I have picked men myself from those who volunteered—will leave the building and work round by the lane that runs from the west corner of the barracks. We shall fall upon Murrib Khan's rear, having got into the road that leads from the direction of Halabad. We are hoping a great deal from the moral effect of the surprise, because it is pretty certain he will imagine that we are reinforcements."

"But if you are overpowered and cut off?" she asked.

"My dear girl," he answered, gently, "if we were to raise every 'if' in a case like this, we should be so appalled that we should all fight for the possession of the first hole big enough to hide a man in."

He bent over and whispered in her ear, "Cheer up, Margaret; there's been many a worse forlorn-hope than this. After all, I do not see that it can be worse in the open than being penned up here. It is the only chance that is left for us, and I know my future wife well enough to believe that, if we are to be saved at all, she would like it to be through my instrumentality."

"God forbid that I should be a drag upon you!" she answered, courageously. "I am proud that you volunteered, and still prouder that you are the chosen leader of the forlorn-hope."

She suddenly put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "Now go," she said. "If my prayers are any good, you will come back safe and sound."

No one, as it happened, saw them, but if every soul in the barracks had been watching, Reid would have done what he did now—seize the brave girl and embrace her passionately.

He released her, and, full of fire and hope, descended, and saw his volunteers fall in.

They waited patiently until night came and Murrib Khan set his troops in motion for the last onslaught upon the barracks.

(To be continued.)

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—II.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

THE ROYAL LABORATORY.

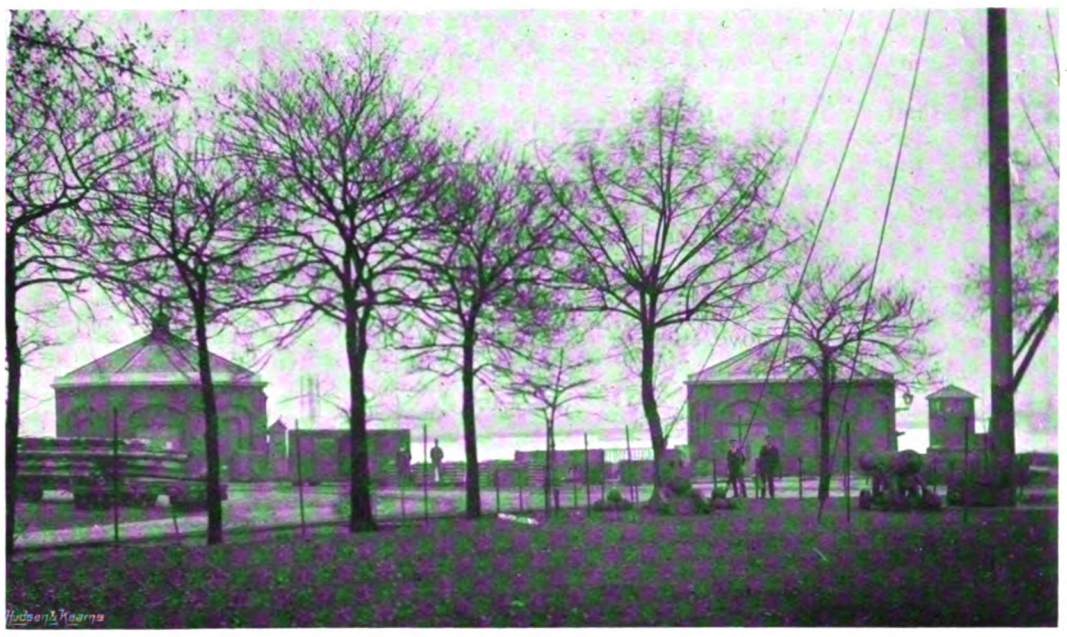
EVER since the days when stone projectiles were loaded with fear and trembling in cannons of hooped iron, the cry of the artillerist has been "Excelsior!" Whilst weak human nature remains unaltered, the nations, although sympathising with the Czar's Rescript, will strain every nerve to perfect their means of offence and defence. There is something almost pathetic in the huge stacks and mounds of obsolete weapons which litter the Arsenal in every direction. There they lie, once the pride and hope of their inventors, waiting to be broken up. Who knows when the graceful 12-in. shell and its gaudily-painted Lyddite companion will join the heap of old iron?

No department has a greater store of these old-time survivals than the Royal Laboratory, which is at once the largest and most progressive in the Arsenal. Projectiles of all kinds, from the ponderous armour-piercing steel shell down to the Lee-Metford bullet, are turned out in large quantities, whilst fuses, torpedoes, and cartridge cases are but samples of its multifarious activities. In no department has the rousing of the official conscience produced more startling effects than in the Royal Laboratory. In days which, happily, have long since passed, each successive Secretary of State for War had to watch the national armoury starved, to suit the aims of economical Chancellors of the Exchequer. To keep down the expenses, stores were allowed to become dangerously depleted, until the state of affairs was, to say the least, alarming. Had war broken out between 1870 and 1880 our *débâcle* would have begun in real earnest. At one period the supply of cartridges became so low that half a million rounds were actually moved from the North of England to London to supply current needs. A well-known Minister is reported to have made an instructive speech in connection with this and other national dangers. Someone had suggested that it was quite likely that an outbreak of war might be followed by a speedy defeat for our arms. "Gentlemen," replied the Minister, "there are lamp-posts in Pall Mall! And when that defeat comes the populace will make a big effort to utilise them."

MAJOR J. S. DOUGLAS, R.A.

To both parties belongs the credit of putting an end to this false economy, and it would be a bold Chancellor who proposed to take off taxes by cutting down the output of warlike stores. And so, in the year of grace 1898-99, 8,064 men and boys are under the control of the Superintendent of the Laboratory.

Colonel E. Bainbridge, R.A., C.B., was appointed to this responsible post in June, 1892, and has had an almost unique experience in connection with the supply of ordnance and ammunition. He was appointed Inspector of Warlike Stores, Portsmouth, in 1873, and joined the Experimental Staff of the Director of Artillery in 1876-81. Then he became Assistant Secretary of the Ordnance Committee from 1888-92. The country may safely trust the destinies of the Laboratory in such well-trained hands, knowing that under him it will not in any way lag behind those of other nations. The vacancy caused by his appointment to the office of Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories has not yet been filled, but an appointment to this, as well as to the Royal Gun Factory, may be expected shortly; they may even be made before this article appears. The superintendent is assisted in the command of these skilled labourers by Major J. S. Douglas, R.A., and Captains H. C. W. Eteson, R.A., and C. E. G. Blunt, R.A., all of whom are in charge of Danger Buildings in the Royal Laboratory. Major Douglas, who is second in command in the de-



VIEW FROM THE ROYAL LABORATORY, FACING THE RIVER.

THE GATES OF THE SHELL FOUNDRY.

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partment, and whose portrait appears in this issue, was appointed to his present post in July, 1895. Entering the Royal Artillery as lieutenant in 1878, he obtained his company in June, 1886, and his majority in July, 1896. From 1892-94 he held the post of Assistant Inspector of Warlike Stores in Mauritius, and has had the good fortune to put in some war service, viz., in the Zulu Campaign of 1879.

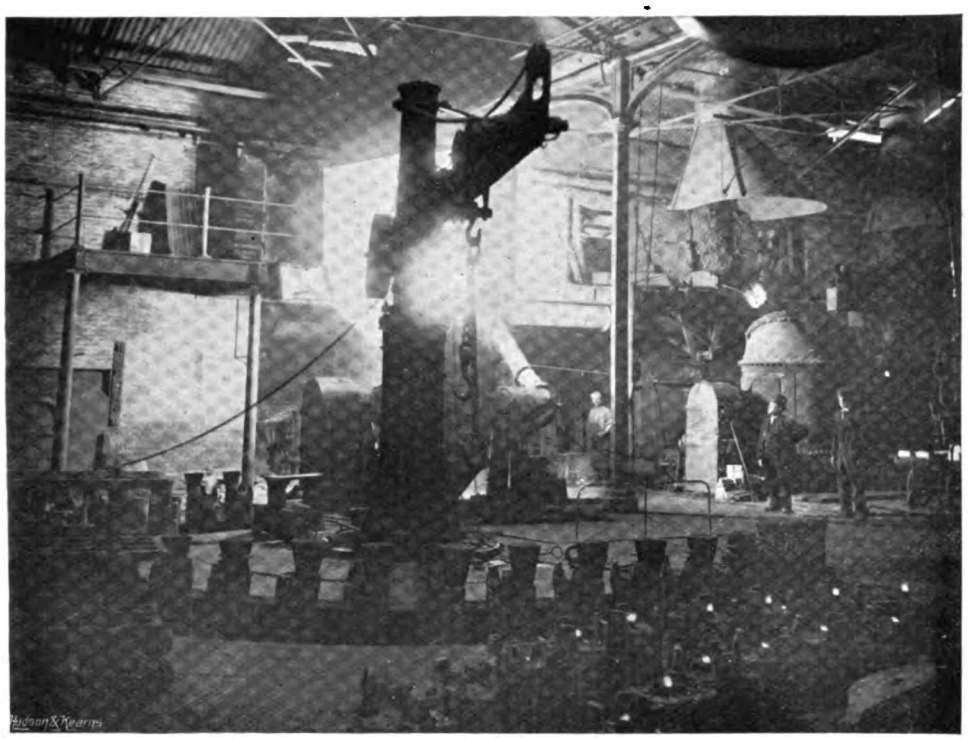
Captain Eteson was appointed to the Laboratory in Feb., 1897, having been an Assistant Inspector of Warlike Stores from 1888-93, and an Inspector from 1893-95. He was gazetted to the Service in 1882. and obtained his promotion in October, 1891.

Captain Blunt entered the Royal Artillery in September, 1885, and was promoted captain in February, 1896. Prior to his appointment to the Laboratory in April, 1898, he served in the Chitral Expeditionary Force of 1895. The activity of this great manufacturing establishment may be gauged by the fact that the value of its yearly output amounted in 1898 to £1,364,609—nearly one half of the total for the whole Arsenal. Reasons of policy forbid the publication of either pictures or letter-press descriptive of the manufacture of fuses and torpedoes, hence this article must be devoted to an examination of the processes necessary to produce shells and bullets. The evolution of the modern projectile is full of interest, and may be very briefly described here.

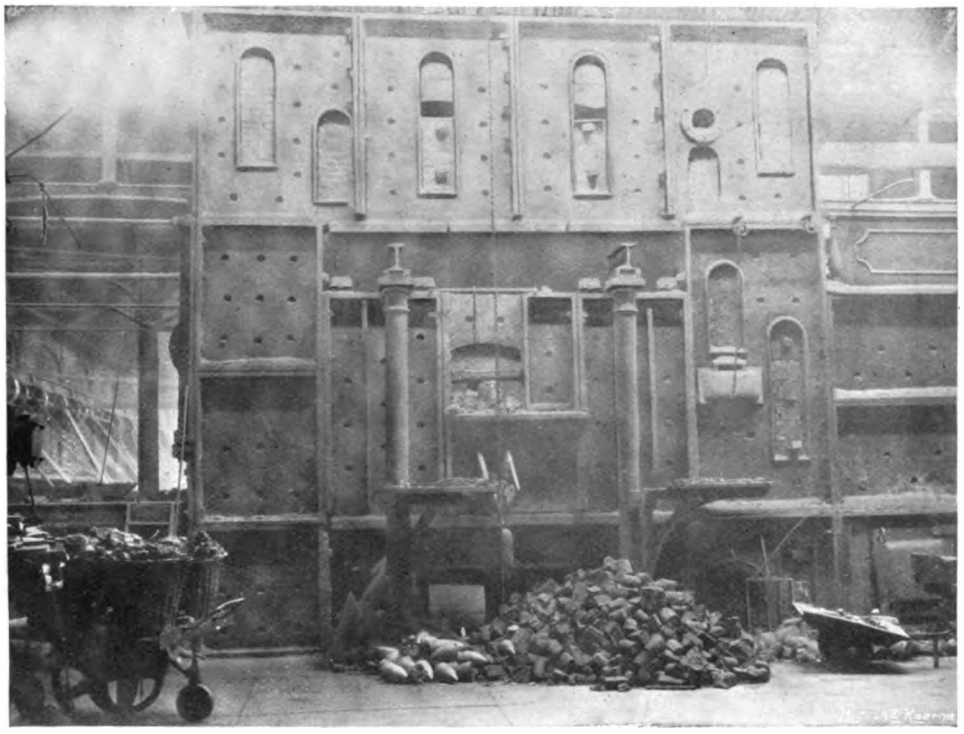
From the earliest days of artillery there has been a continuous struggle between the gunner and his weapon. The gun having to be loaded from the muzzle required a projectile small enough to slip easily down the bore. As a result, the very ease with which it was inserted enabled a great deal of energy, liberated by the explosion of the powder, to escape. This "windage" led to great loss of penetrative power, and many were the expedients resorted to by the gunner to prevent it. Whilst, however, shot remained round, but little could be done, and hence we have the spectacle of rival Artillery in the Waterloo Campaign blazing away at each other at a distance certainly not exceeding 800-yds. The introduction of the system of rifling revolutionised artillery, and the round projectile gave place to the cylindro-conoidal shot. This was studded with bosses of metal which fitted into the grooves cut in the bore of the gun. By this rather clumsy expedient the shot, on receiving the impact of the explosion, was forced, before it could leave the barrel, to rotate violently on its own axis, and its speed and accuracy were enormously increased thereby.

Unfortunately, this plan had two objections, viz., that the escape of gas, *i.e.*, force, still remained to a certain extent, and that the life of the gun was short, owing to the erosion caused by the grinding action of the studs on the lining of the barrel.

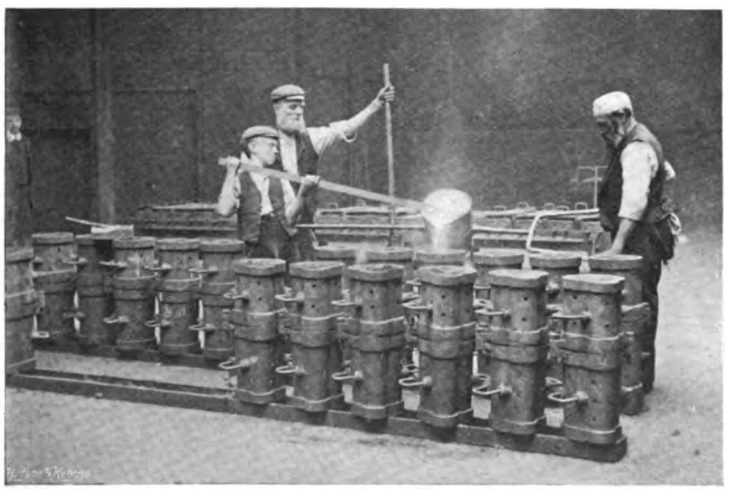
The introduction of the breech-loading system to big guns has at length enabled the gunner to score, for he can now



THE TROPENAS STEEL CONVERTER



FURNACE CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH FIVE TONS OF SCRAP IRON.



CASTING 4·7-in. SHELL BY HAND.

ROUGH SHELL FROM MOULDS.

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insert into the breech-chamber a larger shot than would have passed down the bore.

A projectile of the exact size required by the gun has fitted on its base a band of soft copper some 3-in. wide. This, under hydraulic pressure, is firmly clamped on, and shaped as shown in the picture. When finished, the base of the shell is slightly larger than the bore, whilst its main bulk fits it accurately. When the breech is closed and the explosion takes place, the shot is forced out, whilst the soft copper "sets up" into the rifling. This makes the projectile rotate, as did the superseded studs, but with a minimum of erosion. Practically no loss of gas occurs, and the life of the gun is much increased. On service, as will be noticed in the picture, this "gas check," as it is called, is protected by a rope band to avoid its being injured by the rough handling incidental to storage. The modern shell may be roughly divided into three great groups, viz., the armour-piercing, the common shell, and the shrapnel. The first, as its name implies, relies on its power, by means of its pointed and hardened nose, of smashing up armour plates, and then exploding to complete its work. The second, deprived of point, is used principally for the damage that it causes by the bursting of the charge of powder it contains. Regulated by a time fuse, it breaks up at the required moment into hundreds of pieces, which destroy everything in their vicinity. The shrapnel, generally painted red, contains, in addition to a small bursting charge, many bullets, which against advancing troops are capable of inflicting great damage. The process of manufacture of each group is practically the same, and hence the description must be regarded as a general one. The gates of the shell foundry are practically the only objects in the factory meant to be photographed, for over every other interesting view hovers a gloom decidedly heart-breaking to the artist. On entering the foundry, the eye at once rests on the Tropenas Steel Converter, shaped like a gigantic chimney-cowl. Behind it, and wrapped in darkness, is a huge furnace capable of dealing with five tons of metal. When its charge is complete it requires from seven to ten hours to reduce the mass to a molten condition. When ready, the liquid iron is poured into the converter, and a blast of air under great pressure is driven through it. The immediate result is to produce a magnificent shower of sparks and an intense and all-pervading glare. The impurities in the crude iron having been burnt away by this modified Bessemer process, the resulting steel is ready for casting. Carefully-prepared moulds of sand are arranged in a semi-circle, within reach of the arm of a powerful crane.

A CORNER OF THE SHELL YARD.

SECTIONS OF SHELL MADE IN THE ROYAL LABORATORY.

The glowing metal, emitting an intense heat, is poured from the converter into a large receiver attached to the crane, and the casting begins. Guided by its pigmy attendants, the ponderous machinery moves, stops, and pours out the molten metal, as though gifted with almost human intelligence. There are a few moments of blinding glare, and then nothing but a blue flame burning above each mould betrays the fact that they are full of rapidly-cooling steel.

The smaller shells are cast by hand, and to the onlooker there seems something uncanny in the calm way in which the men draw off and pour out liquid metal, as though, forsooth, it were so much hot treacle.

Accidents are, fortunately, very rare, perhaps because of their terrible nature when they do occur, for molten metal inflicts burns of the severest nature.

The projectile, when its encircling sand is removed, is in appearance a very unsightly, uncouth mass of metal.

"LYDDITE" SHELL.

[*** *The first article of this series appeared on March 25. The next will appear on April 22.*]

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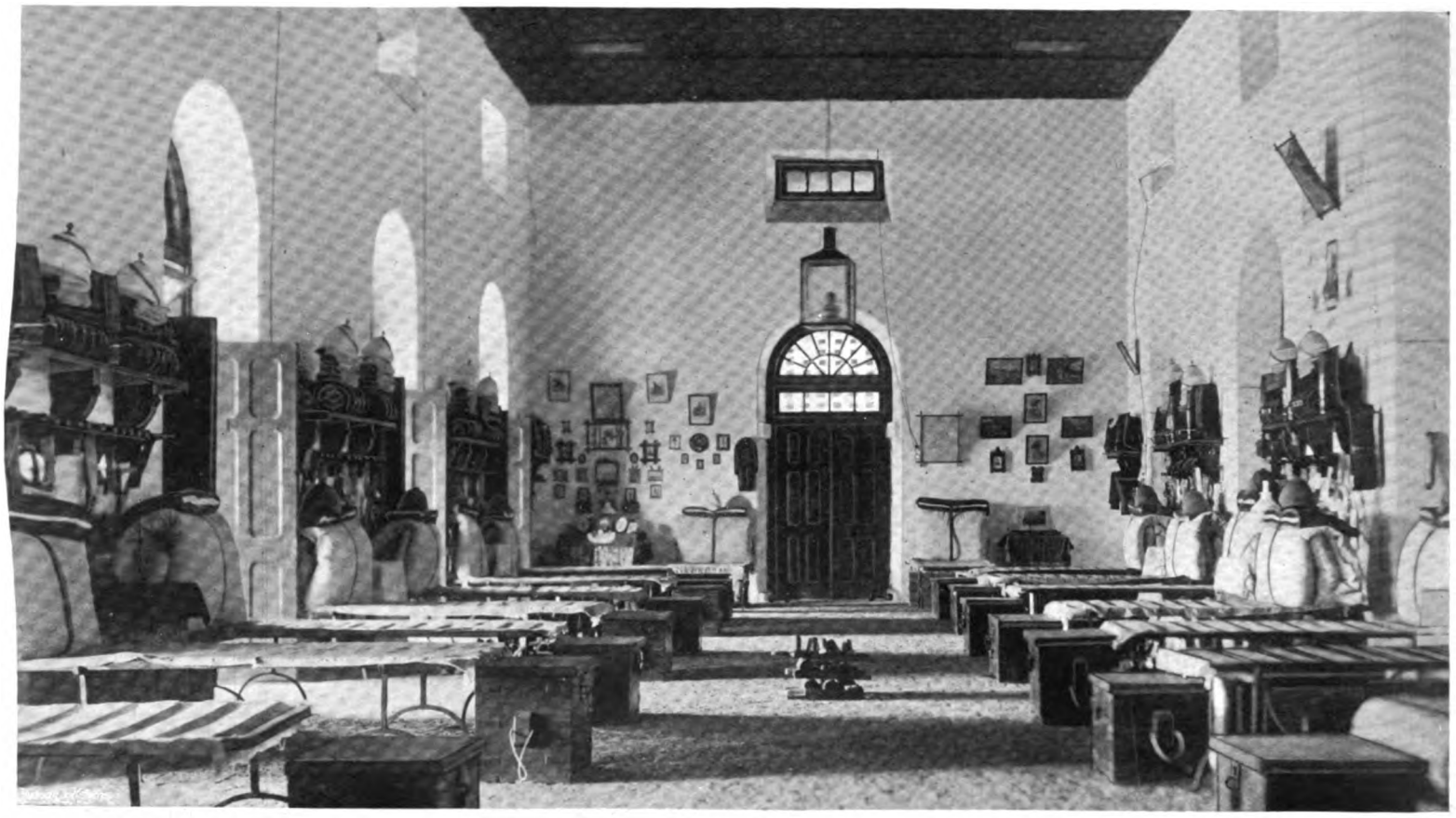

Photo. Herzog & Co. Copyright

A BARRACK-ROOM IN INDIA.

This illustration is of an ordinary barrack-room in India, that of I Battery Royal Horse Artillery. The great height and stone floor tend to keep the room cool in hot weather. In most places punkahs are provided also during the hottest months. The boxes at the end of each bed are provided for each man to keep his private property and spare kit in. The men take great pride in their rooms, and to have a good "front," that is a well-decorated portion of the wall, is the ambition of most of the men.

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

GETTING PROVISIONS ON BOARD.

Before going to sea, when all the heavy provisions in casks and cases have been hoisted in and safely stowed below, there are always a number of heterogeneous articles of food and various other packages to be got on board at the last. They are hoisted up, in bags if necessary, by the derrick outside, and swung in through the gangway by the men who are hauling on the rope. A fine assortment of loaves is piled on the deck, sundry cases, etc., further in-board, and the men are being hurried up by the officer of the watch.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 115.] *SATURDAY, APRIL 15th, 1899.*

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. SIR ANDREW CLARKE, R.E., G.C.M.G., C.B., C.I.E.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

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Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—X.

IN a colony the community of which is composed of almost every nationality in the world, it is not surprising to find those who claim kinship supporting each other even more closely than if they were still in the country of their ancestors.

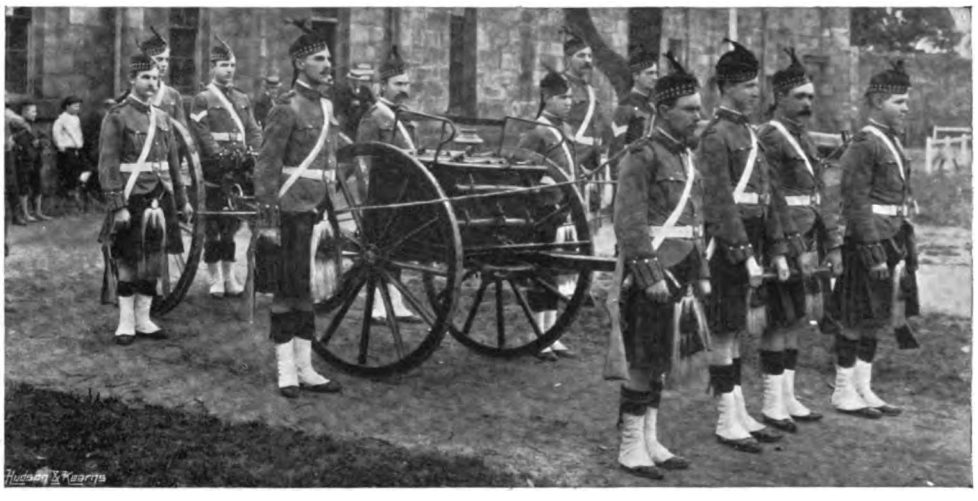
Photo. Kerry.
MAJOR W. ROBERTSON,
Commanding Scottish Rifles.

In New South Wales we find that this national sentiment is strong in the ranks of the Volunteer Forces. It is not to be supposed that there is any ill-feeling on that account. On the contrary, all are cemented together for the common good of the colony; but there is none the less what may be regarded as a healthy military rivalry between such corps, as the Scottish Rifles the Irish Rifles, and the St. George's Rifles, representing, as they do, Scotland, Ireland, and England.

Photo. Kerry.
LIEUT.-COLONEL G. R. CAMPBELL,
Commanding Union Regiment.

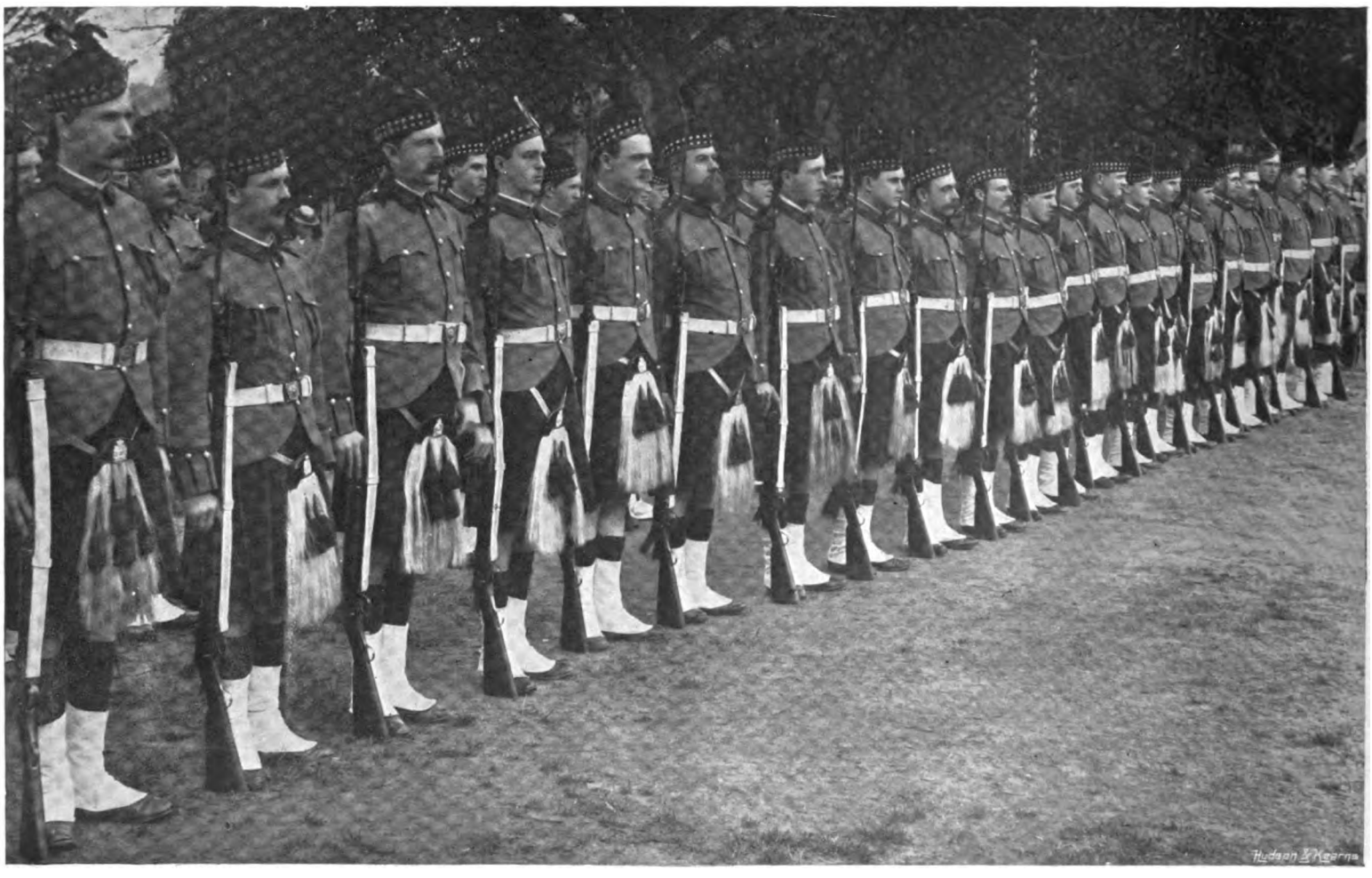
A patriotic Englishman might well be expected to take exception to the order in which the three countries are placed, but it is not intended here to make any invidious distinction. To prevent misunderstanding, it is only necessary to say that the Scottish corps is the senior, the Irish is placed next in the Army List, and the English corps is the junior. The first two mentioned form by themselves the 5th (Union) Regiment, with headquarters at Sydney. The Scottish Rifles comprise three companies stationed in that city and one at Newcastle, and the sister corps is made up of two companies only, which are also located in the metropolis. The whole battalion, then, or *regiment*, as it is designated in the Army List, numbers six companies.

Photo. Herbst.
MAJOR J. H. P. MURRAY,
Commanding Irish Rifles.



GUN DETACHMENT, SCOTTISH RIFLES.

The officer commanding the whole is Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. Campbell, who has served in the New South Wales Forces for twelve years. Last year this energetic officer visited the Soudan. Though not at the time on active service, he was permitted, by the courtesy of the



Photos. Kerry & Co. *SCOTTISH RIFLES—"ATTENTION!"* Copyright.

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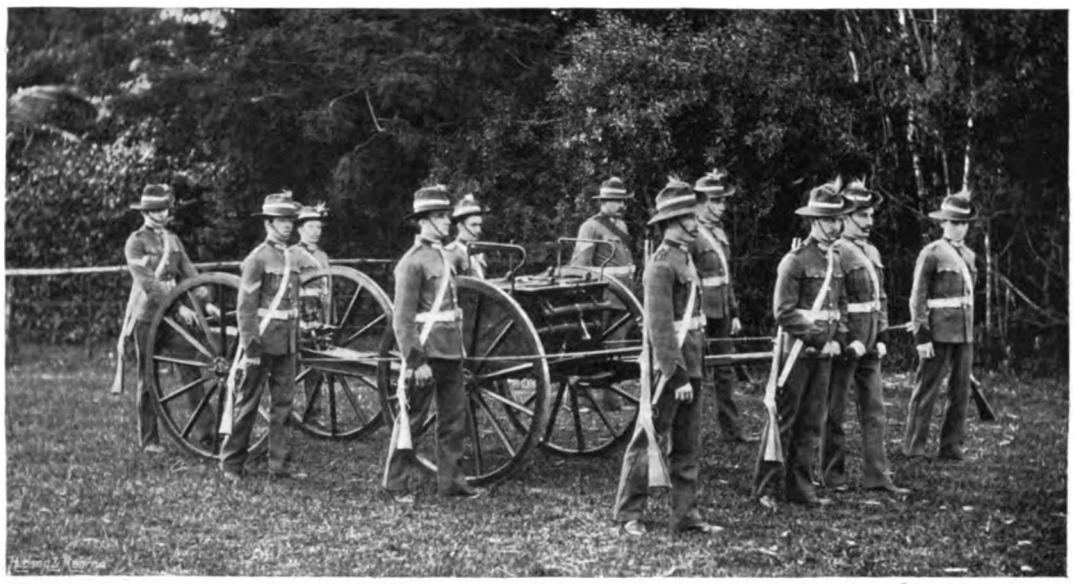
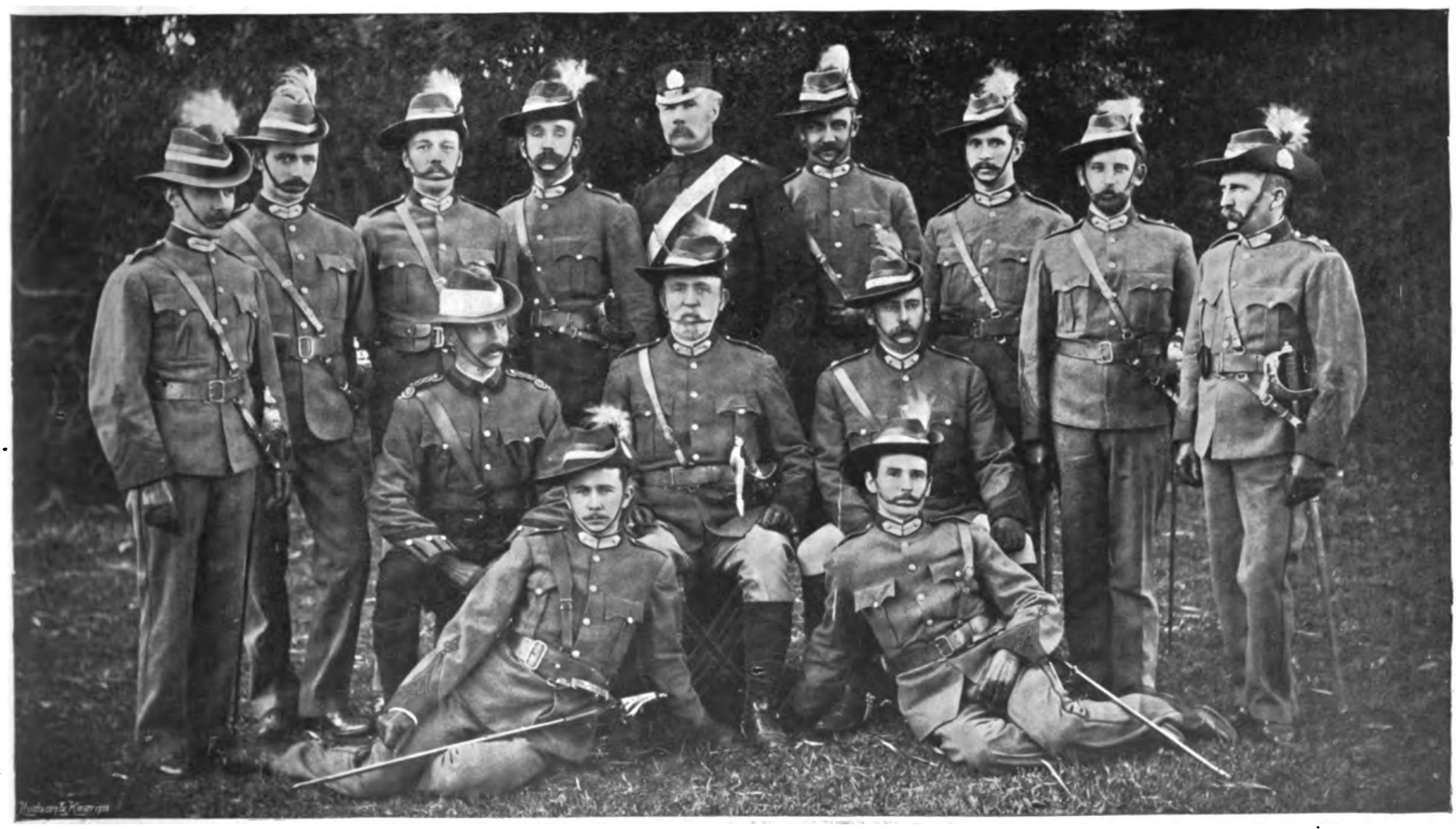
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AUSTRALIAN RIFLES.

Sirdar, to proceed as far as the advanced post of Merawi, where he had an opportunity of studying the organisation of our troops in Egypt. The Scottish portion of the regiment is commanded by Major W. Robertson. The date of his first appointment was July, 1887. He has, therefore, like his chief, enjoyed exceptionally quick promotion. The "Sons of Erin" are under the direct command of Major J. H. P. Murray, a son of the late Sir Terence Murray, Speaker of the Assembly, and a native of New South Wales. He is a man of rare physique, and an athlete of more than ordinary ability. The rank and file under his command are regarded as being, from a physical point of view, the finest troops in the colony.



GUN DETACHMENT, AUSTRALIAN RIFLES.



Photos. Herbet. Copyright.

OFFICERS, AUSTRALIAN RIFLES.

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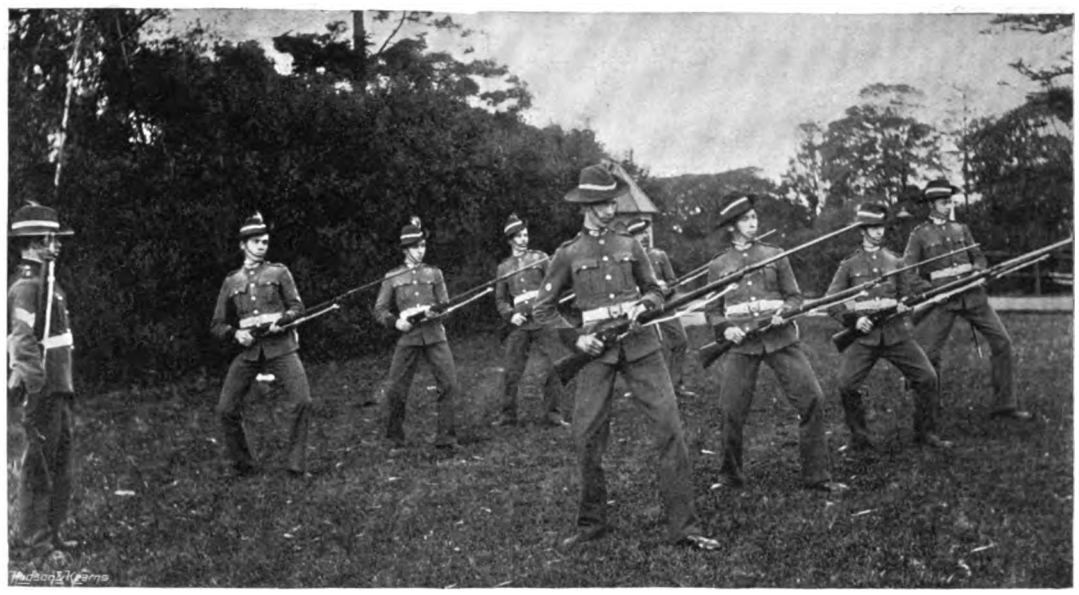
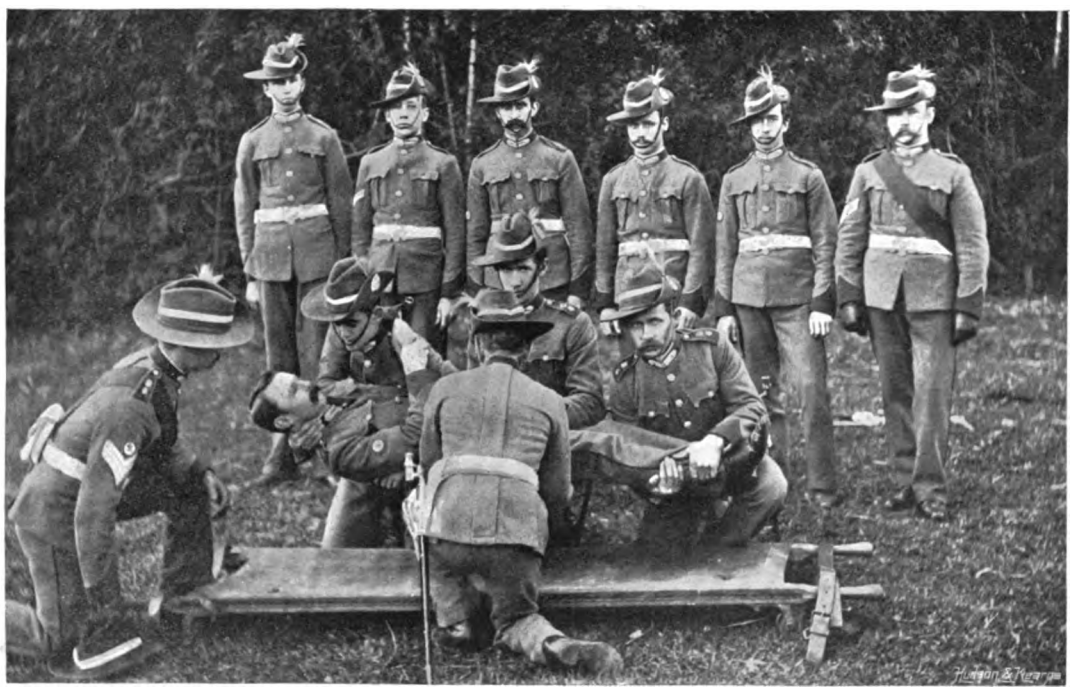
Lieutenant Tower, the adjutant of the Union Regiment, has served in more than one branch of the New South Wales Forces. In 1886 he joined the 1st Infantry Regiment, but resigned a year later, and in 1892 became a lieutenant in the Army Service Corps. He was promoted captain in the Army Service Corps in 1895, and was the following year transferred to the general staff.



BAYONET EXERCISE IN QUICK TIME.

It will be seen from our first picture of the Scottish Rifles on parade that they are clad in the Highland dress, and the majority of the men are so typical of the hardy Scot, that they show the picturesque uniform to advantage. It will be seen, too, that the regiment is well equipped with all the necessaries of war, and can lay claim to a "lead-pumper" and a smart gun detachment. The motto chosen by the Scottish corps is "In omni modo fidelis," and the Irishmen have assumed the shorter, if somewhat more expressive, watchword, "Ready." Like the Australian Horse, the Union Regiment is on the volunteer, as distinct from the partially-paid, establishment. The next volunteer regiment in point of seniority is the 6th. or Australian Rifles, a corps essentially Australian. The headquarters and three companies are stationed at Sydney, and there is one company at Goulburn, one at Newtown, and one at Hornsby. It may be noticed that in the purely volunteer regiments the tendency is to have small battalions, whereas the four regiments of infantry on the partially-paid establishment are severally composed of ten companies. The Australian Rifles are under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Wright, who joined the 1st Infantry Regiment in 1873, became captain and brevet-major in May, 1885, and has commanded his present regiment since January of last year. The corps was formed as recently as May, 1897, and when only six months old was inspected by Major-General French, C.M.G., commanding the forces. The fact that he reported most favourably on the drill and discipline, reflects the greatest credit on all ranks of the Australian Rifles.



THE "BONE-SETTERS."

The rank and file are composed to the extent of 90 per cent. of Australians, and the physique of the men is all that could be desired. The average chest measurement of one of the outlying companies is no less than 37½-in., and the average height 5-ft 9½-in. The felt hat is worn on day parades, and is decorated with a tuft of emu feathers, an emblem which is distinctly Australian. The corps is now up to full strength, and possesses complete details of signallers, ambulance, machine-gun detachment, as well as an efficient band. The machine gun depicted in the accompanying illustration is of the Nordenfelt pattern with five barrels. In another picture the ambulance detachment is seen at work, and the young regiment is to be congratulated on the fact that all those at work are qualified in "first aid."

Photos. Herbst. *THE BAND, AUSTRALIAN RIFLES.* Copyright

The officers of the corps are here represented in their picturesque "kit," and although many of them are "young officers," so to speak, almost all have passed the qualifying examination for their rank. The regiment has an able adjutant in Lieutenant G. J. Grieve, who began his military training in a Scottish volunteer corps. He was appointed lieutenant in 1895, and was transferred to the permanent staff in 1897. Since September of that year he has filled his present appointment. The motto of the regiment, it may be mentioned, is "In War and Peace."

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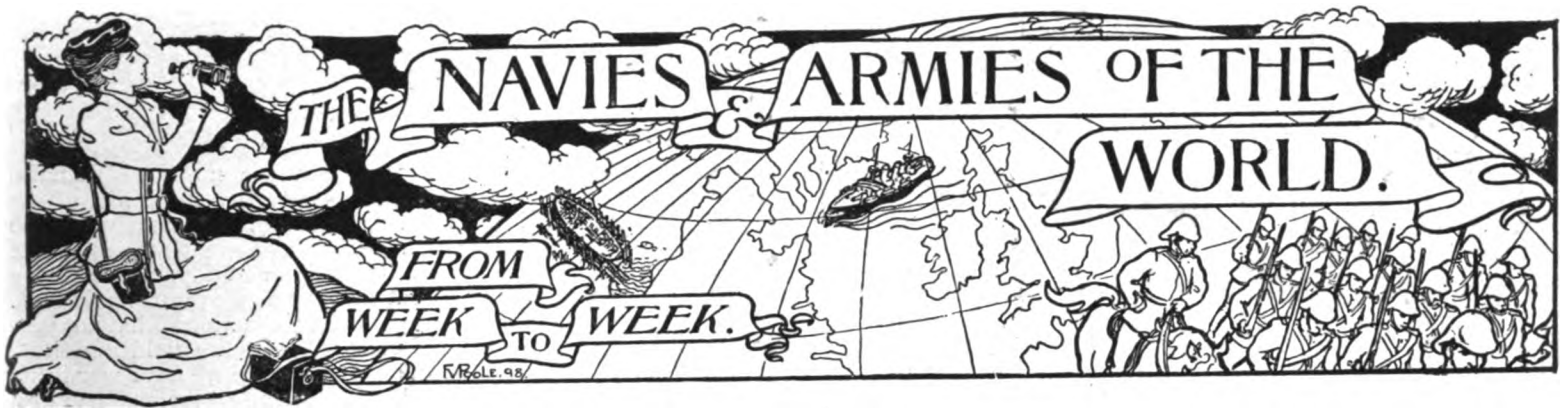

THE loss of the "Stella" has only an indirect connection with the Navies of the world, but it has some. Among the other qualities which go to make a good Naval officer, a readiness to run risks has been counted as not the least. Nelson, we know, said strong things on the subject. It was rather his way to say things strongly, but he did not say them absurdly; and he knew what he was about when he expressed the opinion that a Naval officer was none the worse because his courage was a little mad. Of course this is no excuse for mere rashness. There comes a point when a man ceases to deserve to be called a bold fellow, and can only be described as a rash fool. But the question is, whether we must not expect to have to endure a certain amount of the corruption of a fine quality, if we wish to have the quality itself. Now rashness is the corruption of courage, and is blameworthy; but all the same, you cannot root it out without somewhat diminishing the good original from which it comes. When a disaster of this kind happens, we ask ourselves how it is possible for a sane human being, with a life of his own to lose, to go tearing through a fog in the neighbourhood of such a death-trap as the Casquets. On reflection, however, other questions suggest themselves, namely, whether men would do such wild things as this if they were not enterprising and plucky, and whether it would be better for our commercial prosperity that we should be all "cautious lee shores," or that we should be a pushing people with a percentage of harum-scarum adventurers who will stake their own lives and those of others on a gambling chance. Yet without the enterprise and pluck, there is no good Navy or Army to be made.

* * * *

There is a very shrewd sentence in the letter of "Navalis" on the Severn Defences in the *Times* of the 5th. "It is," he says, "one of the many weaknesses of our imperfect human nature, that when once a place has been fortified, however irrationally, it becomes sacrosanct and dedicated for all time to the art of the fort-builder." That is very true. In all human affairs many things go on being done because they have been done, and for no other reason. We have all heard of the Russian sentry who was posted beside a flower-bed. At last the reigning Czar took it into his head to ask what he was doing there. Nobody could explain. A sentry always had been stationed there, was all that the authorities knew. After much historical investigation, it was discovered that a sentry had been set there about a century before to protect a flower in which a princess took an interest. The order had been put down, nobody was concerned to take it away, and it had been executed ever since out of sheer routine. It is for some such reason as this that many forts and other establishments are kept up in the world. Besides, the abolition of a fortified post means the suppression of a place, and it is contrary to human nature to like this.

* * * *

Spain, which contains many fine examples of abuses, has one admirable specimen of a superfluous fort in the shape of the citadel of Lérida. This town is on the west side of Catalonia over towards Aragon. It has a very fine old cathedral on a hill. In the War of the Spanish Succession, in our Queen Anne's time, the church was fortified by the partisans of the Bourbon King against the Catalans, who were mostly on the side of the Hapsburg candidate. When the war ended by the victory of the Bourbon King, he kept the fortress as a check on the Catalans. A regular fortification on the principles of Vauban was built round the cathedral. Nowadays it is perfectly useless from every point of view. Modern artillery would make an end of it in half-an-hour, and it commands nothing of any military importance. But it is kept up. The cathedral, which towers high over the fortifications, is used as a magazine—where there is an ample store of nothing. A small garrison and a large staff of officers is kept up for the protection of this valuable store, and the utmost possible fuss is made over giving you leave to look at the old cathedral. The place, in simple fact, is kept up for the sake of the general and his staff. But perhaps it is not the only fortress of which as much could be said, and these things happen elsewhere than in Spain.

Mr. Laird Clowes has written to the *Times* from Switzerland to complain of the difficulty he has experienced in getting an accurately-drawn Union Jack. It is an old grievance, but one must not be too angry with the flag-makers. It is by no means easy to draw the Union Jack correctly—to judge by the mistakes made even by draughtsmen who are carefully watched. I have before me now a copy of a very interesting little book on "The Story of the Union Jack," by Mr. Barlow Cumberland of Toronto. Mr. Cumberland knows very well how the flag ought to be drawn, and what its markings mean. But his own coloured plates have in many cases been wrongly marked. The error is small, but it is real. The white margin of the red St. George's Cross is marked off from the white saltire of Scotland by a distinct black line. Now this is wrong. The white margin is simply meant to divide the Red Cross from the blue ground, because it is bad heraldry to put colour on colour, or metal on metal, except in the arms of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem founded by the Crusaders, which show gold upon silver by a special exception. The arms of the Spanish Inquisition were a green cross on a black ground, which is colour on colour, but the Spaniards were not too strict about their heraldry.

* * * *

In fact it is rather rare to find anybody who has not made a study of the subject and who can draw the Jack quite correctly, giving exactly the due breadth of white margin to the Red Cross, and "counter-charging" the saltires of Scotland and Ireland in the proper way. Mr. Laird Clowes proposes that a small Act should be passed subjecting all flags to inspection, and forbidding the sale of such as are not properly drawn. It will probably be difficult to persuade Her Majesty's Government to introduce that measure and ask Parliament to vote the money for the inspectors' salaries. The trouble comes, I fear, from just this, that we have a flag which is so complicated that a little education in heraldry is required to understand how it ought to be drawn.

* * * *

One must not talk about the Dreyfus business, under penalty of being rather a bore. But when something of general and permanent interest turns up in the course of its endless and straggling proceedings, there is no reason why it should be ignored. Now the evidence, or, to be strictly accurate, the statement, of Major Hartmann comes under this exception. Apart altogether from the question—which in the opinion of most people is ceasing to be a question at all—whether the unhappy man in the Ile du Diable is innocent or guilty, the major's demonstration to the court is well worth reading. Its peculiar merit is that it knocks all possible excuse for the spy mania to pieces. These secrets, says the major, about which such a fuss is made are no secrets at all, and he proves his case. The gun called "120 court," about which we hear so much, was perfectly familiar to the Germans in 1891, three years before the supposed act of treason. The "frein hydro-pneumatique" had been in use long before 1891. It had been written about in Service papers, lectured on, drawn and described in magazines which anybody could buy. As for the alleged secret of the covering troops, anybody who made himself acquainted with the disposition of the French forces, which is published by authority once a year, could find out all that is worth knowing about them for himself.

* * * *

There is undoubtedly a cool good sense in the major which is very impressive. For the sake of the French one hopes that they will see it for themselves. M. Cornély, of the *Figaro*, who is one of the cleverest men living, has been moved by this artillery officer's argument to repeat a former question of his—to wit, whether anybody can be shown to have won a victory by knowing a secret or by anything, but just this, that he would stand longest when pieces of metal were flying about "without crying 'look out.'" That is his epigrammatic way of putting it, but essentially he is right. Armies win in war by fighting better than others, not by being in possession of some clockwork dodge which nobody else has.

DAVID HANNAY.

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How We Won the "Superb."

By Edward Fraser.

HER MAJESTY'S battle-ship "Superb," under orders as the future guard-ship at Wei-hai-Wei, bears a name old and famous in the annals of the Royal Navy—a name that stands to represent for us of these days that in days gone by our forefathers knew how

"To point the gun upon the chase,
And bid the deadly cutlass shine."

Half a century before ever there was a "Superb" in the British Navy the French Navy had had more than one, and had lost more than one The winning of our first "Superb" is a story of the days of Queen Anne and the War of the Spanish Succession.

It was thought in the Navy of the Grand Monarque that nothing English could touch their saucy "Superbe," with her picked ship's company and fifty-six guns—all brass; a new ship, a smart ship, a cruiser at whose name London merchants quaked in their shoes for their oversea ventures. No more dashing man-of-war flew the white ensign of France to the hour when retribution overtook her on the morning of July 30 in the year 1710. That morning saw the "Superbe" flying up Channel, racing for life, with the swiftest line-of-battle ship in the English Channel Fleet in hot pursuit.

At noon on the day before the "Superbe" and some consorts, cruising to waylay our homeward-bound Indiamen off Scilly, had fallen in with Admiral Aylmer. They were at once given chase to, whereupon the French squadron scattered and ran. The weather was hazy, and they trusted to hold their own till night, and then with a shift of the helm to go off on a new course and give their pursuers the slip. All managed to do so except the "Superbe." Often on other of her cruises had the "Superbe" laughed at her English pursuers as she left them to drop astern and disappear below the horizon, but the laugh this time was to be against her. She on this fateful day sailed heavily, clogged with weeds. Tempted by good fortune, she had kept the sea too long.

So it came about that daylight of the morning of July 30 showed, coming up with the "Superbe," a big yellow-sided ship, having a wide band of black at the water-line, with a double tier of ports, all wide open, and with red-muzzled guns pointing forward and training on the "Superbe." The stranger's lion figure-head, the regulation badge in those times of an English man-of-war, declared her an enemy. It was the "Kent," of seventy guns, which had outsailed the other pursuing ships. Captain Robert Johnson, who commanded the "Kent," had marked the drag of weeds on the pace of the "Superbe," and had set every stitch of canvas to run her down. He steered during the night with such good judgment that the break of day showed the chase at hand. He headed for her, and, catching the "Superbe" up hand over hand, by eight o'clock in the morning was within gunshot.

Up then went the "Kent's" colours, the British Union flag, and immediately after out fluttered at the "Superbe's" ensign-staff, in answering defiance, the Fleur de Lys adorned *pavillon blanc* of France, and forthwith a brisk cannonade opened on the "Kent" from the French stern-chase guns. Close as the big enemy was, even now the French captain dared hope, if his gunners could knock away a topmast or a spar, they might get clear. It was a poor chance, but anyhow worth trying, if only to stave off as long as possible their ship coming under a broadside from those over-powering heavy guns that threatened grimly from the "Kent's" tall sides. A vain resolve, however, as it proved. Steadily the British man-of-war drew nearer, practically unharmed by the French stern-chasers, until at length she ranged alongside, and began to open fire at close quarters, gun after gun, as each bore.

The effect on the "Superbe" was murderous. Every shot went home, making white splinters fly as it crashed into the French ship's hull, ripping through stanchion and bulkhead, and smashing along the crowded decks. The Frenchmen, for their part, fought on devotedly. They stood to their guns stubbornly, and did not spare the "Kent." But they were over-matched; gradually their guns slackened fire, and finally ceased. After gallantly standing an hour's hard pounding, the "Superbe" had to haul her ensign down.

Promptly taken possession of and brought to England, as soon as she was fit again for sea the prize was forthwith taken into the Navy, and commissioned as a British man-of-war under her original name and as originally spelled. It is from this "Superbe," so won by us in single-handed fight in 1710, that the armour-clad "Superb," commissioned for Wei-hai-Wei, directly through six intervening "Superbs"—or "Superbes," for the French mode of spelling the name was preserved in the first three of the ships, for some seventy odd years—inherits the name.

The X-Rays in Military Surgery.

IN the history of warfare there are no more dreadful pages than those which relate to the sufferings of the wounded. For such as survive in comparative health and strength the collision of two great armies in the field, the memory of the tedium and privations of a campaign is often lost in gratitude for a safe return, if, indeed, it does not actually accentuate the satisfaction of having participated in some glorious victory. But the field and base hospitals tell a very different story. Here we have war in its saddest aspect, scarcely relieved by the devotion of skilful doctors and an unwearying nursing staff, or even by the manly fortitude of the patients themselves. Those who cannot realise this side of warfare should read what has been written by Stephen Crane, the author of "The Red Badge of Courage," if they want to have some notion of the aftermath of a modern battle-field.

Naturally, of all wounds, those caused by projectiles coming from a distance are the kind which the military doctor finds the most difficulty in treating. As most of us know, until the discovery of the Röntgen rays it was necessary, in the ordinary search for a buried bullet, to probe for it either with an instrument or the finger, and sometimes the wound had to be enlarged to assist the search. Then, again, bullets, after entering the body, often take a very erratic course, which renders their discovery by ordinary means most difficult, if not impossible. The pain and the uncertainty thus caused has not only cast a most serious burden upon Army surgeons on active service, but has sometimes seriously reacted upon the courage even of the bravest men, who on being shot have realised the nature of the further ordeal before them. As we all know, a failure on the part of a man who is being operated on without chloroform to "keep his pecker up" may often, if it does not impair the success of the operation, at any rate retard the subsequent recovery.

It is here that the X-rays intervene with such extraordinary beneficence. Lead is particularly opaque to the rays, and when the latter are thrown through a man with a bullet in him, the projectile is shown on the fluorescent screen or sensitive photographic plate with singular distinctness. Not only that, but its position with reference to particular bones or organs can often be localised with astonishing exactness. May we not, then, say good-bye to the painful probe and all its harrowing associations, and claim that in up-to-date military surgery they are now as much relics of the past as the old Brown Bess?

But it does not altogether follow that, because the Röntgen rays will localise a bullet in a man's body, they are easily applicable to the practical purposes of a hospital in the immediate vicinity of a battle-field. It is only by the exercise of great forethought and immense professional zeal that this has been rendered possible Surgeon-Major Beevor was the pioneer in this direction, and the report of the work he did on the North-West Frontier of India with comparatively primitive apparatus, and in tremendously difficult circumstances, is most deeply interesting. But a great advance was indicated in the results achieved by Major Battersby, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who accompanied the expedition to Khartoum in charge of a specially-designed Röntgen ray apparatus, of which full details have been published. We cannot reproduce these here, but we borrow from a lecture by Major Battersby a very striking statement of results. After the battle of Omdurman 121 British wounded were conveyed to the surgical hospital at Abadieh, and among these there were twenty-one cases in which the bullet could not be found, or its absence proved, by the ordinary methods. In twenty out of these twenty-one cases an accurate diagnosis was arrived at with the help of the Röntgen rays, the odd case, who was suffering from a severe bullet wound in the lung, being too ill for examination at the time.

We have still something to learn with reference to the use of the X-rays in the field, more particularly in regard to making the apparatus more portable. The kit used in the Soudan was most complete and satisfactory, but it was too heavy for camel or mule transport, and in the end had to be carried by four men, slung from a pole, after the fashion of an Indian dhoolie. The current was generated by a small dynamo driven by means of a tandem bicycle. It is proposed to largely modify this apparatus by using a frictional machine to excite the focus tube direct. It must be remembered that the Soudan climate, with its intense sunlight, which renders the use of the fluorescent screen almost impossible by day, and its temperature varying from 100-deg. to 122-deg. Fahr. in the shade, was an unusually severe test.

In all our large military hospitals at home and abroad there are excellent X-ray outfits, and officers of the Army Medical Service are warmly encouraged to make themselves proficient radiographers.

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A Naval Doctor's Life Afloat.

By One of Them.

IT has been said by cynical and easy-going Naval surgeons, that a medical man who is fond of work does not deserve to be in the Navy; and doubtless to the studious, enthusiastic devotee who revels in original research, and thirsts unceasingly for streams of rare and interesting "cases," a man-of-war may prove a somewhat narrow field in which to give his bubbling genius play. But to the ordinary mortal, to whom a perhaps more than usually easy time is looked upon as a rather desirable state of affairs than otherwise, no happier life, nor to the keen, observant mind one more full of curious, interesting phases could be enjoyed in any sphere. In every ship the doctor, in common with all ranks of every branch, has a fixed daily routine of work, varying in the strictness with which Service formalities are carried out according to the size of the ship. By this I mean that in smaller ships much greater laxity exists with regard to purely formal routine than in, let us say, a first-class battle-ship.

Directly the matutinal meal has been disposed of, the doctor directs his footsteps towards the sick-bay, which in many of our ships, particularly battle-ships and large cruisers, is practically a diminutive hospital, fitted with everything necessary to the comfort of sick men. Here he sees any of the ship's company who may require his attention, admitting on the sick list any "fresh cases" that may be waiting, and "discharging to duty" from it any convalescent ones.

The sick-bay of a modern war-ship is a spacious compartment, containing sometimes a dozen comfortable swinging beds, and there is also plenty of room for hanging up a number of hammocks for such of the patients as are confined to the "bay" under the eyes of the doctors and their staff of nurses. To the right of the beds is the dispensary, wherein is kept a plentiful supply of drugs, pills, powders, and all the mysterious paraphernalia known to the medical profession.

Sick-bay Attendants Carrying in an Invalid.

There was a time when a dose from the "foretopman's bottle" or a "black draught" might have been considered a befitting prescription for a seaman's ailments; but the old cockpit has been superseded by well-equipped Naval hospitals on shore (fully described in Vol. V., No. 59, March 18, 1898) and sick berths afloat, conducted by an efficient staff of medical officers and nurses; and the mortality of our British tars has consequently been much reduced, and places them in a far better position in this respect than their brethren ashore, who are not so liberally attended to. With the introduction of the deadly Maxim and machine guns, their chances of being riddled with bullets are much greater at the present time than formerly, yet they have the consolation of knowing that, if by any unlucky chance these missiles should lodge in their bodies, we have the means of locating their position by the help of the Röntgen rays, thus affording a greater possibility of their being extracted. This new branch of science has not escaped the notice of the medical branch of the Navy, and in many ships it has been used successfully in throwing light on many cases hitherto wrapped in mystery.

As may be readily surmised, the method of procedure adopted by the Naval surgeon in cases where imagination is in any marked degree responsible for a man's attendance at the sick-bay, differs very considerably from the studiously sympathetic and interested (in more senses than one) manner in which his "shore-going" brother of the scalpel approaches a similarly groundless plaint. But the gentle reader must not hastily assume that sympathy is a feeling foreign to the hearts of the medical advisers of our brave British Blues; the popularity enjoyed by a cold, unsympathetic "doc." would very surely be a minus quantity. But, unfortunately, black sheep will exist in every flock, and the wiles adopted by a certain class of men to get a few days' lazy lie-up are extraordinary, and they frequently display no small amount of ingenuity. Consequently, the possibility of malingering has always to be borne in mind as an almost probable diagnosis in any doubtful case.

On the other hand, the wilful concealment of diseases that do exist is considered quite as reprehensible as the assumption of non-existent ones, the culprit, if discovered, being liable to equally condign punishment.

The doctor's visit should be finished by nine o'clock, at which hour the captain will expect to receive a list of the sick, in order that all arrangements as to filling up their places in watches, boats' crews, etc., may be carried out at once.

In the Queen's Regulations it is laid down that the medical officer's attention "is not to be confined exclusively to men on the sick list; but he will watch attentively every circumstance likely to affect the health of the ship generally, and should he suspect the presence of disease or indisposition in any man, he is at once to examine and deal with him accordingly."

Twice a day, or oftener, according to the condition of the cases, each one is seen, and the necessary directions issued for their care to the ministering angel of sick Blue-jackets, the sick-berth steward, each ship carrying at least one of this highly-trained and useful staff.

On the occasions on which "General Quarters" are rehearsed, which happens once or twice a week, the details preliminary to an action, from a surgical point of view, are gone through by the doctor and his staff. Amputating tables are set up, imposing brass-bound boxes of instruments brought forth, and instruction meted out to the sick-berth staff in the methods of lending aid at operations, temporary arrest of hæmorrhage, etc. On Sunday, and in most ships on Thursday as well, the captain carries out what is known as "going round" the ship, and amongst the representatives of various departments who take part in this procession is our friend the doctor, not from fear of accidents, but merely in case his advice may be required on a point of Naval hygiene, in which science he is supposed to be an expert. This round includes every corner of the ship, and rigid scrutiny will soon unearth a spot of dirt, bright work unpolished, or any article not in its proper place.

Another standing duty is the keeping of a journal, in which an account of work done, of patients seen, with interesting cases shown at length, is given. This also must contain descriptions of climates, foods, weather observations and records, in short, anything of interest to the health of the Service that may come under his notice.

For the best two journals of the year two gold medals, known as Gilbert Blaine's Medals, are presented every year.

What may be described as odd jobs are, of course, liable to crop up at any time; for instance, all food that may be bought at any foreign port must be examined and passed by the surgeon; also all milk and water must be analysed and reported on—in some places a very necessary proceeding indeed. Scant space compels me to pass details quickly over, but if some idea of the not too arduous duties of a Naval medical officer in times of peace has been conveyed to the mind of the reader, the writer's aim has been fulfilled.

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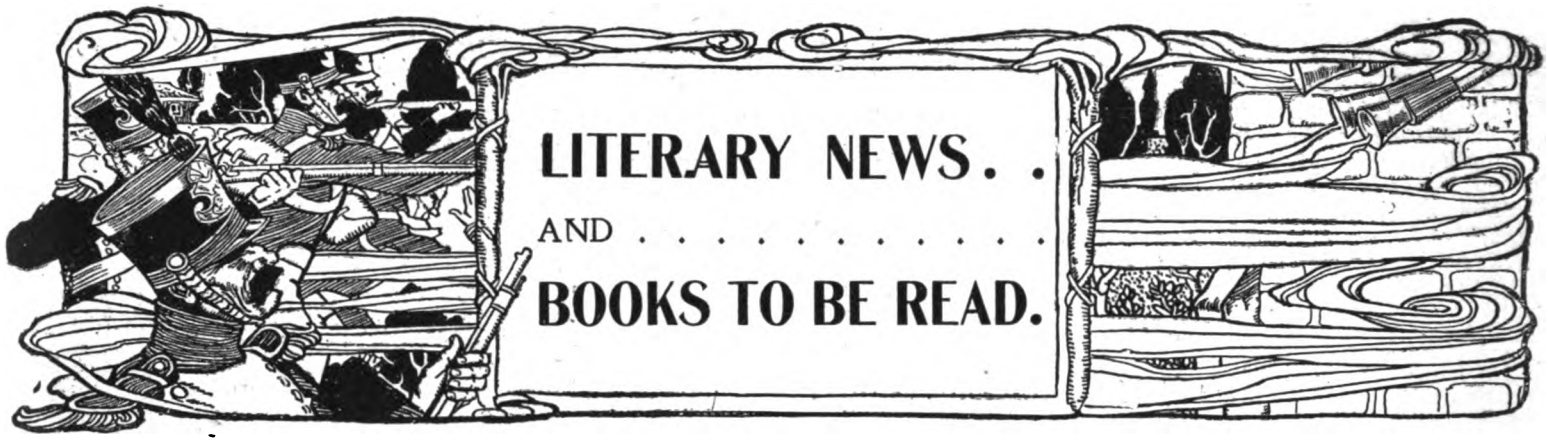

THE life of an Italian veteran who was born in 1807, who was intimate with many members of the Houses of Savoy and Carignano, who held a torch at the baptism of Victor Emanuel, who lived through all the years of revolution, and rose to the highest position in the Army, fighting on many a field, could not but be exceedingly interesting. Such a man was the late General Count Enrico della Rocca, whose "Autobiography of a Veteran, 1807-1893," has been translated by Janet Ross (Unwin). The value of the book is really in the side lights it throws upon the genesis of the Italian kingdom, and the sketches it embodies of many actors in that strange drama. La Marmora, the author's cousin, audacious, enterprising, and intelligent, but not studious, Cavour, astute, alert, and with a passion for mathematics, and Cavalli, even then intensely interested in mechanics, were Della Rocca's comrades at the Military Academy. The young officer was very intimate with the Duke of Savoy, the future Victor Emanuel, and appears to have been set over him as a kind of Mentor. "At Court Victor Emanuel was the heir to the throne, a loving husband, and a respectful son; but outside he gave full scope to his natural instincts and tastes, and became a *mousquelaire* of the seventeenth century. He dressed rather in that style, and physically resembled Dumas' heroes, but without their vulgar manners and tastes. He was jealous of his personal dignity and position. With women it was different. It was sufficient for them to be young, pretty, and not coy, to gain his affections for the moment. But I am perfectly convinced that among the large number—a sort of magic lantern of pretty women of all grades of society—not one ever really touched his heart. That belonged entirely to Maria Adelaide."

* * * *

After this somewhat unkind picture of the future King, the Mentor goes on to speak of the memorable year 1848, with its surging up of the multitude, and of the war with Austria. He was colonel and chief of the staff, and after the hard fighting with Radetzky, the disaster of Custoza, and the evacuation of Milan, we find him gathering up the fragments, and setting to work as Victor Emanuel's first Minister of War, to prepare for other things. The plotting of Mazzini and Orsini, the rise of Garibaldi, the stirring events of Magenta and Solferino, foreign embassies, internal struggles, and the extraordinary series of events that led up to Sadowa, make chapters full of interest to the student of Italian politics and political morality. Throughout it is profoundly instructive, though the impression received is generally unpleasant. In that conflict of interests the motto was *la force prime le droit*, and many rights were over-ridden by the aggressive kingdom of Piedmont and the revolution hand in hand. General della Rocca was a philosophic observer as well as a vigorous actor, and with a mild touch of enthusiasm, he shrewdly discerned the drift of things. His narrative unfortunately grows meagre as the great year 1870 is reached, and his widow has added a postscript recording his death at a very advanced age in 1896. The book deserved to be translated, and the work has been well done.

* * * *

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!" exclaims the hero of "Locksley Hall" after surveying the possibilities of civilisations less advanced than ours. Mr. James Johnston scarcely agrees with him, if one may judge from the preface of his "China and Its Future" (Elliot Stock). Shall France, which has trampled on honour, civilise China; shall Germany, which has fed African savages "with spirits fiery and noxious like turpentine," and which even glories in Bismarck and the "unspeakable Turk"; shall Russia, which has lashed the bare backs of women and banished both Stundists and Jews? These things at greater length, demands Mr. Johnston. But if he begins by cursing he ends almost by blessing. At least he is fain to confess that more blows of the "mailed fist" may be necessary to complete the awakening, and that Russia, though a great danger in Manchuria, may be a good neighbour after all. There is a suspicion of inconsistency about Mr. Johnston's book. He is continually extolling the high ideals of the Chinese and the excellent theory of their Government, and also deploring the sordid outcome and the miserable result in practice. He can see nothing in the remains of classic and Christian art but the fruit of degrading tyranny, and thanks God that China has no such monuments. Whereat I had almost called his book purblind. What are the safeguards against Cæsarism in China? One of them is the scattered condition of the Army and its subjection to local governors, in one place apparently extolled by Mr. Johnston as a merit. But he will be the last to deny that this very state of the Army laid China prostrate before Japan. Then the criminal code is "a model of justice, simplicity, and common-sense." But what is the dark blot upon it that drove gallant Admiral Ting to self-destruction, and how does it irradiate the gloomy tale of infanticide? These things said, let us hasten to add that Mr. Johnston's book brings together, in a small space, a great deal of excellent matter, and that he gives a good but brief account of the history, character, and possibilities of China. Few will differ from his view that to maintain the integrity of the Empire, if possible, is our true policy, and that English leadership would do much to raise a strong body of soldiers for the defence of the country, and as a counter-move to Russian activity in Manchuria. But it is a hard saying, which I find in another place, that the Chinese are to go back to the days of the great Yao and the great Shun—that "their hope lies not in progress or the discovery of new truths and improved methods, but in returning to the policy and practice of the ancients, and the further back they go the better for the people and Empire." Verily Mr. Johnston is but a flickering light in our darkness.

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With great pleasure I notice "From Weissenburg to Sedan," a pamphlet by Major-General A. E. Turner, C.B., R.A. (Clowes). The idea is excellent. The author was asked to conduct a party of officers, members of the Home District Tactical Society, over the battle-fields of 1870. He was familiar with the region, and accepted with pleasure, and this pamphlet is intended to facilitate the journey of others who may desire to go over the same ground. Remembering that Alsace and Lorraine are within easy distance of London, that the hotels are all fairly and some very good, that the inhabitants are friendly and obliging to a degree, that the trip may be very pleasant in many ways, and that it cannot fail to be extremely instructive to the military student, it is truly surprising how few Englishmen take the journey. With this booklet in his pocket, and a good map, and "Hooper" and some German authorities at hand, if he can read them, the military tourist will be well equipped.

* * * *

Everybody should know gentle Charles Lamb's "slender abstract" of the Odyssey. If they do not, they may, as it appears, though no one would have guessed it to see the modest volume, at the small price of "tenpence net," in the "New English Series" of Horace Marshall and Son, edited by Mr. E. E. Speight, B.A. There is a capital reproduction of Turner's famous picture, "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," and a most vigorous introduction by Sir George Birdwood, who is certainly, as he says, an aggressive advocate of general instruction in Greek literature. If a man has thoroughly mastered Greek, he may master anything. Once, acting on this hardy theory, Sir George advised the Secretary of State for India to appoint to a responsible post in the Natural History Museum at Calcutta a gentleman who knew absolutely nothing of natural history, but who knew Greek excellently well. So strong is he in his condemnation of "the fatal Chinese system of competitive examinations," and so sturdy is his Hellenic faith, that he demands if natural history is anything more than "a sackful of Greek names." I agree with him rather more where he says that Lamb's engaging style may be an "efficacious corrective of the degraded, depraved, and altogether sinister contemporary English of the Kailyard." Decidedly the introduction does not lack vigour. While I am talking about ancient times, let me draw attention to Messrs. Methuen's "History of Egypt." There was need, in the light of the discoveries of Mr. Flinders Petrie and others, for such a history. Mr. Petrie has himself devoted three volumes to the Dynasties I. to XXX., and Mr. Mahaffy one to the Ptolemaic Dynasty. Now Mr. J. G. Milne has added an able and scholarly book on "Egypt Under Roman Rule." It is a perfect compendium of its subject.

* * * *

Mr. David Hannay is so well known to the readers of this paper that they will only need to be referred to his article on "The English in Toulon," in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is based upon M. Paul Cottin's book, and gives a most curious picture of the French Navy under the Revolution. Its real practical lesson lies in the last sentence. We had rashly embarked upon our enterprise, without adequate troops to hold the positions we occupied, and our abandonment of the place was inevitable. "Let us hope," says Mr. Hannay, "that a generation which has taken to talking very much about sea power will not have to be taught the same lesson at an equally heavy cost again."

* * * *

True collaboration is a thing difficult to define. There are infinite shades between the loose associations of writers who merely contribute kindred volumes to a series under the mild watchfulness of an editor, as in the forthcoming "Twelve Soldiers—From Cromwell to Wellington," to be issued by Lawrence and Bullen, with an introduction by Lord Roberts, and the closely-knitted work of men like MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, to which the death of the last survivor of them has drawn new attention. What is to be the nature of the work upon "The American-Spanish War" which Messrs. Gay and Bird will publish in England? It is by the "War Leaders," and the production will be exceedingly interesting. General Garcia will write on the Cuban side, and General Shafter on the American doings at Santiago. Will they studiously avoid one another, or wrangle, as in the humorous extract I lately made from "Mr. Dooley"? It is well that Captain Evans should write upon the great Naval battle, though it would have been curious to read Admiral Sampson on Admiral Schley. The admiral has just put capable pen to paper in the *Century*, describing the battle. General Merritt is to deal with the operations at Manila, General Miles with the work of the Army as a whole—will he touch on the question of "embalmed beef"?—and Mr. Long, Secretary of the Navy, with the Naval operations generally. What is really new in the character of the book, and in many recent magazine articles, is the fact that prominent officers and officials, including the Naval and Military commanders-in-chief, are rushing into print in a manner quite strange to historical literature. What they say will have high value, but the system is scarcely the best for writing history.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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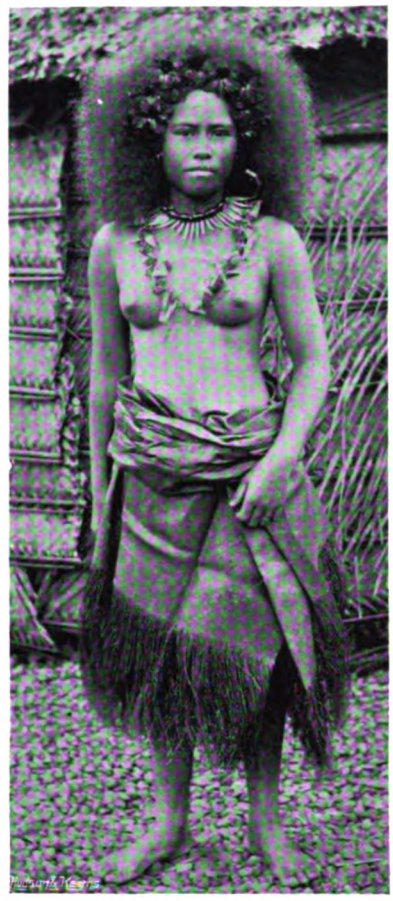
Rival Kings in Samoa.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MATAAFA.

SINCE we last wrote upon affairs in Samoa the provisional Government has been abolished, the Mataafans, in defiance of an ultimatum, have attacked the Malietoans, and seized the houses of British subjects, and, in the struggle, several British and American Bluejackets have been killed and wounded. Apia and the neighbouring villages have been bombarded by the British and American war-ships, and the settlement of affairs is not yet near.

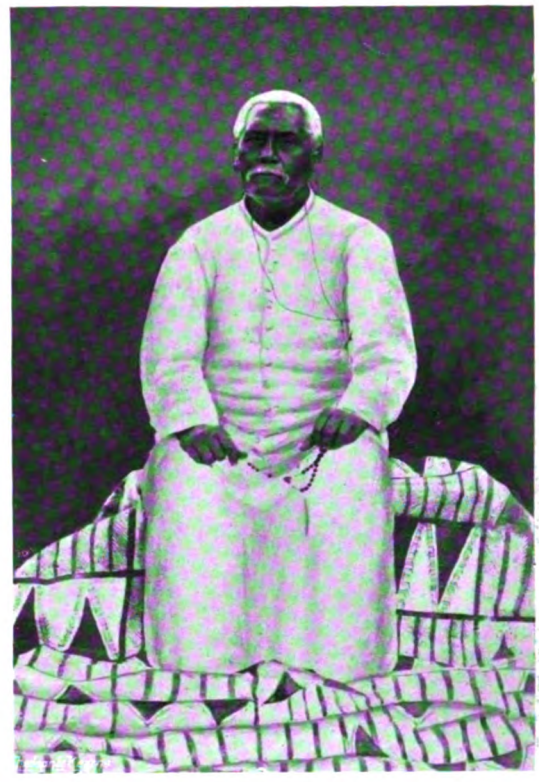
The whole of the difficulty arises from the Germans having illegally deposed the late King Malietoa Laupepa in 1887. When he returned from exile in 1889 he found that Mataafa, the high chief, had defeated Tamasese, the German nominee, and was in authority. The Berlin negotiations ended, however, in the reinstatement of Malietoa, who had displayed no eagerness to resume the reins of power, and the exclusion of Mataafa. The chief, in high dudgeon, thereupon retired to Malie, and, becoming a menace to the peace of the islands, was declared a rebel, and, after some fighting, surrendered, with his chiefs, on board the "Katoomba," in 1893. From that time forward there was peace, but the Germans had taken Mataafa into favour, and, when Malietoa Laupepa died in August, 1898, they supported him in his resolve to contest the authority of Malietoa Tanu, the nominee of Great Britain and the United States.

MALIETOA TANU,
The Legally-elected King.

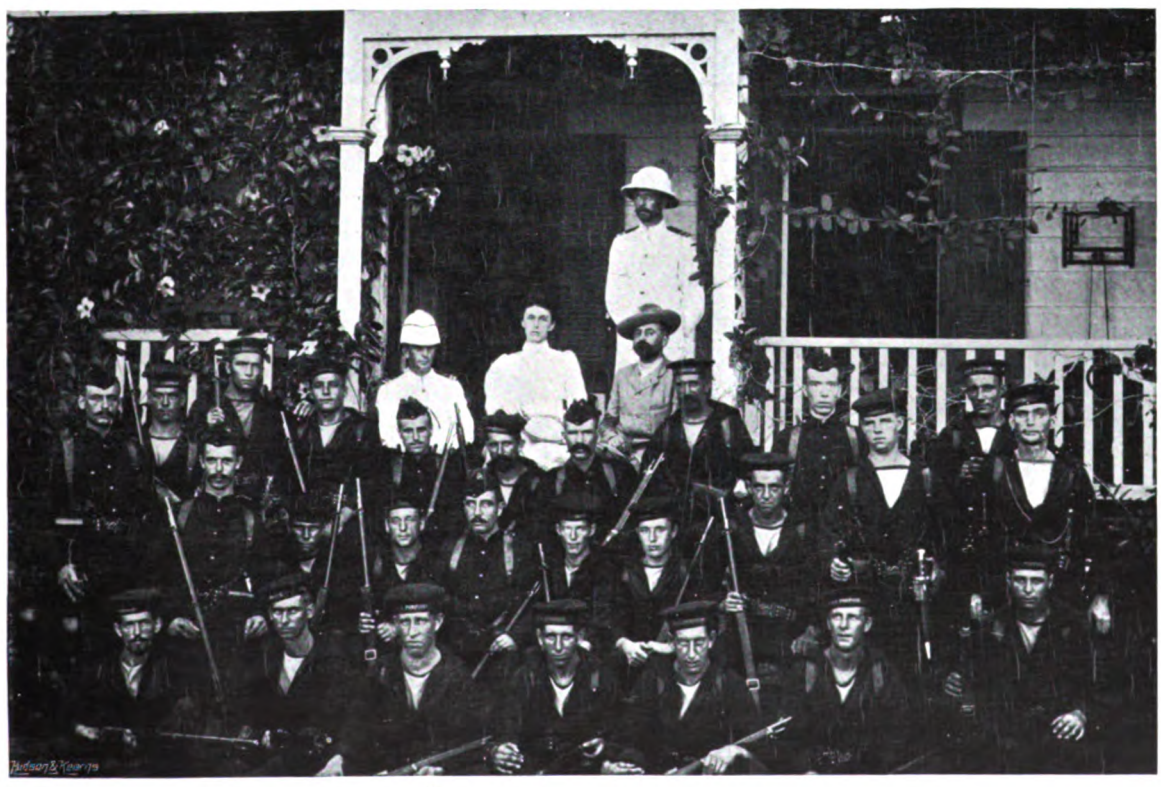


A SAMOAN BELLE,
The Leader of Mataafa's Troops.

A correspondent in Samoa has sent us some very interesting pictures illustrating the events that followed. The Germans in the municipality were exasperated at the dismissal of Mataafa, whose accession to power they knew would give them valuable concessions. The situation rapidly grew dangerous, and parties were landed from the "Porpoise" to protect the houses of the British Consul and of Chief Justice Chambers, an American subject, who, in virtue of his authority, had given judgment in favour of Malietoa Tanu. Hostilities broke out in January, and many were killed, the King-elect and his chiefs being compelled to take refuge on board the "Porpoise." One of our illustrations is a portrait of a Mataafan Amazon—a "moss-haired girl" surpassing Barnum's "freak"—who fought in the battle. Another is a striking picture of Mataafan braves cutting off the heads of the vanquished.



MATAAFA, THE REBEL CHIEF.



From Photos. By a Correspondent.

SAILORS AND MARINES GUARDING CHIEF JUSTICE CHAMBERS'S HOUSE DURING THE FIGHTING.

Our correspondent on arriving at Samoa sought an interview with old Mataafa, in his temporary triumph, to learn his views upon the situation. The chief was sleeping at the time, but one of the very stout ladies of his Court, attired mostly in a tappa mat,

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GUARDING THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

introduced the visitor. Mataafa was all smiles, and greatly relished a cigar, and the interview was conducted, smiling and in dumb show, for a quarter of an hour. An interpreter then appeared, and the visitor explained that he had arrived from Ceylon, having taken part in a great battle in the Soudan, and was on his way round the world, and wished to learn which Power His Highness considered would best protect the interests of Samoa. Mataafa, who had tasted the bitterness of the frowns and smiles of Germany, shook his head, considered for a time, and, having ascertained that his visitor was an Englishman, exclaimed in the best English he could command, "All same—like one—like all." Beyond this safe utterance the chief would not go, and our correspondent left, having received permission to take the portrait of Mataafa, which we give. He departed with a very pleasant impression of the old man, and with the conviction that joint control was not the best form of protection for these beautiful islands.

It was in the middle of last month that the bombardment of the rebel stronghold began. Admiral Kautz, of the United States Navy, who, with his flag flying on board the "Philadelphia," was the senior Naval officer present, had called a meeting of the Consuls and chiefs together to discuss the situation. It was resolved to dismiss the provisional Government, and a proclamation was issued directing the chiefs of the Mataafa section to return to their homes. This proclamation was answered by the Mataafans attacking the Malietoans. The United States cruiser "Philadelphia" and the British cruisers "Royalist" and "Porpoise" then opened fire, and shelled the rebel position. We have already illustrated the "Porpoise," and we now give pictures of the United States cruiser "Philadelphia" and Her Majesty's cruiser "Royalist," both of which are now "on the spot."

From Photos

THE HEADS OF THE SLAIN FOR THE KING.

By a Correspondent.

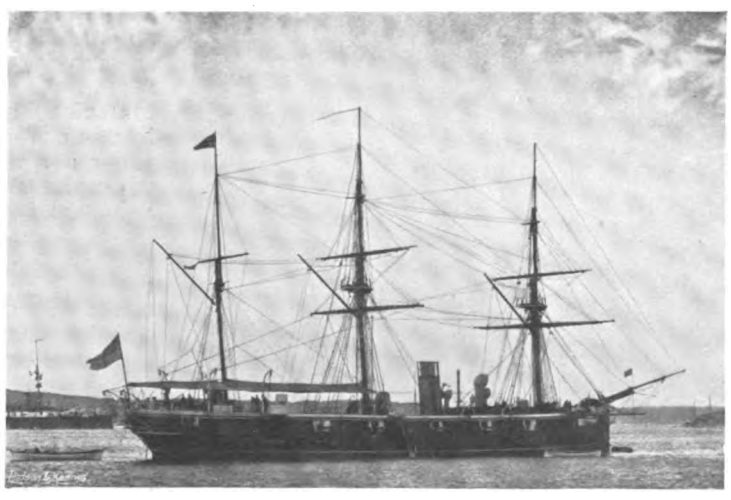

Photo. Atkinson

H.M.S. "ROYALIST."

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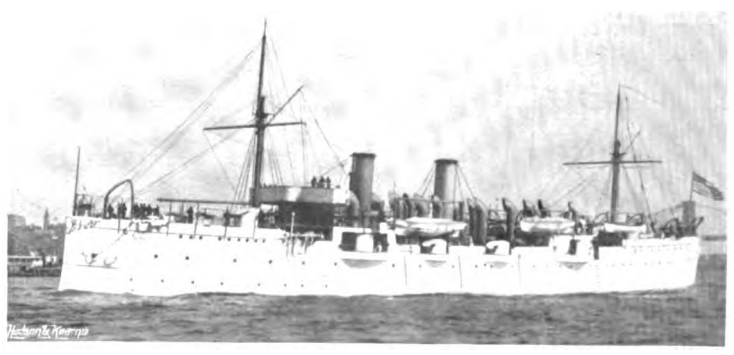

Photo. Johns n

U.S. FLAG-SHIP "PHILADELPHIA."

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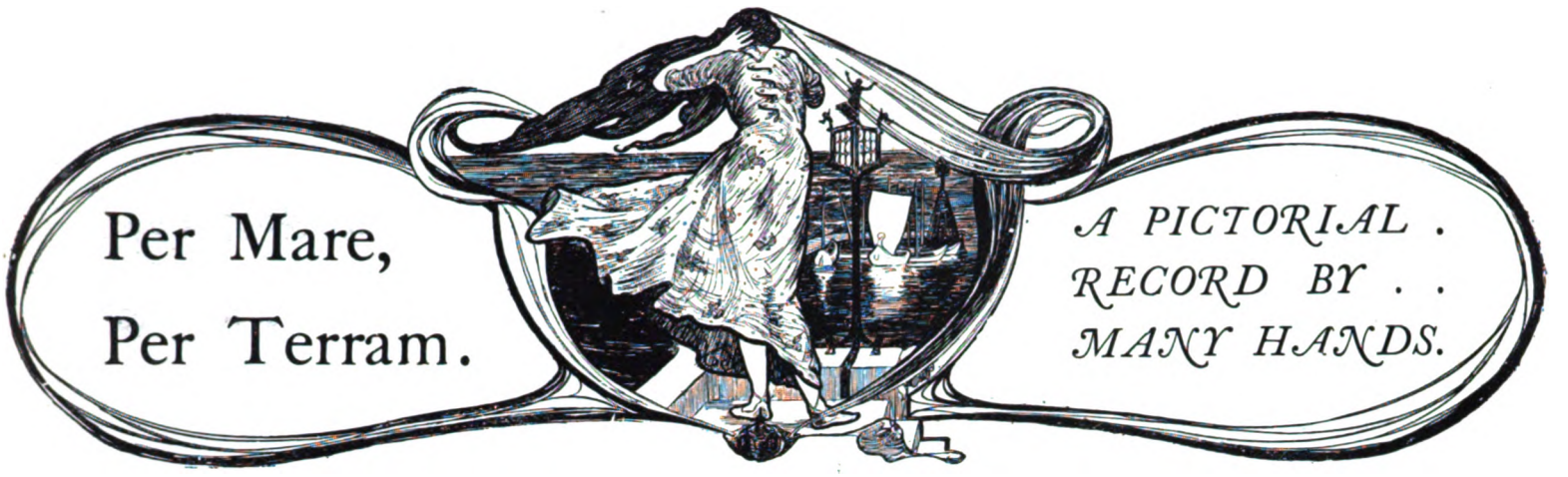

COLONEL F. W. KITCHENER.

COLONEL FREDERICK WALTER KITCHENER, who has been appointed to command the 2nd Battalion of the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment), is a brother of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, and joined the Service just under a quarter of a century ago. He was promoted captain in 1882, after eight years' service, and became major ten years later. Since then—until the other day when he was appointed to the command—he has been a regimental major, but by good service in the series of campaigns carried to such a brilliantly successful issue by his brother, he has earned brevet promotion, first to lieutenant-colonel, and then to colonel. Colonel Kitchener's first war service was during the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, he then being a subaltern in the regiment he now commands. He was selected to serve as a transport officer with the Cabul Field Force, and with that force took part in Roberts's advance on Cabul over the Shatargardan. He was present in the engagement at Charasiab, in the affair at Karez Mir, in the operations in the Chardeh Valley, throughout the defence of Sherpur, and with the Khama Expedition. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, and earned the medal with clasps for Charasiab and Cabul. When in 1896 Lord Kitchener began the long series of arduous campaigns now so successfully brought to a termination, his brother was the man he selected to fill one of the more important posts—that of Director of Transports. In this capacity he served through the Dongola Expedition, including the engagements at Firket and Hafir, through the campaign that terminated with the Atbara, and through the recent operations known as the Khartoum Campaign. Since then he has commanded the column sent in pursuit of the Khalifa. Colonel Kitchener is also one of those officers who has passed the Staff College.

Photo. Stokes. Copyright.

A BIT OF OLD PARKHURST BARRACKS.

FEW are aware that the barracks at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight are a relic of the old days when our Indian Empire was under the rule of the Honourable East India Company. The old barracks, now under process of demolition to make room for more modern buildings, were built by "John Company" at the end of last century, at the time when the Company raised and maintained its own troops, European as well as native. Here the recruits were drilled and trained before being drafted to India. The old buildings, now fast disappearing, were low, single-storey erections of rabbet-tiled timber, and the curious little octagonal building shown in our illustration was used as a cook-house of old, but afterwards promoted to the dignity of housing the tailors' shop. Parkhurst, owing to the mildness of the climate of the "Garden Isle," has always been a favourite station to which to send troops returning from tropical service. It is from Parkhurst that the Queen's guard is provided when Her Majesty is at Osborne, and Her Majesty used to be a very frequent visitor to the barracks, a special entrance, known as "The Queen's Gate," being reserved for her use. Most Royalties and distinguished personages visiting at Osborne have also been guests at the barracks on the occasion of some function, such, for instance, as the presentation of colours to a regiment, and notably the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. At present Parkhurst is garrisoned by the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

Photo Cadman. Copyright

SOME R.N.R. OFFICERS.

SINCE the abolition of the old State-owned troop-ships, their place as transports has been taken by large steamers subventioned from the great ocean steam-ship companies and fitted for troops, and one of the finest of these ships is the "Nubia," leased from the P. and O. Company, and officially known as Transport No. 1, a group of whose officers is shown in the accompanying illustration. Many of the officers employed in the trooping service are officers of that most important auxiliary service to the Navy, the Royal Naval Reserve. The "Nubia," for example, is commanded by a Royal Naval Reserve officer, Captain E. C. Henning, and two of her officers shown in our illustration also belong to the force. These are Mr. Williamson, on the extreme left, and Mr. Miller, next to him. All these officers have seen service, for Captain Henning commanded the "Malacca" when taken up by the Admiralty for the purposes of the Benin Expedition, and received the medal, and both Messrs. Williamson and Miller were officers of the ship. Sub-Lieutenant Miller has put in a twelve months' training in the

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Royal Navy, serving in the Channel Squadron, while Sub-Lieutenant Williamson has not only done the same, but has completed and obtained certificates in both gunnery and torpedo short courses. No company more than the P. and O. encourages its officers to belong to the Royal Naval Reserve, and a very large number do so. It is noticeable in looking through the list of Royal Naval Reserve officers what a good percentage of officers have either served twelve months in a man-of-war or taken up the gunnery and torpedo courses, or, in the case of engineer officers, have completed a three months' course of instruction at one of the home dockyards. The whole force, indeed, is keen on efficiency, and a most valuable adjunct to the Navy.

THE sturdy group shown in the upper picture in this column are the sergeants composing the 22nd Cavalry Pioneer Class. Each year, as the month of March comes

CAVALRY PIONEERS AT CHATHAM.

round, every cavalry regiment serving within the three kingdoms is detailed to undergo a course of instruction in pioneer work at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. Under charge of a quartermaster-sergeant of Royal Engineers they are taught both theoretically and practically a course that includes field works, building of redoubts, hutting, driving artesian wells, demolition of buildings by explosives, etc., etc. Bridging by the use of spars and the construction of barrel piers is also part of the course, and the one that has been chosen for our illustration, the men being there grouped on a bridge of their own construction. On the conclusion of the course and examination, those passing receive a certificate of efficiency, which on return to their regiment qualifies them to act as instructors and impart the information they have acquired to the men detailed as pioneers in their own corps. A finer, smarter, and more picked body of men than those here depicted it would be hard to find in any Army. Non-commissioned officers are the best of their class, and the finished product of military training and discipline, and the group we illustrate are a fair sample of what the British Army can produce.

THE two illustrations we next reproduce are snap-shots taken by an officer serving on the West Coast of Africa, and give an excellent idea of what river work is like in that portion of our Empire, whether it be in Sierra Leone, on the Gold Coast, or in Nigeria. The first shows one of the big native canoes with a white officer in the stern, the other a part of a boat crowded with blacks of the West African Regiment—a bustling scene which gives one an excellent idea of the sturdy class of blacks that we are utilising in the new regiments that are raised and being raised in our African possessions. Both also bring home to one vividly the character of the West African river scenery—low jungle-covered hills, with the luxuriant tropical vegetation, the lovely feathery-looking foliage dipping down to the water's edge, exquisitely

Photo. A. D. Green. Copyright.

RIVER SCENE IN WEST AFRICA.

beautiful to the eye, but teeming with the germs of malaria of the most virulent type.

THE troops here illustrated formed part of Colonel Marshall's column recently operating on the Liberian frontier of Sierra Leone, and which terminated so successfully the other day. Bona and Caffula—not very war-sounding names—are the two chiefs of the Kissi tribe that have caused all the trouble, and they have now come in and made formal submission. In all, the column covered some 800 miles, no mean task in a fever-infested country. Some fifty towns and villages were destroyed, but the British loss

Photo. A. D. Green. Copyright.

A BOAT-LOAD OF OUR NEW LEVIES.

amounted to only three natives killed. A good number of the force were, however, wounded, including three white officers, though in the case of the latter, luckily, none seriously. That out of the small number of white officers employed three should have been wounded, shows, however, very clearly how much white officers have to expose themselves in encouraging their men on these occasions, and how they are made a mark for the enemy's fire.

BY the recent sad death of a recruit of the Scots Guards, who died while on parade at Windsor, and by the questions in relation thereto which were put in the

Photo. Ellis.

AN HISTORIC SPECTACLE ON THE

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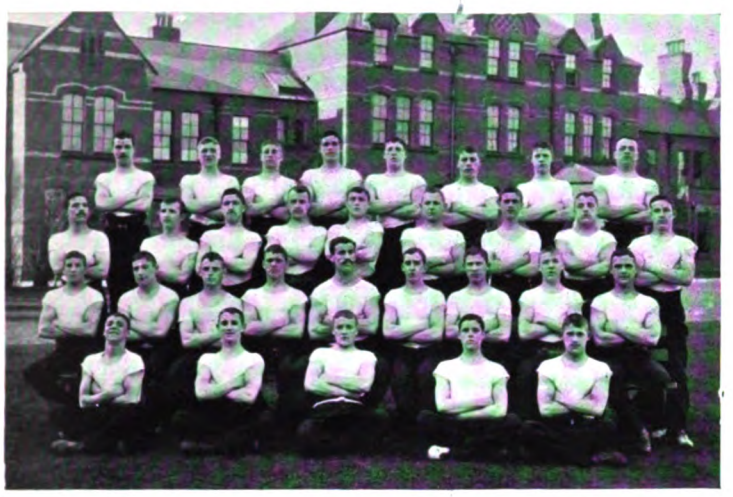
House of Commons by Major-General Russel, the member for Cheltenham, and Major Rasch, the member for South-east Essex, much attention has been directed to the question as to whether, by the enlistment of "specials," men of deteriorated physique are not unlikely to be accepted as recruits. That, however, the standard is on the whole high is shown by the accompanying group, who are not picked men, but simply the last joined draft of recruits that came to the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment as recently as February 21 last. With but one exception, these men had been then only twelve weeks in the Service, and during their stay at the depôt at Pontefract their measurements increased on the average as follows: In weight seven pounds,



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

RECRUITS FOR THE YORK AND LANCASTER.

in chest measurement one and a-half inches, in fore-arm measurement half an inch, and in upper arm seven-eighths of an inch. This extraordinary physical development is due firstly to the lads themselves being of fine physique, and secondly to the continual practice in physical and gymnastic exercises which are so strictly carried out at the regimental depôt at Pontefract. Colonel Clark, who there commands, in truth works wonders for the efficiency of his regiment in the care and attention he gives to the physical training and development of the recruits. He personally sees to it, and that the rules as laid down for increasing physical development are properly carried out in all their entirety. In every possible way, moreover, does he encourage his recruits to attend the gymnasium rather than loaf outside or inside barracks in their spare hours, and rarely does he himself miss an evening in attending. Colonel Clark's regiment owes him a big debt of gratitude.

THE long panoramic picture that figures in this week's "Per Mare, per Terram" is the representation of a very historic occasion, for it depicts the parade of the United States troops recently landed at Malta. The landing of troops on the soil of a foreign Power, fully armed and equipped, and under the leading of their own officers, is one of those things that are very seldom seen. Indeed, it is only allowed by special permission, and on some very special occasion. The most notable case of late years that the writer can at present recall was in 1893, at the great Columbian celebrations at New York, when by invitation landing parties of sailors and marines of all the various nationalities represented by war-ships in New York Harbour were landed and paraded the whole length of the Broadway in full review order, a superb spectacle which those who saw it will not easily forget.

On this occasion, the tactful courtesy of General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, extended the hospitality of the Floriana parade ground to the United States infantry on board the Government transport "Sheridan," which had arrived at Malta *en route* with reinforcements, about 2,000 strong, for the United States army in the Philippines. On landing they marched to the parade ground, where they were inspected by His Excellency the Governor. After the inspection, the United States troops marched past, and the officers were then formed up, and Sir Francis expressed to them the great pleasure he had had in inspecting such a fine and well-disciplined body of men, welcomed them to Malta, and wished them every success in the campaign on which they were bound. The troops then marched out to the Marsa, an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps being told off to accompany them, another graceful little act of courtesy, and returned through the Strada Reale, with their bands playing lustily, and amidst the hearty welcome of the spectators. A number of the United States officers were afterwards entertained to luncheon at the Palace. His Excellency proposed the toast of the President, and the senior American officer that of the Queen. A pleasing and picturesque incident, and one which will go far to strengthen the strong amity that exists between the two great English-speaking nations that united could rule the world.

THE close of the "Terrible's" first year in commission has, unfortunately, been marred by a sad disaster in the death of a stoker by the bursting of a boiler tube. Though there is a general tendency to depreciate this ship, it must be remembered that though in her year of commission she has not done much actual sea cruising, only, in fact, one trip out to Gibraltar and two to Malta, she has been put through a series of very exhaustive trials, and, as one of the ablest Service papers recently pointed out, "has undergone more wear and tear than any other ship in the Service." The catastrophe which marked the close of her first year's commission was due to the bursting of a boiler tube, by the deterioration of the weld, which had given way from inside pressure.

The jury in their finding emphatically condemned the use of welded tubes, and we believe that it is only in this ship and her sister, the "Powerful," that welded tubes have

Photo. Morrison. Copyright.

THE "TERRIBLE" ENTERING MALTA HARBOUR.

been used in the boilers, the other ships fitted with water-tube boilers having solid-drawn tubes. The photograph of which our illustration is a reproduction was taken when the "Terrible" was in the Grand Harbour at Valetta, on her last trip to Malta, and during the return from which the disaster happened. A noble vessel, she forms a pretty picture with Fort Ricasoli as a background, and it is sincerely to be hoped that no further mishaps of this character will occur on board her.

FLORIANA PARADE GROUND, MALTA.

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Volunteers on the War-path.

EASTER with no small portion of the British public is a word synonymous with mimic war, for it is at that time that, from the inception of our Citizen Army, they have been tested as to how far their theoretical training has made them practical soldiers.

Of old the Easter outing of the Volunteers was more or less of a picnic, but to-day we have changed all that. Now at most of the great military centres easily accessible from the metropolis, London's masses of Volunteers are to be found employed on work that will test their utmost capabilities as a component part of the defensive forces of the Empire.

"FIRST AID" BY THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

in London, and its commander, Sir Howard Vincent, has been soldiering, first as a regular, then as a militiaman, and since as a volunteer, for the last thirty odd years.

The next is an outpost of the "Artists," the title under which the 20th Middlesex form a unit of the Rifle Brigade. Then we have a party of the London Scottish, and this little picture shows very clearly how in all detail our volunteer regiments are well equipped, for the scene shows the regimental ambulance hurrying up to take charge of a man injured or ill. In the next we see a party of the 4th Middlesex—a Kensington corps this—

AN OUTPOST OF THE "ARTISTS."

A KENSINGTON CORPS STANDING EASY.

Aldershot of course looms large, for Volunteers at that place are not only getting the maximum of training in field work, but are also thrown into close touch with regulars in a way that quickens the *esprit de corps* of both Services. But other centres also have their contingents, such as Canterbury, Colchester, Winchester, Dover, etc., etc.

Of the life of the volunteer during his Easter training—not outing in the picnic sense of the word—our illustrations are very typical. One shows us a group of the Queen's Westminster, the 13th Middlesex, now affiliated to the King's Royal Rifle Corps, waiting the order to advance. The 13th Middlesex is, perhaps, one of the best-known corps who have piled arms and are taking a stand-easy in the shelter of a wood, which no doubt they have thoroughly well earned.

Photos. C. Knight. *THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER* Copyright

These pictures show us somewhat of the life of the volunteer when he is out for his Easter field training, and they speak eloquently of the thoroughness of the training that he then gets, and the benefit of it it would be hard to overestimate.

Apart from the purely military work he does, the touch it brings him into with the regular makes him feel that he is a soldier, and not playing at being one. No corps take up this work more keenly and with more zeal than the two that represent the great English Universities.

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Photo. Cummings. Copyright.

THE OXFORDS ARRIVE AT NORTH CAMP.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Volunteers satisfactorily concluded a week's successful training at Aldershot, where quarters were allotted to them by Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., in command of the district. The Oxford corps (1st V.B. Oxfordshire Light Infantry) was quartered in the Blenheim Barracks, and was attached to the 2nd Infantry Brigade, under Major-General Barrard, while the Cambridge men (4th V.B. Suffolk Regiment) found quarters in Barrosa and Corunna Barracks, and were attached to the 1st Brigade, under Major-General FitzRoy Hart. Both battalions put in some good work during the week, and presented a very soldierly appearance. The Cambridge men, who were generally admitted to be rather the smarter of the two corps, were about 350 strong (out of a total strength of 600). Volunteering has always been more popular on the Cam than at Oxford, the only reason for this fact being, as far as one can judge, that Cambridge University follows the example of the Eastern Counties, which have always furnished enthusiastic volunteers.

During the week at Aldershot the weather was cold, with heavy snow-storms, but dry, and the men were in excellent health. The first half of the week was mainly devoted to battalion drill, and the second to manoeuvres. On one day two companies of the Cambridge corps and one of the Oxford performed field-firing at Ash Ranges, in very bad weather. The umpire's report was very satisfactory. And we may note here in passing that officers of the regular forces who have practical knowledge of Volunteers are always ready to recognise their efficiency, without ever hesitating to point out defects, and judging them always from a thoroughly military standpoint. On the next day a sham fight took place, in which a "Light Blue" force, under General Hart—composed of the Cambridge corps, the Field Training Companies of the Welsh Regiment (to which the University men were attached) and Somersetshire Light Infantry, and a battery of Royal Artillery—was opposed to a "Dark Blue" force, consisting of the Oxford men, the Field Training Companies of the Black Watch and the Northamptons, and a battery of Royal Artillery. The Light Blues succeeded in seizing Hungry Hill, and holding it.

The importance of the University corps cannot be too much insisted upon. Officers are badly needed in many volunteer corps throughout the country, and Lord Wolseley has expressed the opinion that if men at the Universities would utilise the opportunities afforded them of acquiring military instruction while there, their action might bear fruit, and tend to fill the gaps in the commissioned ranks of the Volunteers throughout the country.

They might even furnish a regular supply of the best material the country can provide for the officering of volunteer corps. Both the University corps belong to celebrated regiments, and both have the distinction of having as their honorary colonel Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

It is worth noting, moreover, that in no volunteer regiments is *esprit de corps* more keen than in those which are enlisted from the educated classes of the community. It says much for these men that they should utilise their leisure in training themselves to be defenders of their country.

Photo. Cummings. Copyright.

BEHIND THE SHELTER TRENCHES.

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

INDEPENDENT FIELD-FIRING.

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

THE WEEK'S WORK WELL DONE.

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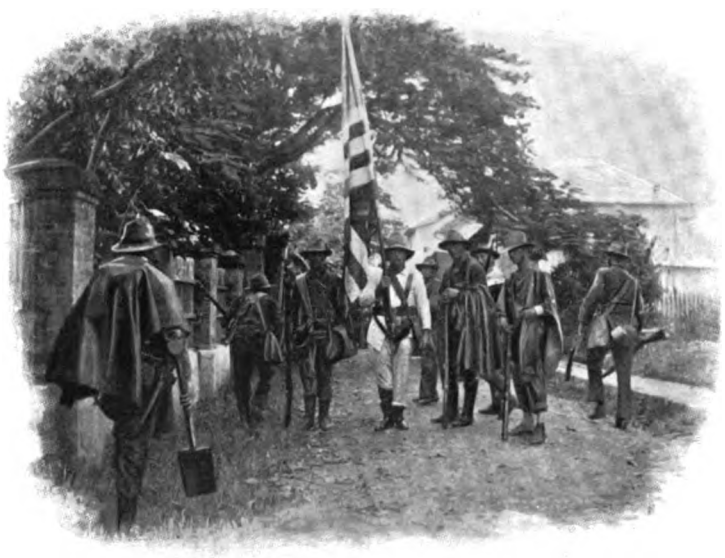
The Fighting in the Philippines.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

MANILA, *March* 27.

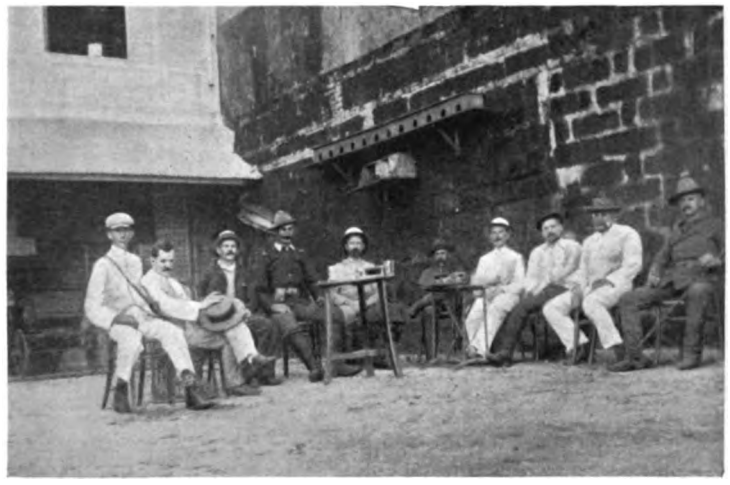
SOME of the young Americans who volunteered for the Spanish War, and in due time found themselves at Manila, have been making the fact known that they volunteered for fighting and did not specially yearn for month upon month of garrison duty in the tropics. Any trifling preferences in this direction now look like being fully gratified. By the time this letter appears in print the American troops will have cleared the ground between here and Malolos, the insurgents' headquarters. That will not be done without dispute on the part of Aguinaldo, who promises to fight every inch of the way.



THE FIRST FLAG IN MARILAO.

We in Manila have grown tired of the old game which the rebels played off on the Spaniards, and which they no doubt thought would also suit us, namely, that they should hang about our lines, day in and day out, putting in stray shots at all hours that heaven sends, regardless of the sanctity of meal-times or of the peace of mind which is the chief characteristic of American citizenship. It may have been appreciated by the Spaniards, but the day is past for a continuance of this amusement hereabouts. The rebels have been forced back slowly and steadily, all along the line, till the city of Manila is now enjoying a state of rest and security such as it has not known for several years. The Filipinos, however, have been as good as their word this time, and have mustered in huge numbers at each point of vantage on the way. Malolos is twenty-four miles north-west of Manila, over very rough and treacherous country which the insurgents during these many months have been doing their worst with. Between Manila and Malolos are a number of towns and villages, some of which have been carefully entrenched by Aguinaldo's troops, who learned the art from the Spaniards. This was found to be the case at Malinta and Marilao, two towns of considerable size, which were occupied yesterday by the American troops after a severe struggle. The latter place was defended by Aguinaldo in person, with no mean generalship, but after a fierce resistance he was driven back. There was great emulation among the South Dakota Infantry, who bore the brunt of the fighting, and one or two other regiments, as to who should be the first to reach the town. The South Dakotas fairly gained the laurels, making a fine charge and dislodging the dusky riflemen from the dangerous bamboo thickets to the south of the town. The enemy broke and fled across the Marilao river towards Malolos, and the South Dakotas, after having the privilege of hoisting the Stars and Stripes at the topmost point of the town, where that flag had never been seen before, passed on to the pursuit of the fugitives, of whom about 100 were killed and as many more captured. Their total forces numbered about 5,000. The American loss was sixteen killed, of whom ten belonged to the South Dakota Regiment, and about forty wounded. Occasionally the troops avoid the pitfalls of the hill-country and the jungle by taking to the water, crossing the corner of a bay under shelter of the war-ships, and taking the enemy on the flank. It is cooler work than struggling through the bushes. The gun-boats have also made an impression on the insurgents in the course of these operations by shelling them from the Bulacan river.

CROSSING THE BAY.



AFTER THE BALL—THE FIRST DRINK AT MARILAO.

THE SOUTH DAKOTAS AT WORK.

"SOUTH DAKOTAS HAVE WON THE DAY."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 16, 1781.—Commodore Johnstone's repulse of De Suffren in Porto Praya Bay, Cape de Verde Islands. The British, two line-of-battle ships, two 50-gun ships, and frigates with a convoy, were lying in the port, a neutral harbour, when De Suffren, with five line-of-battle ships and several frigates, stood in and attacked them. We were surprised, but the enemy were beaten off, and retired, taking one ship of the convoy prize. The British, following, retook the prize next day.

April 17, 1780.—Action between Rodney and De Guichen, off Martinique. The French had twenty-three sail of the line, Rodney twenty. Rodney intended to break the enemy's line, and would have cut the enemy in two and defeated them in detail, by throwing his whole force on the French centre and rear, the wind promising him complete success for his manœuvre, but his signals were misunderstood by his leading ships. The manœuvre failed, and the fight ended as an indecisive cannonade.

April 18, 1740.—Capture of the Spanish "Princessa," 74, the finest man-of-war of her rate in the world, and nearly as big as a British first-rate, by the "Lenox," 70, and "Orford," 70, off Cape Finisterre, after a determined resistance. The "Princessa" was taken into the British Navy under her Spanish name, and for thirty years served as a model to our Naval constructors.

April 19, 1587.—"Singeing of the King of Spain's beard" by Drake, with forty English ships. Drake attacked the Spanish transport galleons in Cadiz Harbour, in spite of the fire from the forts on shore, and burned upwards of 100 of them, many laden with ammunition and ready to sail with the Armada for England.

April 20, 1657.—Blake's victory at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. One squadron of the fleet under Stayner, the rear-admiral, stood right into the harbour and destroyed the Spanish treasure galleons and their escort; the other, under Blake himself, in the "St. George," covered Stayner, by attacking and silencing the strong forts and batteries on shore lining the harbour. The moral effect of this most brilliant achievement startled Europe more, it is on record, than almost any other battle ever fought.

April 21, 1782.—Capture of the French "Pégase," 74, after a midnight action off Ushant, by the British "Foudroyant," 84, Captain John Jervis, afterwards the famous Earl St. Vincent, the "organiser of victory" in the Naval war with the French Revolution. The fight ended by the "Pégase" being run alongside and boarded.

April 22, 1854.—Bombardment of Odessa, by a combined Anglo-French squadron under Captain the Hon. J. Drummond (the late Admiral Black Rod of the House of Commons), of the steam frigate "Retribution." This was practically the first Naval affair of the Russian War. The bombardment lasted five hours, and the Russian forts, mole batteries, and ships in harbour were destroyed.

APRIL 16, 1746.—Battle of Culloden, which practically terminated the rising. Prince Charles Edward commanded the Highland forces, the Duke of Cumberland the English army. On the same date, in 1810, Santa Maura, one of the Ionian Islands, surrendered to a British force commanded by Major-General Oswald.

April 17, 1858.—Brigadier Douglas fought a successful action with the rebels near Azamgarh.

April 18, 1783.—New Providence, in the Bahamas, captured from the Spaniards by Colonel Deveaux, a Royalist officer of South Carolina, with 150 volunteers. The Spaniards numbered 700 regular troops.

April 19, 1879.—Defeat of the Afghans at Ahmed Kheyl by Sir Donald Stewart.

April 20, 1794.—Guadaloupe surrendered by the French to a British force, of which the fleet was commanded by Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, and the land forces by Sir Charles Grey. The Queen's father held a command on this occasion.

April 21, 1858.—Brigadier-General Jones completely defeated the rebels at Nugeenah, in India. The enemy lost between 600 and 700 men and twelve guns.

April 22, 1761.—Landing of a British expedition in Belle Isle; a previous attempt a few days earlier had failed, two-thirds of the detachment having been killed or captured. Major-General Studholme Hodgson commanded the land forces, and Commodore Keppel the fleet. The name of the French Governor was St. Croix.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

SIR ANDREW CLARKE, of whom a portrait appears on the front page of this issue, is the eldest son of the late Colonel Andrew Clarke, K.H., of Belmont, County Donegal, Governor of Western Australia from 1846 to 1847, and Frances, his wife, and was born on July 27, 1824, at Southsea, Hants. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1844, and in 1848 served in New Zealand until the close of the war, when he was sent on a mission to Heke. In 1853 he was appointed Surveyor-General and Chief Commissioner of the Crown Lands of Victoria, with a seat in the Legislative Council. On responsible Government being inaugurated in November, 1855, Captain Clarke (as he then was) was included in the Haines Ministry, and, being sworn of the Executive Council, continued to act as Surveyor-General, in which capacity he played an important part in inaugurating the public works of the young colony. In 1859 his name was sent for the approval of the Cabinet as the first Governor of Queensland, but the appointment was not made, and after being offered one or two colonial offices, he resumed his military duties in 1858. He has, however, always continued to take a keen interest in Australian affairs, and especially in those of Victoria. In 1863 he was engaged in operations against the Ashantis when they invaded the Gold Coast Colony. Sir Andrew was Director of Works of the Navy from 1864 to 1873, and in this capacity designed and executed the great extension of dockyards, which has since proved a national advantage of the utmost importance. From 1873 to 1875 he was Governor of the Straits Settlements, and initiated and conducted the operations which stamped out piracy, established the permanent authority of the Crown, and laid the foundation of the present prosperity of the Malay States. In 1875 Sir Andrew was employed on a special mission to Siam, where he was able to avert serious impending troubles, and from that year till 1880 he was Director of Indian Public Works, and a member of the Council of the Viceroy. From 1881 to 1882 he was commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, and from the latter year till 1886 Inspector-General of Fortifications. Sir Andrew, who has served the Colony of Victoria as Agent-General in London on many occasions, and has recently been appointed for a further term of three years, has always warmly advocated the interests of the Australasian colonies.

* * * *

IT is not generally known that Sir Richard Strachan's action of November 4, 1805, eclipsed as it was by the battle of Trafalgar, fought a fortnight before, nevertheless gained more prize-money for the seamen and marines of the Navy than any fleet action fought during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. Here are the actual figures, extracted from a pamphlet published in 1826:

Period.	*Action.*	*Each Seaman's Share of Prize-money.* £ s. d.
June 1, 1794	Lord Howe	3 0 0
June 23, 1795	Lord Bridport	1 16 0
February 14, 1797	St. Vincent	4 5 0
October 11, 1797	Camperdown	5 14 0
August 1-2, 1798	The Nile	7 18 0
April 1-2, 1801	Copenhagen	1 17 0
October 21, 1805	Trafalgar	6 9 6
November 4, 1805	Sir R. Strachan	10 13 0
February 5-6, 1806	Sir John Duckworth (off Hispaniola)	5 10 0
September 6, 1807	Copenhagen	3 8 0

To these we may add Lord Exmouth's action at Algiers in 1816, when the share of each seaman or marine was £4 10s. In the cases of Trafalgar and Algiers, the Government took into consideration the fact that the prizes had been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and made special grants as prize-money.

* * * *

THE record share of prize-money from a single capture is probably that of the Spanish treasure-ship, "Hermione," by the "Active" and "Favourite," off Cadiz, on May 17, 1762. The treasure was carried by road from Portsmouth to London under the escort of the sailors and a detachment of soldiers, the procession being received with enthusiasm along the whole route. From the *Naval Chronicle* it appears that after all charges had been deducted the shares were as follows:

	£ s. d.
To the Admiral, Sir Charles Saunders, and the Commodore, Sir Piercy Brett	64,963 3 9
The "Active's" Share.	**£ s. d.**
To the Captain, Sir Richard Dacres	66,053 3 9
To three Commissioned Officers, at £13,004 14 1	39,014 2 3
To eight Warrant Officers, at £4,336 3 2	34,689 5 4
To twenty Petty Officers, at £1,806 10 10	36,121 16 8
To 150 Seamen and Marines, at £485 5 4	72,790 0 0
Total "Active's" share	£248,668 8 0
The "Favourite's" Share.	**£ s. d.**
To the Captain	64,872 13 9
To two Commissioned Officers, at £12,974 10 9	25,949 1 6
To seven Warrant Officers, at £4,324 10 11	30,271 16 5
To sixteen Petty Officers, at £1,802 0 4	28,832 5 4
To 110 Seamen and Marines, at £484 2 5	53,253 5 10
Total "Favourite's" share	£203,179 2 10

* * * *

"L. B."—According to "A Guide to Meat Inspection for Officers of British Regiments in Bengal," the maximum weight of a grass-fed sheep is about 23-lb., and this weight is considered very good. The weight runs down to 16-lb. or 17-lb. in Lower Bengal (ration meat). There is no maximum or minimum weight in India. Provided that the meat is good and wholesome, any weight is accepted. A good ration of mutton is one in which the average of the sheep is 20-lb. to 21-lb. Of English mutton, sheep under 50-lb. are not accepted, because any under that weight are likely to be of inferior quality. Sixty to seventy pounds is a fair weight. There is generally too much fat in English mutton rations. The contrary is the case in Indian mutton. Officers' messes take with them on the line of march gram-fed sheep. They run up to 27-lb. or 28-lb. Gram is a sort of pea. Goats' flesh is constantly palmed off as mutton. The only reliable proof that a carcase is that of a sheep is to insist on having a piece of the wool on the tail and on each knuckle, and this should be pulled and examined, to see that it has not been sewn on, as this is sometimes done. Indian mutton is worse than Indian beef. Indian beef is proportionately small, a carcase weighing from 125-lb. to 180-lb. Smithfield butchers would hardly credit such figures, but they are facts. Six days beef to one day mutton is the rule.

THE EDITOR.

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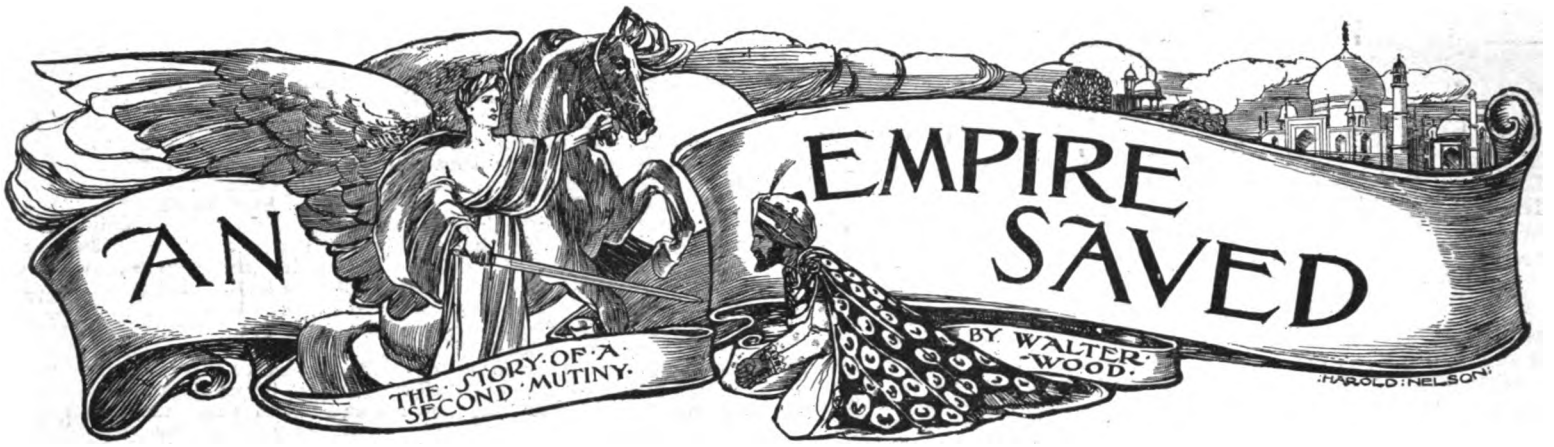

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan, and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. The colonel is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended, and Margaret distinguishes herself by taking the gun of Dr. Murray, the senior surgeon, and trying to shoot Murrib Khan. Believing that a forlorn-hope might cripple, if not disperse, Murrib Khan's forces, Barr chooses Reid to lead a body of volunteers.

CHAPTER XI. *(continued.)*

THE forlorn-hope moved off as soon as Colonel Barr saw that the enemy was finally advancing.

Reid led his men silently along until he reached the road by which Brear and Banks had ridden. By this time Murrib Khan's force had got well towards the barracks, but as yet no firing had taken place.

"'Sh!" said Reid to a seasoned sergeant near him. "What was that?"

The sergeant knelt and put his ear upon the ground. "Artillery and cavalry!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"If they are European, we are saved; if native and false, like these, God help us!" answered Reid, in a whisper.

"If you don't mind me saying it, sir," said the sergeant, hurriedly, "as an old hand at Indian games, they're European —and heavy cavalry, too. That's European artillery, I'm certain. Will you let me go ahead and stop 'em?"

"It's a great risk; you may be shot down before you can explain," replied Reid.

"Better one shot than the lot of us, sir," said the sergeant.

"Then go—I'll not forget it."

The sergeant went. It was a desperate errand, but he did not falter. He ran on until he was in front of the leading cavalry, and cried, "Hullo! who comes there?"

"Hullo!" answered one of the scouts. "Who the devil are you?"

"One of the Queen's," replied the sergeant, who thought the gruff voice was the most delightful he had ever heard.

Colonel Dunbar rode ahead, on hearing the voice, with drawn sword.

"Now, my man, what's this?" he asked.

"There's a forlorn-hope here, sir," said the sergeant, "but I'll bring the captain in a moment."

He ran off, while the cavalry and artillery halted, and Reid returned with him.

"Ah, Captain Reid, is that you?" demanded Dunbar, who recognised the voice, having met Reid before.

"Thank God you've come, sir!" answered the adjutant. "I can put the case before you in a moment."

He did so, and before Murrib Khan had opened fire, Burne had flanked the rebels with his guns, and the cavalry was drawn up in readiness to charge and complete the weapons' work.

"In the very nick of time, as I prophesied," said the colonel, proudly.

Margaret was standing by her soldier's bed, Macpherson near her, when she started in amazement.

The windows of the barracks rattled, the building trembled.

Murray, who was leaning over a bed in a dark corner, holding a shaded lamp—the lights having been put out, so that no mark should be shown to the rebels—jumped up and joined Macpherson.

They saw a series of lurid flashes on the left of Murrib Khan's advancing force, and heard the unmistakable boom of cannon.

"What does it mean?" demanded Murray, excitedly, flattening his nose against a pane of glass.

Macpherson uttered the only oath that ever passed his lips.

"By God!" he cried. "That's the boom of artillery; and I can see the shrapnel bursting in Murrib Khan's ranks!"

CHAPTER XII.

WITH GUNS AND HORSES.

THE exultation which filled the garrison when it was known that the guns which were firing were friendly weapons, was shared by Reid and his party.

Not one amongst them was afraid to die, nor did any man fear to join in the assault on the rebels; but all knew how desperate the fight must be against such odds, and that triumph must be purchased dearly.

In mere strength the captain knew that he was utterly outnumbered, and that his victory, if he secured it, would be gained as much by great good fortune as through the courage and resource of himself and his men. He knew that it was just possible for help to have come by this time from Halabad, but his heart sank when he remembered the toil and peril through which Brear and Banks would have to pass before they could reach their goal with the alarm, and the severe work which the reinforcements would have to go through to get to Nilgoa in time to be of service.

As he left the barracks at the head of his forlorn-hope the captain felt that his chief's "Good-bye" was good-bye indeed, and that there was little chance of ever more returning. When therefore it was known that troops were indeed coming, troops who could work such mischief on the foe, he and his companions in the dangerous task were electrified with hope and courage, and felt that at last the end of their suffering and trial was at hand.

Colonel Dunbar had joined forces with Reid unknown to the enemy, in spite of the latter's watchfulness. Murrib Khan was secure in the belief that none of the soldiers who were pinned in the barracks could even for a moment think of leaving their shelter, and in the knowledge that smart scouts were watching all approaches to Nilgoa and would instantly return to give the alarm of any coming help. He had faith, too, that his scheme must triumph, and that before many hours had passed thousands of disaffected natives would be flocking to his banner. For the present therefore he was blind to everything but the accomplishment of his one great purpose of destroying every English person who was still alive at Nilgoa, and his confidence made it tolerably easy for Dunbar to dispose his forces so as to surprise and overwhelm the rebels.

In the silence and darkness Murrib Khan had drawn his force up for the assault, and was about to give the order, as he had done so many times before, for a general advance, when from the neighbouring rice-fields there came the flashes of Burne's guns, the boom of the discharges, and the scream of the shrapnel overhead.

For the moment Murrib Khan was speechless with amazement, and his wonderful resource and confidence left

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him. His force also was completely paralysed. What it meant they could not tell, and it was not until the burst of the guns was heard for the second time and the shells exploded in their ranks that the rebels knew that retribution was upon them.

Heap upon heap of dead and wounded was created. Wherever a shell alighted, terror and demoralisation came. Men were destroyed by ranks, and before the rebel leader could prepare to cope with this development, his army threatened to become a scattered rabble.

A cry was raised that all the European troops of India were upon them, and thereupon the rebels on the extreme left broke and fled, scattering across the country which was wrapped in darkness. Shells followed some and struck them down, but not a few escaped with whole bodies, afterwards to surrender to the avenging cavalry. But for the most part the force of Murrib Khan remained, huddled helplessly, waiting for their leader to direct them.

He saw that now he stood no chance of winning in his desperate game, and that at most he could only hope to save his life for the present. Of the future he dared not even think. He abandoned all thoughts of marching on the barracks.

The buildings in which the Queen's were imprisoned, which had so far been but ghost-like in the gloom, were now pricked out in fire against the black background of the sky, the Lee-Metfords blazing continuously from every window on each storey.

"It is," exclaimed Murray to Macpherson, "the most glorious *feu de joie* that ever you or I set eyes on."

Macpherson, before venturing to commit himself to an answer, tried to recollect all the celebrations he had witnessed, in order to see whether he could truthfully agree with his superior officer; but before he could complete his list, Murray had gone in search of a more enthusiastic friend, and this he found in Margaret. Her hope remained unabated that Reid was safe, knowing, as she did, that no sound of an engagement had been heard before the battery opened fire.

It was well for Murrib Khan that anything like accurate shooting was impossible. If every gun of the battery and every rifle in the barracks had been truly aimed, his force, a defenceless target in the open, would have been decimated where it stood, and there would have been obliteration of the traitors there and then. But most of the bullets went overhead, and ploughed into distant corn and rice fields; and many of the shells also burst without destroying life.

The mad impulse to charge and try to seize the guns took possession of Murrib Khan, but a glance at the appalling flashes told him that his troops would never face the battery. He knew, too, that the rear of the weapons contained unknown possibilities—perhaps a force of cavalry enough to sweep him from the earth in a single charge, and perhaps now only waiting for its opportunity.

He wavered for a moment more, and as a shell burst near him and destroyed a group of his most devoted followers, he ordered the whole of the force to make its way as best it could to a rallying-place across the rice-fields on the left, saying that he would join the men there.

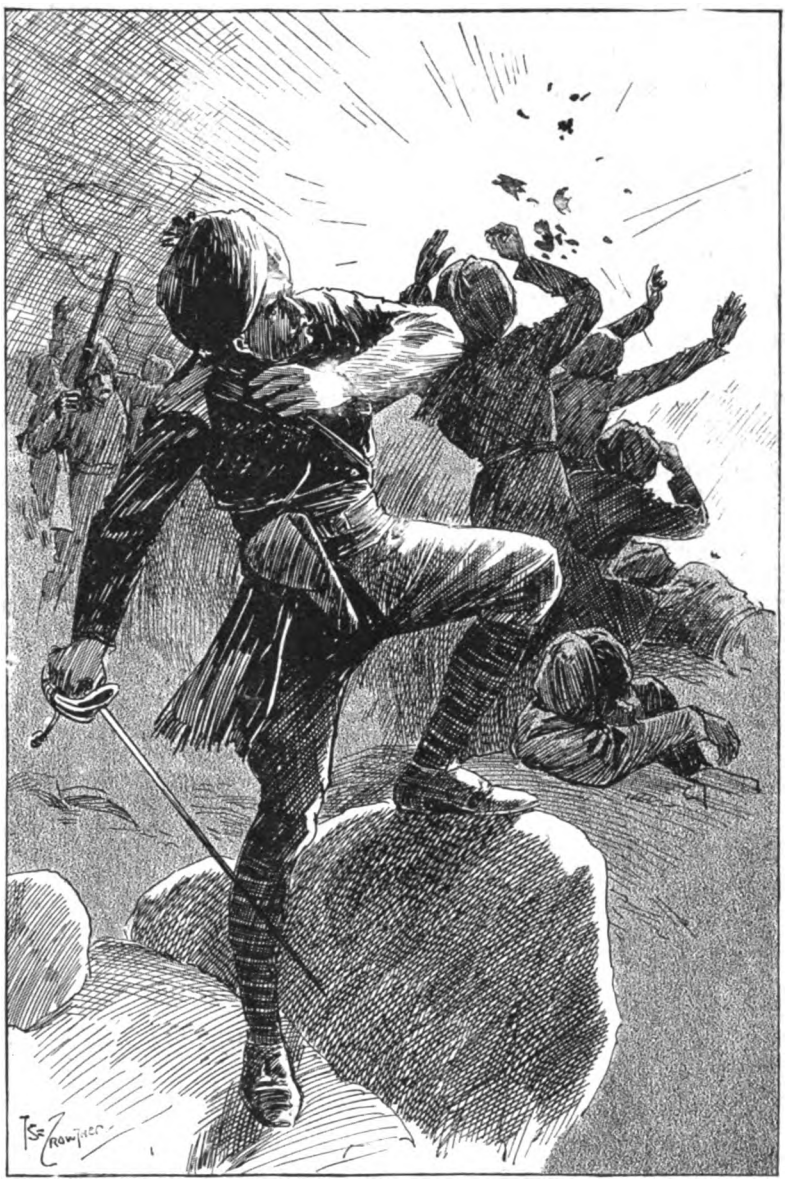
The rebels turned and rushed towards the point which Murrib Khan had named. They cried and swore, and fought and jostled each other in a fit of madness born of terror, each man striving to be first away. Many threw down their arms and scudded far beyond the limit which had been assigned to them; others fell to the ground, and were trampled upon by all the hurrying soldiers in their rear.

The panic was complete, and the men who had been, but a few short minutes earlier, steady soldiers, were a howling, helpless rabble, each one throbbing with the instinct of preserving self.

Murrib Khan was carried violently along in the centre of a frenzied group, and when the pressure ceased he stumbled and fell. Before he could rise a crowd of fugitives had trampled over him. He struggled fiercely, and managed to regain his footing. Helpless and cursing, he was again carried forward in the darkness, blindly and resistlessly, with the human torrent.

He was pushed and crushed, torn and bruised by the screaming men about him. Suffering from his wound, he was not able to endure the pressure, and his brain reeled.

A shell burst just ahead of him and cleared a roadway over which he might pass. By a strong effort he managed to escape from his companions, and to get clear of the great dense body which was moving like some gigantic wounded creature. From the mass arose cries of rage and despair, and Murrib Khan shuddered as he heard voices clamouring for the life of the man who had brought this evil upon them. So fierce was the hatred which these voices expressed, that the leader put his hands up so that his face might not by any chance be recognised, and as quickly as he could he withdrew himself as far as possible from the surging crowd.



"He managed to escape from his companions."

The rear of his disheartened force was by this time coming abreast of him. It consisted for the most part of his staunchest friends, and hoping, even in his present bitterness, that a remnant of his army might be saved, he joined the fringe and linked his arm with that of an ally upon whom he was assured he could depend.

There was a final blast of shrapnel; then the thud of cavalry.

"Quick!" said Murrib Khan, hoarsely. "Let the rest go on. They will be cut to pieces by the horsemen. As for us, let us detach ourselves and fall back until we reach the Devil's Cauldron. There we can rest before we separate among our friends."

He hurried off when he had spoken, and those who were nearest and understood him did the same. By the time they had drawn aside the Dragoon Guards had fallen upon the rear with the sword.

"Come," said Murrib Khan, "let every one of you pick up a rifle and some ammunition."

He stooped and seized a Martini and an unopened packet of cartridges, and his comrades having done the same, they flitted past the destroying cavalry like evil shadows.

The path which they must take was between the barracks and the field in which the guns were placed, and which were now at rest.

"We shall do it safely," said Murrib Khan, encouragingly. "This direction is clear and open, and there is nothing to stop us. Besides, the enemy is too busy with the rest to prevent us from slipping him. Listen to the awful sound of it."

The fugitives hurried from the field of battle, and crowded into a narrow lane leading to an open space a few miles distant in which the Devil's Cauldron lay.

The confusion of the struggle was about them, and the rebels did not see that they were approaching the spot where Reid and his men were lying, for the purpose of

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cutting off any of the mutineers who might turn and try to escape in that direction.

The adjutant saw them coming, and when they were near enough ordered his men to fire a volley. The bullets brought down some and dispersed the rest.

The survivors ran from the road and into the adjacent fields, and continued their tumultuous journey to the Cauldron.

Murrib Khan was for the moment helpless, and he saw, too, that the European soldiers who opposed them were upon the point of bringing down his comrades with the bayonet.

Like a hunted beast he was ready to turn for shelter where it was most easily available. He dropped his rifle, and was about to hasten in the direction from which he had come, when a tall figure rushed towards him with uplifted sword.

A discharge of rifles near gave light enough for each to see his opponent.

Murrib Khan in that instant recognised in his assailant Reid, and the adjutant found that he was in the presence of the rebel leader.

Reid did not strike. He wished, for many reasons, to make this dangerous man his prisoner, and called upon him to surrender.

Murrib Khan laughed scornfully. "Surrender!" he exclaimed. "You want my answer? It is that!"

He rushed furiously forward, and tried to run the adjutant through the body with his sword.

Reid stepped quickly aside, and struck out as he did so; but his blow also failed, and by the time he had recovered himself Murrib Khan had regained his feet, and was watching for another chance.

The adjutant grasped his sword firmly. "So, you traitor," he said, "we are face to face at last. You are my prisoner, and either dead or living you will have to go with me."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fight for a Prisoner.

Murrib Khan believed that he was trapped at last. With no prospect but a shameful death he was a dangerous enemy to meet, and it would require all the skill and strength that Reid possessed to force him to submission, even if he proved victorious in the combat. They could fight it out alone, for by this time Reid's small force had got some distance away, and was too busy in the rice-fields to notice that its leader was not present.

Of the two Reid was the more fit for combat. Since the artillery had opened fire he had been able to watch and rest while Murrib Khan had been torn and buffeted by his people. In addition the native had had his wound to contend with, whereas Reid, in spite of the dangers through which he, in common with the other members of the Queen's, had passed, was yet uninjured.

Reid also had the greater strength, but every advantage he held just now was more than equalled by the hatred of the rebel leader. The adjutant knew that he was face to face with the most dangerous and treacherous man in India, and that that man must not be allowed to escape and so be able to augment the mischief he had so far caused.

For his part Murrib Khan recognised in Reid the instrument of his defeat in love, his successful rival in the estimation of a woman whom, with all his faults, he passionately worshipped; and he resolved that either he or Reid must die upon the ground where they were standing.

The adjutant was quick of eye and strong of arm, but the darkness was against him, and, well as he knew the district, his knowledge was not as close as that of Murrib Khan, to whom every bush and hedge, every trifling peculiarity of ground, was known. The latter was aware that in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot on which they stood were many treacherous inequalities of the earth, and that if he could press Reid upon them and cause him to lose his footing he could rush in and kill him before he could recover.

With this in his mind he threw himself fiercely against the captain, who found the onslaught so terrific that he retreated slowly before it, finding no chance of doing more than barely protecting himself from the rebel's sword.

The weapon struck so swiftly that Reid did not attempt to thrust at Murrib Khan in return. The very fury of the onslaught proved his best protection, since the rebel was too much blinded to watch for a chance and make the best of his peculiar knowledge of the ground.

Reid stepped warily back, foot by foot, not knowing to a certainty where he might be going, and yet unable to turn his head even for an instant so that he might see.

Murrib Khan, pressing hotly, knew that before many seconds had passed Reid must stumble in his retreat, for they were reaching rough and broken ground. Panting and straining, his eyes glowing with the hate that filled him, he suddenly cast himself upon his foe.

Reid, seeing his purpose, stepped nimbly aside. In doing so his foot struck an inequality in the ground. He instinctively clutched at the air with his hands, and in that spasmodic movement lost his sword, which dropped with a clank. He stumbled heavily, made a desperate effort to recover himself, failed, and fell helplessly to the ground, his right arm twisting and breaking under him as he dropped.

He groaned with pain, but snatched at his revolver with his uninjured hand. He got his weapon out, and fired it at the figure which was now bending over him, deliberately preparing to despatch him.

The revolver flashed, and by the glare of the discharge the captain saw the face of his opponent, a face so awful in its triumph that he involuntarily turned aside his head.

Reid's weapon was knocked out of his hand by Murrib Khan, and he lay on the ground wounded, helpless, and expecting instant death.

"Surrender!" repeated Murrib Khan, mockingly. "You supposed that I should meekly give myself into the hangman's hands at your bidding?"

The captain made no answer. His sensations just at that awful moment were indescribable. But for his broken arm, the pain of which was almost maddening, he would have tried to spring to his feet and grapple, unarmed though he was, with the monster who was standing and gloating over him. Seconds only were passing, but to Reid they seemed like hours.

The rebel's knee was on his chest, pressing as if it would crush the life out of him, and one strong hand was at his throat with tightening grip. In the other was the shortened sword with which his life was to be sacrificed.

It was like some hideous nightmare, and Reid shook himself as if to throw the dream aside.

"One moment more," said Murrib Khan. "This is no time for talk; but God has given you into my hands, and I accept the sacrifice. If you had not come between me and the woman I love there would not have been this reckoning for you now. There would have been no rising here."

The language seemed so monstrous to the captain, the touch of the infamous creature was so loathsome, and so fierce a hatred filled him at the mere thought of this man daring to think of Margaret as a lover, that he felt resistless strength within him, and put forth such tremendous energy that he actually succeeded in casting Murrib Khan off and knocking him into the roadway.

Reid forgot even his broken arm for the moment, and with a bound he picked up his sword, which lay gleaming near him, and gripped it with his left hand.

He rushed upon the rebel, who had scrambled to his feet, and made a wild but useless cut at him.

Murrib Khan evaded the blow, answered it with a fiercer rush, and again caused Reid to stumble to the ground. He did not now utter a word. Time was pressing, and he heard the panting of an English soldier near him.

"Hallo!" rang out the voice. "Who fired that shot?"

"Barker—help!" cried Reid, recognising the voice of the sergeant who had intercepted the reinforcements, and had returned to seek his missing captain.

"Where are you, sir?" shouted Barker, excitedly.

"Here," replied the captain, feebly, for the cruel grasp was on his throat again.

Barker stumbled up, swearing loudly at the roughness of the ground and things in general.

"What is wrong, sir?" he cried, making his way to the spot from which the cry had come. "Hallo!" he added, vigorously, hearing no reply.

He listened anxiously, and seeing dimly outlined against the sky a figure which he knew was not that of a friend, he fired the only cartridge that was left in his magazine.

Murrib Khan, in a final burst of frenzy, aimed his sword so that it should strike the heart of his prostrate enemy.

There was a dull thud, and he felt that the blade had entered something soft and yielding.

His work, then, was done at last, and he gave a cry of exultation. He drew in his weapon just as Barker, seeing that his shot was wasted, lunged pantingly up.

As he appeared, Murrib Khan paused for an instant longer.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the sergeant. "There's one of these damned niggers hasn't got a warren yet."

He rushed up, his bayonet levelled at Murrib Khan; but as the glistening steel was almost at his breast the rebel leaped aside, and with another loud cry of joy ran to seek the shelter of the Devil's Cauldron.

The sergeant was about to follow, when he heard a groan. He stooped, and saw the captain lying at his feet.

(To be continued.)

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Shifting Lower Yards.

PROBABLY our non-nautical readers will be at a loss to attach any intelligible significance to the above heading. What is a lower yard? they may enquire, and why and whither is it shifted?

The lower yards, then, are the lowest and heaviest yards respectively on the fore mast and main mast, and are referred to individually as the fore and main yards. As to the shifting of them, it is simply a nautical exercise, designed to render the young seamen handy and smart at dealing with complicated gear and heavy weights. In old days, however, it was not unfrequently a necessary operation; the fore or main yard might be disabled in action or in a gale, and on reaching port the first thing to be done was to get a new one made, and shift it, the new yard being towed alongside by boats, and the old one lowered overboard and towed away.

In the present instance the yards are not actually shifted; they are lowered into the water, and are then supposed to be new yards just arrived from the dockyard. The first picture shows the vessel before operations have commenced, but the boats, it will be noticed, have been dropped astern out of the way. Then we have, in the next picture, the preliminary process of detaching the huge sails from the yards.

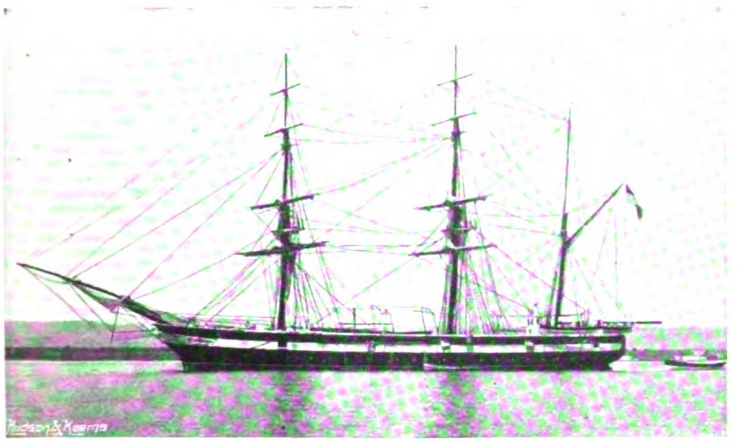
Next comes the lowering of the yards; a simple process enough in itself, but they are a long way from being over the side yet, and it is obvious that they must be turned round, or "slued," and attached to some tackle which will lower them clear of the ship.

In order to effect this object, a "derrick" is formed for lowering the main yard. A large spar is got up, with tackles to support it, and the weight of the yard is transferred to another tackle, as seen in the next illustration, where it is being easily lowered into the water by means of the derrick. For the fore yard, a tackle from the top-mast head is used, "guyed out" to a block at the top-sail yard-arm, so that it also "plumbs" the water.

These processes will be readily understood from the illustrations; but there is an immense amount of care and forethought necessary to ensure that all shall go straight. The picture over page gives a glimpse of the deck during the operation. The main yard has just been hoisted up again to the derrick, and its weight is about to be transferred to the tackles which carry it up to its place. The fore yard is apparently a little in advance, for it has been swung nearly far enough over.

Lastly, we view the ship under full sail, the yards having been shifted, the boats hoisted, and everything put straight again, or, as Jack says, "all ataunto."

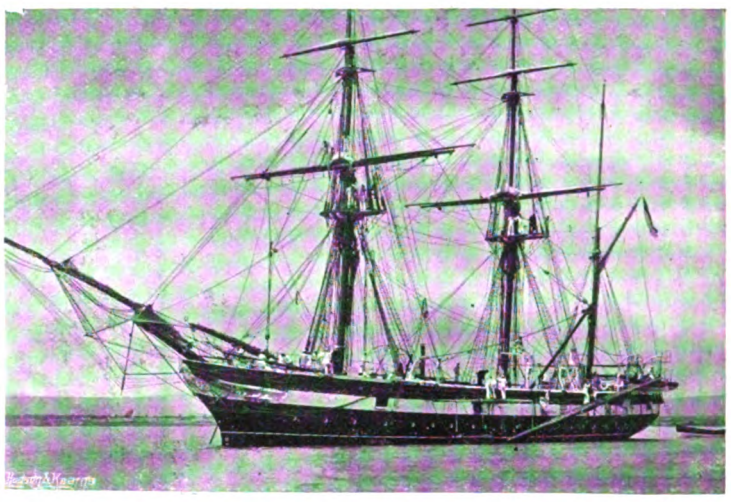
There is usually great rivalry between the men working the respective masts, and many an impatient murmur may be heard, or a shout from an officer—"Bear a hand; they're beating us forward!"



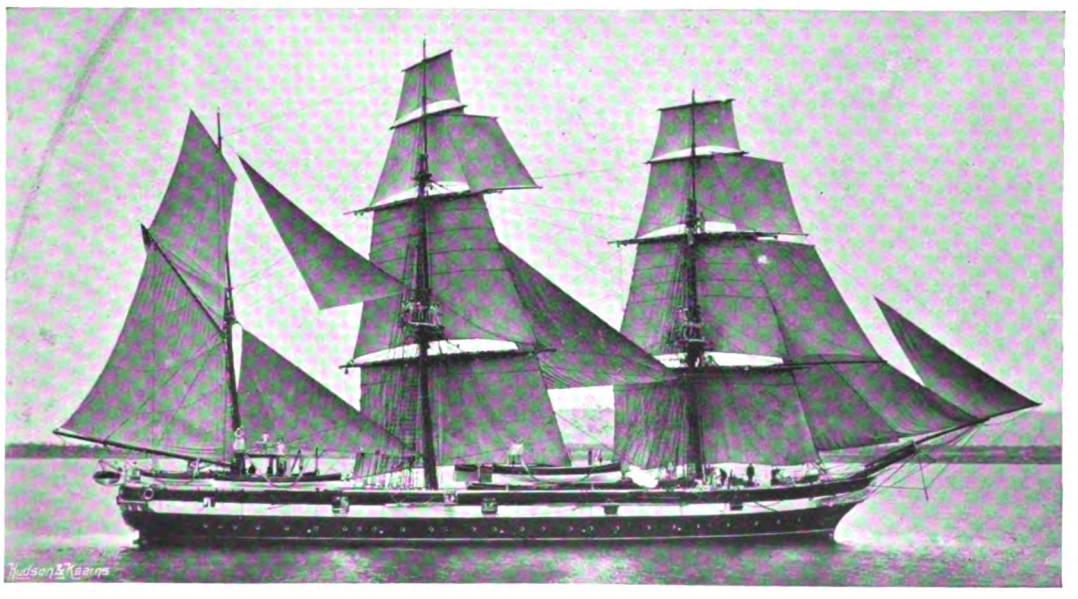
GETTING READY.

UNBENDING SAILS.

LOWERING THE YARDS.



THE OLD YARDS GOING OVERBOARD.



Photos. R. Ellis. "ALL ATAUNTO." Copyright.

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Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE NEW YARDS COMING IN.

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Exercise in Boat-sailing.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE perfect weather during the last fortnight or so of our stay at Portland made the latter end of our sojourn most enjoyable. Portland weather is not always kind in February and March, and when it blows there it is sometimes almost impossible to communicate with the shore.

Full advantage was therefore taken of the propitious conditions for torpedo exercises and boat-sailing. Portland is an ideal place for the latter, there being little or no current, and a fine open space for racing and manœuvring.

The mode of proceeding adopted for boat-sailing exercise is as follows: At a signal from the flag-ship, every ship lowers her boats and drops them astern, where they make fast in a long string, the largest boats being next the ship, and each smaller one in turn fast to her next ahead.

The boats crews sit motionless in their places, and there is not a sign of a mast or sail to be seen.

Then comes the signal to make sail, and in an incredibly short space of time masts are seen rising, rigging is secured, and they are off as soon as they can get their sails up.

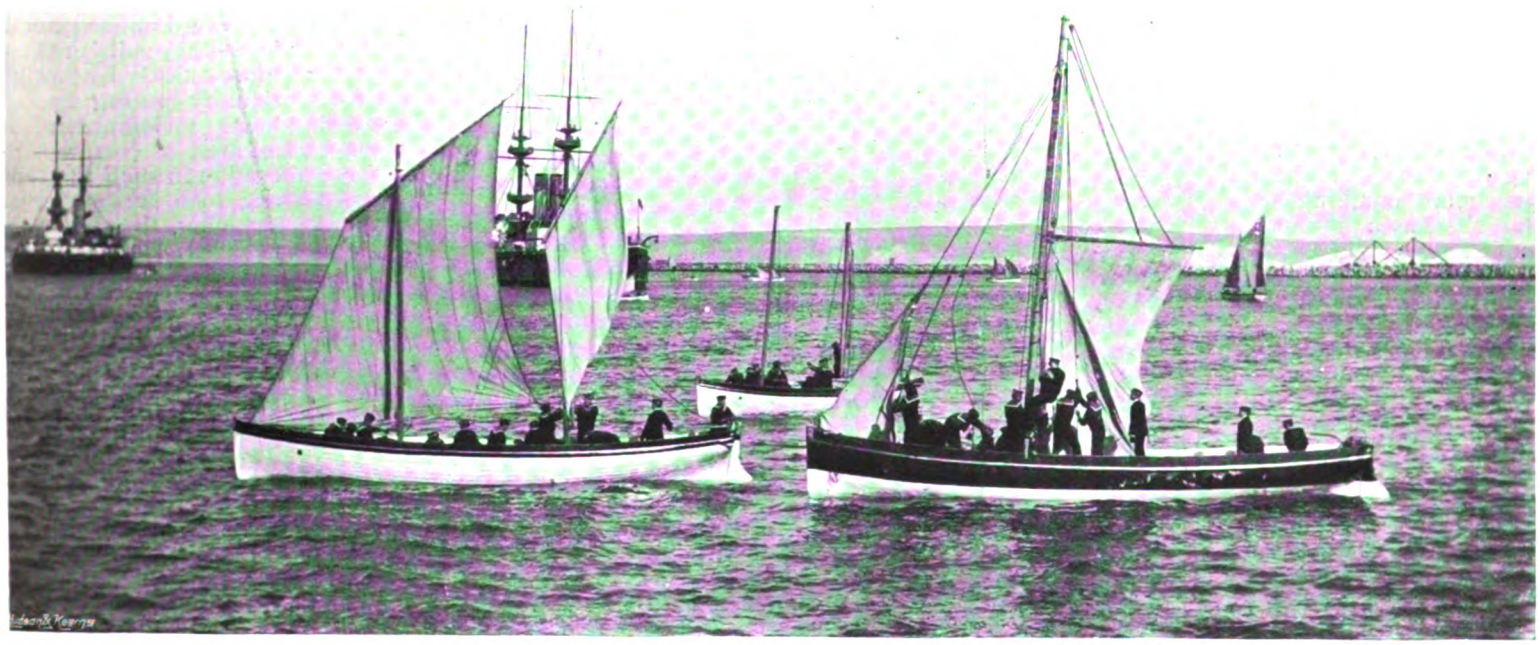
Naturally the smaller boats, with their light masts, make the first show, as may be seen in our first illustration.

MAKE SAIL—CAST OFF.

The nearest boat is the pinnace, which is differently rigged from the others, having what is known as the De Horsey rig, after the admiral of that name, who first devised it. This is a first-rate rig, consisting of a gaff main sail without a boom, and a three-cornered fore sail. Two men can easily handle the boat when once the mast is up and sails set, but it takes a good deal longer in preparation than do the cutters and gigs, which have lug sails. The small boats at the end of the line are already making sail before the pinnace can get her rigging taut.

However, it is only a matter of a very few minutes before all are ready. The second picture shows the boats, clear of the ship, getting away on the course prescribed by the admiral. The cutter, to the left, carries a dipping lug fore sail, already set, and a standing lug main sail, partly set. This is an excellent sailing rig, but requires good handling, as the dipping lug has to be "dipped," as its name implies, from one side of the mast to the other whenever the boat is put about. The pinnace is hoisting her gaff sail and fore sail, and soon shows the cutter the way in such a good breeze, especially in beating to windward, as her rig is simplicity itself to handle.

The large expanse of smooth water inside the breakwater



Photos, A. Debenham. *GETTING AWAY—THE CUTTER LEADS.* Ryde.

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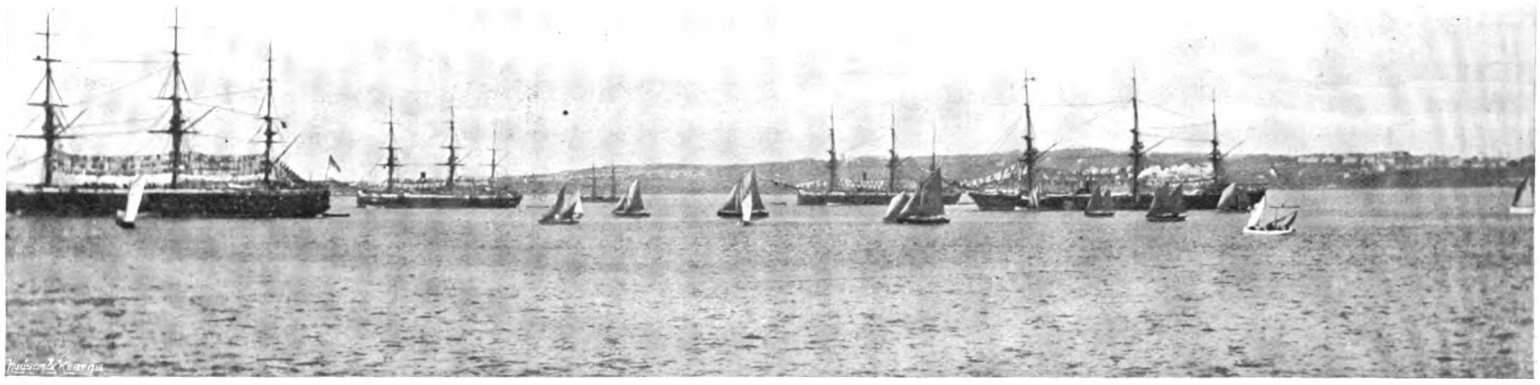


A PORTION OF THE COURSE.

was speedily dotted with nearly 100 white-sailed boats, eagerly striving for the foremost place.

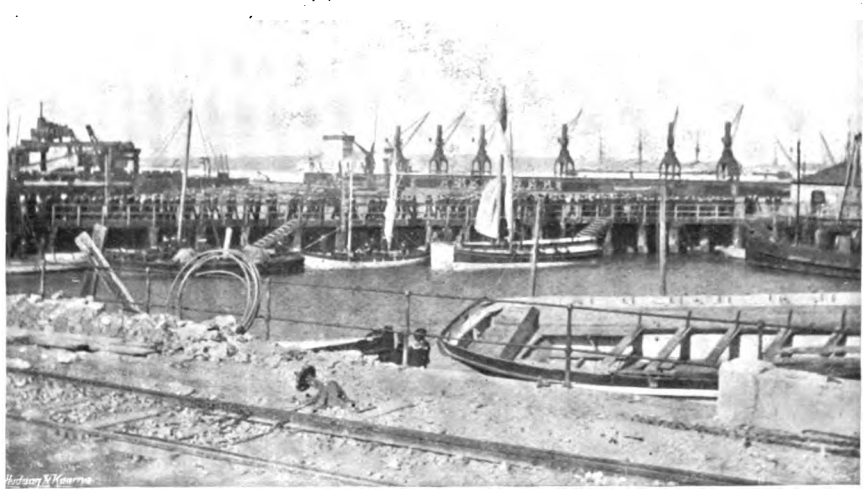
The third picture shows a number of boats working up to windward through the Training Squadron — familiarly known as the "T. S."—and here there is plenty of scope for nice judgment and skill in handling the tiller. If a boat is put round at the wrong moment, she may, on the new tack, find herself at a disadvantage through having to keep off the wind or make an extra tack to clear a ship; and very keen is the look-out kept on rivals, and the criticism on their handling. There being no tide, the ships always swing head to wind at Portland, and so there is no possibility of getting becalmed close under the lee side of a vessel and drifting on to her with the tide—a fruitful source of danger in a strong tideway.

The ships of the Training Squadron, it will be noticed, are adorned with rows of hammocks and clothes between the masts, having taken advantage of the fine weather for a good washing day.

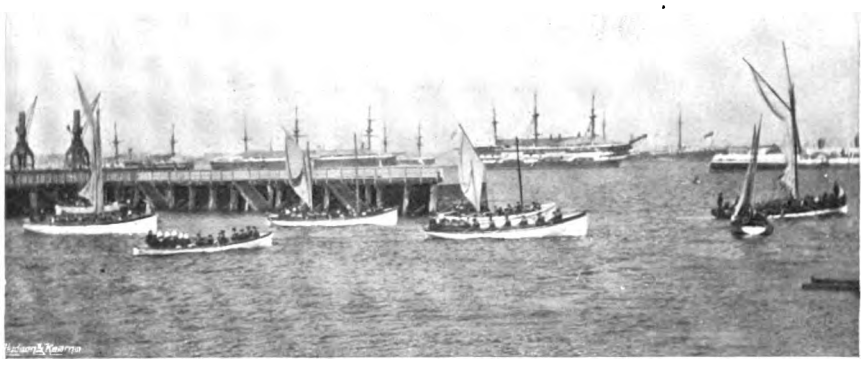
Of course, the training of the boats' crews in the smart handling of the sails has a practical object.

When a number of men have to be landed, and the ships lie at some distance from the pier, the sails — should the wind favour—afford a far quicker mode of locomotion than the oars, and are always made use of when practicable.

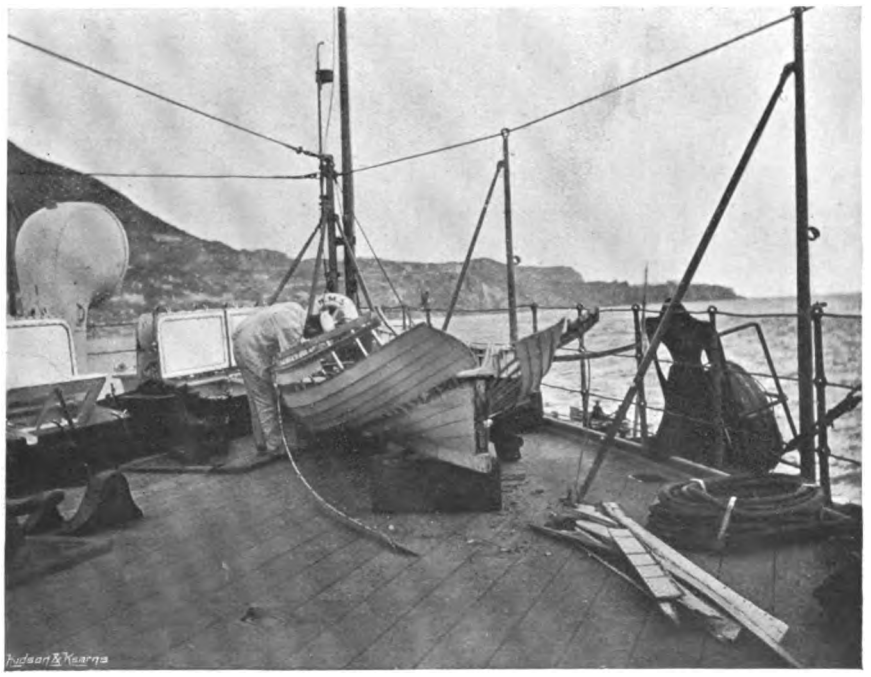
The next picture shows the boats awaiting the "church parties," who are marching down after attending their respective churches on shore.



CHURCH PARTIES MARCHING DOWN



CHURCH PARTIES GOING ON BOARD.



Photos. A. Debenham *RATHER A WRECK* Ryde.

The service of the Church of England is, of course, celebrated on board each vessel on Sunday, but those who differ, whether they be Catholics, Wesleyans, or what not, are given every possible facility for attending their own services.

As soon as the men arrive at the jetty or wharf they file into the boats which are ready awaiting them, and prepare to return to their ships. As a rule all the various services conclude about the same time, so that there is no waiting.

The boats have their masts up and sails ready in most instances, and there is quite a little bustle of emulation as to which shall get most smartly away.

Then in the following illustration they are seen on their way, the vessels of the squadron looming up large in the distance, and the "Boscawen" training-ship presenting a strong contrast to the modern war-ships. Some boat officers prefer the oars, perhaps because their vessels are farthest to windward, and in smooth water they will get there more quickly by rowing than by beating up. A boat midshipman is allowed a certain discretion in such matters, and soon becomes very knowing, though he is always liable, like Marryat's youngsters, to get into trouble either for "thinking" or "not thinking."

Ships' boats, like other craft, are liable to accidents; and our last picture shows one which has been hoisted on board and pulled to pieces by the carpenters. She does not look very promising just now, but there are very clever boat-builders on board, and they will speedily make her as good as ever.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 116] *SATURDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1899.*

Photo. J Thomson. Copyright.

REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT BALDWIN JENKINS,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ORDNANCE COMMITTEE.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

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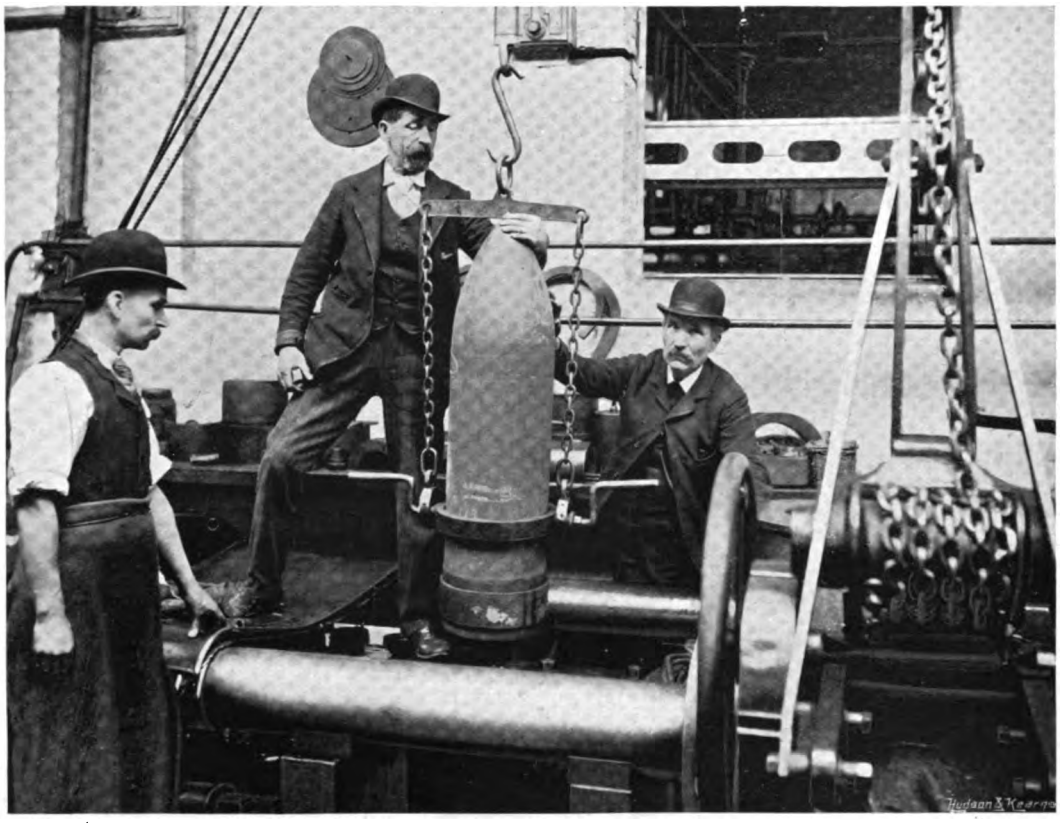
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—III.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

THE ROYAL LABORATORY.

THE rough edges are chipped off, and the shell is wheeled away to the grindstone. There, fixed in a large lathe, it is ground into something like smoothness, and then is passed along to the turnery. Again it is fixed in a lathe, whilst its base is tapped to enable the bursting charge to be inserted when required. This finished, the copper gas-check is applied and moulded, and the shell is ready for painting black. There are a few distinctions worth noticing as regards this last process. Armour-piercing shells have a white ring painted just below their point The new Lyddite shells are painted yellow, a colour which suggests that of their bursting charge. Lyddite is a composition of which picric acid is the chief constituent, and when exploded it leaves its mark in the shape of a dull yellow stain on the pulverised rock or wall. The ruined Mosque at Omdurman could testify, if it were able, to the destructive power of this new British explosive, which was used for the first time in the recent campaign. Shrapnel shells are an exception in point of colour to the ordinary run of black projectiles, for they are painted a vivid red.



FIXING ON THE GAS CHECK OR DRIVING BAND.
Shell slung for lowering into hydraulic press.

SHELL COMPLETE—READY FOR PAINTING.

The weight of these latter-day shot is tremendous; the 16·25-in., better known as the 110-ton gun, requires a projectile weighing 1,500-lb., *i.e.*, considerably over half a ton; the 12-in., or 47-ton gun, 850-lb.; 6-in., 100-lb.; and the 4·7-in., 45-lb. The mind can scarcely realise that it is possible to send half a ton of steel hurtling through the air for over nine miles, yet this is a fact. Truly when we talk glibly of "the guns beginning to speak," we hardly remember how deep-throated their voices are.

It is well, after dealing with these huge masses of steel, to examine the growth of the modern nickel-coated bullet, which, after all, in the long run decides the fates of nations.

The history of the bullet really dates from the introduction of the breech-loading system, for prior to this the same conditions as had existed in the artillery prevented anything like accuracy of aim from being arrived at with the existing muzzle-loading fire-arms. Since 1866 there has been a constant demand for greater and greater muzzle velocity, and to attain this higher explosives have been produced. As a result the diameter of the bore of the rifle has been reduced, as can be seen from the table given below.

These enormous alterations in energy have had their effect upon the bullet. It was soon found that the soft lead "stripped," *i.e.*, filled up the rifling and tore away from the remainder of the bullet, interfering considerably with the accuracy of the fire. The lead core was therefore coated with a hard envelope made of nickel, or by some nations of steel. This completely obviated the difficulty, but led incidentally to the production of another. The old Snider, and its successor the Martini-Henry, inflicted through its large bullet a severe shock as well as penetrating the body of its recipient. Even the fanatical Ghazi, eager to slay and be slain, collapsed when smitten fair on the chest with a Martini bullet, but this was not the case with the Lee-Metford. One Swati received four

	Bore.	*Range sighted to.*	*Weight of Bullet.*	*Charge.*	*Muzzle Velocity.*
Snider... ...	·57	1,000-yds.	480-grs.	70-grs. powder	1,240-ft. p. sec.
Martini-Henry	·45	1,450 ,,	480 ,,	85 ,, ,,	1,350 ,, ,,
Lee-Metford...	·303	2,900 ,,	215 ,,	30 ,, cordite	2,000 ,, ,,

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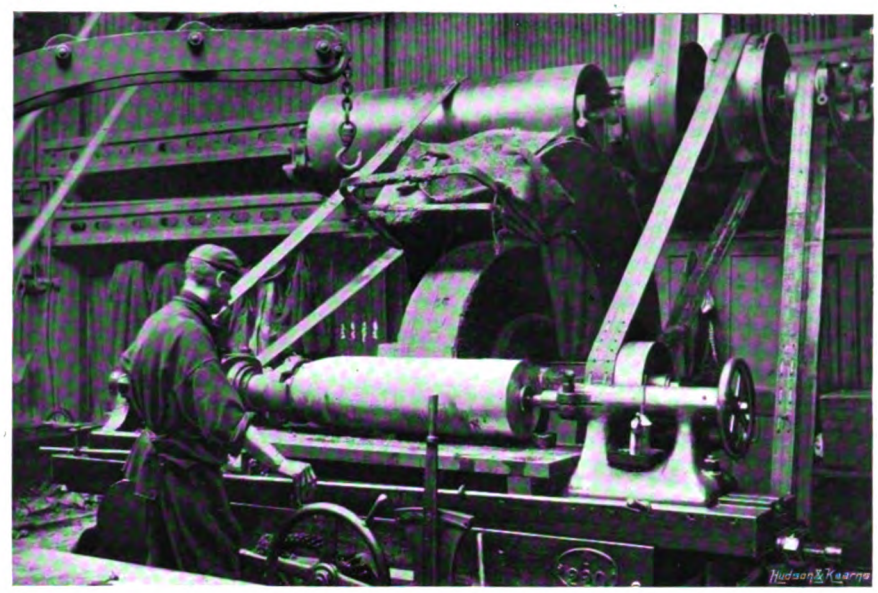
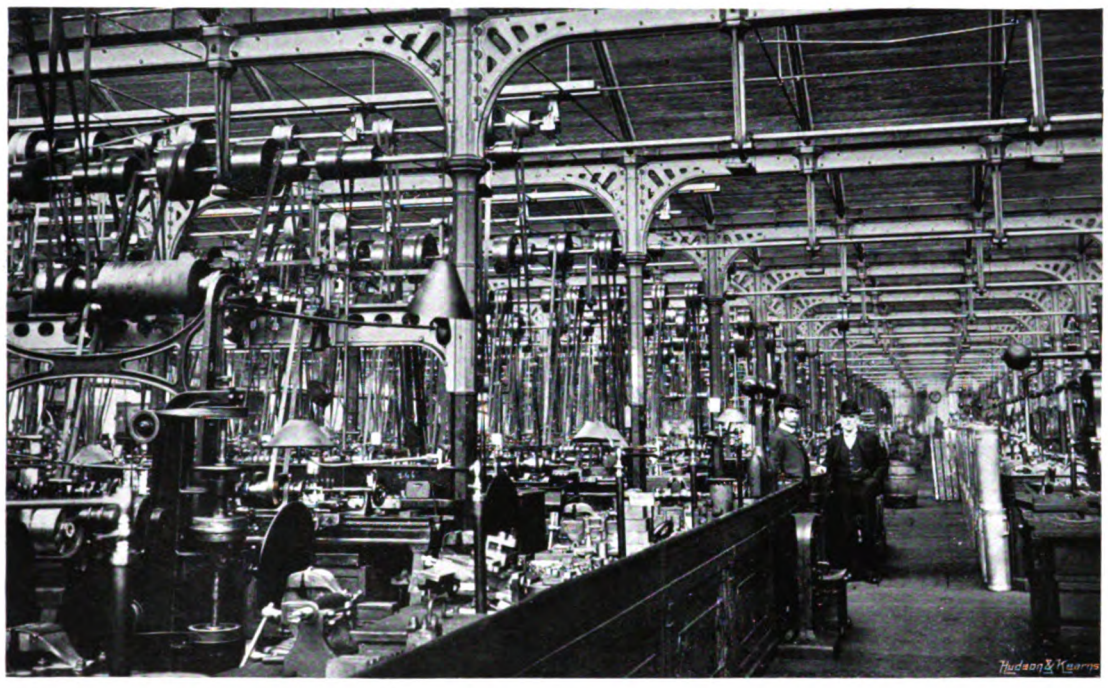
bullet wounds during the Chitral Campaign, and still came on, sword in hand! The tremendous velocity and the strong envelope carried the bullet so rapidly through the tissues of the body that shock was almost entirely absent. In his crude fashion the soldier soon remedied this glaring defect by sawing off the end of the hard envelope with his pocket-knife. As a result, accurate shooting became impossible, but the enemy when hit at once collapsed. Owing to the base of the bullet receiving the propelling force last, directly the fore part was arrested the envelope split up, *i.e.*, became converted into a jagged metal mushroom. It lost all its penetration, but the wounded man received the whole of the stored-up energy of the bullet. The Indian authorities, after experimenting for some time, produced a bullet called the Dum-dum, whose envelope was simply an open cylinder, the point being formed by the lead core. This stood the test of the Tirah Campaign in 1897, and would be in use now had not a foolish outcry been raised by stay-at-home humanitarians. They ignored the fact that with a savage enemy intent on gaining Paradise at the Giaour's expense, it is a case of kill or be killed; still their demands had to be attended to. The bullet, as at present manufactured for active service, has a deep depression in its nose, which causes it to mushroom, but not to such an extent as before. At Omdurman it seems to have had the desired effect, for no fanatical warrior came on after being fairly hit.



SHELL IN LATHE BEING GROUND SMOOTH.

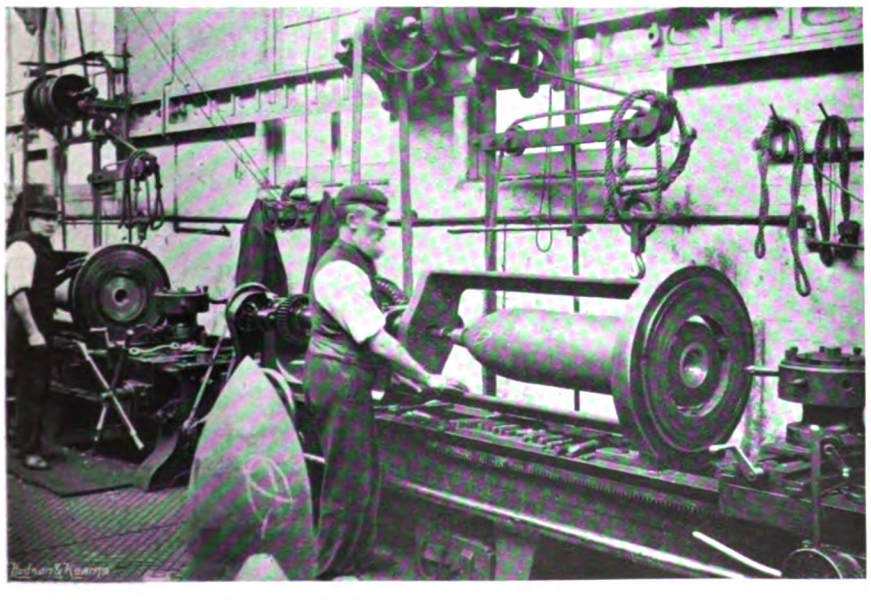
The process of manufacture of these compound bullets is fascinating in the extreme to the onlooker. The machines seem so human, so endowed with reasoning faculties, as to make the task of hurrying through the "shops" a difficult one. Flat, dull-looking strips of cupro-nickel, looking for all the world like dirty metal ribbon, are attached to a punching machine, Click! clack!—Click! clack!—and two rough thimbles tinkle down into a basket. Steadily the monotonous noise goes on, until the strip of metal is punched full of round holes and the basket is full of crude—very crude—envelopes. They are carried to another unwearying machine, which changes in the same methodical way the wide short thimble into a long narrow metal case. Again the machine works, and the envelope is now the exact size required.



VIEW OF MAIN FACTORY.
This is the largest factory on one floor in the world, having accommodation for over 900 men

On another side of the shop thin coils of lead wire are being automatically cut off into lengths, and these pieces thrown into a hopper. In a trice the cylinder of lead is altered to a tapering conical shape, just the right shape to fit neatly into its case.

Now for the first time lead and envelope meet, and nimble-fingered youths ceaselessly feed a machine with the loosely-united portions. The machine seems to reflect, then gripping the bullet, punches a hole in its nose, seals up its end, and imprints, by way of final caress, the broad arrow upon its base, and the missile is complete.



SHELL IN LATHE HAVING ITS BASE TAPPED.

The solid drawn brass cartridge-cases are manufactured in the same way as the nickel envelope, *i.e.*, from the flat ribbon, and are capped, filled, and loaded with their 30-grs. of cordite in the Laboratory. There is an ingenious piece of machinery, which is reproduced with the article dealing with the Inspection Branch, which weighs every single cartridge produced, either passing or rejecting it. Let one be five grains too light, and with unerring accuracy the peccant cartridge is thrown aside. And so, week in, week out, there flows from this splendidly-organised department a stream of what is, perhaps, the very life-blood of our national defence. During the recent crisis the writer quite casually asked one of the foremen in the bullet factory whether working overtime had commenced, and waited impatiently for the answer.

"Lor, no, sir," he replied; "we've got bullets and cartridges enough for a darned sight bigger war than this threatens to be."

And he was right, in the year of grace 1899. Could the same answer have been given, say, fifteen years ago?

[⁂ *Previous articles of this series appeared on March* 25 *and April* 8. *The next will appear on May* 6.]

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Photo. J. Pittuck. *THE OLD AND THE NEW.* Copyright.

There could hardly be a sharper contrast between old and new than that shown here. The big wooden three-decker in the foreground is the training-ship "Impregnable," almost the last "wooden wall" battle-ship launched. She was sent afloat in 1859, and represents the highest degree in size and excellence that the shipwright's art under the old order attained. In the background is seen our latest battle-ship just after her launch—our very newest masterpiece of modern building—the new "Implacable."

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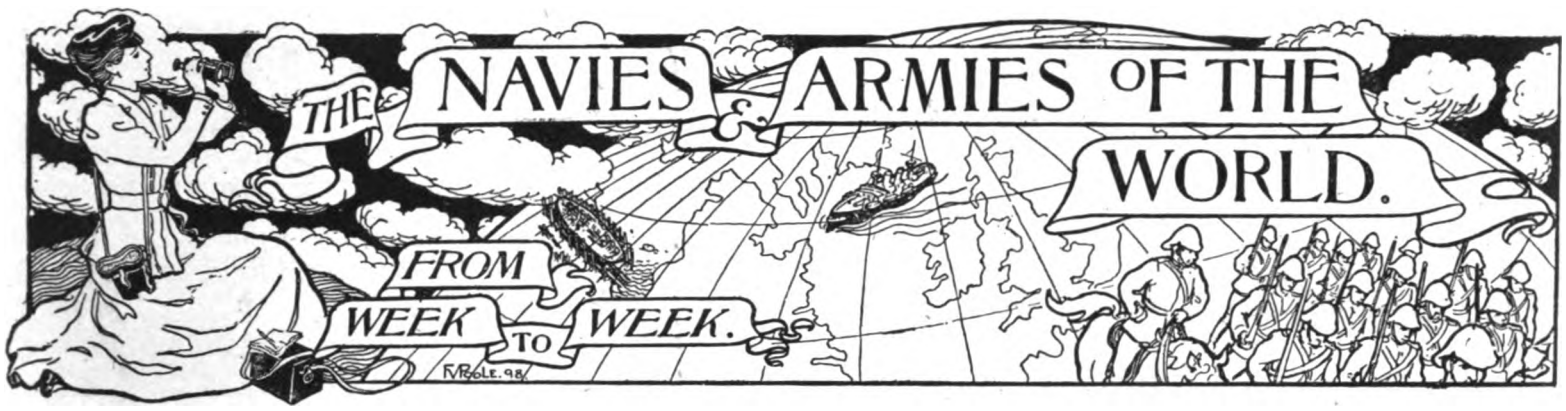

ONE is distinctly reminded of some of Mr. Thackeray's remarks on his great and favourite subject of snobbery by certain comments made on the very natural decision of the Duke of Connaught to take up the succession to Saxe-Coburg when it comes to his turn. There are some of us who have been quite surprised to learn that the Queen's son actually prefers to become "a German Duke" rather than remain the kind of Duke he is already, with the glorious prospect before him of becoming Commander-in-Chief of the British Army for a term of years, if the Radical papers do not frighten Ministers into excluding him because of his birth. Really, one might almost apply Thackeray's very words concerning "Snobs and the Nobility" to talk of this kind. If the Duke of Connaught is in the succession to the throne, it is because his ancestors were "German Dukes" centuries before the oldest Duchy in this country, which is that of Norfolk, was in existence. The house of "Wettin," from which all the Saxon lines come, were great chiefs in the tenth century, long, indeed, before they acquired the lordship of Wettin, from which they took their name, and some 500 years, or thereabouts, before the Duchy of Norfolk was created, or the family of Howard (which is by no means of very great antiquity) had risen from obscurity by a lucky marriage. A Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is a sovereign prince, and therefore equal in birth (*ebenbürtig*, as the Germans have it) to any sovereign in Europe. A daughter of the Duke might become Empress of Germany, but an Emperor of Germany would marry below him if he took to wife a Douglas, Gordon, Howard, a Guzman, or a Colonna. There is no comparison, in fact, between the position which the Duke holds and that to which he will succeed if he outlives his elder brother. Finally, it is rather amazing that people should be surprised when the Duke of Connaught does what the Duke of Edinburgh had done already. In the meantime there is no mortal reason why the Duke's connection with the British Army should cease. Until the succession is open he is only the heir, and may command in Ireland, or India, or at Whitehall, with perfect propriety. Not only so, but it is very proper that he should.

* * * *

One must not make too much of the co-operation of English and American Naval men in Samoa. There are many cases to show that co-operation in greater operations than those undertaken against Mataafa has not always ended by establishing a firm bond of alliance between the allies. All through the last century we were in alliance with German States. German soldiers were found in all our armies, and if brotherhood in arms for a common purpose could make nations "friends," then Waterloo might well have grappled England and Prussia to one another with "hoops of steel" for ever. We combined with the French against Russia in the Russian War, but, if the Parisian newspapers are to be believed, no French love is wasted on this country to-day. The melancholy fact is that alliances are too commonly the prelude to a quarrel. Samoa is itself a case in point. We, the Americans, and the Germans, made a treaty to regulate our position in those parts—and the result is visible. England and the United States are on capital terms for the time being, and vote together, with the result of course that Germany is out in the cold, which she does not like. Nor would it be pleasing to us that the German and American representatives should always be found voting together against our agent. Again, it is not at all certain that, when two have united successfully against a third and have squeezed him out, their affection will endure. Quite the contrary. It has frequently been found that they quietly cherished widely different views. Thus we and the Dutch acted cheerfully together for the purpose of spoiling the Portuguese in the Eastern Seas, but when they were done for, we and our friend soon fell out. We discovered, to our speechless fury, that the artful Dutch meant to exclude us altogether from the Spice Islands. What is more, they succeeded, and Puleroon, for which much good English blood was shed in the seventeenth century, ended by remaining in their hands. Therefore too much must not be made of our co-operation with the Americans. But it is a pleasant spectacle all the same—and withal a rather striking one, when we think of what was being said and of what was feared only three or four years ago. It was certainly the case that when an American Naval officer thought of war at that time, or for years before, it was of war with England. Yet their fighting has not been against us, and to-day we and they are acting together.

* * * *

This is not unlikely to be remembered in future generations as the age of Naval demonstrations. They go on continually, and there are two of them, counting Samoa as one, at this moment. Cagliari is the other, for though French newspapers may indulge in exaggerated talk about the meaning of Admiral Fournier's cruise, there can be no doubt but that it is meant to be an act of civility to Italy, and a kind of symbolic burying of the hatchet. On the whole it looks as if Naval demonstrations tend to peace. Baron von Stengel, Professor of Law in the University of Munich, has indeed been expounding the beauties of war as a healthful training for mind and body. It is all very well for the learned Baron, who is a peaceful man, to wave his cauliflower wig and cry hurrah for the joys of battle. But somehow or another gentlemen who possess a more intimate personal acquaintance with quick-firing guns, shells filled with high explosives, and torpedoes are much more peaceful in their language. To be sure, if the Baron had his way there would soon be an end of peace. He is apparently by way by thinking that the mailed fist of Germany ought to be more briskly employed in achieving for the German nation its rightful position in the world. What is the rightful position of the German nation in the world? It would be highly interesting to learn. In the long run, and when the imposing generalities of learned professors are "boiled and peeled," that is, interpreted into plain words, what the phrase means is just what any nation happens to think it would like to grab for its share. If it acts on those principles, peace will endure for a very short time. Perhaps not the worst answer to firebrand pedants of this order is just the "Naval demonstration," which is in fact a display, quite quiet and civil in form, of course, but mildly threatening in real meaning, of the force with which Baron Stengels will have to reckon if they set about achieving any position at the expense of their neighbours. It is astonishing what a cooling effect is produced on martial ardour by the discovery that fighting will certainly entail broken bones and is unlikely to lead to anything more pleasant.

* * * *

The French receive some very curious instruction on the Naval history of England from time to time. M. Trarieux, for example, has just been telling them that Admiral Byng was shot as a traitor, and that the great Chatham contrived to have the injured man's memory rehabilitated after exertions continued through many years. It would be interesting to know how this latter process was effected; but M. Trarieux's odd version of that passage in our history is a fine example of how not to tell a story. Byng was never accused of treason, but of not doing his best against the King's enemies, which is a different thing. Where, one would like to know, did M. Trarieux get his notion of the part Chatham took in the matter? The "Great Commoner," as the elder Pitt was called before he took his title, does seem to have thought that Byng had hard measures, and he made no disguise of his opinion. But he made no exertions, continued through years, to clear the admiral's memory. Neither does one see how it could be cleared. It may have been very bad fortune for Byng to be pitched on to be made an example of. If two or three officers of the previous war had been punished as they deserved, it might not have been necessary to be severe with him; but a beginning must be made somewhere.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Armoured Trains.

By MAJOR C. FIELD, Royal Marines.

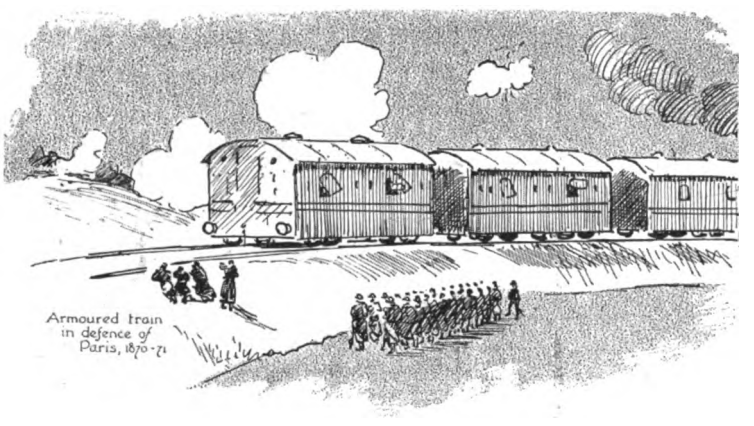
THE readers of ancient history are familiar with the use of wheeled vehicles in warfare, not as is now usually the case, for the transportation of wounded, provisions, and stores, but for the purpose of charging in the forefront of the battle, cutting down the foemen with revolving scythes, while the "crews" of these war chariots busily plied javelin and arrow. Ahab, the Jewish king, was stricken between the joints of his harness by "an arrow shot at a venture," as he stood in his war chariot, and at once exhorted his driver to "turn aside out of the press."

The Romans made an extensive use of these machines, as also, if the old historians may be believed, did our forefathers the ancient Britons, and especially the Warrior Queen Boadicea.

Then in the middle ages there were gun carts for the transportation of small cannon, and there is extant an old 18th century Dutch print depicting a heavy gun mounted on a large four wheeled carriage, which also accommodates its magazine and the artillerists in charge.

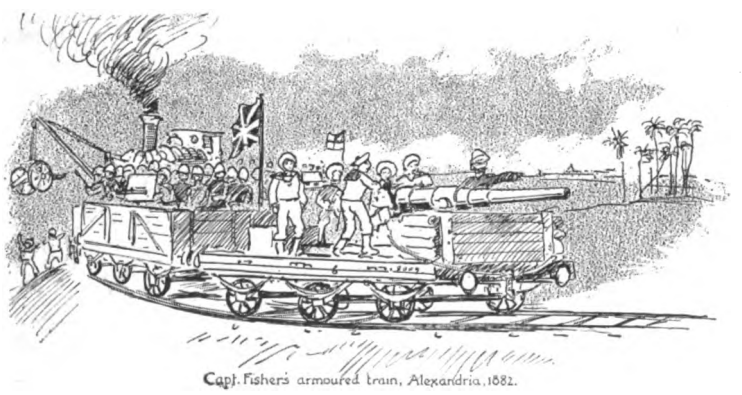
It is doubtful, though, if this design was ever carried out, for the details of the apparatus which accompany the print were decidedly impracticable. But with the advent of the steam engine, when every country began to be overspread with a network of iron railways, the possibilities of rapidly moving guns and men from point to point, in specially designed carriages from which they could use their weapons with effect without detraining, were soon seen to be well within the range of practicability. Thenceforward we can find many instances of the employment of so-called "armoured trains," though nowhere have they been very extensively used as yet.

In this country where the supposed necessities of the defence of our coastline is a problem that appeals to the military student, the idea of a moving series of batteries, ready to proceed to any threatened point, was found very attractive to many thinkers and writers, and so early as 1849, a Scotsman, hailing from Edinburgh, proposed some such plan to the Duke of Wellington. As at that time there was still a very considerable and rooted objection to anything "new fangled," especially in the Services, we need not be surprised to hear that this suggestion fell on barren ground, and was rejected on the pretext of cost.


Armoured train in defence of Paris, 1870-71.

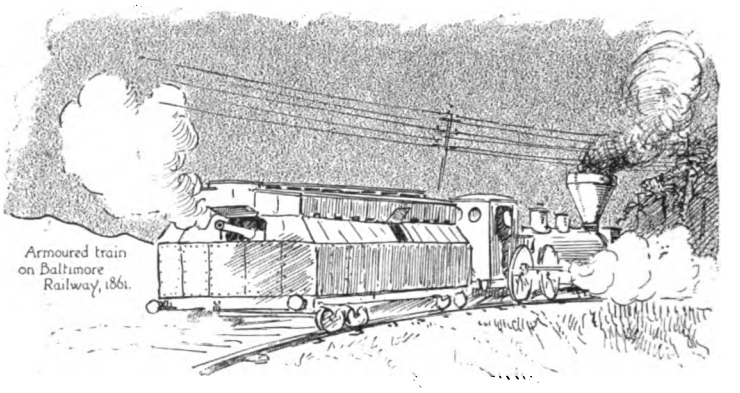
Little more than a decade had passed away, however, before an actual "armoured train" was an established fact. This was in the United States of America, where, so far from looking askance at novel ideas, they were followed up with avidity, especially as regards those connected with warlike affairs, for at that period the tremendous convulsion known as the "Civil War in America," had just broken out.

A mob from Baltimore had destroyed the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway, and in order to prevent a recurrence of these disorders, and to protect the line generally, the Government ordered the construction


Capt. Fisher's armoured train, Alexandria, 1882.

of a specially equipped car. A long, flat, baggage car was built up and covered in with thick sheet iron, in which a number of loopholes for musketry were pierced. At either end, and in the centre of each side was a porthole, from either of which a cannon mounted on a traversing turn-table could be fired.

Its projectiles were unique, as it was to be loaded with a number of discs cut from boiler plate. This cannon


Armoured train on Baltimore Railway, 1861.

was to be worked by a crew of Bluejackets, while fifty riflemen completed the garrison of the car. Whether this formidable railway carriage was ever used for hostile purposes is not recorded.

The next use of armoured trains was made by the French during the Siege of Paris, when they were frequently employed in supporting the sorties in which the besieged vainly endeavoured to break through the iron girdle with which the Germans had invested their city.

There seems to be some doubt as to the construction of these trains, but the following is a description of one that was equipped at Tours, for the purpose of assisting in running a provision train through the German lines for the hard pressed Paris garrison.

Both engines and carriages were bullet proof, and provided with loopholes, while four small cannon were carried which could be fired from the train. The whole affair was capable of carrying five hundred men. When, after the evacuation of the city by the Germans, the outbreak of the Commune caused the fighting round Paris to begin again, the "Reds" made considerable use of armoured trains, either those already constructed for use against the Prussians or others they fitted up for themselves.

On April 17, the Communists had seven armour-plated locomotives on the railway near Asniéres, in which place they were strongly entrenched, and these might have proved formidable adjuncts of defence had not the position been suddenly outflanked by heavy Naval guns placed in position at Colombes, and by the Redoubt of Genevilliers, which the Versaillese had rearmed without the knowledge of their opponents. Two days later the armoured locomotives were busily employed firing on the Government troops between Asniéres and Courbevoie, while according to the Communists they even ran out as far as Château Becon, and night after night beat down the fire of the batteries which the besiegers were there establishing.

We come now to the year 1882, when we ourselves made considerable use of "armoured trains," during our operations against the Egyptian rebels under Arabi Pasha. These trains were not, however, armoured in the same way as the somewhat elaborate contrivances which we have already noticed, but were partially defended by boiler plates and sandbags.

"Armed trains" would have been a more correct description of these affairs, as they all mounted cannon, and sometimes machine guns as well. The most famous one was that which ran out every evening from Alexandria towards Kafr Dowar, and was fitted out by Captain (now Sir John) Fisher, R.N. She was quite a sight to see as she came rumbling through Gabarrie Station, then held by our pickets, a pilot engine in front, and then the long line of trucks with the engine in the middle, the Jack forward and the white ensign fluttering out astern, "all ship-shape and man-o'-war fashion."

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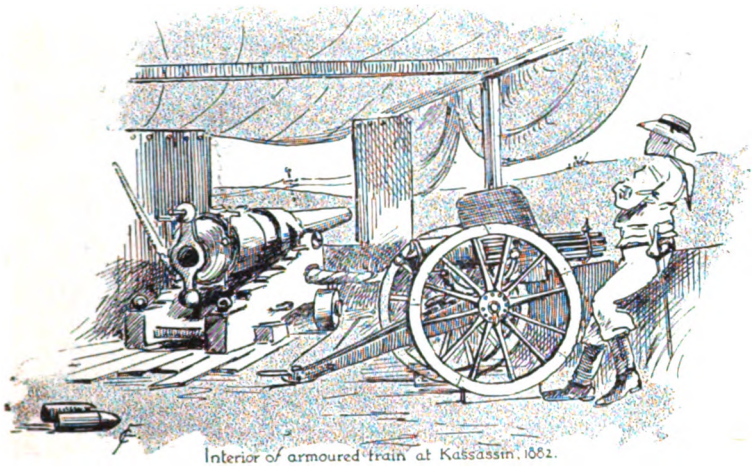
The locomotive was garlanded with sand-bags, while the trucks, at least the leading ones, were protected by boiler plates roughly attached to their sides. The foremost one mounted a 40-pounder Armstrong gun, while further back were Nordenfelts, and in one truck a couple of 9-pounders on their field carriages, which could be lifted out and in by a small crane that was fitted to the train so that they could be rapidly brought into action.

The train was well tested in the reconnaissance near Milala Junction, on August 5. It ran out in front of another train conveying the battalion of marines that formed the right of the British attack, and as soon as these had been detrained and came into action along the railway embankment, the armoured train began to aid the advance with its cannon.

The two 9-pounders were hoisted out and run up into position on the railway someway ahead of the train with wonderful rapidity, and made excellent shooting at a house at the bend of the line, whose garrison were, from its position, enabled almost to enfilade the marines as they advanced. One gun with common shell would bolt the "Gyppies" out of their shelter, to be greeted with a well-aimed round of shrapnel by the other. This manœuvre was again and again repeated with great success. The 40-pounder was of great value in keeping back the enemy when the retirement was ordered.

Then again in Egypt, and after the dash up the Suez Canal, when the British army was encamped at Kassassin,

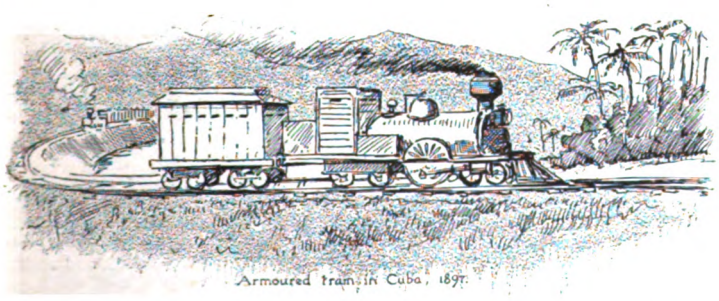


Interior of armoured train at Kassassin, 1882.

previous to advancing on the lines of Tel-el Kebir, another armoured train was constructed. This was not such an elaborate affair as the one at Alexandria, merely consisting of a truck defended with iron plates and carrying a 40-pounder Armstrong pointing forward, and a Gatling gun at the side.

It was used in the second battle of Kassassin when the attack on our camp was repulsed. On this occasion there was a train on the same railway within the Egyptian fighting-line, which was said to be also an armoured and armed train. At the first battle of Kassassin, too, a gun mounted on a railway-truck played a very important part, though neither armour nor engine were available. This was a captured Krupp, which, manned by a crew of the Royal Marine Artillery, engaged the whole of the enemy's batteries for the greater part of the day, avoiding disablement by being constantly pushed backwards and forwards along the line to alter the distance and disconcert the enemy's aim.

Since the Egyptian War there have not been many more examples of the effective employment of "armoured trains," but one, at any rate, was used in the Civil War in Chili, while only recently a sand-bag protected train, carrying a field-gun

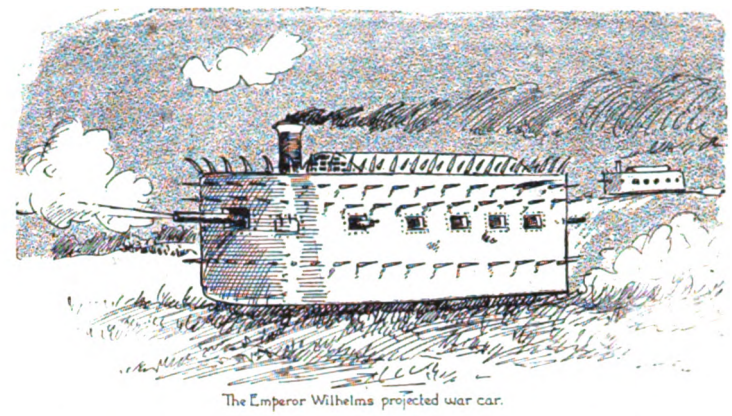


Armoured train in Cuba, 1897.

and riflemen, was employed in the Soudan and manned by the 9th Soudanese Battalion.

In Cuba, too, a protected truck and engine carried a guard of soldiers to protect the following trains between Colon and Santa Clara from the rebels. But it is possible that, in the future, armoured steam propelled carriages or batties may play a more important part in warfare than they have heretofore done.

The French have experimented with guns mounted on trucks moving along railway lines placed immediately behind parapets of a height suitable for them to be fired over, while we have in our own country an experimental armour-plated



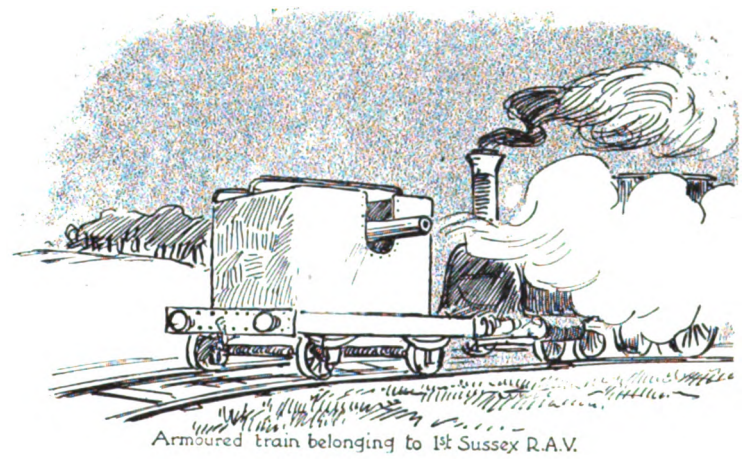
The Emperor Wilhelms projected war car.

gun-truck for use in shore defence, which is manned by the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery and whose trials have been fairly promising. The gun, which is a 40-pounder Armstrong, is mounted on a turntable placed on a flat truck. The gunners are protected by a 6-ft. high shield, forming three sides of a square, which revolves with the gun. A steel-protected locomotive and a couple of steel-plated carriages for the conveyance of men, complete this very well equipped armoured train.

But this comparatively simple apparatus will be quite put in the shade if the extraordinary "war-cars" proposed by that versatile genius, the Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, should ever be found to be practicable.

These are not to be confined to the narrow sphere afforded by the existing lines of railway, but are to roam, or rather "run amok," at will over the battle-field of the future, and will be a cross between the war chariot of the ancients and the modern armoured train. According to a recently published account, each of these cars will be as big as a Pullman and will be complete in itself. The sides will come close down to the ground to protect the wheels, and will be composed of stout steel-plating and be pierced with a number of ports and loop-holes for quick-firing guns, machine-guns and rifles.

To prevent the enemy, when at close quarters, from getting on the roof and so being in a position to annoy the



Armoured train belonging to 1st Sussex R.A.V.

crew from a quarter in which they cannot turn their weapons, the sides and top are provided with row upon row of steel spikes or bayonets.

Manned by a dozen men, and laying down their own lines as they go, these bristling monsters are intended to charge down on the enemy and break their line at a critical period of the engagement, and in fact to play the part of an invulnerable cavalry brigade. What the enemy are going to do when they see this tremendous attack coming down upon them is not said. It seems to be assumed that they would wait to receive it with fixed bayonets. Still it is just possible that some unkind foeman might get out of the way and at the same time find means to overset or blow up the mailclad motor-car before it got very far in its wild career.

Such contrivances seem certainly to look very like chimeras, but as it is said that the renowned Herr Krupp has had a great deal to do with their design, and is engaged in building an experimental one, there may be something in the idea after all.

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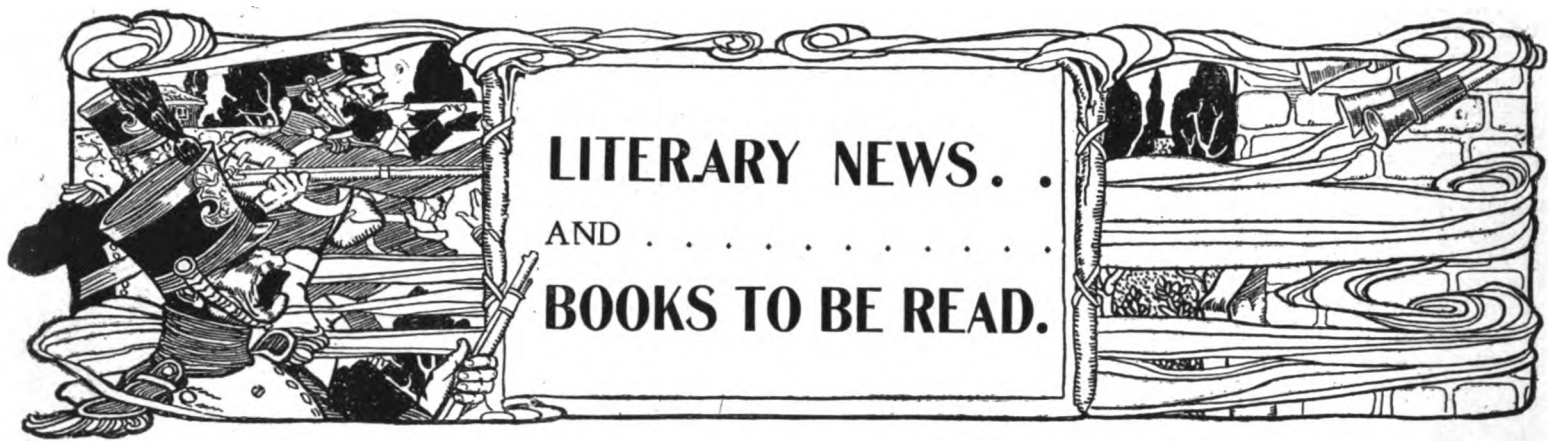

IT does not in any degree detract from our hearty admiration of the gallantry of Naval Constructor Hobson in sinking the "Merrimac" at Santiago, that the operation was a failure, owing to ineffective torpedoes and the drift of a rapid tide. Everything that human ingenuity could devise under those conditions had been thought of, and every difficulty that could be foreseen had been provided for, and cool courage, patriotic zeal, and fine devotion were there, displayed by all on board. The episode of the "Merrimac" deserves, indeed, a high place in Naval annals. The narrative of the intrepid young officer who was in command, in his volume entitled "The Sinking of the 'Merrimac'" (Unwin), is quite delightful to read. Its native modesty, generous recognition of the efforts of others, whole-hearted appreciation of the fine qualities displayed by the Spaniards, and clear and luminous style, are nothing less than admirable. The idea of sinking the collier originated with Admiral Sampson, but Mr. Hobson worked out all the details. He had already prepared plans for entering the harbour of Havana with unsinkables, and of running past the batteries of San Juan, and was evidently the very man for the work. Several plans were considered. It was thought, for example, that the "Merrimac" might disguise herself as a Spanish collier, and run for the Bay under a heavy fire from the blockaders, but the difficulty of navigation rendered this impossible. In fact, the irregularity of the narrow channel and the strength of the current became the chief subjects of discussion, and they ultimately defeated the purpose. The first part of Mr. Hobson's book is filled with a most instructive account of the various preparations made, and of the mustering of the crew. "It may be said broadly that the bulk of the fleet was anxious to go." The admiral thought it well that a junior officer of the "New York" should be of the party. "The junior officers' mess responded *en masse.*" In fact, throughout the fleet the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and we cannot withhold our keen admiration of the spirit displayed on this occasion.

* * * *

At length the hour came when the devoted vessel stood into the mouth, every man at his post. It had been arranged when the engine should be stopped, the bow and stern anchors be dropped, and the torpedoes be exploded. The utmost that discipline could do was accomplished, but only two of the sunken torpedoes exploded, and the ground tackle did not hold. The Spaniards opened fire, and the full blast of projectiles made a din like a greater Niagara, as the "Merrimac" was carried on by the rapidly-flowing tide. The men in the ship were now in extreme peril, for she was under a hail of projectiles, and every moment seemed as if it might be their last. The impulse was to take to the boat or jump overboard, but in that direction lay certain death, and with the finest discipline they held on. Then Mr. Hobson noted a physiological phenomenon. They all grew thirsty, but were perfectly cool. "Reason took account of probabilities, and, according to the direction of the men's bodies, with regard to the line of fire from the ships' guns, I waited to see one man's leg, another man's shoulder, the top of another man's head, taken off. I looked for my own body to be cut in two diagonally, from the left hip upward, and wondered for a moment what the sensation would be." At length they realised that the gallant mission was a practical failure, and the "Merrimac" sank where it could be of no avail.

* * * *

Admiral Cervera came in person to the rescue, and certainly the most pleasant part of the book is its record of the feeling of genuine regard that sprang up between the captured Americans and the Spaniards. They were treated throughout with the most considerate courtesy by the Spanish Navy. They were as honoured guests rather than as prisoners of war, and various officers vied with one another in promoting their comfort. Of Admiral Cervera, Captain Bustamente, the chief of his staff, and Captain De Acosta of the "Reina Mercedes," afterwards killed in the bombardment, Mr. Hobson gives a most pleasant picture. It was with regret on both sides that the prisoners were transferred to the care of General Linares, and it certainly was not kind to place them in the Morro. However, they were uninjured in that exposed place, and in due time, no chance of escaping having presented itself, they were exchanged, and returned to their friends, who received them with extreme delight. How Mr. Hobson himself was honoured by his countrymen, and more particularly by his countrywomen, is a matter of history. He has set down a great deal in his modest chapters that is most instructive and interesting to read. The sinking of the "Merrimac" was but an episode of the war, but nothing showed so well the splendid personal qualities of the Americans, who won at Santiago the high praise of their enemies. Admiral Sampson has himself given some account of the "Merrimac" affair, but here we have a full and well-written narrative embodied in a beautifully-illustrated and handsome volume.

* * * *

Most people who know the Services know "Jack Ahoy!" by Walter J. Mathams. It showed the keenest sympathy with the sailor, and how well the same author knows the soldier's life and needs is seen in his "Comrades All" (Chatto, 2s.). Lord Roberts, who has been much interested in these short essays and anecdotes, commends the book, in an introduction, to his comrades in arms. Much in it will certainly strike home. Comradeship and the instant sense of duty are the inspiration. These Mr. Mathams inculcates upon the soldier, with the thought that he must be a man, not so many pounds of flesh, but with the brain, will, heart, and spirit to face duty, whatever it may be. He sets us upon the march with his excellent marching song, "Comrades All," and his "bugle call," "Forward! March! the road is open," to our duty—not in "Manchuria," or the next war, but here, in this very place. The song of Jim Bowker, who would have done all but for his "tarnal luck," is excellent in an excellent set of sketches and songs. And the "Maxim Shots," as Lord Roberts says, are to be specially commended. "Discipline is the first thing in the Army, and in life"; "Every soldier can make the Army better"—here, one may say, we have the Law and the Prophets. A capital book for the boy or young man, soldier or civilian. "Self and Comrades," good stories of an old soldier, by C. Stein (Vinton, second edition, 2s.), is a volume that may be linked with it.

* * * *

I took up a pamphlet entitled "The Strength and Decay of Nations," by Giles Andrew Daubeney, expecting to find an echo of Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. Instead I discovered two essays on Forestry. Then I bethought me how old Collingwood went about the country dropping acorns into hedges, lest the supply of oak for the Navy should fail, and of certain plantations, originating for the same need, that I myself have seen. But this is not the point of view from which Mr. Daubeney approaches his important subject. He deals rather with the effect of forests upon climate, maintaining that the relation is close and reasonable. They temper the air and draw the moisture from the clouds, and they have a very beneficent effect in many ways. Mr. Daubeney quite took my breath by the wide effect he ascribes to the practice or neglect of forestry. Gibbon might have told another tale, and certainly wide generalisations from scattered facts are apt to be dangerous. According to this authority it was neglect of forestry that hurled down Rome from her position as mistress of the world, and that has caused the prodigious decline of Spain; the knowledge of it that contributes powerfully to the dominance of Germany, and the partial appreciation of it that has been the salvation of France. If these things be true, then have some of our historians been as rushlights in the darkness, and we have a vast deal to unlearn. However, if Mr. Daubeney soars into lofty altitudes in his imaginative course, he starts from a sound base, and there is much reason in what he says. His pamphlet comes from the *Timber News* office, and has a good deal of curious interest in it. Tree-lovers should read it.

* * * *

Germany will soon be richly provided with periodical literature concerning her Naval and Military Services and her *Weltreich*. I had pleasure in drawing attention some time ago to the first number of *Ueberall*, which was issued avowedly as a copy of this paper. It is, however, a monthly, and is chiefly concerned with Naval and colonial concerns. *Heer und Flotte* (Army and Fleet), which is a younger addition to illustrated journalism, the first number having just appeared, more closely resembles these pages, and is a most satisfactory and enterprising issue. It will appear fortnightly, and well deserves to succeed. The editor is Mr. Reginald A. Wyon, whose name at least is English, but whose paper is full of German enthusiasm. The writing is good throughout, and the pictures are excellent. Here is General Count Wedel, Governor of Berlin, sitting at his writing-table, a good portrait, with a sketch of his career. Then under the title of "For German Honour, Strength, and Power," we find a vigorous account of the fight between the "Meteor" and "Bouvet" off Havana in 1870, with a picture by Willy Stower, and a portrait of Admiral von Knorr, who, as a lieutenant, was in command of the "Meteor" on that occasion. It was an inconclusive engagement, but the honours fell to his ship. Bismarck's orders, German Bluejackets ashore in the fighting line, and the guns presented by the Sultan to the Kaiser, now at the Berlin Arsenal—the last a particularly fine picture—are also illustrated. Interesting to English people are portraits of the two daughters of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh)—Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, and the Archduchess Melita of Hesse—in uniform as regimental chiefs. Descriptive articles, accompanied by capital pictures, on the Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," the work of the torpedo flotilla at Kiel, military ballooning, and other subjects, not omitting the interests of ladies, complete a surprisingly successful number. I must not forget to mention a fine portrait of Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal, the *doyen* of the active list of German officers, who is in his eighty-ninth year, but still vigorous, straight, and active, with a most pleasant countenance to look upon. Great credit is certainly due to all concerned.

* * * *

Captain Maurice J. D. Cockle, 4th Battalion Border Regiment, is about to publish, through Messrs. Whittingham, a "Bibliography of English Military Books up to 1642." This is a work that will probably interest few outside the circle of students of military history, but, from what I have seen of it, it is evidently being very well done, and will be a valuable help to enquirers. Captain Cockle's volume will fill a gap, for other periods are fairly covered by bibliographies already in print. Nothing could be better than his treatment, for example, of Whitehorne's translation of Machiavelli, published in 1560, which includes a brief *precis* of the principal points.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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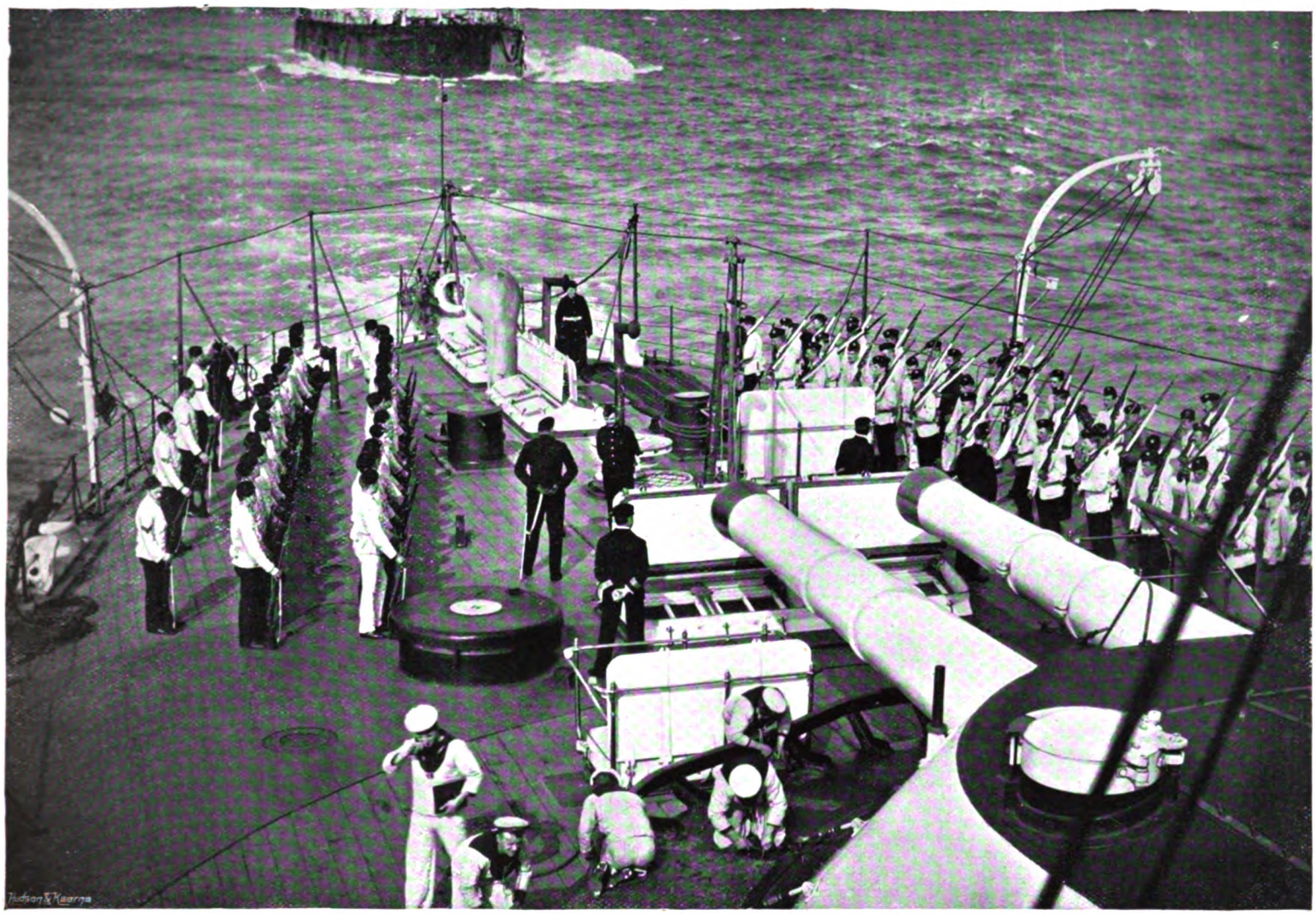
At Sea with the Channel Squadron.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



A BUSY FORENOON.

IT was a pleasant change to get on "blue water" again after our long sojourn in the English Channel, for the warm summer weather of Arosa Bay is more than welcome after the draughts and damps of the English winter.

My photographs this week are very typical of life at sea. In the first, which may be entitled "A Busy Forenoon," the Marines are to be seen at infantry drill on the quarter-deck, Marine Artillery the starboard side standing at ease, Marine Light Infantry the port side, apparently in the act of "forming fours."

In the foreground are some sailors scraping the barbette previous to painting it.

Ironwork is very much in the rough when it first comes on board, and it takes months, and even years, before it shows up smooth enough and bright enough to satisfy the critical eye of an ambitious commander.

Right aft can be seen the sentry on the life-buoy, and by his side, flaked down upon the deck, is the grass hawser attached to the fog-buoy.

This buoy is used in thick weather, and is towed about 200-yds. astern for the next ship to keep in touch with, as it often happens that a fog will completely obscure anything more than 30-yds. or 40-yds. away.

In the background can be seen the "next astern" booming along 300-yds. or 400-yds. away in our wake.

The next photograph shows the quarter-deck under very different conditions. It is after evening "Quarters for Inspection," and a cricket match is going on, Ward-room *v.* Gun-room, perhaps.

The seine (with which every ship is supplied) makes a most efficient cricket net, and stretches completely round the deck. Buckets form the wickets, and the cricket balls are made of spun yarn wound upon a basis of cork.

A good

Photos A. Debenham Ryde.

CRICKET ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

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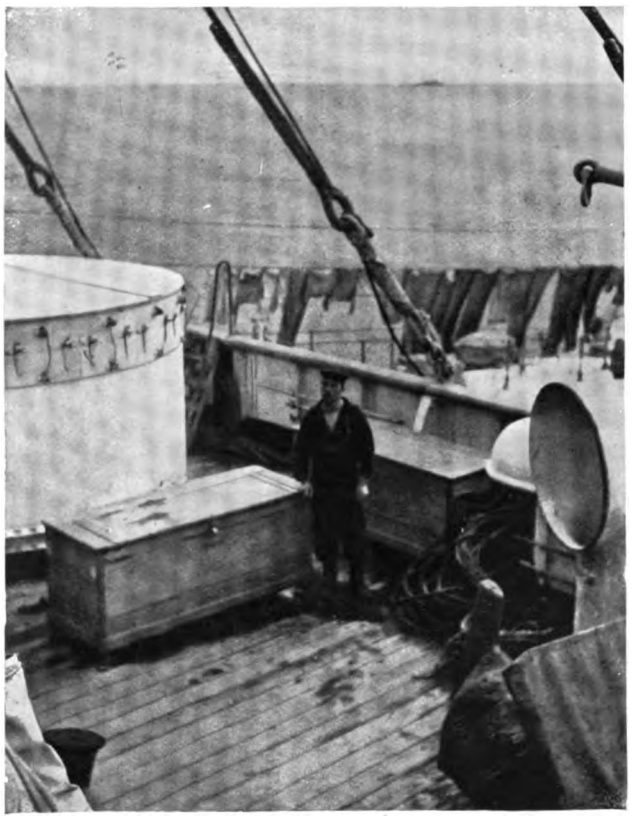


A BOATSWAIN'S MATE.

number of these have to be provided, as a reckless hit generally disposes of the ball for good. However, a penalty is generally exacted from the batsman for a ball hit overboard.

A good scoring hit is down a hatchway, or ventilator, in fact there is a good deal of excitement about this sort of cricket, especially towards the close of the game, when "tip and run" comes in, for the space is limited, and the batsman gets "plugged" at least as often as the wicket.

Another photograph shows two boys "pointing a boat's fall," to use technical terms, or in other words finishing off the end of the rope by which a boat is hoisted up to her davits in a neat and seamanlike manner.

Next I have made a snap-shot of the boatswain's mate, who superintends and generally looks after whatever work is going on during the watch, as, for instance, the quarter-deckmen "scrubbing with sand" on a Saturday morning.

In fine weather there is nothing the sailor-man likes better than paddling about with a scrubbing brush or hose in an inch or two of sand and water.

These, however, are soon followed, as in my next photograph, with the bath brick and emery paper.

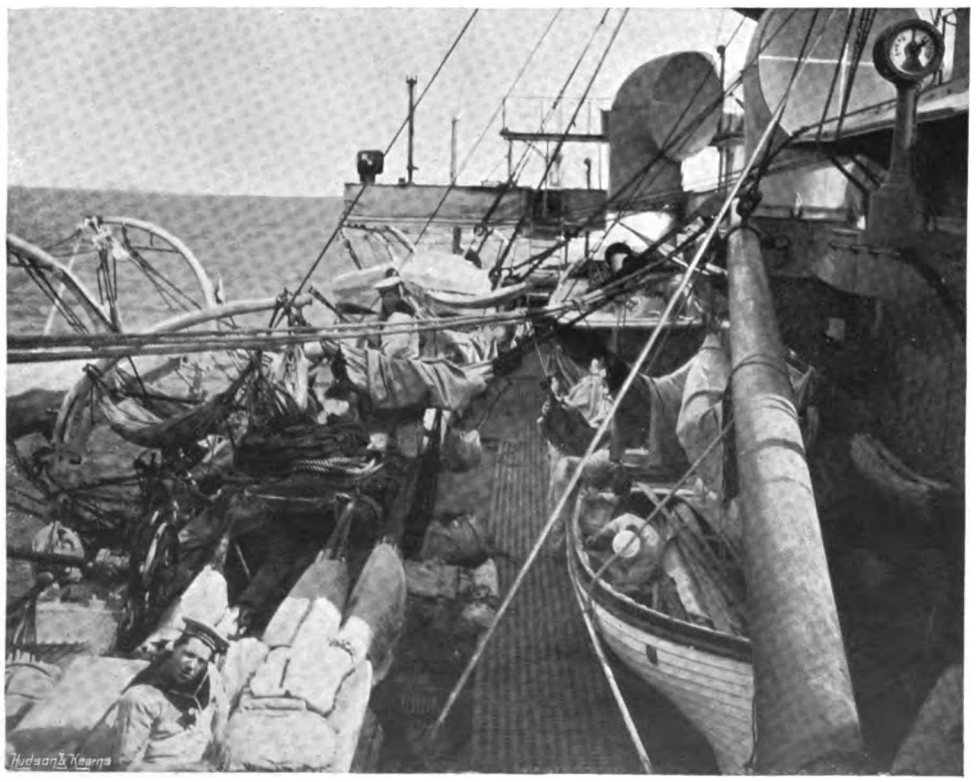
Every man has his own little bit of brass to keep bright, and generally takes a keen interest in keeping it brighter and better than his neighbour's.

My last photograph shows the bedding being aired. Jack's couch is both simplicity and comfort combined — it consists of a mattress in a linen bag called a "bed cover" and a blanket, perhaps, though not often, two blankets; in this he sleeps, and, as anyone who has had practical experience will tell you, it is the most fascinating and comfortable thing in beds that has ever been devised.

POINTING A ROPE.

"CLEAN WOOD AND BRIGHT WORK."

SCRUBBING DECKS IN SAND.



Phot s. A Debenham. Ryde.

AIRING BEDDING.

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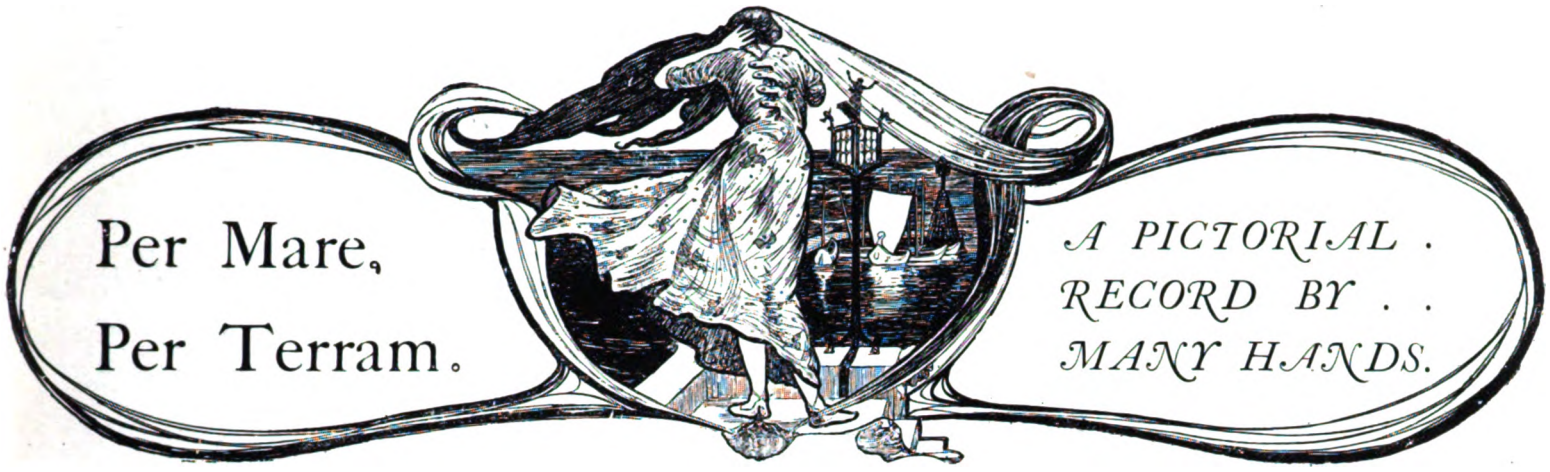

Photo. Gregory.

LORD WALTER KERR, K.C.B.

OWING to the approaching age retirement of Sir John Hopkins, now at hand, the three popular admirals here illustrated "shift billets," to use a nautical expression. Sir John Fisher assumes the command of the Mediterranean station, his place as Commander-in-Chief of the North American station being taken by Sir Frederick Bedford, while the post of second Sea Lord, which the latter vacates, falls to Lord Walter Kerr. No more able and experienced trio of admirals is to be found in the Service. All are men who have filled the most important posts in the Service, both executive and administrative, and on every occasion shown unquestionable ability. All have seen much and varied war service. Lord Walter served through the Crimea and Mutiny. In the latter he was one of the Naval Brigade, and as a "Mid" of the "Shannon" took his share in, perhaps, the finest amongst the many fine exploits of the sailors and marines of the Queen's Navy when away from their ships and fighting side by side with their comrades of the sister service. He has also been awarded the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society, which he earned in 1870 when he was a commander. A seaman of the ship fell overboard and Lord Walter went in after him, diving from a height of 30-ft., and kept him afloat till both were rescued. Sir John Fisher was in the Crimea, China, and in Egypt, and was the originator of the "ironclad" train at Alexandria. He has also had charge of Portsmouth Dockyard, and has filled the office of Comptroller of the Navy—than which there is no more responsible post in the Admiralty. He has now been selected as Naval adviser to the British representatives at the approaching Peace Conference. Sir Frederick Bedford served in the Crimea and Egypt, and carried to a successful issue the Gambia, Benin, and Brass River expeditions in 1884-85. He was, moveover, the captain of the "Shah" when she engaged the Peruvian ironclad "Huascar." No more popular officer ever commanded the Cape station than Sir Frederick, and on his departure an address was presented to him by the colonials, expressing their regret at his leaving. All have had much experience at the Admiralty as Sea Lords. Lord Walter is a renowned tactician, Sir John Fisher a great gunnery specialist, Sir Frederick Bedford the author of those able manuals the "Sailor's Pocket Book," "Sailor's Handbook," and "Sailor's Ready Reference Book."

Photo. Fripp.

SIR FREDERICK BEDFORD K.C.B.

Photo Symonds.

SIR JOHN FISHER, K.C.B.

THE motor-Maxim gun was tried by the 26th Middlesex (Cyclist) V.R.C. at the recent Easter manœuvres at Aldershot, and proved very successful. Cyclists are useful as scouts and skirmishers, but they have hitherto lacked sufficient weight to be looked upon seriously as a fighting force. Now, however, equipped with a Maxim gun, which can be carried along at twenty miles an hour, they will have to be reckoned with

Photo. Wilding. Copyright.

A MOTOR-HAULED MAXIM GUN.

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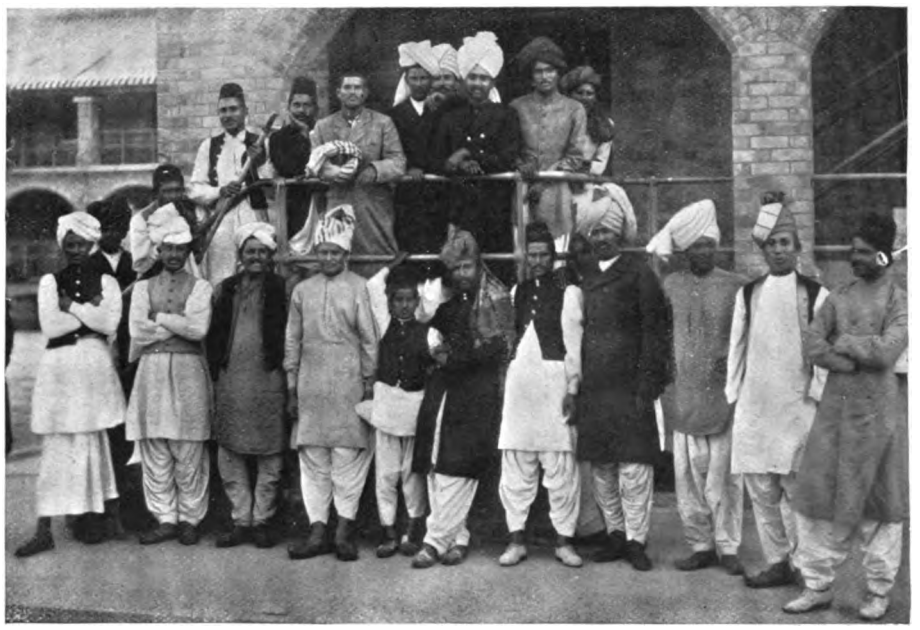
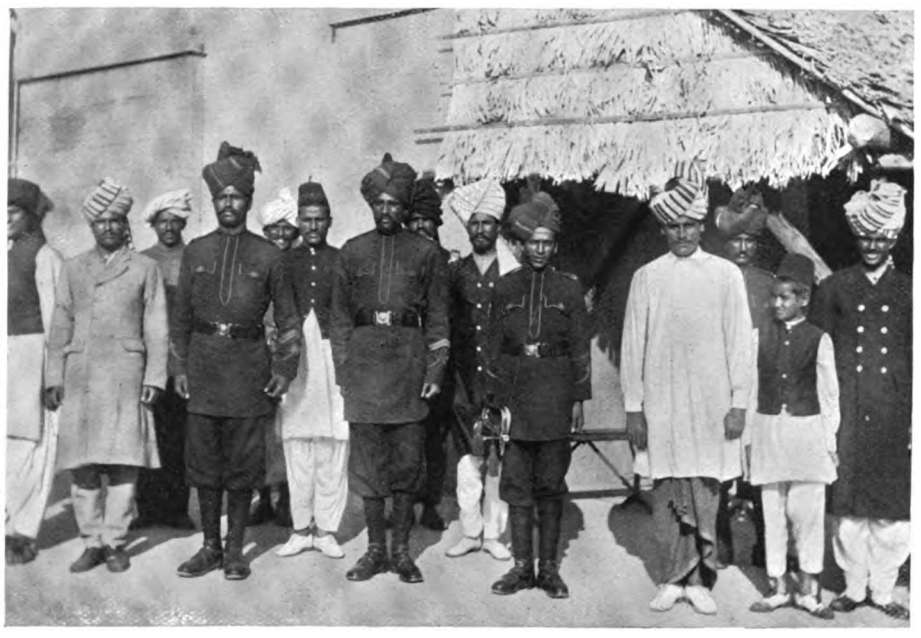
in future wars or manœuvres. The tricycle is fitted with a two-horse power oil motor, with electric ignition, the gun-carriage being limbered up to a hook formed on the frame. Both tricycle and carriage are fitted with 2½-in. Ixion motor tyres and ball-bearings. A team of six men accompany the gun, each carrying 250 rounds of ammunition, and a tackle is provided by which the gun can be hauled by three cyclists without the aid of the motor. The motor and gun will be used by the cyclist corps in their display at the forthcoming Royal Military Tournament.

CHINA, like the poor, we have always with us, and just at this moment interest in this country centres very much in Hong Kong. Only the other day the anti-foreign element, always to be found just below the surface in China, was doing its best to make trouble in the Kowloon hinterland, that is to say, the recently acquired territory on the mainland around Mirs Bay. Within the boundaries of this extension turbulent placards were posted, the surveyors and contractors engaged at work molested, and their sheds burned. A timely display of force, however, at once reduced the rioters to order, and a force of troops landed from destroyers, now used for the first time as military transports, restored order in a very few hours. A very fair proof that Hong Kong is well able to look after itself, and that its garrison, with the fleet at its back, is quite ready to meet the demands made on it by the recent enlargement of the colony. This comprises about 3,000 men, about half of which are Europeans, and the rest natives. The main strength of the native portion of the garrison lies in the Hong Kong regiment, a fine body of men raised in 1891, enlisted entirely on the North-west Frontier of India, composed of the fighting Mahometan tribes of that border, and officered from the Indian Staff Corps. Of this body we give two groups, and in both the illustrations bring out well the type and class of men of which the corps is composed, showing that they are the pick of the best fighting material in India. In fact, in physique they would run our own Guardsmen hard. In one group the men are shown in mufti, and in the other the two stalwart Sepoys and the bugler in the foreground are in uniform, a handsome dress of scarlet, with yellow facings and dark-blue putties. In the other picture we have a review of the whole garrison at what is known as the "Happy Valley," the only complete square half-mile of level ground in the whole island. Here, as will be seen in our picture, is the race-course, and close by it the cemetery reputed to be the most beautiful in the Far East. Coming up the centre of the race-course is the British battalion, with, in front of them, the guns of the Hong Kong Volunteer Artillery. On the left are the Sikh Artillery, and in the background the Hong Kong regiment and the Chinese company of Submarine Miners. The Navy, as usual, is in

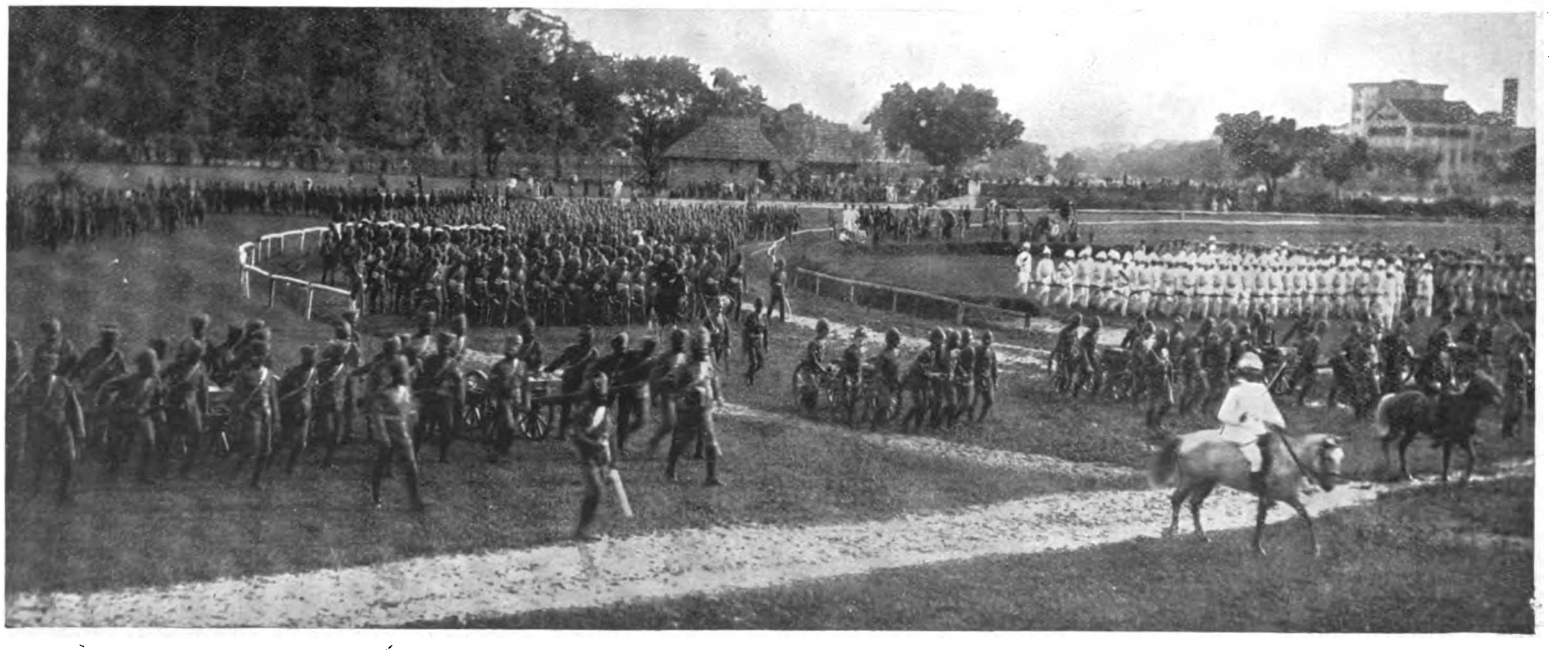


SEPOYS OF THE HONG KONG REGIMENT IN MUFTI.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

A GROUP OF THE HONG KONG REGIMENT.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A FIELD DAY IN HONG KONG.

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evidence, for on the right of the picture are a battalion of Marines in white, with on their left a landing party of Blue-jackets with their field guns.

THIS year will see a large number of new battle-ships and cruisers getting ready for the pennant, and the experts from the gunnery schools will be busy putting these ships through their gunnery trials. We have already

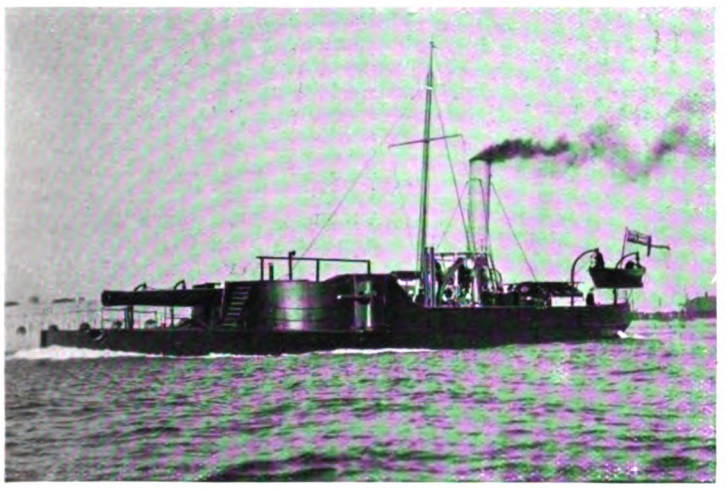

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE "EXCELLENT," LATE "HANDY."

told the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED much of Whale Island, the greatest of these establishments, and we here show a couple of illustrations of the gun-boats in which the men and officers get their training, and from which experimental firing is carried out. Each of the gunnery schools has a flotilla of these craft attached to the school for this purpose. One of those we here illustrate is the "Excellent" (late "Handy"), the largest of the Whale Island gun-boats, and the ship which gives the gunnery school its name, for Whale Island is officially H.M.S. "Excellent," and on the books of the little gun-boat are borne the staff of Whale Island. The other is the "Comet." Both belong to a large class of gunboats built about the seventies, solely with the idea of carrying one heavy gun, and specially constructed to withstand the strain of heavy-gun firing.

Floating gun-carriages, in fact, and the story of how they originated, is one of very great interest. In 1866 Captain Cooper Key (afterwards Admiral and First Naval Lord), then commanding the old "Excellent" gunnery ship, saw the necessity of an arrangement for easily trying heavy guns in a sea-way, and so, on the design of his friend Mr. Rendel (later Lord Rendel), of the Elswick Company, introduced the

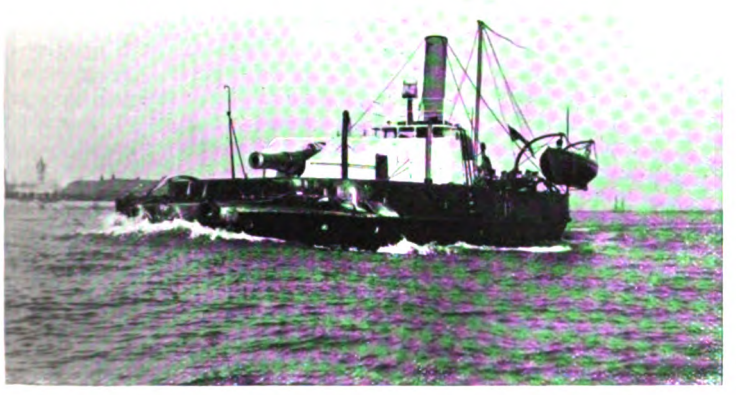

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE "COMET."

"Staunch," a little craft of 180 tons, followed soon after by the "Plucky," of 195 tons, each carrying a single 9-in. 12-ton muzzle-loader.

So far so good; but from this idea those in authority drew deductions which are now absolutely exploded. That was that a flotilla of these craft, which could be built at the cost of one ironclad, would be an economical system of coast defence. While each of their big guns could inflict heavy damage on an enemy, they themselves would be a very small target for an enemy, and a number of them could pepper away at big battle-ships with a good chance of immunity. The theory was beautiful, but it, alas! had the unfortunate flaw that by the time the vessels would be required to act the Empire would be in such a state of collapse that an enemy could transport and land military forces, and the gun-boat flotilla would have little or nothing left to defend. The idea, however, held at the time, with the result, between 1870 and 1880, we built twenty-six vessels of 250 to 260 tons, each carrying a 10-in. muzzle-loader, and of which the "Comet" is one. The "Handy," now the "Excellent," came some years later, and was, in truth, for practical gunnery training, as she was a vessel of 508 tons. These craft, or those of them that are now used, are no longer considered as fighting units, but are, as we have pointed out, the training annexes to the gunnery school for sea-firing, for experimenting with new guns, and for testing new types of gun-carriage. Every type of gun, except the very largest, used in the Service are mounted on them for training purposes, and the "Excellent" can practically take the largest, for the gun seen in the picture on board is one of the very newest, the 12-in. 50-ton wire gun adopted for all the new battle-ships. The gun seen in the picture of the "Comet" is the 9·2-in. 22-ton, which is the heaviest gun carried by cruisers, and the men seen on board are a class from Whale Island, being taken down from Whale Island for gun practice at Spithead.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

WINNERS OF THE PUNJAB-BENGAL ARMY FOOTBALL CUP.

IN India, as in England, football is very dear to the heart of the soldier, and probably the most popular regimental game there is. Each district, division, and army corps has its inter-regimental contests; and now that the 1898-99 season in India has closed, a good share of the football honours in Northern India are found to have been carried off by that very smart regiment, the 1st Battalion of the Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry. The first group is the regimental team that won the blue ribbon of Northern India, the Punjab-Bengal Army Association Challenge Cup. The second team is the one that won the Murree Association Challenge Cup. The struggle for these two cups, together with that for the Durand Challenge Cup, played for at Simla, form the three great competitions of the football season in Northern India, and the Prince Albert's Somersetshire carried off two of them. The Durand Cup, however, they failed to win, and it passed from their possession, though they had won it last season. The men, whose portraits will be recognised as having taken part in both matches, are Lance-Corporal Carter, and Privates Hellin, Lycett, Macdonald, Farmer, and Oakley. Sergeant Harris is the trainer of the

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

WINNERS OF THE MURREE FOOTBALL CUP.

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team that won the Punjab-Bengal Army Cup, and his portrait is one of those given. The two officers given in the same picture are on the left—Lieutenant G. B. Roney-Dougal, of the regiment, and Captain E. G. Curtis, the honorary secretary of the Punjab-Bengal Army Football Association, an officer of the Bedfordshire Regiment. Both these officers are keen footballers and good soldiers, and have seen hard fighting, for Captain Curtis is decorated for the Chitral Campaign, and Lieutenant Roney-Dougal for that on the North-West Frontier of India, in 1897-98, under Sir William Lockhart.

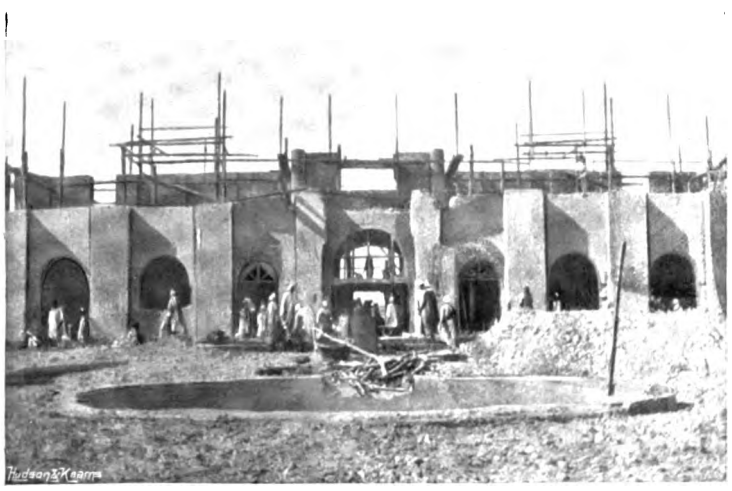
Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE RUSSIAN ICEBREAKER "ERMAK" AT WORK.

TO-DAY Lord Kitchener is devoting all his energies to the rehabilitation of Khartoum, and our illustrations show the work now being carried on in the reconstruction of Gordon's Palace, which faces the Blue Nile in the very centre of what once was, and what soon again will be, the flourishing town of Khartoum. Not imposing to look at, but very interesting, as the rebuilding and restoration of the home of the hero marks visibly to the people the fact that now at last the tyranny that has for so many years ruined their lives has been lifted from them. When the college that will be the memorial of the great dead is completed, it will front the Blue Nile, a little distance from the town, and near a fort which Gordon gallantly defended against numerous attacks during that long memorable siege.

THE peculiarity of the new icebreaker, designed by Admiral Makaroff, is that she has a screw propeller forward as well as three aft. The object of the forward propeller is not only to add to the speed of the vessel, but also, by the race or current it sets up, to keep it free from loose ice. The vessel is divided into forty-eight water-tight compartments, and by filling those aft the bow is brought out of the water, and is then easily run on to the ice. If necessary, water is pumped into the fore compartments until the weight of the ship forward is sufficient to break through the ice. The pumps, which are amidships, are able to throw into the compartments about 13 tons of water per minute. Her speed through 2-ft. of ice is 5 knots, and through 4-ft. 2 knots. So far, the thickest ice she has broken through has been 8-ft., but she is prepared to tackle 12-ft., or even more. She is now engaged in towing ships through the ice to and from St. Petersburg, in the manner shown in our illustration.

NOW is the season when the mounted batteries of the Royal Artillery are busy preparing for Okehampton, the great camp of exercise for that branch of the service. The camp during the practice season is under the command of a colonel of artillery. A succession of batteries relieve each other by brigade divisions, each of which is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. Practice takes place during the summer months. In the North of England five batteries practise annually over the sands at Morecambe Bay. In Ireland the camp for horse and field artillery is at Glenbeigh, a wild, open country in the county of Kerry. Nor are the other branches of the regiment neglected. For the mountain batteries, Hay, in Monmouthshire, is the place where the annual camp of exercise is formed. A similar camp for the training of siege batteries is formed annually at Lydd, near Dungeness, in Kent. Finally, the garrison artillery train on the heavy guns in the western forts of the Isle of Wight, and in those at Devonport.



From Photos.

THE GARDEN STAIRS.

By a Military Officer.

THE RIVER FRONT.

REBUILDING GORDON'S PALACE AT KHARTOUM.

Photo. Saunders. Copyright.

THE OPENING OF THE OKEHAMPTON MEETING—FIELD GUNNERS AT WORK.

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Fortifying the Scilly Isles.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Scilly Islands, known chiefly as the place from which most of the beautiful early spring flowers come, will, however, before long form another base from which our torpedo-boat destroyers can make their attacks.

Situated about thirty-four miles from the Land's End, and well in touch with Plymouth, their important position has led the War Office to decide to erect fortifications which will be equipped with modern guns.

The islands have long laid undisturbed by anything beyond pleasure-seekers and their own inhabitants, who take advantage of the mildness of the climate to keep the markets supplied with flowers, tomatoes, and potatoes, though they are, perhaps, well known by our navigators, being the scene of many a disastrous wreck; and even from early in the century lighthouses have been erected on the islands to warn passing ships of the danger ahead.

HOUSE CONTAINING FIGURE-HEADS OF SHIPS WRECKED ON TRESCO ISLAND.

One of my illustrations is of a house that has been erected by the "King" of the islands, who has collected and placed in it the figure-heads of ships that have from time to time been wrecked on the treacherous rocks, and which form an interesting and unique collection.

My other illustrations are scenes on the principal island, St. Mary's, and show the work that is being done in the construction of forts for the modern guns which are to be supplied for the protection of the islands, the foundation ring for one of the gun-carriages being on the right-hand corner of my second picture; whilst in the fourth, which represents a second fort, may be seen the roof and flag-staff of Lloyd's signal station.

St. Mary's has for some years past been a quiet, picturesque little place, where the inhabitants were looked after by only one policeman —the biggest man in the islands—but on the arrival of the 400 odd navvies, it was considered necessary to increase the numbers of the police force to three! The pile of stones in my fourth illustration represents what will ultimately be a fort, very little soil separating the stone from the surface of the island.

My third illustration shows the present fort and battery of old-fashioned guns with which the island was formerly protected.

NAVVIES AT WORK AT ST. MARY'S

THE PRESENT BATTERY AT ST. MARY'S.

From Photos.

CONSTRUCTING THE NEW FORTS.

By a Naval Officer.

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Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

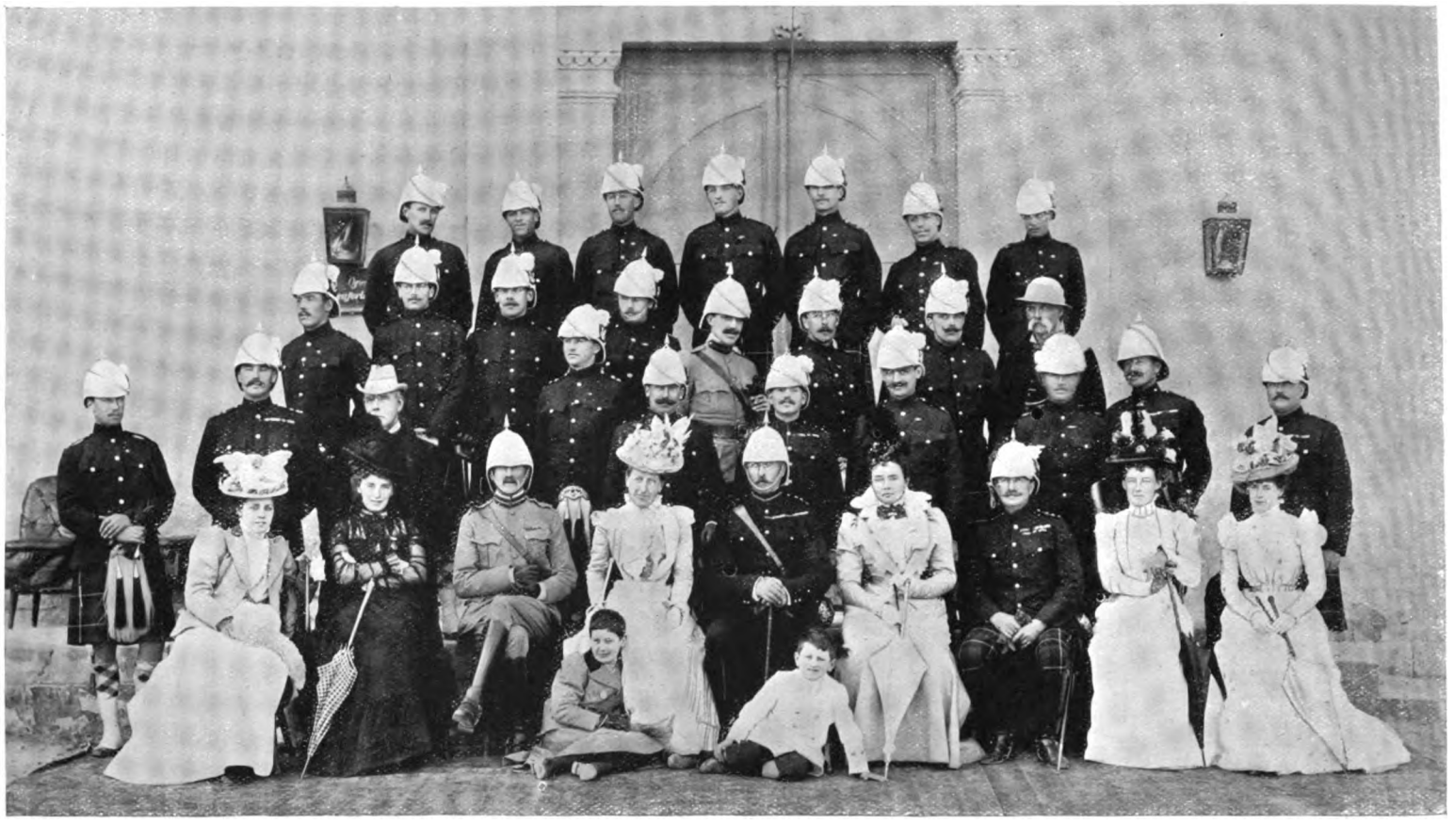

Photo. Lekegian

A WORTHY SETTING FOR ROYALTY.

Copyright.

Our picture shows Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, during their recent visit to Egypt, surrounded by a group of officers of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders that so covered itself with glory at the Atbara, and in the battle of Omdurman. It is not to be wondered at that the Duke has a keen regard for the Seaforths, for it is the territorial regiment to a militia battalion of which his brother, the late Duke of Albany, belonged.

Photo. Gregory.

PREPARED TO RECEIVE CAVALRY.

Copyright.

At the recent Volunteer Easter drills, the 4th V.B. of the East Surrey were at Winchester, and our picture shows the cyclist section of this smart corps prepared to receive cavalry. The kneeling group have their cycles forming what would prove an awkward "entanglement" for any mounted enemy that could get through the deadly fire of their Lee-Metfords. Every day the value of cyclists for military purposes is more clearly demonstrated.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 23, 1794.—A brilliant cavalry action at Villiers-en-Couche, in the north-east of France, near Cambray, against the French. The forces engaged were two squadrons 15th Light Dragoons (now 15th Hussars), 186 strong, and two squadrons of the Leopold Hussars (Austrians), 240 strong. The French numbered nearly 10,000, including some 1,500 cavalry. The allies first drove back some 800 French cavalry to the rear of their infantry and artillery, and then broke a square of six battalions, pursuing and sabring the fugitives for some distance and carrying off three guns. On their return they broke through a large force of rallied French troops. The loss of the 15th Light Dragoons was 19 killed and wounded. The French left 800 dead on the field, and carried off in waggons between 300 and 400. This brilliant action is supposed to have saved the Emperor from capture, and he bestowed a gold medal on each of the eight officers of the 15th, and six years later conferred on them the Cross of Maria Theresa, carrying with it the rank of Baron. Sir Robert Wilson was one of the eight officers.

April 24, 1837.—Bisley Ghaut, in India, forced.

April 27, 1811.—The British pickets, consisting of the 52nd and some companies of the 60th Rifles, repulsed the French at Orsova, in Spain.

April 28, 1775.—During the first Mahratta War defeated the enemy. The British troops consisted of the present 102nd and 103rd Regiments, artillery, native cavalry and infantry.

APRIL 23, 1794.—Action, seven leagues south-west of Guernsey, between Commodore Sir J. Borlase Warren, with two 38-gun and two 36-gun frigates, and three French 40-gun frigates with a 20-gun corvette. Two of the 40-gun frigates and the corvette were taken after a sharp action, the third 40-gun frigate escaping into Morlaix.

April 24, 1810.—The 10-gun cutter "Surly," and "Firm," gun-brig, chased ashore the French privateer "Alcide," at the mouth of a river on the coast of France, sent in their boats, and brought the ship out a prize. A particularly meritorious action, for which the Naval medal was granted.

April 25, 1796.—Nelson's squadron (commodore's pennant in the "Agamemnon," 64), co-operating with the Austrians on shore against Bonaparte's invading "Army of Italy," attacked the batteries in Vado Bay, at the same time sending in the boats to bring off four French Army store-ships moored under the French guns. The batteries' fire was beaten down, and the four vessels brought out.

April 26, 1809.—The 12-gun brig "Thrasher," cruising off Boulogne, encountered thirty-two sail of French gun-boats coming out of the port with six gun-brigs and two schooners. The "Thrasher" single-handed hung on them, and engaged from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m., under fire also from the French shore batteries, sunk three of the gun-boats, and drove six on shore.

April 27, 1796.—Capture and destruction of the French "Ecureuil," 18, under Penmarch Point, Brittany, by the boats of the "Niger," 32, in a very difficult position, and after a very stubborn resistance.

April 28, 1813.—Attack and capture of Frenchtown, in the Chesapeake, by the boats of a British squadron, under Rear-Admiral George Cockburn. Besides the boats' crews, 150 marines took part as a landing-party. The place, though defended by a six-gun battery and a large force of American militia, was easily taken.

April 29, 1781.—Action off Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, between Sir Samuel Hood, with eighteen of the line, and De Grasse, with twenty-four of the line, and two 50-gun ships. Although the French had the weather-gage, De Grasse proved "shy" of engaging at close quarters, and the action ended indecisively.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT BALDWIN JENKINS is the Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee. He entered the Navy in September, 1859, and was promoted commander in March, 1877, from the "Excellent." Holding that rank, he served with Sir John Fisher, who at present commands on the North America and West Indies station, in the battleship "Inflexible," at the bombardment of Alexandria, on July 11, 1882. For his services at the bombardment of Alexandria, Commander Jenkins was promoted captain, his commission being dated from the day of the battle. From July, 1884, to July, 1887, Captain Jenkins served as a member of the Ordnance Committee, and he was again appointed to the same committee, and served on it from August, 1890, to February, 1893. He obtained his flag on December 11, 1897. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Sailors proverbially have the knack of extricating themselves and those under their charge from 'tight places' by more or less original devices, a fact of which the following incident, which occurred in the early part of the present century, is an apt illustration. A civilian returning from the West Indies, accompanied by his wife and family, landed at Portsmouth, only to find that hotel accommodation was at a premium; the best offer he could get for the use of three rooms was a demand of a guinea a night, coupled with the necessity of engaging the rooms for not less than a week. Just as he had closed with these terms, the traveller received despatches demanding his immediate presence in London, and promptly proceeded to endeavour to extricate himself from his hard bargain. This, however, the landlord would not hear of, and a loud and angry altercation arose, which being overheard by a Naval captain who occasionally used the house, led him to enquire as to the circumstances. As the result, he offered to take over the engagement himself, an offer which was gratefully accepted, and announced his intention of occupying all three rooms that night. In due time he arrived, accompanied by his coxswain and a boatswain's mate, to each of whom a room was allotted, with strict orders to keep watch and watch, and every three hours to pipe all hands for a general muster. The result may be imagined. The other guests, whose rest had been broken, were furious; the landlord remonstrated, but the captain said that as he had taken the rooms they were his to do what he liked with. After the second night, during which the same routine was carried on, the landlord made another appeal, offering to let his unwelcome lodger off the bargain for the rest of the week, but the captain blandly replied that he found sleeping on shore good for his health, and that the combination of sea discipline with shore conveniences seemed to him to be particularly agreeable. After the third night the landlord collapsed, and implored his guest to return to his ship on condition that no charge whatever was to be made for the accommodation provided, an offer which the captain with feigned reluctance accepted, having done exactly that which he had set himself to do."

* * * *

"K. O. B."—In mediæval times, although knights were all considered to be upon an equality, there were in reality two classes—the knights banneret and the knights bachelor. The former, distinguished by a small square banner flying from the lance-heads, were men of wealth, each of whom was able to furnish a body of armed men, and to equip and sustain it in the field at his own expense. The latter, who carried either a swallow-tail pennon or one which terminated in a single point, took the field each simply with his own personal attendants—his esquire, page, and mounted archers. The knights were very heavy horsemen indeed, and could only employ the simplest form of tactics. They charged in single line, their squires forming a second line, the rest of their attendants following in the rear. The squires were more lightly armed than their masters, each wearing only a corselet of light mail and a helmet, and carrying a sword, battle-axe, and poignard, and their duties were really to assist the knights by supplying them with fresh weapons and horses, or looking after them when they were wounded, rather than to fight.

* * * *

"A. V."—The six battle-ships of the "Admiral" class—the "Anson," "Camperdown," "Rodney," "Howe," "Benbow," and "Collingwood"—although for practical purposes they are considered as second-class battle-ships, are still officially rated in the Navy List as first-class battle-ships. The official rule, instituted in 1892 to differentiate between our three classes of battle-ships, rates as first-class ships all turret and barbette battle-ships built since 1886 of 9,500 tons and upwards, of not less that 13 knots sea-speed, and mounting guns of a minimum calibre of 10-in. The "Admiral" class, answering these conditions, officially count as first-class battle-ships.

* * * *

"K. C. S."—The duties which fall to the lot of a military aide-de-camp are too numerous to mention, so much depends on the exact position filled by the officer in question. An officer may be appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen, a position reserved for distinguished soldiers, but not entailing the performance of any arduous duties. The aide-de-camp to the Governor of a colony accompanies the Governor on all official occasions, and is of course regarded as one of the household. Indeed, he is very often called upon to arrange many of the details connected with social functions. Although this species of employment is greatly sought after, the aide-de-camp's life is not always a bed of roses, indeed he has been known to perform domestic duties against which his military soul rebelled. An aide-de-camp, however, is at all times expected to be affable, even when he is called upon to act virtually as house steward, or to amuse the children of his "chief." When appointed aide-de-camp to a general, an officer has usually more actual military duties to perform. He accompanies the general in the field, and carries his orders to officers commanding units. A fair proportion of office work falls to his lot, and in India the appointment is frequently bracketed with that of Assistant Military Secretary. In a campaign an aide-de-camp has often an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes in connection with the article which recently appeared on the record of the "London,":—"To the information lately published in connection with this name may be added another notable fact, viz., when, in the year 1807, the French invasion of Portugal drove the Royal house of Braganza to seek refuge in what was then their great Transatlantic possession—the Brazils—among the British vessels of war that escorted them on the voyage was the 'London,' Captain Thomas Western, which ship thus gained the credit of being the first three-decker that ever crossed the Equator. This was, of course, the liner that captured the 'Marengo.'"

* * * *

"J. W."—THE Royal Welsh Fusiliers is the only regiment that wears the "flash." This consists of five black ribands (one in the centre and two on each side), about 9-in. or 10-in. long, slit at the ends like the points of a "guidon"—the banner carried in Dragoon regiments—and is worn hanging down from the back of the collar. This silk facing was originally worn to protect the coat from the flour and grease used in plaiting the "queue" or pigtail, which was abolished in the Army during the absence abroad of the 23rd Foot. It was directed to be discontinued by a general order from the Horse Guards, dated July 20, 1808. This regiment, however, retained the flash on the coats of the officers until its return home in 1834, and the commanding officer (Colonel Harrison) appealed to King William IV. to allow the continuance of the flash permanently. This was granted in a letter from the Horse Guards, dated November 28, 1834. The regimental staff-sergeants and warrant officers, as well as the officers, now wear this "flash."

THE EDITOR.

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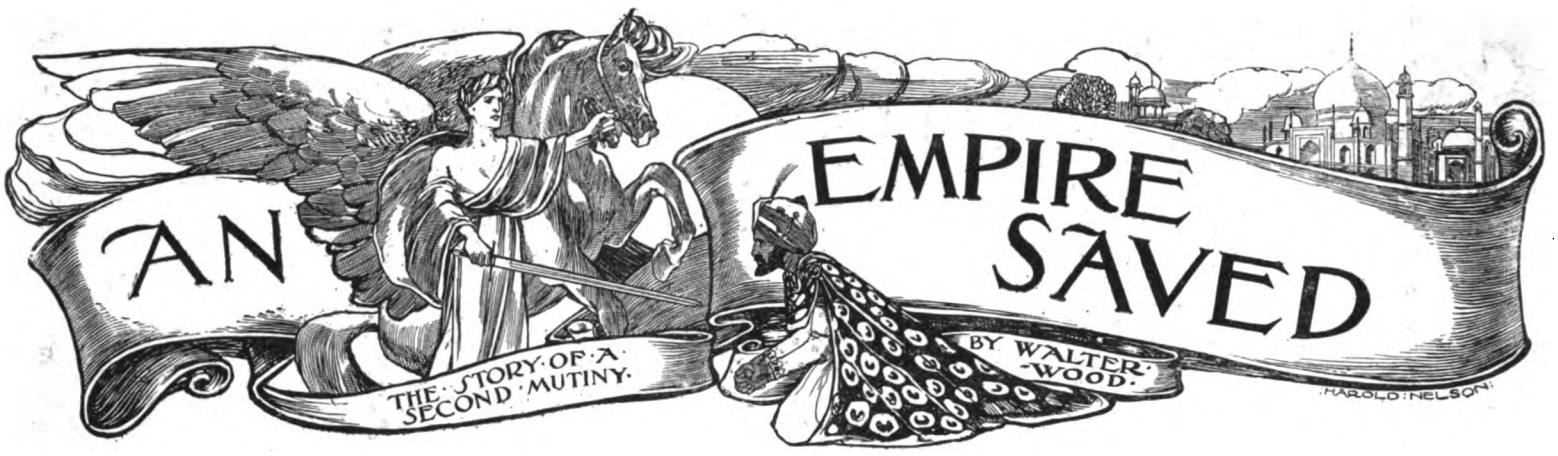

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. Colonel Barr is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended, and Margaret distinguishes herself by taking the gun of Dr. Murray, the senior surgeon, and trying to shoot Murrib Khan. Believing that a forlorn-hope might cripple, if not disperse, Murrib Khan's forces, Barr chooses Reid to lead a body of volunteers. As the forlorn-hope marches off reinforcements arrive, and the mutineers are scattered. Murrib Khan, hurrying away to a rallying-place, called the Devil's Cauldron, comes face to face with Reid, whom he tries to kill. He strikes the captain to the ground, believing that he has killed him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sergeant Barker's Skill.

THE sergeant at a time like this was quick to think and act. He understood the situation instinctively. The fugitive, he saw, was Murrib Khan, and he had made a desperate attempt to kill the adjutant. He saw, too, that the attempt had not succeeded, for Reid was groaning loudly. It was a dismal noise, but it comforted the sergeant greatly, knowing, as he did, that to produce such a woful volume much physical energy was needed. If the captain was at his last gasp, as Barker put it in his thoughts, he surely could not make a noise which was enough to set the branches of the neighbouring trees trembling.

He raised the figure, and as he did so noticed that the left side of the jacket was badly torn. He felt the rent, and being sensitive of touch, knew that it was made by a sharp instrument. He also learned that the cloth was dry, and therefore assumed that if the captain had been stabbed the blow had missed, for there was no blood.

"Much hurt, sir?" he asked, anxiously.

"My arm is broken," answered Reid, dismally; "and I think——"

He did not finish the sentence, and staggered to his feet in amazement.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "The scoundrel missed!"

"Ah!" said Barker, with great satisfaction. "A question of the heart, sir. Thought it was done for?"

"He certainly tried hard," said Reid, still puzzled.

"Evidently he just missed, and the sword went into the ground, touching your jacket and slitting it, sir," said Barker.

"It's a narrow squeak—thank God," said Reid.

"A miss is as good as a mile—and a lot better in a case like this, sir," answered Barker. "That is to say," he added, with a vague consciousness that his observation stood in need of explanation, "it might as well have been ten miles as just miss like that."

His attempt to be more lucid was a failure, and Barker was aware of it. He therefore for the present put aside that special form of speech, towards which he had a leaning, and confined himself to very simple language.

"How are you, sir?" he asked, abruptly.

"Pretty well, all things considered," replied the adjutant. "You were just in time—I shall never forget your help."

"Pooh, sir," said the sergeant, in self-disparagement. "That's nothing at a time like this; it might happen to anyone of us."

"He was a desperate fellow, and had me at a disadvantage," explained Reid. "I fell, and my arm doubled up under me and broke."

"Couldn't you get back and have it looked to, sir?"

"I cannot return. We must go after the rebels who ran past here. They must be got rid of once for all while we are about it."

"We tackled all we could see, sir, and I don't think there are many left. The men are coming back now, and you know they wouldn't leave anything they could lay hands on."

This was a mild jest, but as the captain did not see it, being in no position just then to appreciate humour, Barker somewhat disconsolately abandoned even this attempt to enliven the proceedings; an attempt which he had hoped, in view of their delight at the relief, would have been justified by circumstances.

The captain heard the men coming back. They were calling to each other in the darkness, and asking what they were to do, seeing that neither the captain nor the sergeant was with them.

"Get back to your old position," cried Reid; and the men obeyed in silence, wondering at his reappearance.

"We must at any rate wait till daybreak," said the captain, returning to the spot where he had been lying with the forlorn-hope when the artillery opened fire.

"But your arm, sir?" Barker ventured to say.

"That also must wait," answered Reid, although the injured limb was causing him torture.

"I'm not much of a hand at splicing bones, sir," said the sergeant, "especially in the dark. But if you dare let me, I'll try to fix it up, and make it a bit easier."

The adjutant hesitated; then believing that the pain could not be made worse, he allowed Barker to try. The sergeant roughly set the limb. "It isn't much of a patch up, sir," he explained, apologetically; "but perhaps it'll do till you can get the doctor at work on it."

"Do! Why, it's admirable!" exclaimed the captain, gratefully. "You are a perfect genius."

"It runs in the family, sir," said Barker, respectfully; "not the genius, I mean, but the bone-setting. My father, known as the Doctor, was that by trade. He had his own way, rather a peculiar one, which was to break a broken limb in a fresh place, so as to give it plenty of room to work in and get well. Of course, I haven't done that with yours, sir; for one thing, there isn't time, and I should hardly care to without getting permission first. My father was different—he never asked for it; but of course he hadn't my class of patient."

"Thanks, no," rejoined the captain, with a laugh. "You have done very well for the present—the rest I can leave to Doctor Murray."

A pang of something like professional jealousy seized the sergeant, but he generously overcame it, and, emboldened by his success, discoursed amiably with the captain, and offered his opinion on things in general. Reid was not averse to listening to the sergeant's observations, which helped to pass the time.

The hours went slowly, but at last the dawn broke, bright and quickly. By this time the cavalry were some distance from the barracks, and with the day were putting the finishing touches to their night's work.

Colonel Dunbar was at their head, Pearson and Brindsley having been left behind with their troop. They, like the Queen's, were waiting, the officers and men being in angry mood because they had no share in the pursuit.

"It's like our wretched luck," grumbled Pearson. "All this bother, and not a look in for you and me. And there isn't likely to be another chance, for you may depend upon it that the mutiny is pretty well wiped out by this time. It won't spread—take my word for that."

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"I hope not," said Brindsley; "not because I don't want to fight, but because I don't look upon these chaps as our fair enemy. After all, it's pretty much like going for one's own countrymen. But don't be alarmed; our chance will come, if we wait a bit longer. The colonel and his men will be pretty well done up, and if any fresh work is to be given out, why, we're just the people to get it."

"You're right," said Pearson. "That being so, I'm content to wait and hope."

When day had broken Colonel Barr despatched an order to Reid to return to the barracks with his men; and the captain gladly obeyed it. Beyond his own broken limb and a few cuts which could easily be cured, he had sustained no casualties; and as the band returned they were hailed with a long wild cheer, men and women and children rushing out to meet those upon whom they had not expected to set eyes again.

Margaret, watching by the soldier whose side she had never left through that long night, and who had now fallen into a deep sleep which almost made recovery sure, saw her lover coming back. There and then, in silence, she offered a prayer of thankfulness for his safety. She saw that he was wounded, but was assured by the fact that he was able to walk with ease that he was not in any danger. As to the ultimate power of the doctors and herself to cure him she had no misgiving.

Colonel Barr went out to meet the adjutant. "My dear Reid," he said, grasping his uninjured hand, "I am delighted to see you back. It is almost worth what we have passed through to enjoy such a morning as this. I can only guess at what has happened; but I suppose the cavalry and artillery are from Halabad? I have not been able, as you can believe, to let a man leave barracks till we saw exactly how we stood. Come in."

He glanced around him before re-entering the barracks with Reid, and saw that where the enemy had been quartered for so many anxious days there were now only heaps of slain and wounded men. The shells had done their awful work effectively indeed, and the cavalry had put the crowning touch upon it.

As for the living rebels, he had no great difficulty in imagining how, now that the day had broken, they were falling either to the sword or as prisoners to the pursuing horsemen.

Reid quickly told him what had happened since he had left the barracks in the night, and with what swiftness and precision the artillery had got to work.

"I guessed it was Burne's battery," said the colonel; "the tremendous energy of the work seemed to be so particularly his. As for the cavalry, I guessed that also. Of course, if I had not known that both were the most likely to be here first, as they were the handiest, I might not have been so clever in my guesses. But hadn't you better go and see Murray, and get him to make a proper job of your arm?"

The adjutant went, but before calling upon the doctor he joined Margaret.

"Back, you see," he said, "and without two penn'orth of glory. I'm ashamed to say it wasn't much of a forlorn-hope. We hadn't even a look in, for the cavalry and artillery took it all out of our hands."

"But what about your arm?" demanded Margaret, impatiently.

"Oh, that's a mere bagatelle," he answered, lightly; and to him, remembering what the night had been, it really seemed so. He thought of telling her of the escape from Murrib Khan, but recollecting how sorely she had been tried of late, he resolved to keep the tale for future use.

"This regiment wasn't always commanded by a bachelor."

"Please go and see Doctor Murray at once," she said.

"But it is really nothing serious," he protested.

"Well," she said, decisively, "until you go I shall refuse to listen to anything. Now do go," she added, changing her commanding tone to one of pleading; and Reid left her.

"Somebody's been pottering about with this limb," said Murray, suspiciously, when the latest patient presented himself.

"It was necessary," answered Reid; "but, pottering or no pottering, it's comforted me enormously."

"I can see," said the doctor, "without even moving the rag, that it's a mere case of cobbling. You would be surprised if it ended in a lifelong lameness for you."

"I should," admitted the adjutant, frankly. He wondered at Murray's ill-temper, until it dawned upon him that it was all assumed, and that the surgeon was making a feeble effort to suppress the joy he felt at the return of Reid, to whom he was much attached.

"How did it happen?" demanded Murray, unwinding the bandage.

"I fell on it," answered Reid.

"Oh," muttered Murray, looking at the arm; "whose work is this?"

"Barker did it. Has he not made a good job of it?"

"Fluke, I suppose?"

"What do you mean?" asked Reid, noticing that all the surgeon was preparing to do was to put on a fresh and clean bandage.

"Only this—that it's as well done as I could have done it myself. As I say, I suppose it's a fluke. You might just as easily have got your limb twisted off for you."

"Come," said Reid, "that isn't generous—it isn't even fair to Barker. If he's set the limb as well as you could have done, why not let him have the credit?"

"Because it wouldn't be professional," growled Murray.

"Oh," laughed the adjutant; "then if an outsider, a civilian, had come in and managed to quash the mutiny at the beginning, he would not have been entitled to the credit, because he was not a soldier?"

"You draw queer parallels," rejoined the doctor. "I don't see the drift of that."

"None so blind as——"

"Bother quotations and proverbs," interrupted Murray. "I'm delighted to see you back, all the same; and my delight is the keener because I never expected it. Now do you mind," he added, hurriedly, seeing that the adjutant was framing a grateful answer, "telling Barker that as soon as he is at liberty I should like to see him?"

"He's free now for a little while, and I'll tell him," said Reid, accepting his dismissal with good grace.

Barker, on hearing what was desired of him, went to the surgeon in a dubious frame of mind.

"Ah," said the doctor, casually, on seeing him, "I thought I would like to hear where you learned your bone-setting. I didn't know that that was one of your accomplishments."

"Neither did I, sir," Barker admitted, candidly. "But a man never knows what he can do till he's put to it."

"Then it *was* a fluke," said the doctor. "I thought as much. All the same, it's very extraordinary."

"Begging pardon, sir," said Barker, who began to see how he stood, and to recognise that the occasion demanded that he should assert himself; "it wasn't that, either. My father taught me."

"Oh," said the doctor, irritatingly; "a vet. That explains it."

"No, sir, no horse doctor," answered Barker, with some show of wounded pride. "He fixed up humans, like you, sir."

"Ah!" said the doctor, imperturbably; but his eyes twinkled.

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"He was known, sir, as the Professor," added Barker, clinchingly.

"Oh," murmured Murray, abstractedly.

Barker was exasperated and sore, for apparently the doctor had summoned him only to discredit his performance.

"Of course," added the doctor, as if by way of an afterthought, "the fact that a man is called 'professor' doesn't prove much. You know, a conjurer sometimes calls himself colonel."

"My father was also known as the Doctor, sir," said Barker, with hidden but respectful malice. "But, as you say, sir, titles don't mean anything."

Murray's eyes still twinkled, and he almost chuckled. He had his own peculiar methods of enjoyment, and this was one of them.

"Is there anything else, sir?" asked Barker, distantly. He was secretly fuming, and heaping upon the doctor all the abuse he could remember.

"I only called you in to compliment you," was the unexpected answer of the surgeon, who was now capping his joke, "and to say that whoever taught you to set a limb like that knew his work as well as I do. If you think you would like to qualify yourself for transfer to the Medical Staff Corps—which would pay you—you may depend upon me for all the help I can give you as soon as this trouble is over. That's all, Barker. Good morning."

Barker withdrew, muttering something which was meant for thanks. He was proceeding, puzzled and baffled, along a corridor, when he met Captain Reid.

"Oh," said the adjutant, "I have just left Miss Alexander, and she would like to see you for a moment."

The sergeant became distrustful. He would have liked to ask why any woman in the barracks wished to see him, of all men, and he was almost framing a question when the officer added, "She's waiting." Thereupon Barker hurriedly replied "Yes, sir," saluted, and went unwillingly to execute this mysterious mission.

"Captain Reid has told me," said Margaret, amused at his embarrassment, "how cleverly you set his arm last night; and as I am so much interested in any work of that sort, I thought I should like to hear from you how you managed to do it."

"It was luck, ma'am," said the sergeant, anxious not so much to add to his reputation as to get away.

"But I am sure," she continued, smiling, "there was more than mere luck in it. Do you mean to say you had no previous experience?"

"Well, ma'am," answered Barker, regaining courage on seeing that for some strange reason he was a person of importance, "I had a trifle."

"Indeed, and may I ask where?"

"In my father's surgery, ma'am," said Barker.

"Then he was a medical man?"

"He was known as Doctor Barker," said the sergeant, growing bold. He was aware that he was juggling dangerously with facts, but he felt now that circumstances required that he should make his position as dignified as he could.

"That is most interesting," said Margaret. "It is quite news to me."

"I daresay it will be news to many, ma'am," rejoined the sergeant.

"Captain Reid," she continued, speaking as unconcernedly as circumstances allowed, "has told me how cleverly you managed with his arm; and I was so pleased that I asked him if he would mind if I gave you this as a small present."

She took a little jewelled watch from her waist-belt, and handed it to the astounded sergeant.

"But, ma'am," he stammered, "I've done nothing in the world to deserve that."

"The case was so peculiarly clever," said Margaret, somewhat lamely, "that I think it ought to be recognised. That is my only reason for offering this."

"No, no, ma'am," protested Barker; "I'll accept the will, but not the deed. I couldn't think of it. Besides, I should have no use for a lady's watch—no offence, of course, ma'am. I'm not married, so I couldn't give it to my missis."

"But you may be."

"Never!" exclaimed Barker; "I've seen too much of it—saving your presence, ma'am. This regiment wasn't always commanded by a bachelor."

Margaret was disappointed, and showed it.

The soft-hearted Barker was affected; besides, he saw that the watch was of value. "Of course, ma'am," he said, "if you put it on a higher ground than matrimony or bone-setting—put it that you would like me to have it for your own sake—I wouldn't, I couldn't say no."

"Nothing would please me more," said Margaret, putting the watch into Barker's wavering hand. She was rather anxious, in view of the unutterable things which the susceptible sergeant appeared to be on the verge of saying, that he should take the gift on any terms, and so end an incident which might have unexpected results

Barker remembered his position in time, repressed what he considered a weak and unworthy emotion, closed the fist that held the watch, and, having awkwardly expressed his thanks, withdrew.

When he got away he muttered, "Well, I'm—no, I mustn't say that, because it's just the other—I'm blessed. This is more than I can reckon up. I get this"—he dangled the watch—"from a lady who's got nothing to do with the business at all, except as a matter of Christian interest. And then there's Doctor Murray—that's just as much of a stunner. And to think of me wishing he was in the wrong place—and getting it hot, too!"

The prevalent excitement made it impossible for Barker to dwell long upon his good fortune. The garrison was relieved, it was true, and present danger was removed, but much remained to be accomplished before the Queen's could rest with easy minds. He put his treasure in a safe place, and then rejoined his comrades.

By this time the pursuing cavalry were coming back, bringing many prisoners with them. They had slain or captured most of the runaways, and so far as the rebels who had been so long a menace to the Queen's went, they were, as a force, destroyed.

"I fancy," said the chief of the 8th to Barr, when friendly greetings had been exchanged, "that the trouble is pretty well over. But what do you think? You are the one to judge the best."

"I hope we have seen the last of it here," answered Barr. "How far the mischief has spread I cannot say."

"I do not for a moment think the rising will be general," said Dunbar. "We must look upon it as an extraordinary eruption of local discontent, arising from special and perhaps unknown causes."

"Perhaps," suggested Burne, "our friends across the Frontier will know something of the secret."

Dunbar looked grave. "If that were so," he said, "the matter would be serious indeed. But I don't think it will be found that the trouble had its birth in that quarter; and we must not judge too hastily. Anyhow, what we have to do for the present is to finish operations here. Are there any more of this lot to root out?"

"I am told that Murrib Khan, the cause of the whole mischief, has escaped," answered Barr. "If so, he may manage to give us a tough bit of work even yet."

"We can't afford to let a single one of them get clear," said Dunbar, energetically. "We must stamp them out. There are still some of us perfectly fresh, and I know of several of the 8th who must have been luridly commenting on their ill-luck in not joining in the pursuit. I'll send off Pearson and Brindsley with a troop at once. Do you think that will be a strong enough force?"

Barr thought for a moment. Before he could reply, Dunbar added, "But of course it will. A troop of the 8th is a match for a whole legion of these poor wretches, even in the Devil's Cauldron, whatever that may be. I'll see to it at once."

He walked smartly away until he reached the spot where Captain Pearson and Lieutenant Brindsley were patiently waiting for the chance which should give them their fair share in the work of that historic day.

Dunbar's instructions were few and brief. Reid, who accompanied him, explained the exact position of the hiding-place where Murrib Khan was supposed to have sought refuge; and in high spirits Pearson, Brindsley, and the troop rode off towards the Devil's Cauldron.

CHAPTER XV.

MURRIB KHAN AT THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON.

"THANK God we are not to be left altogether out of the fun," said Captain Pearson, devoutly. "We shall, at any rate, come in for the tail-end of the festival. There's been many a good bit of British fighting done on the Sabbath—Waterloo and the 'Glorious First of June' were Sunday battles, and I'm thinking that this won't be any the less significant."

"The better the day the better the deed, if I may use a saying which is rather time-worn," answered Brindsley.

"One like our's can't be improved on by the day on which it happens to be done," continued Pearson. "It reflects in itself sufficient glory upon any day of the seven. But this is a time for deeds, not words. We'd better get along and fulfil our tasks. We can talk afterwards."

For a few minutes there was silence. In spite of his outward cheerfulness, he could not but feel the gravity and danger of the task which awaited them. It was in all probability the last desperate act in a desperate drama; but whether the last or not, it was sure to be a work demanding all their valour and endurance in its execution.

(To be continued.)

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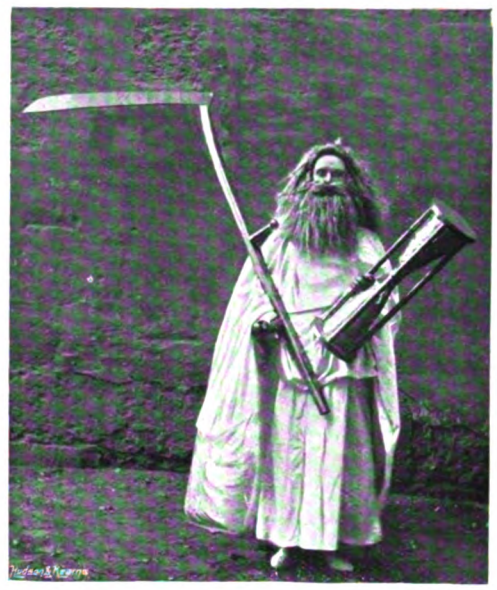
An Ancient Regimental Custom.

New Year's Eve with the Seaforths.

IN all Scottish regiments the advent of the New Year is always celebrated with much conviviality and ceremonial, but in no corps more so than in the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, the old 72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders. For years it has been the regimental custom of the old 72nd to play the Old Year out of barracks just before midnight, and the New Year in as the clock strikes, and this "Hogmanay" custom is invariably carried out with much picturesque ceremonial. Some account of the celebration as this year carried out at Cairo, may prove of interest to our readers.

"THE AULD YEAR."



FATHER TIME.

As the clock nears the hour when the Guard Gong—an interesting old relic captured by the 72nd from the mutineers of the 72nd Bengal Infantry at the storming of Kotah—will strike twelve, it is time for "the Auld Year" to depart. This character is always played by the oldest soldier in the regiment, and this time the honour fell to Sergeant F. M. Innes, who, as will be seen from the long row of medals which rather incongruously adorn his garb of a Caledonian Druid, has done his share of hard fighting with the old corps. He is ceremoniously escorted to the gate by Father Time, carrying, of course, the sickle and hour-glass, and personated by the second oldest soldier in the regiment, in this case Private Byrne. As the gong strikes twelve a knock is heard at the gate. "Halt! Who goes there?" "The New Year," and then, giving the counter-sign, which never changes, "Caber Feidh gu Brath" ("The Antlers of the Deer for Ever"), the old slogan of the Seaforths, and the war-cry of the battalion, enters through the wide thrown open gates the baby of the battalion; for it is the youngest soldier of the battalion, this year Boy Wilson, who invariably enacts the part of "the New Year." Clad in the costume of a Highland chieftain of Ross, with broad bonnet and eagle feathers, and bearing in his hand a "sneeshin mull," the New Year makes his triumphal entry, seated on a wonderfully-decorated chariot drawn by gaily-caparisoned horses, and surrounded by a band of Highlanders with blazing torches.

Amidst rousing cheers, and with the band playing "A Guid New Year tae Ane and A'," the laddie proceeds to the mess, where the colonel and officers are waiting to welcome him with Highland honours. He greets them in Gaelic, offering them his "sneeshin mull," and wishing success and more distinction to the regiment in the incoming year. The colonel then presents the New Year to the battalion, and in a short speech wishes to all ranks every success, and a happy New Year. And then throughout all ranks a cordial interchange of good wishes, and hearty hand-shakings. With crossed hands, "Auld Lang Syne" rolls out from hundreds of throats. One last "Caber Feidh gu Brath" is greeted with enthusiastic cheering. "God Save the Queen" peals out on the night air, and another New Year has dawned for the Seaforth Highlanders.

"THE NEW YEAR."

This year, however, a novel and additional feature was introduced into the annual celebration of "Hogmanay." This was the review by "the Auld Year," before his departure through the barrack gate, of a most interesting historic procession, the men taking part in which wore every type of uniform that has been in use by the corps since the day of its formation. Thus each differently-attired soldier represented a special period of the regimental history, and as they passed, each representative was escorted by torch bearers, and followed by a standard on which was emblazoned the actions fought by the regiment during the particular period that the dress which he wore represented.

Photos. G. Lekegian.

SEAFORTH'S HIGHLANDERS, 1778.

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78th HIGHLANDERS, 1778-86.

First came a stalwart Highlander of the corps raised on June 8, 1778, by Kenneth Mackenzie, Earl

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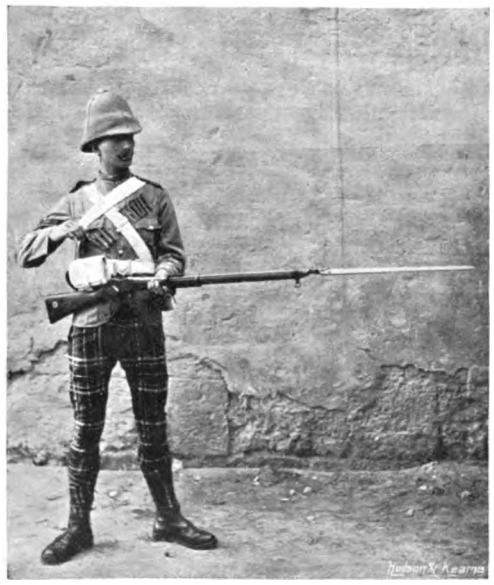
of Seaforth, and chief of the Clan Mackenzie, who had only just been restored to the family title and estates forfeited by his grandfather in 1715. The corps was then numbered the 78th Foot. As will be seen by the illustration, the uniform was the full Highland dress, with Mackenzie tartan and yellow facings. Officers and men were all clansmen from the Western Highlands, no less than 420 belonging to the Sept of Macrae. These latter gave to the regiment the name of the "Wild Macraes," from an incident which occurred at Edinburgh, where they were first quartered. When ordered on foreign service, these men got into their heads that for the Jacobite proclivities of the clan they were about to be sent into slavery at the West India Plantations. They refused to embark, and seized and held Arthur's Seat for several days, until the arrival of Lord Seaforth and others allayed their anxiety and assured them that their fears were groundless The good folk of Edinburgh sympathised strongly with the wild Macraes and rationed them, the girls carrying provisions up Arthur's Seat in their plaids to the Highlanders. As will be seen by the picture of the next representative that passed, the uniform in no way changed from 1778 to 1786, about which time, owing to the reductions in the Army which followed the peace of 1783, the regiment became numbered as the 72nd, but still, as shown by the first representative of the 72nd that passed, retained the Highland costume until 1806.

72nd HIGHLANDERS, 1786-1806.

72nd FOOT, 1807-23.

72nd DUKE OF ALBANY'S OWN, 1823-53.

72nd DUKE OF ALBANY'S OWN, 1854-70.



Photos. G. Lekegian.

72nd DUKE OF ALBANY'S OWN, 1870-82.

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1st BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, 1882-99.

It was during the years that elapsed between 1782 and 1806 that the regiment added to its roll of battle honours those for the great Indian campaigns, recorded on its colours by the words Carnatic, Mysore, and Hindoostan, and it served moreover in Ceylon, and formed part of the force that recaptured the Cape of Good Hope, thus earning the honour, Cape of Good Hope, 1806.

The next representative, who covered the period from 1807 to 1823, did not, as will be seen, wear the Highland costume. In 1806, while at the Cape, the annual supply of tartan failed to arrive, and hence the men were for the nonce supplied with white trousers. Soon after came the order from home that the regiment was to cease to be a Highland Battalion. This excited widespread indignation and disgust, but on the return of the regiment to England, in 1823, their Highland garb was restored to them, except that "trews" replaced the kilt, and the title of Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders given to them. The regiment, however, did not get back the Mackenzie tartan, for which the Stuart (Albany) was substituted. In this garb the corps added to its battle honours South Africa, 1835.

Next came a representative of the regiment during the period 1854 to 1870, and his banner bore the honours accruing to the corps for the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

In the bonnet as then worn, the tail feathers were lengthened to touch the shoulders, a plan adopted in the Mutiny to give shelter from the sun, by turning the bonnet so as to protect the side affected.

The next representative was typical of the period 1870 to 1882, and showed the garb in which the regiment followed "Bobs" over the Shutargardan to Cabul and from Cabul to Candahar, and in which it fought at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. Finally the last representative was illustrative of the corps since 1882, during which period it has been the 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. The men have again resumed the kilt, and the Seaforth to-day wears the same Mackenzie tartan that his progenitor wore 120 years ago. In this garb the men fought at Atbara and Khartoum. This, then, was the pageant with which the Seaforths celebrated this New Year, being so much appreciated in Cairo, that by request it formed part of the torchlight tattoo given before H.H. the Khedive and T R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

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IT is seldom that one can take up a Russian paper without seeing an account of the celebration of a jubilee or anniversary of some description. It may be only a dinner, or it may be a whole day affair, or, as in the case of the centenary of a regiment, it may spread over several days.

Such occasions require the presence of no less a personage than a Grand Duke. He is met at the railway station by the military chiefs of the district, and afterwards partakes of bread and salt, which is brought to him by the civil authorities, in accordance with an old Russian custom.

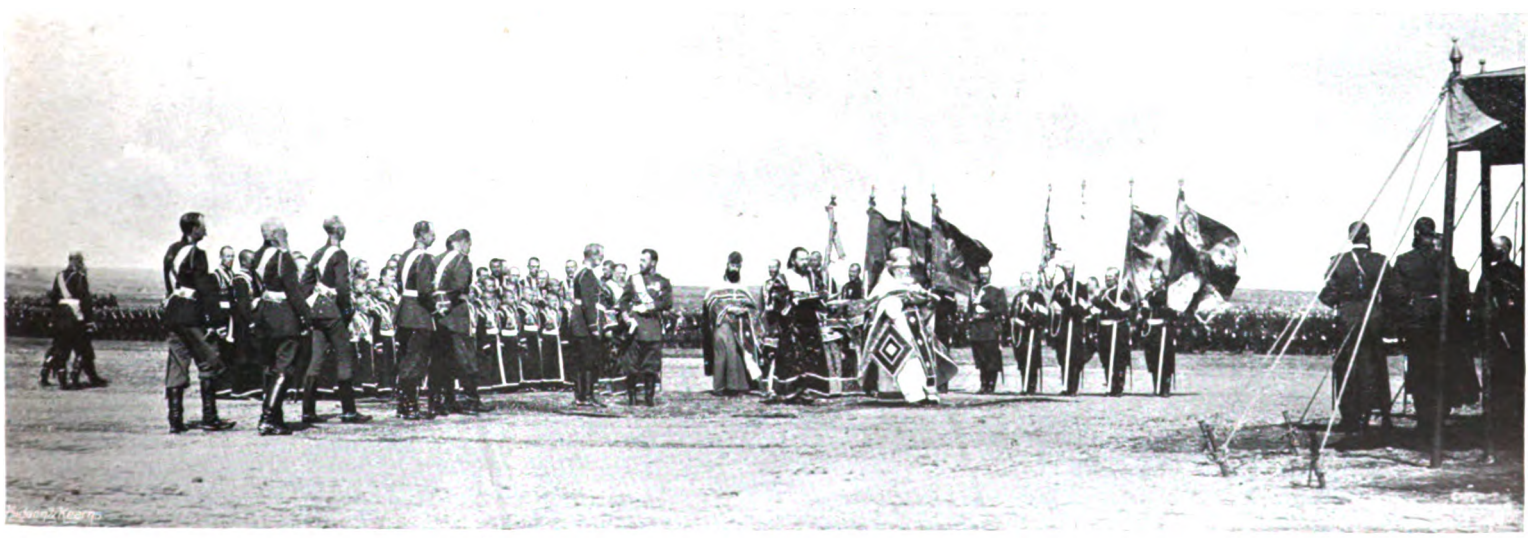
THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR.

Something more than bread and salt, however, is consumed at the festivities which follow, when the civil authorities entertain the military, and *vice versâ*, and both entertain the Grand Duke or other great personage. The religious ceremonies also occupy a great deal of time. The most impressive part of these is the special prayer for all those heroes of the regiment who have fallen in battle.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

Previous to the festival a telegram is sent to the Czar expressing the loyalty of the regiment, and stating that each of its members is ready to shed his last drop of blood for him; and in the course of the festival a reply is received from the Minister of War, thanking the regiment for its loyalty. On the occasion depicted in our illustrations the sending of the telegram was unnecessary, as the Czar himself was present. The first illustration shows his arrival, preceded by the clergy, and followed by the Grand Dukes, who seem to be a little uncertain as to their movements.

The regiment is the famous Preobrajenski, and the occasion is its ordinary anniversary. The regiment takes its name from the Church's Feast of the Transfiguration, that being the day of the year on which the regiment was formed by Peter the Great. The Russian word for "transfiguration" is "preobrajeniye." The immense influence of the Church in all matters Russian is shown by the fact that already in the newly-annexed Port Arthur a church or temple has been commenced, which is estimated to cost £30,000.



Photos. Copyright. BENEDICTION OF THE STANDARDS. H. & K.

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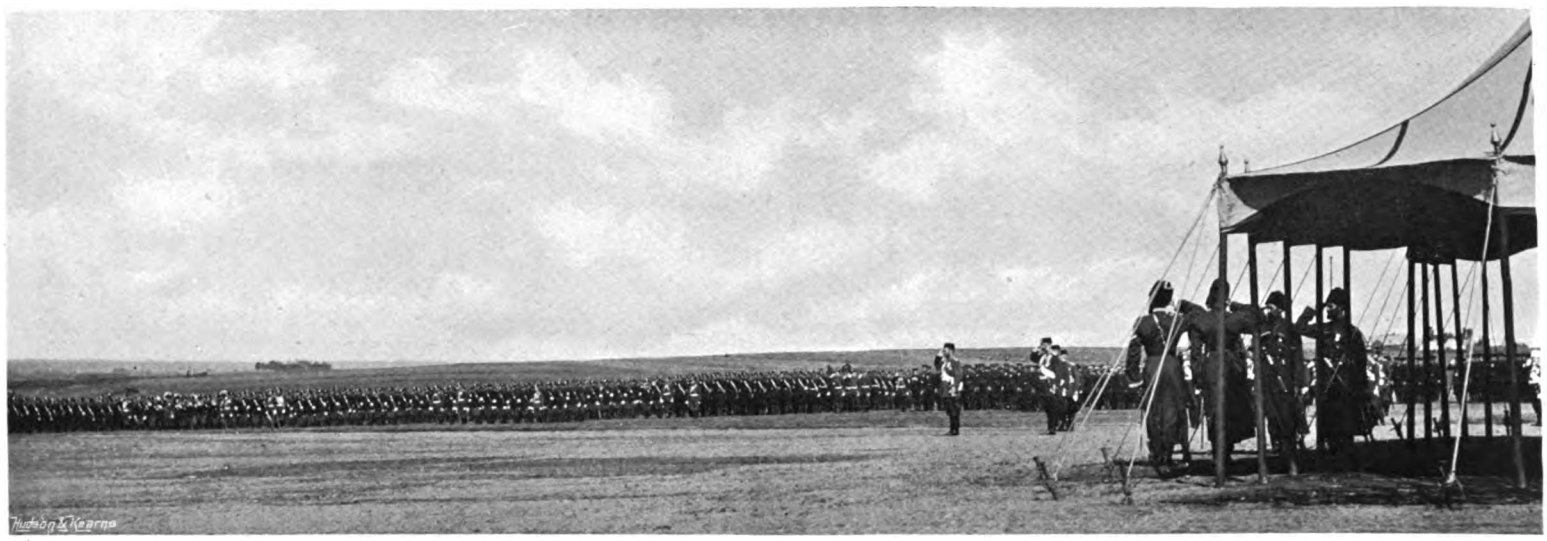


Photo. Copyright. H & K.

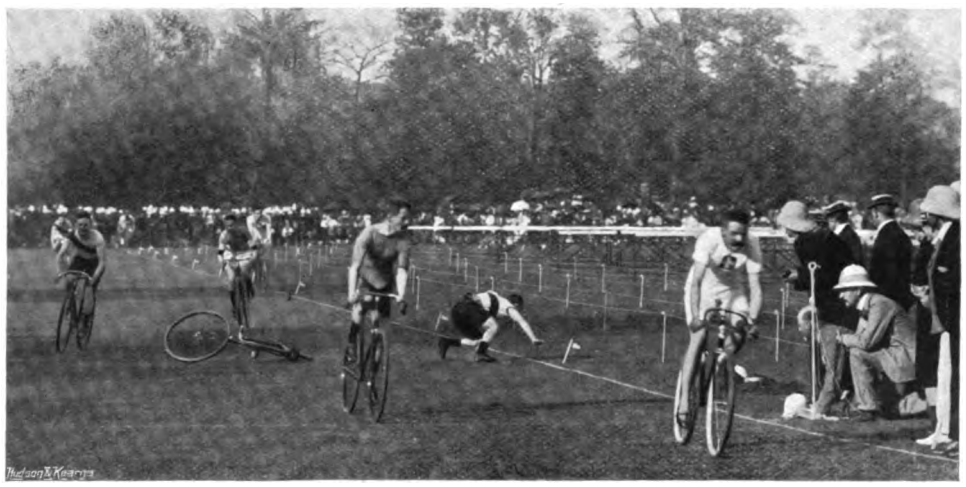
THE EMPEROR CONGRAT'ILATING THE REGIMENT.

The second illustration is of the service held immediately after the arrival of the Czar. The veterans of the regiment are shown on the left.

The third illustration shows the ceremony of blessing the colours, and the fourth the Czar congratulating the regiment on its anniversary.

The Presidency Sports at Calcutta.

ATHLETIC meetings in Calcutta have not always been unqualified successes; but this cannot be said of the Presidency Sports held in the Eden Gardens this year. The programme, which contained no fewer than thirty-one events, attracted a record gate. Lady Curzon was to have attended the meeting, in order to distribute the prizes, but was unfortunately unable through indisposition to be present. The Viceroy, however, took her place, and so helped to make the meeting the success it was. The two Army Championships furnished some good racing. Lance-Corporal Checkley, of the Black Watch, won the 1,000-yds. and the mile, and thereby again secured for his regiment the Sir George White Challenge Shield. The other Army events were taken by Private Lees, of the Staffordshire Regiment, who won the 100-yds., Sergeant Jelfs, of the same regiment, who was the winner of the 600-yds., and Sergeant Smith, of the 1st East Yorkshire Regiment, who secured the quarter-mile. The programme contained two novel items in races for native troops. There were good entries for these two events, but in each case the men of the 8th Madras Infantry had it all their own way, and won the first and second prizes in both races. We illustrate the shamiana erected for the Vice-regal party. In another shamiana the Gloucestershire Regiment were "At Home" to their friends. Our other illustration shows the finish of the three-mile bicycle race, which was won by A. A. Bachmann: one competitor fell when near the tape.



THE FINAL FOR THE THREE-MILE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photos. F. Kapp. Copyright.

THE VICEROY AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE FIELD.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 117.] SATURDAY, APRIL 29th, 1899.

Photo Lekegian. Copyright.

COLONEL HECTOR A. MACDONALD.

(The only Photograph taken during the last fifteen years.)

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

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Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—XI.

ALTHOUGH our former articles have dealt with branches of the Service which are at the same time efficient and effective, it is doubtless upon her Artillery that New South Wales chiefly relies. In case of a foreign raid that arm would be called upon to come into action long before either cavalry or infantry could be employed to any good purpose. The value which the Legislature attaches to an efficient Artillery force may be gathered from the fact that, whereas all cavalry and infantry regiments are either borne on the partially-paid or purely volunteer establishment, a portion of the third arm forms the nucleus of a standing army.

In the colony, however, they are not spoken of as "regulars," but (as in Canada) are styled Permanent Forces. With the exception of small garrisons manning the forts on the South Coast and in the Northern Districts, the bulk of the Regular Artillery, so to speak, is stationed around Sydney, and consists of one field battery and three garrison companies, with detachments at Newcastle Middle Head, George Head, South Head, Dawes Battery, Bare Island, Wollongong, Coogee, and Bondi.

Photo. Herbst. *A 6-in. ON DISAPPEARING MOUNTING.* Copyright.

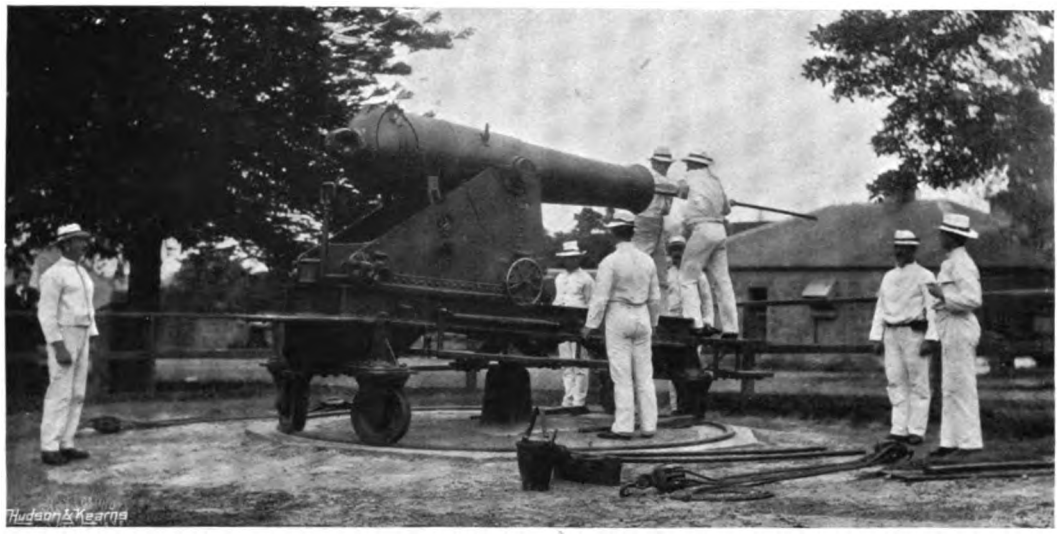

Photo. Kerry & Co. *AN 80-POUNDER MUZZLE-LOADER FOR DRILL PURPOSES.* Copyright.

The partially-paid Artillery is, of course, affiliated to the permanent force, and has its headquarters at Victoria Barracks, Sydney. It consists of two field batteries and four garrison companies. B and C Field Batteries, with Nos. 3 and 4 Garrison Companies, are stationed at headquarters, No. 5 Garrison Company is located at Newcastle, and No. 6 Garrison Company at Wollongong and Bulli.

The whole force, thus composed, is formed into three divisions, namely, a Brigade Division of Field Artillery consisting of three batteries (one permanent and two partially paid), the 1st Garrison Division of three permanent companies, and the 2nd Garrison Division of four companies, all partially paid.

From the

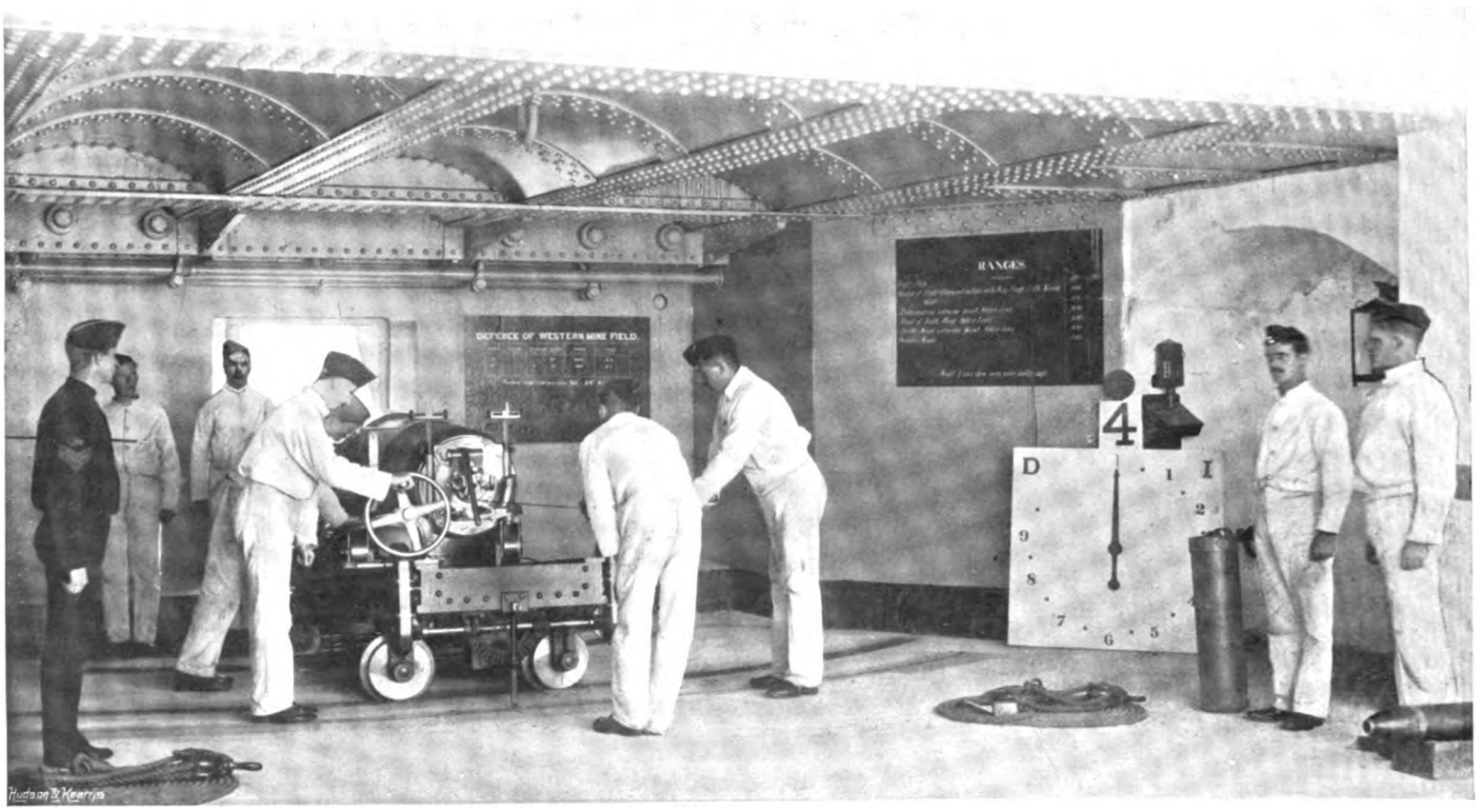

Photo. Herbst. *A 6-in. BREECH-LOADER IN CASEMATE OF FORT.* Copyright.

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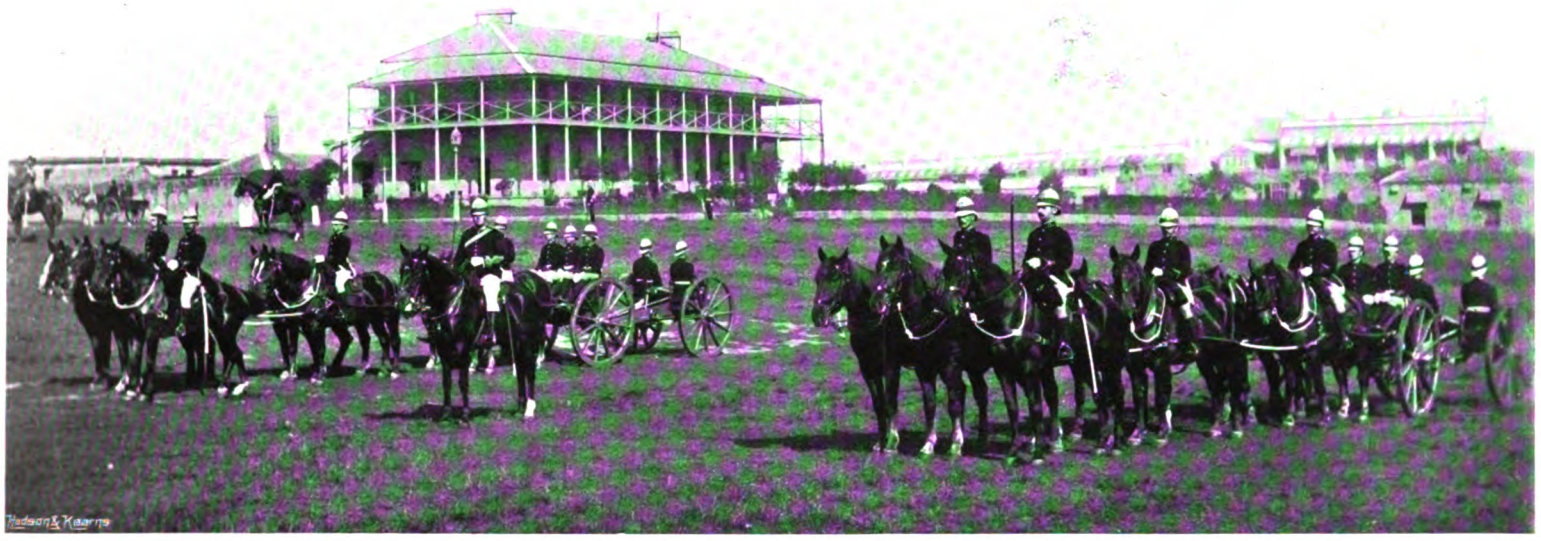
point of view of "Tommy Atkins" the pay of the permanent Artillery would probably be considered extremely liberal. A lieutenant-colonel is paid £420 per annum, a brigade-major £384, a major £356, a captain £321, and a lieutenant from £180 to £216. Warrant officers receive 7s. 10d. to 9s. 9d. per day, master gunners 6s. 10d. to 7s. 10d., sergeant-majors and quartermaster-sergeants 5s. 5d. to 6s. 4d., sergeants from 4s. to 6s. 10d., corporals 3s. 4d., bombardiers 3s. 2d., trumpeters 2s. 3d., and gunners 2s. 3d.

An accompanying illustration depicts a party of permanent Artillery in marching order, all of them well-set-up and smart gunners. This detachment, it may be mentioned, visited England in 1897, and was under the command of Captain Dangar, an officer of some experience. From June 24, 1893, until August 7, 1894, he acted as adjutant of the Brigade Division Field Artillery, of which he became the regular adjutant in July, 1895. He had previously, from February to April, 1893, acted as aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-Governor, and held the same post from June to November, 1895, but his military training has not been confined to the Colonies, for in the drill season of 1894-95 he visited India for the purpose of adding to his store of military knowledge, and was attached to the 34th Field Battery Royal Artillery, the Royal Horse Artillery, the 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, and the 5th Dragoon Guards. He was thus able to learn something of the organisation and internal economy of all three arms. From July, 1896, to May, 1897, he filled the appointment of extra aide-de-camp to the general officer commanding, and occupies the central position in the group to which we have already referred.

Photo. Herbst. *A SUB-SECTION: FIELD ARTILLERY.* Copyright.



A SECTION: FIELD ARTILLERY.

As has already been indicated in this article, the permanent Artillery is largely concerned in the defence of Sydney Harbour, and a second illustration represents the guard-room at Middle Head Fort. It will be seen that the guard has just turned out, and the men are in the act of presenting arms, either to their commanding officer on his first appearance for the day, or to a field officer on his rounds of inspection.

The officers and men are in every way like our own regular Artillery. They perform the same drill, and observe the same customs. If we are to judge from another picture, it is evident that there does not exist in the New South Wales Forces that prejudice against the bicycle which until a few months ago characterised the rulers of the home Army, for the garrison postman is seen about to ride to the post-office, to return with the latest intelligence. His bicycle is, seemingly, officially recognised, and his dress is one suitable for his work. Unlike the post-corporal at home, he is not compelled to perform his laborious journeys on foot.

Photo. Kerry & Co *THE GARRISON POSTMAN.* Copyright.

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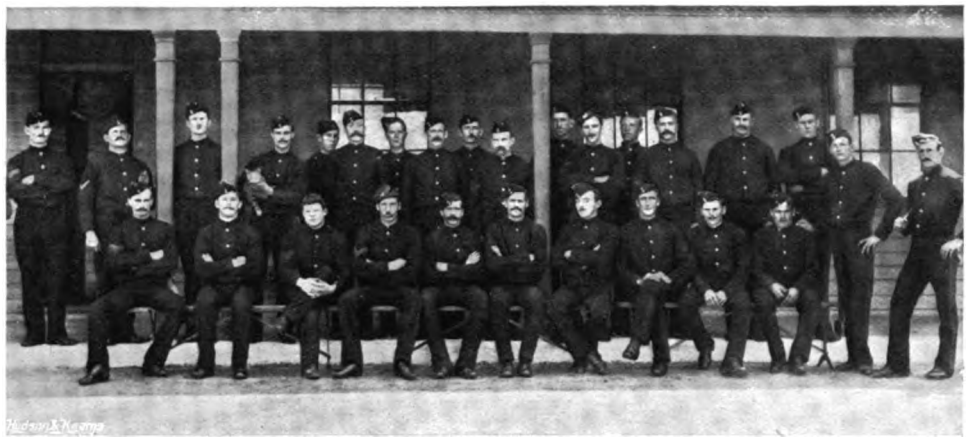

Photo. Herbst. Copyright.

A GROUP OF GUNNERS OFF DUTY.

Photo. Herbst. Copyright.

ON GUARD, MIDDLE HEAD FORT.

The appearance of the guns used by the Field Artillery is similar in every way to those which we are accustomed to see at Aldershot and other home stations, although the guns may not be identical in detail. Those here represented are 9-pounders drawn by six horses, which, however, are now being replaced by 15-pounders.

Naturally, as may be imagined, the entrance to Sydney Harbour would, in time of war, be protected to a certain extent by submarine mines, and to the heavy guns in the forts would fall, under certain circumstances, the duty of defending these. Among the guns used, of which three illustrations are given, is the 6-in. breech-loader, which, enclosed as it is in a casemate, is capable of working more injury to an enemy than the large 80-pounder which is being used for instructional purposes. The latter is mounted on a traversing carriage and is being "served" by some gunners in working "kit," but it is not to be supposed that the defence of Sydney would depend on such a weapon, which is, from a scientific gunner's point of view, a relic of past ages.

Yet another gun which a gunner is in the act of firing may well engage attention, for it is so constructed as to be invisible, except when actually being fired. The sights on the reader's left and on the left of the gun are used, in the first instance, by someone who observes the object aimed at, and the sights of the gun are manipulated accordingly before it appears to throw out its deadly charge.

THE recent fire in the Citadel of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by which the Artillery officers' mess, sergeants' mess, and recreation-rooms were destroyed, recalls to mind that it possesses the unique distinction of being built on a gold mine. Local tradition avers that the Citadel Hill—which rises 256-ft. above the harbour level—is a regular Klondyke. Be that as it may, it is certain that gold was found in considerable quantities when certain works were excavated almost a century ago. The Citadel—the foundation-stone of which was laid by Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent—is of immense strength, and, in conjunction with other forts and batteries, guards the harbour, one of the most magnificent in the world. The narrow approach to Halifax is further guarded by twelve batteries and forts on either shore and mid-channel, while the 10-in. Armstrongs mounted on the seaward bastions of the Citadel command the entire length of the channel. From its strength it is called the Gibraltar of America. On either side of the main-guard gate are mounted two old French mortars, inscribed "Captured at Louisburg, 1758." Halifax is the only place garrisoned by British regulars.

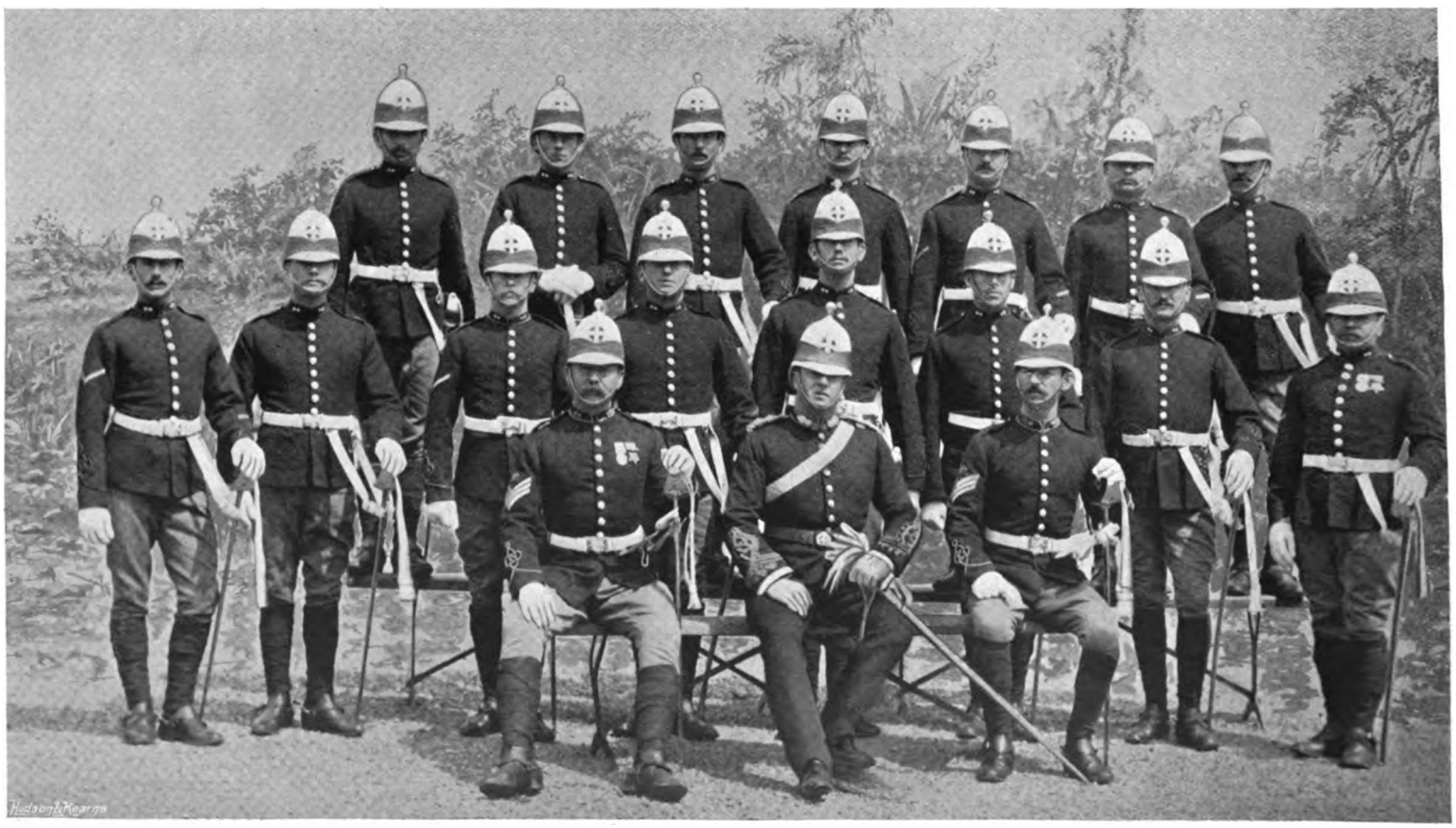

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

A DETACHMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES ARTILLERY.

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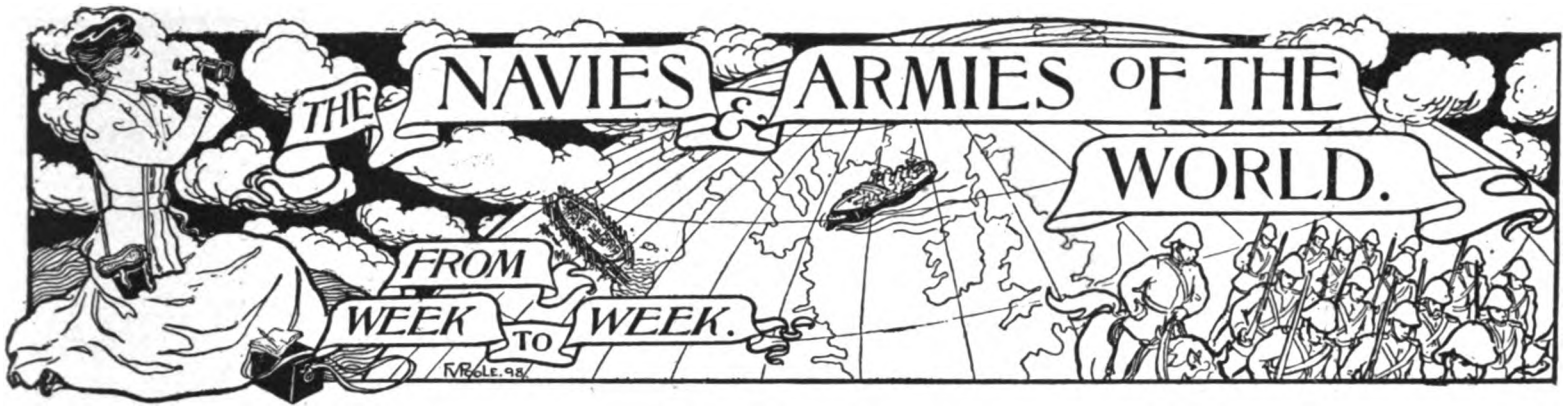

SO it seems that the Spaniards, though wrong about many things, were not far out in their estimate of what would happen to the Americans in the Philippines. They said that when the wet season came round, the new masters of the islands would find that they had won all the battles, but that the Filipinos had won the campaign. This seems to be pretty much what has happened. After a long string of engagements, in which Aguinaldo and his men have been constantly beaten, and the Americans have been steadily advancing, the second have found that they had to evacuate most of the places they had occupied, while the first are back in the position in which they were when the fighting began. Now, put as you please, this is failure, and it promises badly for the future. The American Government has been told by its generals that 100,000 men will be needed to occupy the archipelago effectually, and the estimate seems by no means excessive. As the United States must keep troops in Cuba at least for some time, and as they cannot well do without any troops at home, the prospect before them is that they will have to maintain an army of 200,000 men, which in a country where wages are high and enlistment is voluntary means a budget of not less than thirty millions, and of perhaps forty millions, a year. It is a large price to pay for the whistle, though of course the Americans have the means if they care to spend them.

* * * *

In the meantime it appears as if virtue had a good deal to do with making trouble for the Americans. They have tried to put a stop to gambling and cock-fighting in Manila, and have also set about enforcing cleanly habits on the people. This last effort is highly to their credit, and will ultimately be for the good of everybody; but it is also no doubt most trying to the temper of the Filipinos for the moment. When people have been accustomed since time immemorial to the indescribable habits of the natives and their Spanish masters in sanitary matters, it is grievous to be reformed by order all at once. As for gambling and cock-fighting, no doubt they are bad vices, though our own ancestors of the eighteenth century contrived to make both of them consistent with a great deal of success in war and commerce and colonisation. But to prohibit them to a Manilaman is as if one were to forbid the inhabitants of London to drink beer, sing music-hall songs, or bet on football matches. The Filipino's chief joy in life is cock-fighting. He carries his fighting cock about under his arm. It is the friend and honour of the family. To prevent him from setting it to fight (which, after all, the cock enjoys every bit as much as his master) no doubt appears to the poor Filipino in the light of a cruel oppression. Speaking seriously, an interference with the established habits of a people is almost always injudicious. Macaulay has said that if James II. had carried out his scheme of shutting the London coffee-houses, he would probably have precipitated the rebellion, for the irritation caused by an act of tyranny is not always proportionate to its dignity. It is really very probable that a good deal of the help which has been given to Aguinaldo from within Manila is due to irritation at this interference, which is at any rate "very previous." The Americans ought to have waited till they were masters of the country before they began reforming the natives. If we had begun in this style in India, the conquest of the country would have been a far more serious business than it was. We waited a long while before we prohibited "Suttee," which, after all, is much more barbarous than cock-fighting.

* * * *

Be the causes of the Filipino resistance what they may, it is tolerably plain that unless the Americans go very seriously to work, they stand a fair chance of burdening themselves with another version of the Dutch War in Acheen. This miserable business has dragged on for twenty-five years, because the Dutch will not make a proper effort and occupy the country with a sufficient permanent garrison. They repel the raids of the natives and make punitive expeditions. It is no good doing that with barbarous peoples who have always lived in a state of warfare and take that to be their normal condition. So long as Aguinaldo holds all the interior of the island of Luzon, can raise a revenue, as it seems he does, and pay his followers, he can go on indefinitely. It is quite obvious, too, by this time that he is not the miserable, talkative little fellow with a swelled head he was supposed to be. On the contrary, he must now be allowed to have proved that he is the kind of chief the Oriental understands. The promptitude he showed in shooting another patriot, who was beginning to bid for the leadership, was not very amiable or civilised, but it was very businesslike.

* * * *

It would be interesting if somebody would draw up a paper to show how much of his time M. Lockroy spends in his office at Paris. There never was such an ambulatory Minister of Marine before. The other day he was cruising in the Mediterranean. Next he is heard of in the Channel. It will not be surprising if he is next to be met in the West Indies, inspecting the *points d'appui de la Flotte*. One understands easily enough that it is much better fun to go cruising about on men-of-war in the genial company of Naval officers, out of reach of postmen and abusive newspapers, than to stick to one's desk in Paris. But is it business? On the whole one inclines to think not. At least, the stories which are going round concerning dissensions in the French Ministry of Marine leave the impression that the continual absence of the head is hardly good for discipline. Admiral de Cuverville has been threatening to resign, and has been pacified with some difficulty. Well-informed persons explain what it is all about, and they may be right or they may not. What has to be recognised as beyond question, is that it is becoming increasingly difficult for men to serve the State in that country without falling into violent disputes with one another. The tendency of the French to wrangle among themselves is no new thing. It has had probably as much to do with their misfortunes, more especially when far away from home, as anything else. The shocking scene which took place when Pondicherry surrendered to Sir Eyre Coote, and when the English general had some difficulty in preventing his prisoners from cutting one another's throats, each of them accusing the other of being the cause of the misfortune, would hardly have been possible except among Frenchmen. Thus it is coming out in the course of the reports of the Dreyfus case, that there has been a standing quarrel for some time past between the Foreign Office and the General Staff. The first accuses the second of causing trouble with foreign Powers. The second replies that the first is endeavouring "to put upon it." The vanity of both is in a highly-exasperated state, and it looks all round as if Frenchmen were once more getting into that state of mind in which they would rather injure their country than miss a chance of paying one another off for slights, real or imaginary.

* * * *

Properly looked at, was there ever an odder scheme laid in the world than this attempt to wean the French soldier from excessive drink by hanging up diagrams and pictures in the barrack-rooms, to show the effects produced by the excessive use of alcohol on the internal organs of the human body? Is it seriously supposed that men have never heard of the sad consequences of drunkenness, or that telling them of the results of excess will produce reform? But the scheme is almost as hypocritical as silly. A great deal of the evil produced in French barracks is due to the fact that men cannot buy anything at the canteen unless they take drink at the same time. The result is that they commonly buy nothing but drink. Observe that this restriction is illegal, but that it is imposed none the less. Some critics of the rulers of the Army allege that this practice has a corrupt origin, that, in fact, the contractors pay what Pepys would have called compliments to the colonel. The ferocity of the critics of the War Office is so great that one cannot trust what they say. Still it does look bad for the humanity of the French military authorities that they do not even attempt to keep their men out of temptation, and can think of nothing better than lecturing them about the liver diseases produced by alcohol.

DAVID HANNAY.

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The Tiger and the Tars.

By JOHN STOCKHOLM.

"I COULD do with a small gargle," said Shorty, A.B., changing step, in vain endeavour to keep pace with his more lengthy companion.

His boots were tucked one under each arm, and he trod with bare feet the dusty road between the village and the Bay of Fusan, in Corea. One trouser-leg was rolled up to the knee, and his straw hat hung by the chin-strap down his back.

His companion, variously known to his shipmates as Long-boy, Pincher, and Martino, grunted assent.

"A small drop—in a bucket—would do," he said, meditatively; and after a pause, "little and good—and plenty of it—that's my motto."

His name was Martin, and in Her Majesty's Navy all Martins are qualified as "Pincher." He was tall and bony, and he lounged—comparatively with Shorty—at ease and leisurely along the road. He held a Chinese umbrella aloft with one hand, and in the other he carried a roughly-made cage, containing a mongoose. This little animal he intended as a present for the captain of the hold, as an assistant in keeping down the rats in his domain; and he had the further diabolic intention of asking casually in the smoking place that evening for the proper plural form of the word mongoose.

They were returning to their ship—the corvette "Thrasyonicus"—after a day's leave. They had visited the village, which lay about three miles inland, and spent their holiday in a Chinese store there, eating, drinking, smoking, and singing.

They consumed, during their stay, the whole of the small stock of bottled beer its owner possessed, together with a 7-lb. tin of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits.

They had purchased there the mongoose, the umbrella, and various other curios, including what purported to be a nugget of gold. They had heard of the presence in the neighbourhood of a Corean tiger that had killed a villager the day before, and they had expressed a wish to meet it, so that they might take its skin home.

They were, however, quite unarmed, except for their flat-topped Service knives, and had set out on their return without a serious thought of danger from the man-eater

Their present footsore and parched condition now occupied their minds to the exclusion of any such trifle.

"These must be three Irish miles," said Shorty, after a while. "If the uncivilised beggars would put a few milestones here and there, we could tell how many knots we were doin'."

A bank by the roadside offering a shady resting-place, Pincher pulled up, and, producing his pipe, suggested a halt. While he was feeling for his tobacco-pouch a growl of appalling power and volume came from the brushwood above the bank, and Shorty, who had passed on a few paces, saw, on turning, the long yellow body of a tiger flash out upon poor Pincher, and hurl him to the ground.

It stood close over him, its head flattened down beside its unconscious victim's face, and looking up at Shorty with wicked, gleaming eyes. It panted a little after its effort, and puffed little clouds of dust from under its nose. It was a beautiful creature, not so large as its brother of Bengal, and of a darker hue, but equally graceful and equally sinister. Its tail, the end of which Shorty observed was gone, waved ceaselessly from side to side.

The two looked at each other for a space, and Shorty afterwards declared he saw its eyes change from yellow to green.

He was transfixed, and could not move a finger, till the tiger, turning from him, picked Pincher up by the shoulder, and began to drag the senseless body off. Then his powers returned, and rushing wildly forward, he rained blows with his fist upon the animal's face, shouting madly the while.

The tiger turned, and without loosing its hold, struck back with its paw, and Shorty's left arm fell helplessly by his side. He drew his knife, but could not open it; he kicked at the striped sides with his bare feet, and at last, in desperation, slipped off his straw hat, and dashed it in the tiger's face.

Bewildered and blinded, the animal dropped its burden, and, as it raised its head, the hat slid down in front of its nose, hanging there by the chin-strap, like a muzzle. This added to its discomfiture, and it reared, striking out wildly with its fore paws. It succeeded in knocking off the offending article just as a body of Coreans came round a bend in the road. Their excited shouts, on realising the situation, completed the tiger's defeat, and he bounded off into the bush.

Shorty fell fainting in the dust.

The Army in Parliament.

QUITE a big book, and a very interesting book, too, might be written about the connection which from very early times has existed between the profession of arms and the Parliamentary Government of this country. School histories tell us that the first Parliament resembling our latter-day House of Commons was summoned in the King's name by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in 1265. It is to him that we owe the representation of cities and boroughs by burgesses, or, as we call them now, borough members. But long before 1265 it had been customary for the sheriffs of each county to send up "two discreet knights" to sit in Parliament, and these still survive in the "county members," whose old legal title is "knights of the shire." In those days knights were, as a matter of course, military knights, and, accordingly, the very early Parliaments must have been nearly as military in their composition and character as a "palaver" after an Aldershot field-day.

Later on in our annals there have been many other and different associations of the same ideas. The Parliamentary career of that eminent cavalry leader, Oliver Cromwell, is a notable case in point. Pride, who "purged" Parliament in 1648, may have been an ex-drayman, but at the time of his exploit he was a real colonel, and in command of real soldiers. Only seventy years ago the great Duke of Wellington himself was Prime Minister, and subsequently had his windows smashed by a fickle populace because the House of Lords had rejected the Reform Bill.

But we must not linger over the historical memories, attractive as they are, which our title calls up. Our more immediate purpose is to turn to the present day, and endeavour to show how between Parliament and the Army there is still a singularly close bond of union, which may conveniently be discussed under two heads. In the first place we have the actual relationship of Parliament with the Land Forces, and secondly, there is a good deal of interest to be derived from the personalities of certain M.P.'s who are specially concerned in all military questions, and are commonly grouped together under the title of "Service Members."

As regards the relations between Parliament and the Army, these, of course, are very different from what they were in the days when the Sovereign was actually the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and, moreover, exercised an influence over the House of Commons which is not even suggested in our present system of limited monarchy. It would take far more space than is here available to give any idea of the steps by which we, as a nation, have arrived at an almost complete control of the Army by Parliament, but it may be briefly stated that the grip which the House of Commons has upon the Land Forces has been greatly tightened during the past few years by recent changes in War Office administration. In the days when H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief it was by no means easy for a Secretary of State for War to assert himself in any matter of Army Reform, except at the direct suggestion of the military head of the Army. Nowadays the Secretary of State controls administratively the whole of the Army services, and Parliament looks to him to actively engineer, if not to initiate, every advance that it is thought necessary to make to secure greater economy or higher efficiency. For centuries the House of Commons has had the power of saying whether the Army should continue to exist, simply because it has held the purse-strings of the nation. But only since November, 1895, has it been able to say that, in the person of the Secretary of State for War, it really administers the Army, and makes it impossible for any important step to be taken, even by purely military executive officers, without its full cognizance and approval.

Without going into the details of War Office administration, a cursory glance may be taken at the method by which Parliament keeps in touch with the War Department in Pall Mall. There are three leading War Office officials who come in and go out with successive Ministries, the Secretary of State for War, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, and the Financial Secretary. As we have already seen, the Secretary of State is the supreme head of the War Office, and to him the heads of the five great Army departments, the Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and the Director-General of Ordnance, are directly responsible, just as he, in his turn, is directly responsible to Parliament, and through Parliament to the nation. If we

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were involved in a great war to-morrow, and were found unready, the first person to be "dropped on" would be the Secretary of State for War, and there are plenty of people living who can vividly recall how, whether rightly or wrongly we need not here stop to enquire, the Duke of Newcastle in that capacity was abused for the scandals of the Russian War. Since the introduction of the Territorial system by Mr. Childers, in 1880, the Portfolio of War has been carried by the present Duke of Devonshire, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the late Mr. E. Stanhope, and the present Secretary of State, the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War is what his title implies, but when the Secretary of State happens to be a peer his office becomes a very important one, because, in that case he represents the War Department in the House of Commons. Under-Secretaries of State for War have sometimes attained great prominence in this way, a notable instance being the Right Hon. W. St. John Brodrick, who has just been made Foreign Under-Secretary of State, after representing the War Office in the House of Commons for three years, as Lord Lansdowne's *alter ego*, with conspicuous vigour and ability. The present Under-Secretary of State for War is Mr. G. Wyndham, as to whom we may have a few "personal remarks" to make a little later on.

The Financial Secretary of the War Office, besides exercising general financial control of Army expenditure—manufactures, contracts, and so forth—has allotted to him the important and very onerous task of compiling the Army Estimates for submission to Parliament. The Financial Secretary is not appointed by the Prime Minister, but by the Secretary of State for War, who can remove him at his pleasure. The present holder of the post is Mr. J. Powell-Williams, M.P. for South Birmingham.

Turning now to the actual discussion of Army matters in Parliament, the main interest of this section of our subject is naturally centred in the House of Commons, notwithstanding the fact that the present Secretary of State for War is a peer, and that there are a great many ex-officers among the Members of the Upper House. Now and then, it is true, large questions of military policy are discussed, and important pronouncements made in the Lords, and occasionally a peer will ask a question of the Secretary of State to which, as a rule, a very full and elaborate reply is given. But it is to the Commons that we chiefly look for live, up-to-date interrogations as to Army grievances, and brisk, closely-reasoned debate on questions of Army Reform. When the Secretary of State for War sits in the Upper House it is, accordingly, imperative that the Under Secretary shall be a man of very great readiness and unflagging industry. Now and then he receives a certain amount of assistance from the Financial Secretary, but as a rule he speaks for the War Office, and must be just as well crammed on every point of his departmental work as if he were the Secretary of State himself.

Day after day—except Wednesdays—the Under-Secretary of State for War has to answer questions of which Members have given previous notice, and the replies to which have been prepared in the War Office. It often happens that, arising out of these questions, others are put on the spur of the moment which, to save time, it is desirable to answer off-hand, but which can only be tackled by an Under-Secretary who both knows every detail of his work and is in the most complete harmony with his noble chief.

"Take away that bauble."

The Army Estimates are, as we have seen, prepared by the Financial Secretary. They are printed in Blue-book form, and issued to hon. Members before their actual introduction in Parliament, and they are now habitually accompanied by an Explanatory Memorandum written by the Secretary of State, and showing the drift of proposed changes. The Estimates themselves are divided up into different votes, such as Numbers, Pay, Medical Establishment, Warlike and other stores, Transport and Remounts, and so on. The Estimates having been formally introduced to the House of Commons by the Secretary of State for War, if a Commoner, or, if he is a Peer, by the Under-Secretary of State, each vote is discussed separately, and, if the discussion threatens to be unduly prolonged, the Leader of the House moves the "closure," which, practically speaking always, not only brings the discussion of that vote to a close, but ensures the passage of the vote by party majority.

The debates on Army matters in the House of Commons are not, of course, in any way "organised," but they are at the same time by no means altogether haphazard. There exists outside the great party organisations a body known as the "Service Members' Committee," composed of M.P.'s, irrespective of party, who have served in the Army or are specially interested in Army matters. This committee meets at intervals, and settles in an informal way the policy which its members, broadly speaking, will adopt in regard to the passage of certain military measures, or the introduction of certain military subjects to the House. This committee is particularly useful in checking the growth of frivolous discussion, and in ensuring for important topics a due amount of serious consideration. It also provides a pleasant neutral ground on which the Secretary of State for War can be privately approached on questions as to which there is no particular need to raise the dust in Parliament itself, provided some friendly concession can be arrived at through the good offices of the Service Members' Committee. The present chairman of the committee is the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson (North-East Manchester), ex-Postmaster General, and ex-Governor of Bombay, who served in the Russian War with the Grenadier Guards. The secretary is Major Rasch, an ex-Carabinier, who sits for South-East Essex.

The personality of the present Secretary of State for War is a very familiar one. Lord Lansdowne at the War Office is as popular and respected as he was as Governor-General of Canada and as Viceroy of India. During his service in the latter capacity he helped to reorganise the Indian Army, and since 1895 he has done wonders in reforming the War Office at home, and in otherwise promoting Army efficiency.

The new Under-Secretary of State, Mr. George Wyndham, is an ex-Coldstream Guardsman, and served in the Soudan. He has already won golden opinions by his admirable introduction of the Army Estimates, and bids fair to rival Mr. Brodrick in the liking and esteem of the Service.

Some sixty members of the present House of Commons have served in the Regular Forces, and a fair number, in addition, in the Yeomanry, Militia, or Volunteers. Among M.P.'s who have held Regular commissions some prominence has been attained by Generals Sir J. Bevan Edwards, Russell, McCalmont, Goldsworthy, and Laurie, Colonels Welby, Saunderson, Sandys, Naylor-Leyland, Wyndham, Murray, Brookfield, and Gunter, Major Rasch, and Captain Norton. Among civilian Members who have distinguished themselves by a keen insight into and enthusiasm for Army matters, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Arnold Forster deserve honourable mention.

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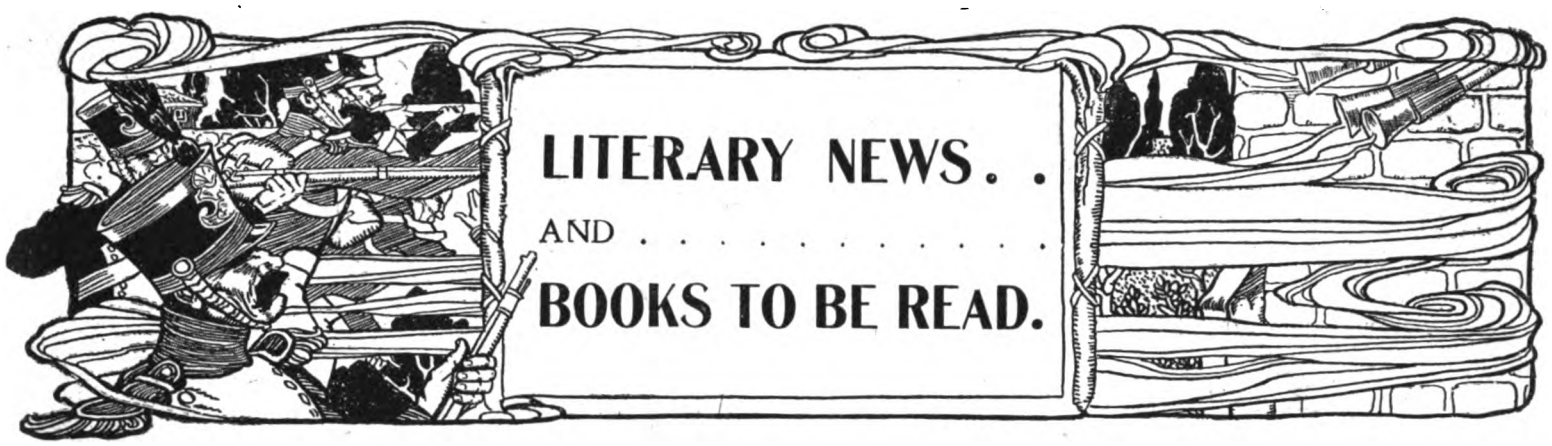

TO-DAY this page shall speak much of fiction. "The Treasury-Officer's Wooing" I have found a good story, well written and entertaining, though rather thin (Macmillan). I perceive that some of my brother-critics have been ascribing to it the qualities displayed by Mrs. Steel. That is high praise indeed, which it scarcely deserves, for it has not the same electric spirit and dramatic power, though no one will fail to appreciate its merits and sustained interest, when interest has once been aroused. Mr. Cecil Lowis knows the life of Englishmen in Burmah very well, and has described it in an interesting fashion. The materials are mostly familiar to readers of Anglo-Indian stories. The society at the station, and its occupations, the tennis or polo, the misogynist hero subdued by the charms of the heroine, the mysterious rival engaged to a girl in England, the wrong-doing and the reparation, are all here. Precisely the same elements were in Captain Dutton Burrard's "Weaver of Runes" which I lately read. Without any doubt they make excellent materials for a romance. Mr. Lowis has been content with few characters for his *dramatis personæ*. The match-making mothers are conspicuous by their absence, and, indeed, until the scene is transferred to England, there is but one woman of flesh and blood in the story; namely, Ethel Smart, the heroine. Of course, when we discover Waring, the Treasury-Officer, at the God-forsaken station of Minmyo, revelling in his misanthropy, we feel that he is foredoomed, and must a-wooing go. Tatkin, the district headquarters, is the scene of his enslavement and of his torture, owing to the strange conduct of his imperturbable rival, Forest-Officer Heriot. The background of Burmese life and dacoity is well given, but Mr. Lowis has an odd trick of letting us into secrets we expect to be veiled. We are yet in a state of wonderment as to what are the real relations of Heriot and the girl in England, when he gives a letter explaining all. We have not fathomed the sentiments of Ethel towards the hero, but in the course of a confidence with her father they are revealed. Nevertheless the tale is skilfully told, and the various conflicting motives, with a dash of inevitable cross-purposes, are cleverly worked in the plot. The doubting, faint-hearted swain has his reward at the conclusion of a successful story. He and Ethel and Heriot are beings of flesh and blood, but most of the others are shadowy. Mr. Lowis will do well to give a little more dramatic strength to the plot of any future story, and to make the secondary characters more real. But, as it is, he has written a clever tale that is interesting from beginning to end.

* * * *

Many strange things have happened on the quay at Hong Kong, where we discover the hero of "The Cruise of the 'Golden Wave,'" by W. N. Oscar (Innes). This hero is a young man of twenty-five, about whom his relatives never cared a brass farthing, but, when he has shot game in the Rockies and tackled tigers in Bengal, his niggard uncle dies and leaves him £40,000, whereupon he starts homeward in the clipper "Golden Wave." Thereby, of course, hangs the tale. It belongs to the numerous progeny, or collateral kindred—for there was earlier ancestry—of "Treasure Island," and is a remarkably clever story, well written, and full of incident, the interest never flagging. The honest but bullying skipper, the most excellent mate, the honest bo'sun, the doctor, and the passengers are here in familiar style, and several of them are excellently individualised. There are ladies on board to bring in the element of love, which, however, does not rise high. And, of course, there is the leading villain, who might have stepped off the Adelphi stage, with many associates. The mutiny is well described. Beneath the poop the officers and passengers fortify themselves, and make an excellent defence with a good deal of execution. The mutineers run the ship aground at their treasure island, and new scenes open. It is all very dramatic, and the reader finds himself lured forward to discover what happens next. I will not deprive him of the pleasure of finding out how the villains are cheated of their spoil. There is considerable ingenuity in the development of the incidents, and the descriptive writing is good. The author knows the sea well, and he has given us the atmosphere with the right flavour of mystery and adventure. Mr. Fearl, the skipper of the "Golden Wave" on her homeward journey, is a humorous and original character well delineated, and the "sailor-men" verses at the end, ascribed to him, have the right lilt and salt flavour of the sea.

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Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's "Fortune's my Foe" (Pearson) needs no commendation to the readers of this paper, in which it was published serially. The author stands in the very front rank of our historical novelists. He is possessed of a most remarkable power of mastering the spirit of an age. No mere pageant of a period is presented in his pages, but we live and breathe in the years and places to which he transports us. His characters are actuated by human impulses, and act as men and women do. There is romance always in what he writes—the strong play of emotion, and the conflicting passions of love, hatred, and revenge; but the story does not end with these, though they might themselves be enough, for it is interwoven with the facts and circumstances of history. "The Scourge of God" was a very remarkable example of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's power, and "Fortune's my Foe" is not less so. The plotting of the villain Bufton, the manner in which men and women are caught in his toils, the well-doing of noble characters, the spirit of honour translated into acts, the vital force of the incidents, the downright character of the story, and the excellent style and charming fancy that adorn its interesting pages, commend this as a wholly satisfactory novel of action that must add to the author's already great reputation.

"The Shellback: or, At Sea in the Sixties," by Alec. J. Boyd (Cassell), is what its title implies, a sketch of rough sea life by an old seaman, rather than a piece of fiction. Still, to all intents and purposes it is a book of adventure, and is quite redolent of the sea. To the author, the very scent of pitch and tar is as the odour of Jockey Club to a lady, but it is easy to see that his love of hemp and canvas is mostly retrospective. Indeed, on the whole, he gives a very unpleasant picture of sea life in the merchant service in those times. What pleasure can there be, he asks in one place, in rolling about upon decks flooded with water, often with ice? "What sane man would think of admiring the awful magnificence of a hurricane in winter, latitude 60-deg. south, when he is lying out on the foreyard, clothed in frozen oilskins, hanging on 'by the skin of his eyelids,' with the blinding hail and sleet cutting his hands and face for, perhaps, two hours at a stretch, getting a reef in a sail which is frozen to the hardness of a sheet of iron?" The less desirable, we would say, when such incidents have for interludes the descending of rope-ends on naked backs, until you go below yelling vows of murder, arson, and vengeance against skippers and all their kind! Those who would know how things were in the old days in the merchant service may turn to Mr. Boyd's graphic pages, with their story of storm, fire, and mutiny. One would fain hope that his experience has been particularly unfortunate. Some of the misfortunes befel him under the stars and stripes, but that does not greatly mend matters. Adventure succeeds adventure in his readable chapters, and there is much good descriptive writing. Unquestionably all is drawn from the life, and the personalities were once of flesh and blood. They did not know that their oaths and imprecations would one day bespatter these pages, and condemn many of them to the obloquy of humanity. That is the effect of Mr. Boyd's vivid presentment of character. The appendix of facts concerning seafaring in the sixties adds a good deal to the interest of the book. Mr. Archie Campbell has edited the story, and there are many good illustrations.

* * * *

No opportunity has offered itself of speaking before of "The Rogue's Paradise" by Edwin Pugh and Charles Gleig (Bowden). It is described as an extravaganza, and that certainly it is. There is no pretence of reality. The story is something like the pantomime harlequinade, in which villainy is rampant, and the constable becomes the fool. The scene of the action is Berona, "the only place in the world where one can escape from the blighting influence of the ten commandments." The *dramatis personæ* are fugitive swindlers and a socialist baronet who has married a cook, and the happy family, after being fluttered by intelligence that the extradition treaty is to be extended to the place, are disconcerted by the arrival of detectives. I suppose the purpose of the authors has been to amuse their readers with the humorous situations arising out of the successful attempt of the villain to make the detectives believe the baronet is himself. Unfortunately there is not a single character in the book, not even among the ladies, with whom it is possible to feel much sympathy, and we are a little ashamed at the end to find that our interest has been mostly to see the criminal escape. Such merit as is in the book lies in its originality of character, singular episodes, and sprightly dialogue.

* * * *

A word of praise for a capital little book—"The Volunteer Garrison Artilleryman's Handbook," compiled by Company-Sergeant-Major F. Lewis, R.A., Instructor 1st Hants Volunteer Artillery (Southampton, W. Walton, 1s. 6d.). The book will certainly find favour, because the diligence of the author has brought within its covers really all that the volunteer can reasonably be expected to know. Everything is most simple and practical, and the volume is very happily conceived in form and character.

* * * *

Miss Agnes Weston, the good friend of Jack, has just turned her search-light upon her work. Let all who do not know it procure the pamphlet "Under the Search-light," which gives both an admirable insight into the operations of the Royal Sailors' Rests at Devonport and Portsmouth, and, by pen and picture, a view of the life of boys and men in the Fleet. Time was when Jack was the thriftless, almost helpless, being, whose paying-off was the signal for riot, and the down-swoop of a motley crowd of harpies. Mark now how the honest, keen-witted fellow comes ashore, probably calling at Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest for a wash, a brush-up, and a hearty meal before he starts homeward. The institution of Naval savings banks and other improvements have done much for the comfort of the Bluejacket and Marine, but Miss Weston's work has had a far-reaching influence, and has made crowds of men her debtors. "Here comes mother!"—the shout with which they greet her—speaks much for the practical sense and whole-hearted sympathy that has inspired all her operations. These Sailors' Rests, as Prince Henry of Prussia said, are "truly Imperial Institutions." There is need for extension. The physical and moral well-being of Jack and his wife and children is the object. Twenty-five years ago the work was begun, and there is a "Silver Wedding Fund" of £10,000, for a new hall, reading and recreation rooms, cabins and lockers, at Devonport, and thirty guineas will build and fit up a cabin. It is an admirable object, and the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will receive and forward subscriptions. Miss Weston's pamphlet should unloose many purse-strings.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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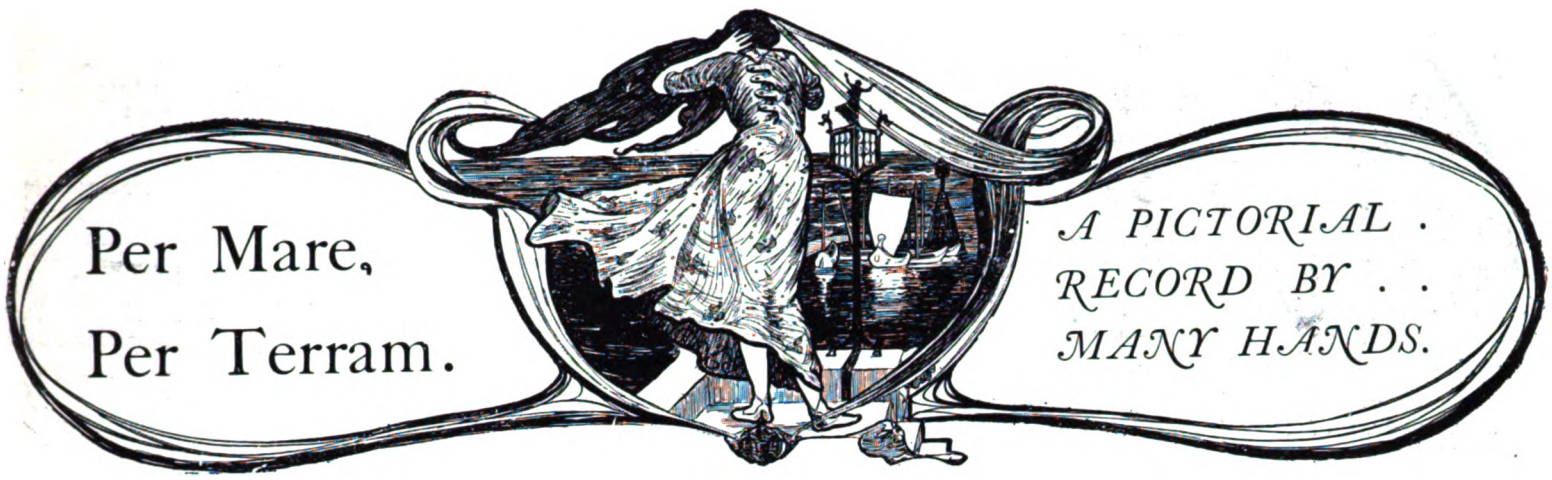

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
SIR JOHN C. ARDAGH, K.C.I.E., C.B.

SIR JOHN C. ARDAGH and Sir John Fisher have been chosen as Military and Naval advisers, respectively, to the two diplomatists Sir Julian Pauncefote and Mr. Howard, who will represent Great Britain at the forthcoming Peace Conference at the Hague. Sir John Ardagh, who holds the important post of Director-General of Military Intelligence, is an Engineer officer of the highest attainments. Before he had been four years in the Service he was appointed to the Military Intelligence Department, and when he left it he was sent many times on special duty in the Near East. He was at the Conference of Constantinople, 1876, the Congress of Berlin, 1878, on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission, 1879, at the Conference of Berlin, 1880, at the Conference of Constantinople, 1881, and Commissioner for the Delimitation of the Turco-Greek Frontier in the same year. In 1882 he went to Egypt, was present at Tel-el-Kebir, getting a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy and the Osmanieh. He was with Sir Gerald Graham, as commanding Royal Engineers, in the Suakin Campaign of 1884, and present at both El Teb and Tamaai, his services gaining him the C.B. He was commandant at the base during the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, which brought him his brevet-colonelcy; he was also, in December, 1885, present at the battle of Ginniss. He has altogether been five times mentioned in despatches. From 1889 till 1894 he was secretary to Lord Lansdowne, when Viceroy of India, and in 1896 was appointed to the post he now holds. Sir John was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and his University has recognised the honour he has reflected on it by making him an LL.D. *honoris causâ*, in 1897.

Pleased as the European community at Hong-Kong was to congratulate Admiral Swinton Holland on his promotion, the good wishes of his friends, writes a correspondent, have been mingled with regret at losing such a thoroughly popular officer. As commodore in charge of the Naval depôt he established entirely cordial relations with everyone who was thrown in contact with him, and his ever tactful geniality made him a general favourite. On all sides it is universally admitted that to Admiral Holland's untiring energy is due all the progress that the extension of the Naval Yard has made. Our illustration, which was taken on the polo ground, shows Admiral Holland on the extreme right of the picture, with his wife and daughter and some other ladies, the other officers in the group being his secretary, Mr. Lawford, Commanders Ethelston and Hardinge, and Lieutenant Streatfield. Admiral Holland has no war services, but he is the inventor of a signalling flash-lamp for use in small craft and torpedo boats, and which can be used either with oil or electricity. Moreover, when studying as a captain at the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, in 1885, he received the £50 prize for steam and Naval architecture. He is an F.R.G.S., and was until his recent promotion an aide-de-camp to the Queen.

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.
THE NEW CYCLIST COMPANY AT ALDERSHOT.

AN important departure has recently been made by the formation of a cyclist company in connection with the mounted infantry detachments at Aldershot. Colonel Alderson the deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, is the officer who has organised this corps, and a squad at an exercise run are here shown careering along one of the pretty country roads in the vicinity of Aldershot. Naturally there is great competition to get into a force which can enjoy such pleasant rides. Colonel Alderson has had much experience with mounted infantry, perhaps more than most officers in the Service, for he has served with this arm in the Boer War, in the Egyptian

Photo. H. Sharpe. Copyright.
A NAVAL GROUP ON THE POLO GROUNDS, HONG KONG.

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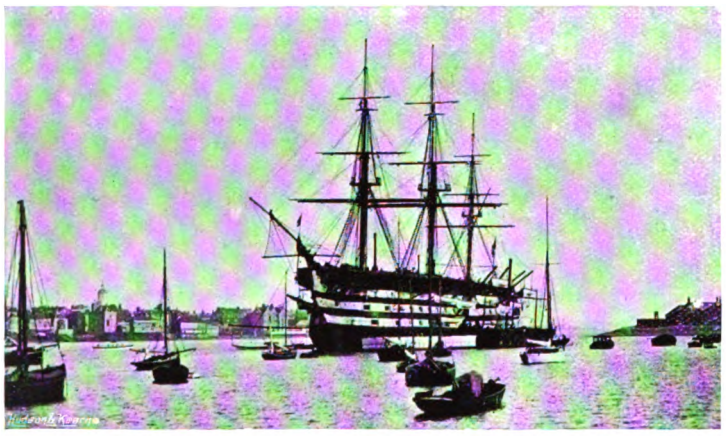
THE HON. COLONEL OF THE BOSTON BRITISH VETERANS.

War of 1882, in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and in North Mashona, and there is no doubt he will make his cyclist infantry a thoroughly effective body.

HISTORICAL accuracy is a virtue to be cherished even at the risk of some personal loss, therefore it is necessary for us to state that the Highland Cadets of Montreal were not the first armed British force to carry the Union Jack through the streets of Boston since the war with our American colonies. The cadets carried only canes, and their rifles were carried for them in express waggons. This honour really belongs to the Navy, for on the occasion of the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in Boston, Captain R. Humpage, of Her Majesty's ship "Pallas," was permitted to land half his ship's company fully equipped and armed, and with the Union Jack flying, to march them from the landing-place to the banqueting hall. This licence was accorded in order that the Bluejackets and Marines might do honour to, and act as the escort for, the members of the British Naval and Military Veteran Association of Boston, Massachusetts. This association was organised by Mr. George B. Perry, and he is now its honorary lieutenant-colonel. It numbers 144 members, and is incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts. In the corps are a dozen men who were participators in the Russian War, mainly sailors wearing the Baltic or Crimean medal. Amongst the Crimean veterans is one holder of a four-clasp medal. Many Indian Mutiny veterans are also in the corps, but of course the majority are those who have seen service under the Union Jack in Egypt, Afghanistan, South Africa, etc. The association is a benevolent one, and is organised as a battalion under its own officers. Field-Marshals Lords Wolseley and Roberts and Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford are honorary members. and the officer commanding is Lieutenant-Colonel John Black, late of the 78th (now 2nd Seaforth) Highlanders. Colonel Berry in creating this association has done good work and put one more bit of concrete into the structure that is knitting together the two great English-speaking peoples of the world.



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THE "ST. VINCENT."

A WELL-KNOWN feature of Portsmouth Harbour is the boys' training-ship "St. Vincent," one which no traveller through the channel leading to the historic anchorage of Spithead can have failed to notice. To her most of the lads raised in the metropolis are sent, a fact which has tended to make the ship so well known that deep public concern has been aroused in regard to the serious epidemic of influenza which recently swept through the ship, causing the death of one of the boys. In the illustration she is shown bows on to the spectator, as she lies at her moorings off Haslar. And mighty picturesque the great three-decker looks with her lofty sides towering high above the small craft in the vicinity; but unfortunately she is not as wholesome to inhabit as she is fair to look upon. A wooden ship that has for years been inhabited by hundreds of boys cannot fail to become more or less unhealthy in the course of time, no matter how strictly cleanliness and sanitary regulations are enforced. Moreover, at low water, she rests on the mud of Haslar Creek, off which she has been moored for thirty odd years. This creek is, it is well known, fairly impregnated with sewage, and this malarious stuff must have soaked into and thoroughly saturated the planking of the vessel. The "St. Vincent" was launched in the year of Waterloo as a 120-gun ship at Devonport, and is of course named after the great admiral and his glorious victory of February 14, 1797. It is interesting to note that the "St. Vincent" is *not* the first of her name in the Navy, for two centuries ago there was a "St. Vincent"—named of course after the saint—in the Navy in the shape of a prize captured from the French in 1692.

NO wonder the French are proud of Major Marchand, and that he will meet with a glorious welcome on his arrival at Marseilles goes without saying. Our illustration of the explorer shows him in uniform, wearing on his breast the Legion of Honour, and there is a look of earnestness and determination in the kindly-bearded face. Marchand was born at Thoissey, in the department of Aisne, and commenced

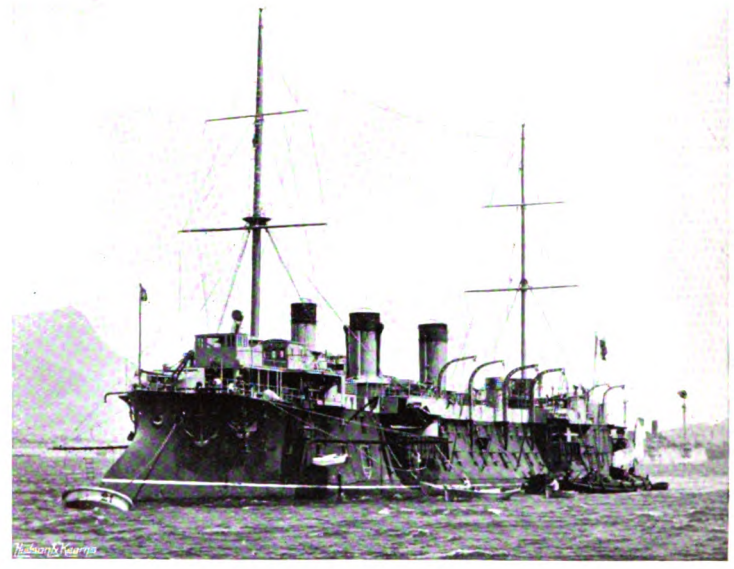

Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE FRENCH CRUISER "D'ASSAS."

life as clerk to a notary, entering the Army only in 1883, when just twenty years of age. The corps he joined was the Marine Infantry, who are in no sense marines as we understand the word, but ordinary line infantry maintained principally for service in the Colonies. His first service was in Senegambia, and as far back as 1890 he had taken up the work of exploration in which he has since so distinguished himself. His first work was in expeditions to the sources of the Niger and other districts, and when France obtained control of the French Congo she sent M. Liotard to the Upper Ubangi to look after French interests in those regions, and Captain Marchand was appointed as one of his subordinates, and eventually the one selected to push on to the Nile. How he made his way from the Congo, through the Bahr-el-Ghazal, establishing French posts *en route*, and eventually gained the Nile at Fashoda, is too well known to our readers to need repeating here. We, of course, could not allow the establishment of French posts on the Upper Nile, and consequently Marchand, declining the offer of a passage for himself and expedition down the Nile to Cairo, pushed eastward from Fashoda through Abyssinia, and has emerged from the Dark Continent at Jibutil, a port on the French Somali Coast at the head of the Gulf of Aden. The gallant explorer has thus crossed Africa from Loango to Jibutil. The French Government have despatched one of their latest and largest second-class cruisers, the "D'Assas," to bring home the major and his expedition from Jibutil, and she carries out to him the well-earned decoration of Commander of the Legion of Honour, he being already an officer of the Order. The

Photo Nadar, pcrs. Marseilles

MAJOR MARCHAND.

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"D'Assas" is a fine ship, of about 4,000 tons displacement. Nominally she is supposedto steam 19¼ knots at her maximum, but, as a matter of fact, on her trials she developed considerably less than the horse-power expected of her, and could only attain to 18¾ knots. She is, moreover, rather a crank ship, and owing to her instability it has been found necessary to fill her double-bottom with sand. Nevertheless, she makes a pretty picture as she lies at her moorings in the roadstead of Toulon.

TO the victor the spoils, is the rule of war, but to-day the triumphal march of the victor is not graced with the trophies of his victory. The laurel-bedecked cannon are not dragged through the streets amidst the shouts of the populace, but much more prosaically dumped on the wharf of an ordnance yard from the depths of the hold of a transport. The particular incident here illustrated is the landing from the United States transport "Leonidas," at the Navy Yard at Washington, of guns captured from the Spaniards. The Spanish Navy is for the most part armed with Hontoria guns, constructed either at Havre or at the Spaniards own gun factory at Trubia, near Oviedo, in Asturias. The gun shown in the illustration is probably one of 5·5-in. Hontorias recovered from the wrecks of Admiral Cervera's squadron, for three of his vessels, the "Oquendo," "Vizcaya," and "Maria Theresa" all carried guns of this calibre. Whatever it is, it has seen a big share of the fighting, for the gun shield is bent and battered, and one projectile has got well home through it. This projectile worked deadly havoc among the gun's crew, if, as is probable, it burst on passing through the thin steel. Considering how complete was the victory of the Americans, their trophies were not many. Just a few guns from Cuba, and three or four small vessels from Manila, but doubtless they will serve as mementoes of the struggle.

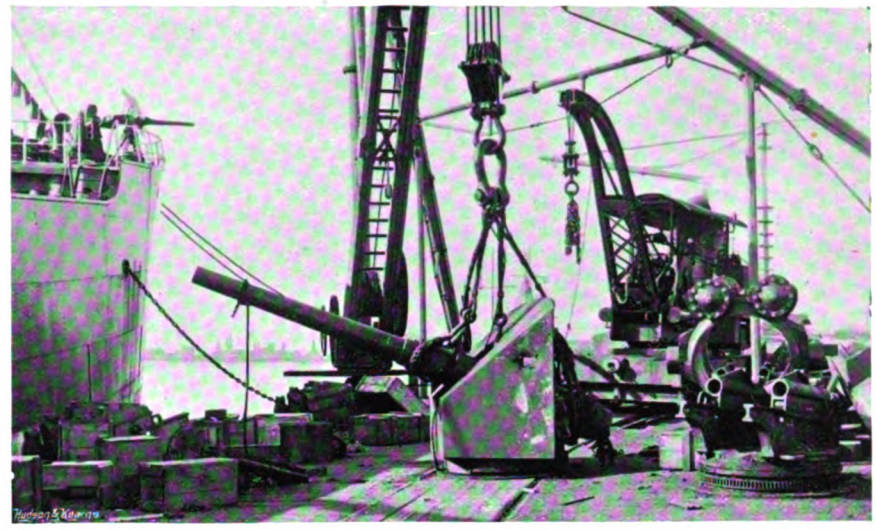

Photo. Connor. Copyright.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

THE French Mediterranean squadron, which has just returned from manœuvres around the Corsican Coasts, and a visit to do honour to the King of Italy at Cagliari Bay, is shown in this illustration.

Photo. Jules David. Copyright.

THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

It is by far the most important squadron of the French Navy, and comprises the battle-ships "Bouvet," "Brennus," "Carnot," "Charles Martel," "Massena," and "Jauréguiberry"; the first-class cruisers "Chanzy," "Latouche-Treville," and "Pothuau," besides a number of second and third-class cruisers and torpedo craft. The fleet is here shown just about to leave the picturesque anchorage of Villefranche to proceed to sea. One can well make out the peculiarities of the French style of Naval architecture which in so many ways differs from ours. The great "tumble home" of the ship's sides, the tremendously protruding swan-necked ram bows, the great amount of superstructure, and the huge cylindrical masts and heavy tops. The officer who is the Commander-in-Chief of this fine squadron is Vice-Admiral Fournier, who was recently appointed, and, contrary to precedent, selected for the appointment when he was the youngest of his rank. Admiral Fournier has indeed a very fine command, and one that any admiral might be proud to lead.

DESPITE the thoughts of other branches of the Service, it is the boast of the sappers, as voiced by Kipling, that—

> "The Line's but a man with a gun in his hand,
> An' Cavalry's only what horses can stand;
> Artillery moves by the leave of the ground,
> But *we* are the men that do something all round."

And they may be said to live fairly well up to it.

Here, for instance, is a little sample of engineering work lately carried out by the 24th Company of the Royal Engineers, at present stationed at Malta. For some purpose or another it has been found necessary to connect one of the ramparts of the great fortifications with another, and from the most primitive materials, simply ropes, spars, and planks, the excellent suspension bridge shown in our illustration has been constructed.

The 24th Company, the builders of the bridge in question, must not be considered as belonging to the bridging battalion, which is quite a different establishment, and the two troops composing which are in peace time permanently stationed at Aldershot. This battalion is of course specially trained in the formation and maintenance of military bridges of every description, but the company that has built this bridge is a fortress company, which, as its name implies, is one specially organised for the work connected with the construction, attack, and defence of fortresses. Of these fortress companies the Corps of Royal Engineers has seventeen, five of which are stationed at home and the remainder at various stations abroad where there are important fortifications, two being the number allotted to Malta.

The bridge shown here is, then, very good proof that the sapper, no matter to what particular branch of his corps he belongs, is a good all round man and can turn his hand to anything. The carts and donkeys in the foreground are worth noticing, for the former are the Maltese carts, which are so excellent for transport work, and have been adopted for use in various campaigns in Egypt, South Africa, and India. The little animals that pull them may congratulate themselves on being British subjects and living where cruelty to

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyrigh..

THE WORK OF HER MAJESTY'S SAPPERS.

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animals is put down with a strong hand. The diabolical cruelty to beasts of burden one can see any day in the streets of Florence, or Rome, or Naples, is a standing disgrace to the Italians.

IN England we have to deal with recruits who, from the fact that they have come forward of their own accord, may be presumed to be more or less anxious to become efficient as soldiers. But the well-known story of the Irish sergeant who shouted in despair to his awkward squad, "Just come out here, boys, and look at yourselves," shows that the

Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

A RUSSIAN RECRUIT LEARNING TO SHOOT

drill sergeant is not altogether without his difficulties in our own country. In the old days in Germany it was said that the peasant recruits were so stupid that they did not know right from left, and that the plan adopted was to tie hay round one leg and straw round the other, and to shout out "hay, straw," instead of "left, right." Add to this ignorance an unwillingness to learn, owing to the service being compulsory, and some sympathy must be felt for the German sergeant anxious to bring his squad of recruits up to inspection pitch. The superstition of the Russian peasant is unbounded, and he is simple enough to believe any absurdity about things beyond his ken; but he is not slow to learn, and he is generally willing. It is highly probable, however, with regard to our first illustration, that neither sergeant nor man understand why the aim can be so easily verified by means of a mirror, but it is sufficient that the man should know what he is to aim at, and that the sergeant should know what he ought to see in the mirror if the man's aim is true. The piece of drill shown in the second illustration is much simpler both for sergeant and man to understand. The sergeant's first duty is to teach the man to thrust hard enough, and then to see that he does not thrust so hard as not to be able to recover himself quickly. The recruit is evidently at the end of the first stage of instruction. The smock he wears is part of the ordinary summer uniform of Russian soldiers, and, no

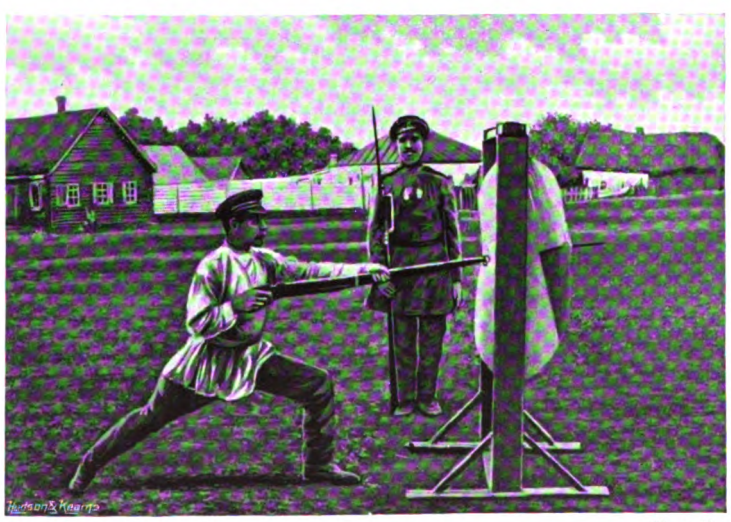

Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE USE OF THE BAYONET.

doubt, our Shaw, the Liteguardsman, would have been glad of one in which to fight the battle of Waterloo.

VERY interesting is the accompanying illustration of the fine block of Portland stone, which, ornamented by the Royal Arms, may be seen at the Portland end of the famous Portland breakwater. This stone may indeed be said to be "the beginning and the end" of the great breakwater, for, as the inscription on its side relates, it commemorates both the commencement and the finish of the

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

AN IMPERIAL WORK.

great work. For it was "from this spot on July 25, 1849, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria, sunk the first stone of this breakwater." Nearly a quarter of a century later, viz., on August 10, 1872, His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, laid this very stone to mark the successful completion of the work. The importance of Portland as a Naval base in the event of an European war it would be impossible to over-estimate, and, as the inscription remarks, "These are imperial works, and worthy of kings."

THIS group shows the team of the Somersetshires that won the Connaught Ambulance Challenge Shield at Aldershot the other day. The competition was originated, and the shield presented for annual competition, by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught just before he relinquished the command of the Aldershot Division. The competition is open to stretcher-bearers of all regiments and corps serving in the Aldershot district, and this is the first time that the challenge shield has been competed for. Points are awarded

Photo. Eldridge. Copyright.

A WINNING TEAM AT AMBULANCE DRILL.

for speed and drill, and method, knowledge, and manner of rendering first aid and dressing wounds, etc. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel Woodland, commanding the Durham Light Infantry, Major James, and Captains Hughes and Parry, of the Royal Army Medical Corps. It will be noticed that the men of the Somerset do not wear the white facings common to all non-Royal English regiments, but enjoy the honour of wearing "Royal blue," as in Royal regiments, the reason being that they are "Prince Albert's Light Infantry," a title they earned for their gallantry in the defence of Jellalabad.

It is not to be wondered at that the Somersetshires make first-class ambulance men, for their adaptability is a matter of history in the Service, they, at one period of their career, being at a moment's notice transformed into a cavalry regiment.

This was in 1706, when the regiment was serving under Lord Peterborough in Spain. He wanted cavalry badly, and so mounted 27 officers and 660 men of the regiment under their colonel, Pearce, thus forming them into a corps of Dragoons. And as a Dragoon corps "Pearce's Dragoons," as they were called, served throughout the remainder of the campaign until the Peace of 1713, and fought with great distinction, especially at the battle of Almanza, where they suffered severely.

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The Royal Visit to Ireland.

THE visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Dublin, which was brought to a conclusion a few days ago, although of a private and non-official character, has been quite as much of a success as their public visit two years ago, if we can judge by the enthusiastic reception accorded to them. There is nothing more deeply rooted in the Irish character than reverence for Royalty, and it seems a pity that this trait should so seldom be given a chance of being shown. It is greatly to be hoped that the visit will be repeated again and again, unless, indeed, it should be rendered unnecessary by the establishment of a Royal residence in Ireland. The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Dublin on the 11th inst., and on the following day the Royal party visited Punchestown to witness the races, in typical Irish weather—sunshine and clouds, warmth and hail. The Duke and Duchess and the vice-regal party travelled by special train to Naas, which was reached without a stop. There Lord Cadogan's carriages were in waiting, and the Royal Party were driven to the course, a few miles distant. A most cordial welcome was given to the Royal visitors. The course at Punchestown looked its best. The stand and enclosures were crowded by as fashionable a gathering as ever assembled on an Irish race course.

CROSSING THE LAST DITCH—CAPTAIN LODER'S BETSY WINNING THE MILITARY CUP.

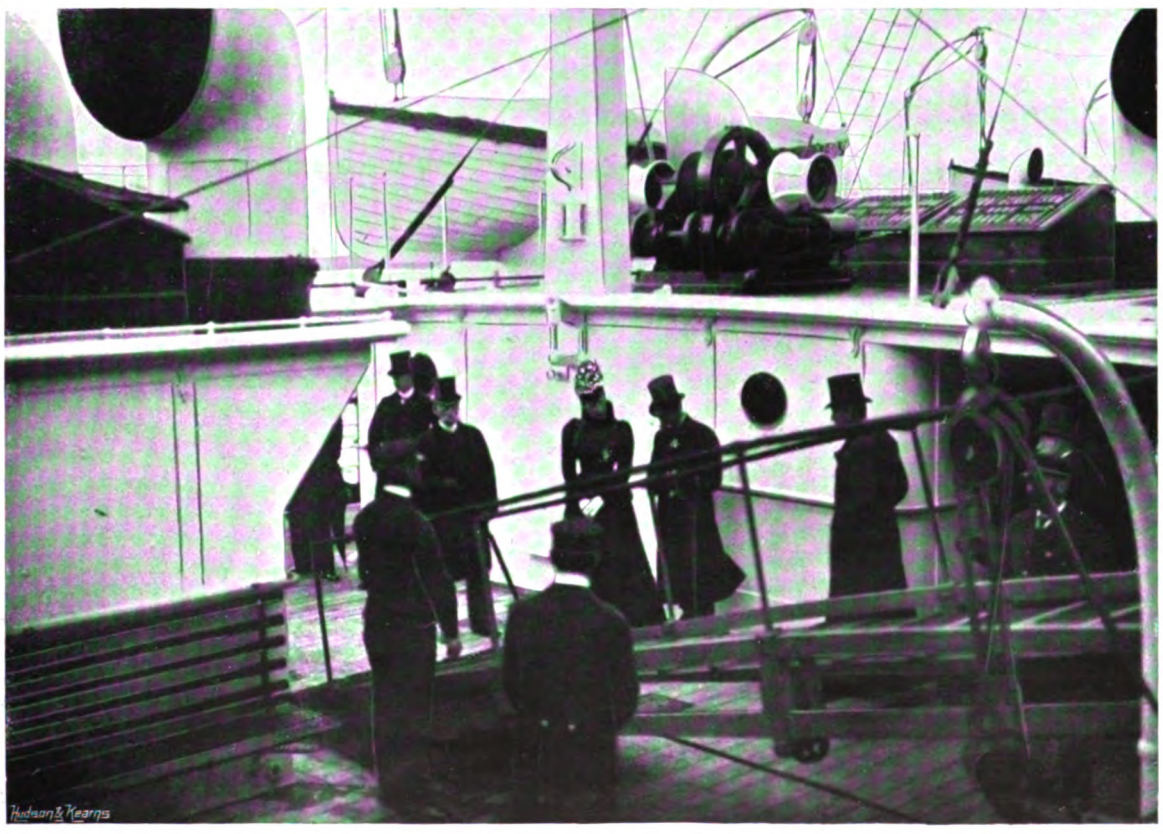
On the following day a second visit was paid by the Duke of York, and the vice-regal party to Punchestown. The Duchess of York was unable to go, as she was suffering from a slight cold.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRIVE AT NAAS.

IN THE VICE-REGAL ENCLOSURE.

The greatest interest was attached to the Grand Irish Military Steeplechase. This was won by Captain E. Loder, of the 12th Hussars, on Betsy, who also won the Military Steeplechase on the first day. Our illustration shows the animals at the last ditch; the second horse in the picture is Latakia, ridden by Lieutenant F. H. Wise, of the 13th Hussars.

On the following Friday the Duke and party attended the Leopardstown Races. The visit of their Royal Highnesses to Dublin has aroused much enthusiasm, and has done a world of good in many ways.



Photos. M. Rucne

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK LEAVE IRELAND.

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On Service in East Africa.

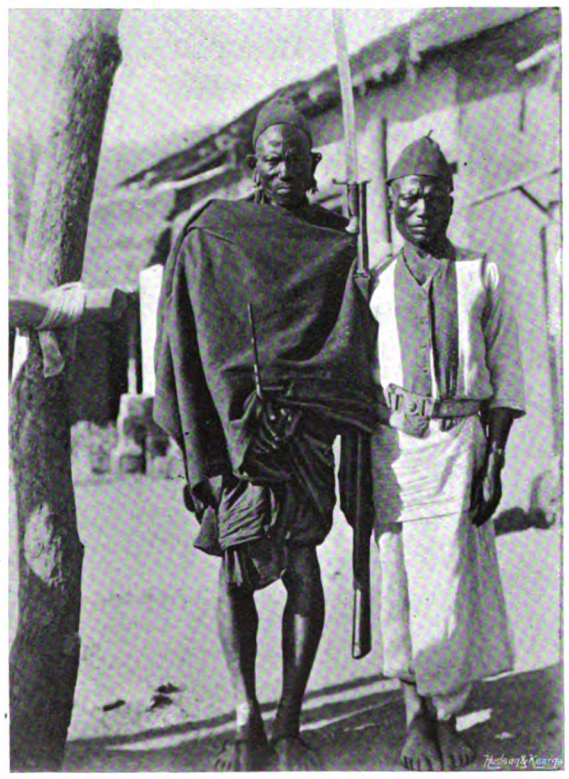
WE are glad to be able to reproduce for our readers' benefit a second series of photographs sent us by a correspondent who has been serving with an Indian native regiment in Uganda and on the Juba river.

These pictures have a peculiar interest at this moment, in view of the keen discussion which is taking place in Parliament with reference to this part of the world. They are of added attractiveness from a Service standpoint, because they illustrate a region in which British troops, and, more particularly, young British officers, have been doing excellent work, displaying in circumstances often of great difficulty and danger a combined tact and gallantry which has elicited warm and outspoken admiration in the highest quarters.

MAIZE BOATS ON THE JUBA RIVER

The time is probably not far distant when India will cease to provide the main military safeguards for our British East Africa and Uganda Protectorates, although no doubt a certain number of Sikhs will remain as a stiffening for the new local regiments which are in contemplation. There is said to be excellent material available on the spot for the formation of as many local battalions as may be required; and our military Service has already such a good name that it is confidently hoped that some of these troops may be enlisted for service, if necessary, in other tropical countries.

The Juba river, of which we give one particularly characteristic picture (that of the maize-boats from Gosha), runs into the Indian Ocean at a point about half a degree south of the Equator, the town at the mouth being Kisimayu. The sources of this great stream are as yet unknown, unless Major Macdonald has succeeded in discovering them, as he hoped to do. The river has a political as well as a geographical significance, since it is to form the line of demarcation between our British East Africa Protectorate and the Italian sphere of influence in Southern Somaliland.



A WATEITA CHIEF.

Turning to our illustrations, the picture of the maize-boats gives an excellent idea of the native craft employed on the great East African rivers. Whether it would be possible to navigate the prehistoric-looking vessel in the foreground through the famous Shabluka cataract on the Nile seems a little doubtful, but on the slow stream of the Juba it appears to fulfil all requirements, being buoyant, roomy, and of distinctly economical construction. The boats are coming from Gosha, which is about twenty miles up the Juba. It is inhabited principally by escaped slaves, who are engaged in agriculture. They are a poor-spirited race, and give us no trouble. In our second picture we see the same boats on the point of returning to Gosha, this time laden with troops and rations for Youté. In the picture of the officers' mess, 1st Baluch Light Infantry, at Ndi Camp, the scene changes to a region a good deal further south. Ndi is a station on the Uganda Railway —in a previous article we gave a picture of the station itself— and the surrounding country would seem to be of quite a different character from that on the banks of the Juba river.

TROOPS AND RATIONS FOR YOUTE.

From Photos. *THE OFFICERS' MESS 1st BALUCHIS, NDI CAMP.* By a Military Officer.

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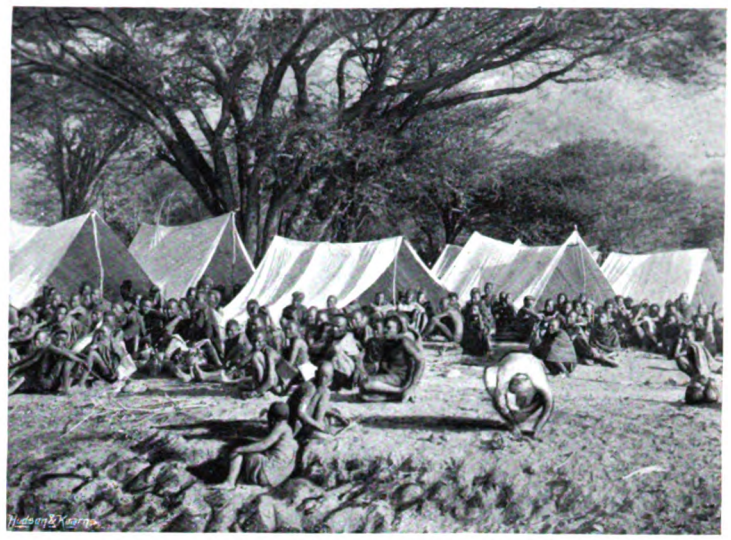
It will be understood, of course, that the mess-hut is in the background, the shelter tents in the foreground being occupied by the native servants, of whom a number are shown in the illustration.

The highly unattractive gentleman in a blanket, guarded by a soldier whose belt would drive a British sergeant-major crazy, is a Wateita chief awaiting trial on a charge of having raided German territory He belongs to the same tribe which furnishes the porters to whom, in another picture, native flour called Posho is being issued. The bags on the ground contain the flour, and the head man of each gang of porters stands at the end of his issue of bags. Porters are simply indispensable in East African travel. These get about 6s., with a shirt and rations, for each trip of about sixty miles.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

ISSUING POSHO.



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

AT THE VOI BAZAAR.

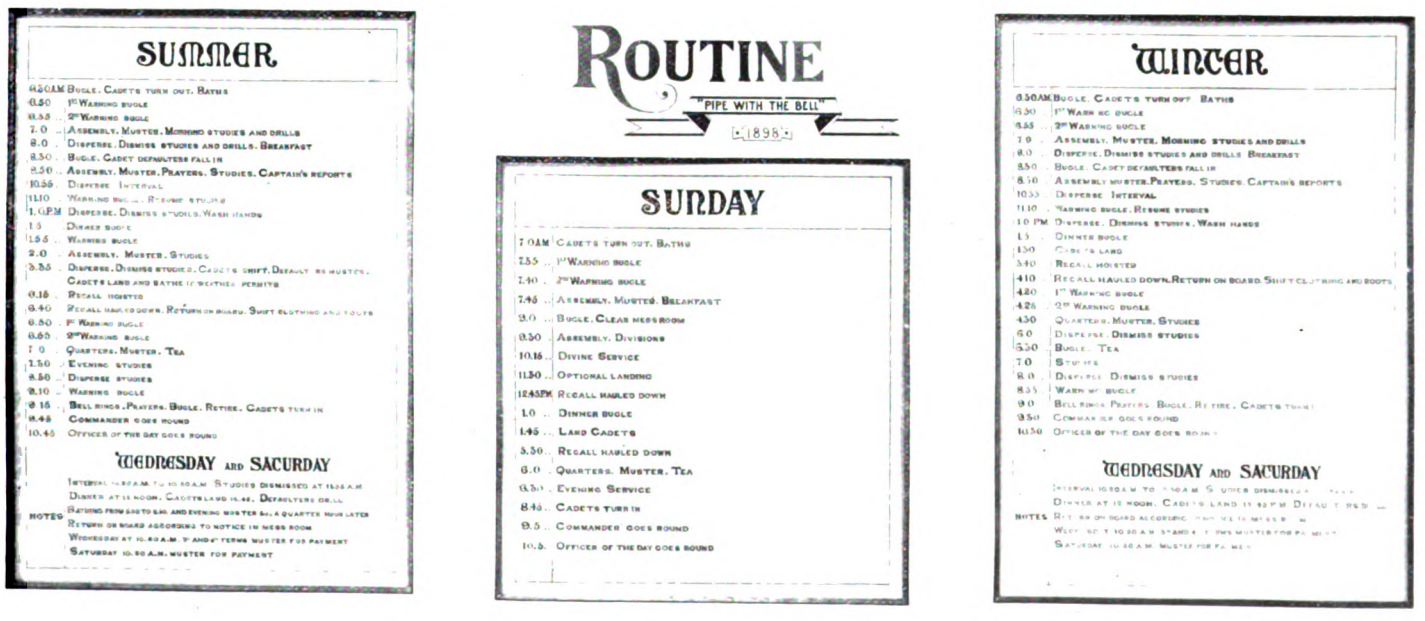
The Voi "bazaar"—the term is, of course, used in its Eastern sense as denoting a collection of native shops—is an adjunct to a railway station which marks the one-hundredth mile on the Uganda Railway.

About the "Britannia."

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

SOME of the "Britannia" cadets have just passed out of the ship. They are seen in the illustration over-leaf, together with Lieutenant Lewis Clinton-Baker, R.N. In a very short time these cadets will begin their service afloat, and they will then probably realise that the "Britannia" days have not been among the worst in their existence. The extra exercise they have had, for the last six or seven months, in walking every day from the landing stage to the temporary playing-field—a distance of nearly two miles—does not seem to have done them any harm. This temporary playing field has been secured by the Admiralty to enable the cadets to have their games as usual during the preliminary works in connection with the building of the Dartmouth College. These works are going on apace, and several hundred men are daily at work on the

COMMENCING WORK ON THE NEW COLLEGE.


SUMMER
6.20 A.M. Bugle. Cadets turn out. Baths
6.50 1st Warning bugle
6.55 2nd Warning bugle
7.0 Assembly. Muster. Morning studies and drills
8.0 Disperse. Dismiss studies and drills. Breakfast
8.50 Bugle. Cadet defaulters fall in
8.50 Assembly. Muster. Prayers. Studies. Captain's reports
10.55 Disperse. Interval
11.10 Warning bugle. Resume studies
1.0 P.M. Disperse. Dismiss studies. Wash hands
1.5 Dinner bugle
1.55 Warning bugle
2.0 Assembly. Muster. Studies
3.55 Disperse. Dismiss studies. Cadets shift. Default to muster. Cadets land and bathe if weather permits
6.15 Recall hoisted
6.40 Recall hauled down. Return on board. Shift clothing and boots
6.50 1st Warning bugle
6.55 2nd Warning bugle
7.0 Quarters. Muster. Tea
7.30 Evening studies
8.30 Disperse studies
8.40 Warning bugle
8.45 Bell rings. Prayers. Bugle. Retire. Cadets turn in
8.48 Commander goes round
10.45 Officer of the day goes round
WEDNESDAY AND SACURDAY
Interval 10.30 A.M. to 11.10 A.M. Studies dismissed at 11.30 A.M.
Dinner at 12 noon. Cadets land 12.45. Defaulters drill.
Bathing from 2.45 to 4.30, and evening muster half a quarter hour later
NOTES Return on board according to notice in mess room
Wednesday at 10.30 A.M. 1st and 3rd terms muster for payment
Saturday 10.30 A.M. muster for payment
ROUTINE
"PIPE WITH THE BELL"
1898
SUNDAY
7.0 A.M. Cadets turn out. Baths
7.55 1st Warning bugle
8.0 2nd Warning bugle
8.45 Assembly. Mustered. Breakfast
9.0 Bugle. Clear mess room
9.30 Assembly. Divisions
10.15 Divine Service
11.30 Optional landing
12.45 P.M. Recall hauled down
1.0 Dinner bugle
1.45 Land Cadets
5.30 Recall hauled down
6.0 Quarters. Muster. Tea
8.30 Evening Service
8.45 Cadets turn in
9.5 Commander goes round
10.5 Officer of the day goes round
WINTER
8.30 A.M. Bugle. Cadets turn out. Baths
8.50 1st Warning bugle
8.55 2nd Warning bugle
9.0 Assembly. Muster. Morning studies and drills
9.0 Disperse. Dismiss studies and drills. Breakfast
8.50 Bugle. Cadet defaulters fall in
8.50 Assembly muster. Prayers. Studies. Captain's reports
10.55 Disperse. Interval
11.10 Warning bugle. Resume studies
1.0 P.M. Disperse. Dismiss studies. Wash hands
1.5 Dinner bugle
1.30 Cadets land
3.40 Recall hoisted
4.10 Recall hauled down. Return on board. Shift clothing and boots
4.20 1st Warning bugle
4.25 2nd Warning bugle
4.30 Quarters. Muster. Studies
6.0 Disperse. Dismiss studies
6.30 Bugle. Tea
7.0 Studies
8.0 Disperse. Dismiss studies
8.35 Warning bugle
9.0 Bell rings. Prayers. Bugle. Retire. Cadets turn in
9.30 Commander goes round
10.30 Officer of the day goes round
WEDNESDAY AND SACURDAY
Interval 10.30 A.M. to 11.10 A.M. Studies dismissed at 11.30 A.M.
Dinner at 12 noon. Cadets land 12.45 P.M. Default drill
NOTES Return on board according to notice in mess room
Wednesday at 10.30 A.M. 1st and 3rd terms muster for payment
Saturday 10.30 A.M. muster for payment

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE ROUTINE BOARD OF THE "BRITANNIA."

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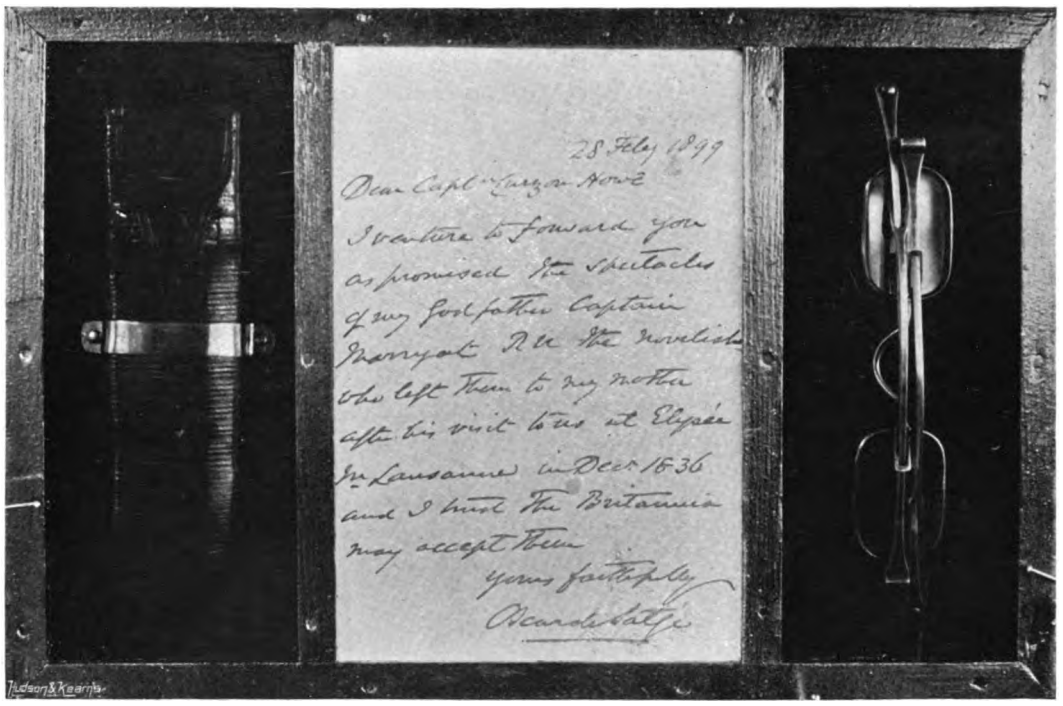
site. On the left of the picture showing the old playing-fields is seen a piece of level ground which has been newly made and turfed, and which will be used next term for cricket. It is near this spot that the new college is to be erected.

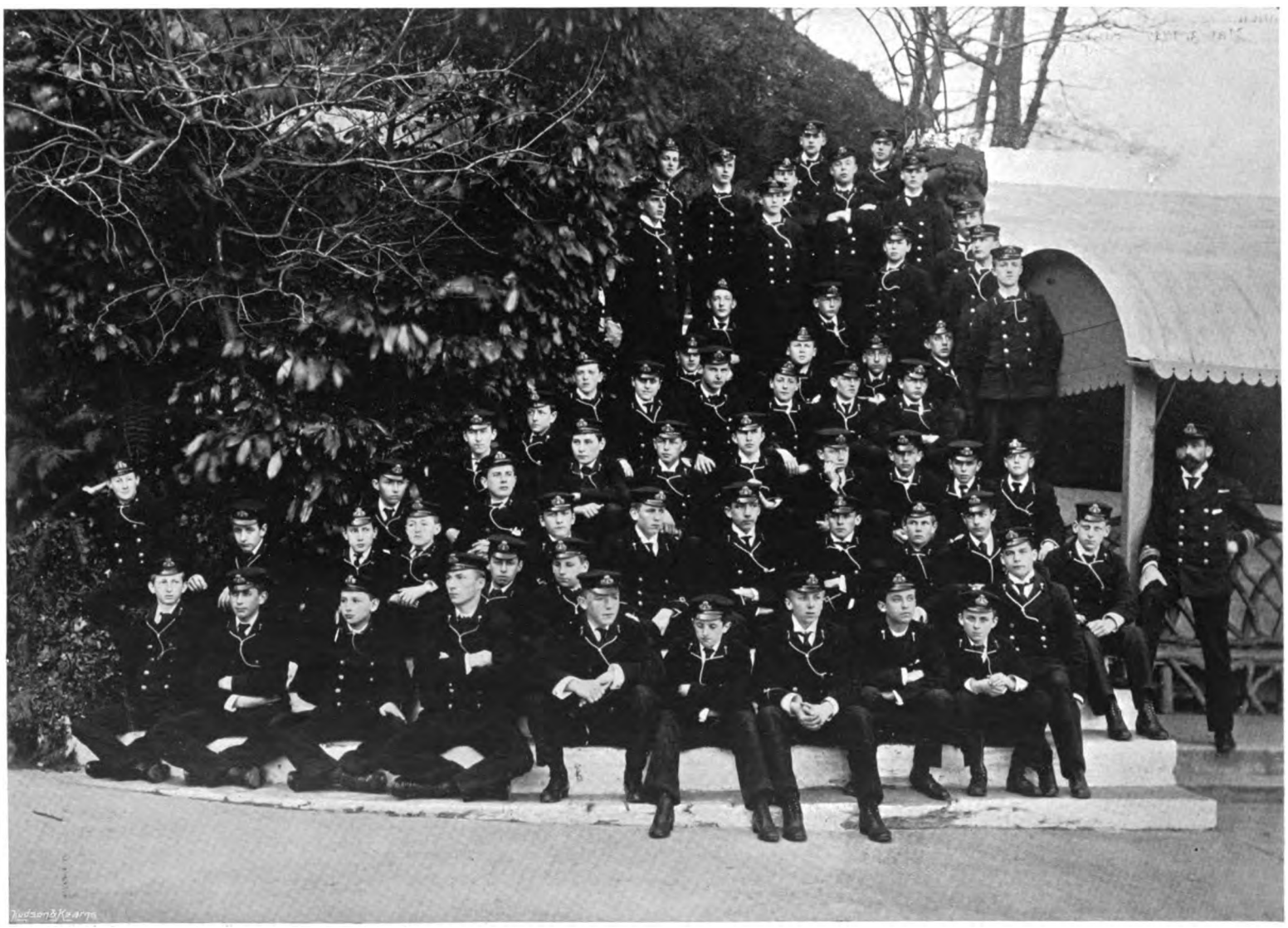
Overpage is a capital reproduction of the "Britannia's" "Routine Board." It is so beautifully clear that there will be but little difficulty in reading it, even without the assistance of Captain Marryat's spectacles. A very cursory inspection will show that the day is well filled up. However, if the cadets work hard, there is also time for out-door recreation and amusement. At 8.50 a.m. every week-day we read: "Assembly, muster, prayers, studies, captain's report." The last item indicates the dread moment when a defaulting cadet has to appear in presence of the captain, and no cadet ever wishes to see the captain at that time, for the interview usually ends disastrously and ignominiously for the embryo admiral.

The above picture does not represent, as the unwary reader might imagine, a nautical instrument. It is merely a pair of spectacles. However, it is not a vulgar pair of spectacles, but it is a tidy and comfortable looking pair of glasses, and what is more, they once belonged to the never-to-be-forgotten Captain Marryat. These spectacles are now, through the kindness of Commander Oscar de Satgé, in the possession of the "Britannia," and where could they have been better placed than among those who can so well appreciate Captain Marryat's works, and who know besides that being a good writer, he was also a good officer, and that he saw a great deal of service in the early part of the century, much of his experience being found in his books?

These spectacles may happily inspire some of our future Naval officers, now in the "Britannia," to become writers, for they will see sailors as they are, and not as they are now too often portrayed by novelists who merely copy Marryat's seamen. Indeed, most of the so-called sea novels are only bad copies of very good originals, and if they always contain a large amount of vulgar language, they seldom give us a true picture of sea life, and their heroes never exhibit any of the exuberant spirit and rollicking Jack-tar humour of Marryat's sailors.


28 Feby 1899
Dear Capt Curzon Howe
I venture to forward you
as promised the Spectacles
of my God father Captain
Marryat RN the novelist
who left them to my mother
after his visit to us at Elysée
in Lausanne in Dec 1836
and I trust the Britannia
may accept them
yours faithfully
Oscar de Satgé

A "BRITANNIA" RELIC—CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S SPECTACLES.



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A GROUP OF NEWLY-GRADUATED NAVAL EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 30, 1810.—Boats of the "Néréide," 36, Captain Nesbit J. Willoughby, attacked batteries protecting the anchorage of Jacotel, Isle of France, stormed them, and then carried a guard-house and took two field guns, after which the landing party forded the river Galet, up to their necks, charged up hill and stormed and destroyed another battery, with troops and two field guns, finally rejoining the ship with a French armed schooner as prize, taken in the harbour, and the captured field-pieces. Naval medal.

May 1, 1689—Admiral Herbert's undecisive action with a French fleet in Bantry Bay. English: Nineteen of the line. French: Twenty-eight ships—most of the line. The enemy had the weather-gage, but refused to come to close quarters, and Herbert could not force them to do so, the action resulting in a long-range cannonade.

May 2, 1813.—Boats of the "Repulse," 74, "Undaunted," and "Volontaire," 36, at Morgion, between Toulon and Marseilles. A force of French troops holding the fortifications was driven off, and the batteries destroyed, after which six valuable store-ships at Morgion anchorage were carried off. Naval medal.

May 3, 1747.—Anson's battle off Cape Finisterre. Anson had fifteen men-of-war—twelve of the line; the French nine men-of-war, and a large convoy of East India and Canada store-ships to guard. Anson attacked and captured six French men-of-war and four armed Indiamen, and then detached some of his ships, by which a great part of the convoy was taken.

May 4, 1804.—Boats of the "Renommee," 36, and "Nautilus," 18, cut out and carried off the Spanish 9-gun schooner "Giganta," in the harbour of Viega. The Spaniards were fully prepared, had the ship chain moored, with boarding nettings up, within pistol shot of strong batteries, and with troops on the beach.

May 5, 1804.—Reduction of Surinam by Commodore Sir Samuel Hood's squadron, consisting of the "Centaur," 74, three frigates, two sloops, and a schooner with a fleet of transports, with 2,000 troops on board. The shore batteries were stormed, whereupon the chief defence of the place, fort New Amsterdam, surrendered.

May 6, 1801.—Heroic capture off Barcelona of the Spanish xebec "Gamo," 22, by the "Speedy," 14, Lord Cochrane's famous brig-of-war. After fighting the "Gamo" at close quarters with 4-pounders to 12-pounders for 45-min., Lord Cochrane boarded, and with his crew of 54 men and boys carried and took the "Gamo," in spite of the Spaniards' crew of 319 men.

APRIL 30, 1804.—Surinam captured from the Dutch by a squadron under the command of Commodore Hood, and a land force under Brigadier-General Green. The last stronghold was captured on May 5.

May 1, 1813.—Brigadier-General Proctor, with 1,037 regulars and Canadian Militia and 1,500 Indians, crossed Lake Erie and commenced operations against the American General Harrison's entrenched position on the banks of the river Miami. After about ten days and some severe fighting, Proctor, towards the middle of the month, abandoned the enterprise and returned to Canada.

May 4, 1799.—Seringapatam captured by General Harris—raised to the peerage for this exploit—and Tippoo Sultan killed during the assault by a soldier of the 12th Regiment. General Baird, afterwards Sir David Baird, commanded the storming party, which consisted of 2,400 European and 1,800 native troops. Within seven minutes after issuing from the trenches the British flag was waving over the gateway.

May 5, 1811.—Massena defeated by Lord Wellington at Fuentes d'Onoro. The allies lost 1,500 in killed, wounded, and missing. It has been asserted that the French lost 5,000, but Napier considers this an exaggerated estimate.

May 6, 1814.—Fort Oswego, on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, captured by Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, with 750 regulars, militia, marines, and sailors. The American force consisted of 500 militia and regulars. The fort was taken by assault, our loss being 81 killed and wounded. The Americans lost 69 killed and wounded, and 60 captured. Nine American guns were captured and two destroyed.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

HECTOR MACDONALD, whose portrait, taken on his return from Khartoum, is on our front page, is to the "Gippy" Army of to-day what Outram was to the Indian Army of the Mutiny. He is "the Bayard of the Soudan," a tried soldier, who by brilliant bravery and marvellous ability has risen from the lowest to the highest ranks of his profession. Scotland, who is now giving him a Highland welcome to the home where he has gone for a brief spell of well-earned rest, may well be proud of him. To tell his story here is unnecessary. Every man in the street knows it. To recapitulate his war services would be to give the history of the Afghan War, the Boer War, and all the fighting in the Soudan during the last fifteen years. On his breast glitter the Afghan medal, with clasps for Charasiab, Cabul, and Candahar, the Cabul to Candahar Star, the Egyptian medal, with clasps for Gemaiyah and Toski, the Khedive's Star, with clasp for Tokar, the Khedive's Soudan medal, with clasps for Firket, Hafir, the Atbara, and Omdurman, the C.B., the D.S.O., the Medjidie, the Osmanieh, and the Queen's Soudan medal will soon be added. The Army adores Hector MacDonald, and his country is proud of him.

* * * *

VISITORS to the West India Docks are shown the "President," drill ship for the Naval Reserve in the port of London. No doubt many go away under the impression that she is the original "President" taken from the Americans during our last war with them—1812-14. As a matter of fact, the ship was built by the Admiralty as an object-lesson, being as far as possible an exact copy of the old captured frigate, the idea being to show our builders the size and scantling of the American frigates, they being vastly superior in size and strength to our frigates. For a good many reasons, one being that as the ship and the place where she lies are both unsuited for their purpose and service, it seems most desirable to change ship and place; at all events, the ship might be changed. The names of ships do work out awkwardly at times. It was unfortunate that a ship bearing the name of "Ramillies" should have been lately sent to a French town—a town and neighbourhood that our Queen delights to visit, where everything that can be done to render the Queen's visits pleasant is done by a brave and courteous nation.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks why the Norfolk Regiment are called the "Holy Boys," and whether it is true that the nickname was given them because the men sold their Bibles for drink in the Peninsula. The sobriquet has a much more honourable origin. The officers and men of the regiment wear upon their helmets the figure of Britannia in silver on a black ground, forming the centre of the regulation star and wreath. The figure is also to be seen on their forage caps and waist-belts, and it is, moreover, emblazoned on the colours. When the regiment was serving in the Peninsula, this figure was taken by the Portuguese and Spanish to be a representation of the Virgin. The name "Holy Boys" is, therefore, easy to understand. With regard to the origin of the badge, the following remarks made by General Bainbridge in November, 1848, in presenting new colours to the regiment, are of interest:—"This distinguished badge was given to you for your gallantry at the battle of Almanza, during the War of Succession in Spain, by Queen Anne. On the occasion of the battle it is recorded that you lost 24 officers, and had 300 killed and wounded out of 467." In retiring from the field, the regiment covered the retreat of General Lord Galway, a most arduous, hazardous, and difficult service. The regiment thus upheld the honour of Great Britain, and was rewarded for it by Queen Anne allowing them to wear the figure of Britannia on their breastplates.

* * * *

"BREMEN."—The new first-class battle-ship "Formidable" was laid down at Portsmouth Dockyard on the slip from which she was launched on Monday, March 14, 1898. The "Formidable" was launched on November 17, and she was thus eight months and three days under construction. This is of course the official record of the ship's rate of building. As a fact, the materials for the "Formidable" had begun to be prepared some time before that, and her keel and parts of her frame were ready, and were put together tentatively at Portsmouth some weeks before the building of the ship on the slip actually begun. For the actual official laying of the keel, on March 14, the parts were brought together from the workshops and where else they were stowed, transferred to the building slip, and finally put together, thus constituting officially the beginning of the actual ship as an entity. The launching weight of the "Formidable" was just 4,500 tons.

* * * *

"G. H. C. H."—It was not until the end of the last century that the nucleus of the present force of Royal Horse Artillery was formed. England—always slow to move—was the last of the military Powers to adopt the principle of "Flying Artillery," that is, artillery so mobile as to be able to keep up and act in conjunction with cavalry. In a field battery the gunners are carried on the limbers, whereas in a horse battery every gunner is mounted, and increased celerity thus assured. In the Peninsular War, at Waterloo, in the Russian War, and in the Indian Mutiny, the Royal Horse Artillery proved itself worthy of the honour it enjoys, when mounted and on parade with its guns, of taking the right of the line and marching at the head of the whole British Army. In uniform, the Horse Artilleryman is distinguished from the rest of the "Royal Regiment" by his jacket, profusely braided with yellow cord—gold for the officers—and hussar busby, with scarlet bag and white plume, worn instead of the plain tunic and unpretentious helmet of the Field or Garrison gunner. As the officers are all selected from the other branches of the Artillery on the same principle as that on which the men are picked, this branch forms a veritable *corps d'elite*.

* * * *

"BOLTON, LANCS." — According to the Queen's Regulations (Section 3), in a civil court an officer or soldier must remove his head-dress while the judge or magistrate is present, except when the officer or soldier is on duty under arms with a party or escort inside the court. There is no exception to this rule so far as I know.

* * * *

THE pamphlet on "How to Join the Navy," recently published by Admiralty authority, and the cover of which was reproduced in our issue of April 1, was, I am asked to say, printed by Messrs. Kelliher and Sons.

THE EDITOR

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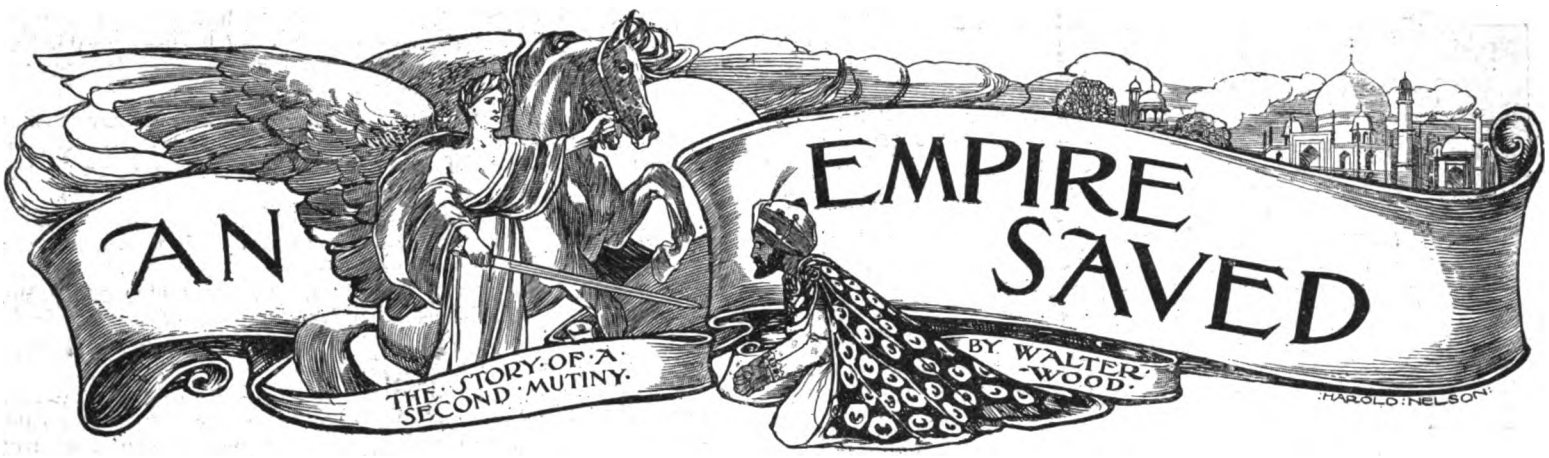

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is very unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. In spite of very great difficulties, the wheelmen accomplish their task, and immediately a mixed force is sent from Halabad to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. The force arrives just as the rebels are making another desperate attack, and Murrib Khan, seeing that all is lost, flies with a few faithful allies to a place called the Devil's Cauldron, and prepares to make his last stand. A troop of cavalry is ordered to capture or destroy him.

CHAPTER XV. *(continued.)*

THE cavalry rode steadily on, and at last saw the spot at which Murrib Khan and his handful of fanatics had entrenched themselves for a final resistance.

It was such a place as a wounded wild beast might have chosen when at bay. The rebel leader, knowing every yard of the country in the vicinity of Nilgoa, and being aware exactly what shelter and security were offered by the ground, had remembered this strong, natural hollow when his shattered forces had received their crushing blow in the open on the coming up of the reinforcements. The locality he had in his mind as suitable for his purpose lay in an open spot some six miles from Nilgoa.

If he kept within the hollow, he knew that he could offer a stubborn and deadly resistance, one which should be a fitting climax to the work of the last few days. He recognised that at best he could, with his comrades, only die fighting; but such a death as that was preferable to the punishment he was certain they would receive if they fell into the hands of the Power which they had so grossly outraged. It was not even a case of save himself who could, for all chance of salvation, now that European troops had surrounded the whole of the disaffected district, had passed away. It was a mere question of the fighter retiring to some corner where he could still fight before being overpowered, and in choosing this spot Murrib Khan believed that he had selected the very best the district offered.

His stronghold was a peculiar indentation in the ground. Rising abruptly from the plain was a ridge which curved round until it almost formed a circle, leaving on one side an opening leading into the natural amphitheatre. In the interior the level of the earth was lower than that by which the ridge was surrounded, and the ground where the opening was was so rough and uneven that the boldest assailant might have shrunk from attacking an enemy at bay. If Murrib Khan had had the time and means, he could even yet have made his position so strong that it could have been captured only after the expenditure of many lives. As it was, he got his little force in after his retirement, and, exhausted though they were, led them in person in the work of putting obstacles before the opening. Bushes were torn up by the roots and strewn about, stones were gathered and placed behind these, and then, with the help of their weapons, they made such an entrenchment as the limited time and their knowledge of engineering allowed.

"And now," said the rissaldar-major, "since we have failed in what we tried to do, and since we cannot live together as we had hoped, we will do the only thing left open to us—die together. Standing here, before all who have remained faithful and who calmly await the end, I wish to say that I do not regret what I have done, and that if I were to live over my time I would do the same again."

He was silent for a moment, for he noticed, by the looks upon some of the faces nearest him, that even yet there were those of the rebels who would like to live, if by surrender they could save their lives.

"It is useless now," he added, in a loud voice, "for anyone to hope for clemency or mercy from our foes. There is not a man here who would be spared if he fell into the British power. Remember that. In a word, remember now that there is nothing left for us to do but strike a last blow at the oppressor."

In his heart of hearts, even then, he knew that he was uttering that which savoured of claptrap, and he could have smiled at his own deceit. This had been little more, when all was said and done, than a mutiny resulting from his own unbridled jealousy and hatred. If he had succeeded, as at first he thought he might have done, the case would have been different indeed; but the great game had been played, and, so far as he was concerned, lost. He was now to play the last grim part of it, and he braced himself up to do so in his best style. He was by nature actor enough to wish to ring the curtain down with the *mise-en-scène* complete, and would be satisfied if, provided he did fall, he was the last of his band to die.

He climbed slowly to the top of the ridge which looked towards Nilgoa, and smiled as he saw the little body of British cavalry rising from the plain. Trapped at last, he would have liked the troops he met to be those he had first encountered—the Queen's, for whom he had conceived the fierce admiration of a man by nature brave and a fighter; but he was content that his destroyers should be men like those he saw approaching now.

He watched in silence, with folded arms, and with eyes that did not flinch even under the blaze of the relentless sun, the approach of the little group of horsemen; noted how warily, although his exact location was known, they advanced, and how, as they came nearer, they opened out, so that they might suffer a minimum of loss from the fire of his people. He regarded the horsemen as his executioners, and not until he saw that the opening had been precisely located, and that the attack was to be delivered there, did he return to the hollow and announce in quiet tones that the enemy's dragoons were almost upon them.

He posted most of his small exhausted force behind the opening, and gave rigid orders that no ammunition was to be wasted. "Do," he said, grimly, by way of teaching the best object-lesson within his power, "as the Queen's did from behind the barrack walls. If we accomplish half what they did, few of those proud soldiers will ride back to Nilgoa."

His words were received in silence, but they had effect, and therefore it happened that while Captain Pearson was halting some distance from the opening, so that he might get his men perfectly in hand before delivering his charge, no shot was fired by the rebels.

At last the horses moved again. Beginning slowly, they gathered speed as if animated by some unseen enormous power. They rose, large and awful, like an avenging apparition on the plain, and the wild notes of the charge rang from the bugle as the cheers clashed upon the air and the horses plunged headlong with terrific force against the opening.

The cavalry were almost upon the rebels before the rifles could be discharged, on them with a wild, impetuous dash that shook the ground like the roll of thunder. There was the ragged rattle of the musketry, the loud shouts of riders urging their horses against an obstacle which seemed to be insurmountable, the thuds of swords as men made desperate efforts to hack down the frail defences which had been thrown up by the rebels, and the kicking and plunging of wounded

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horses, or those which, more unfortunate still, had galloped forward with such speed as to force their way almost completely through the barrier. One or two which had done this, and could get neither forward nor back, were bayoneted as they struggled. Their riders, already riddled by the rebels' bullets, tumbled from their saddles and lay upon the ground at the defenders' feet.

It was a desperate and deadly meeting at that fatal barrier. On the one side were the European troops, fired with a determination to be avenged for the wrongs which had been done by trusted allies to their own countrymen at Nilgoa, and furious also at the obstacle which, for the present, so completely barred their progress. On the other side were the penned-in rebels, fighting as only men can who know that the stand they make is their last. Death for all of them could be put off only for so long a time as they could keep the cavalry outside, and so there was no soldier who could stand at all who did not shoot his best and ply his bayonet his hardest in the final meeting.

When the first shock of the attack had passed, and horses and men were becoming rapidly exhausted in their efforts to force an entrance into the interior of the natural fort, Captain Pearson, seeing that for the present, at any rate, he was wasting both life and energy, withdrew his force to a safe distance, and then halted to consider further what he should do.

Brindsley was by his side, hot and panting. The last vestige of the fop had departed from him, and he was now nothing but as proved and hard a fighter as any British soldier in India. All his impassiveness, real and assumed, had left him, and he sat by his superior officer alert and active, ready to give his help by word or deed.

"It's tougher than I thought," said the captain, "and we're not going to clear the whole out without a good deal of bother. I thought we might succeed at first and at once by a brilliant rush—it seemed to me that the suddenness and shock of it would help us immensely."

"We should have had the business over by this time but for that confounded barrier," answered Brindsley. "It was a cunning dodge, and more than one fellow who got stuck in it never got out. If we only had a field-gun with us! What do you say to the idea of sending off for one?"

Pearson shook his head vigorously. "I don't want any but the 8th to share in the glory of this bit of work," he said, decidedly. "If you get the artillery and the infantry in it, you begin to have too many claims as to who really did the business. No, we've got to do it. Besides, we've been sent to do it—and I presume we were meant to do it alone."

"Very likely," answered Brindsley. "I'd overlooked that for the moment. After all, it would seem rather bad to send for help when we're just about equal in number to the rebels there."

There was silence for a moment, then Brindsley said, "I hope you won't consider it interference, but an idea just entered my head which I don't think is bad, and which may hurry things on a bit."

"Name it," said Pearson, heartily; "this is just the time and place for ideas."

"Then I think," continued Brindsley, rapidly for him, and with a sort of desperation, "that if you would allow me and twenty men to make a feint exactly in the rear of the hollow, you could rush the front and capture the place. What I mean is that I and my lot should rush the rear, and do our best to jump the barrier. It's only like taking a good gate."

"Why," exclaimed Pearson, "you're stark mad to think of such a thing. Do you know that if you got over the top you'd tumble headlong down into the hollow and be cut to pieces, even if you were alive when you all rolled down in a heap together."

"It would distract the attention of the rebels," said Brindsley, "and give you a chance to work in at the front. Besides, even if we *were* lost, it's only what you might expect in an affair of this sort. Someone's got to go. I offer, and should call for volunteers. There isn't a man in the troop who wouldn't be ready to come with me."

"My dear fellow," said Pearson, deeply touched by the valour of his subordinate and friend. "I could no more be a party to such an act of suicide than I could make you king of England."

"Then you won't accept the idea?"

"Absolutely no," rejoined Pearson. "It would be worse than Balaclava. Fix on one better."

"You pin me there," said Brindsley, somewhat crestfallen. "For, as you know, ideas are not my strong point. I'd find it much easier to get on to and inside that hollow than to put another scheme before you."

There was again silence, during which the men looked wonderingly more than once at their superiors. They knew not what order would come; but whatever it was they were ready to carry it out immediately, if within their power, and to do their best if it should prove beyond their reach. They could do no more.

"Do..... as the Queen's did from behind the barrack walls"

"If I can't exactly adopt your suggestion," resumed the captain, "I can at any rate get an idea from it."

Brindsley brightened instantly. He almost began to think that he might be a rather clever fellow. At any rate he was satisfied that Pearson knew a good thing when he came across it; though he had not always been of the same opinion.

"As I say," continued Pearson, "if you and any of the men did even manage to jump the rear, I don't see how you could avoid rolling down in confusion and being done for before you knew where you were."

"There's the moral effect—the shock—to think of," answered Brindsley. "They'd be pretty badly knocked out if they turned round and saw a few cavalry at their heels."

"But if you couldn't distinguish your heels from theirs, and none of your heels from your horses' hoofs, what then?" demanded Pearson.

"True," said Brindsley, "it's a bit mixing. But you said you had an idea?"

"Yes, and it is that you should carry out your scheme to the full, except the actual clearing of the fence."

"But that is where the force of it comes in," objected Brindsley. "You mean dash up to the very obstruction and then stop?"

"Precisely, and it will be quite enough."

Brindsley twirled his moustache, disappointedly, and Pearson did not find it necessary to ask him if he understood. It was very clear that he did not.

"It would not," resumed the captain, comfortingly, "be mere pantomime, as you seem to think. It would be a very valuable feint. While you make that, and secure the attention of the enemy, I should dash up with the rest of the men as if to join you. That would lead Murrib Khan to suppose that we had some extraordinary and feasible scheme on his rear, and would throw him entirely off his guard. Seeing his rear so dangerously menaced, he would probably, without stopping to consider whether cavalry really could attack him there with success, withdraw the whole of his force from the really vital spot, in order to meet us and drive us back. Then comes our chance. I instantly cut round, and am in the stronghold before Murrib Khan has time to turn. You dash after me instantly, and we hurl our whole force solidly, unexpectedly, and irresistibly at the only point where we can look for genuine success. With our strategy, if you can call it that, and what we've already accomplished, I think this time ought to settle matters. Even now we've made a considerable impression there."

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"Ah!" exclaimed Brindsley, admiringly, much satisfied, "I see. It shall be done."

Pearson quickly and clearly gave his orders, and Brindsley and his men rode off, the greater part of the force remaining still.

The feint was perfectly successful. Puzzled to account for this change in tactics, and believing that Brindsley would be immediately supported by Pearson and the remainder of the horsemen, Murrib Khan precipitately withdrew most of his men from his weakest spot, and hurried them to the rear, where he believed the enemy meditated some extraordinary attack.

Pearson dashed up as he had arranged, and seeing the whole of the cavalry now charging towards his rear, the rebel leader allowed his force to forsake for a moment his most vulnerable point. No sooner had this been done than Pearson and his men wheeled swiftly round, and had dashed upon the opening before his purpose was divined.

By the time the nature of the ruse was seen it was too late to check the onslaught, and Pearson was forcing his way into the enclosure as Brindsley came up and supported him.

Murrib Khan saw that now indeed all was lost, and that the hour of reckoning had arrived. There remained but one thing—to die fighting like a good soldier, and this he prepared to do.

In a loud voice he called on his followers to die like men and disciples of Islam, and he led an attack so strong and fierce that for the moment he actually succeeded in driving his assailants out of the stronghold and on to the plain.

But this was merely temporising with death, and he knew it. Before he had finished saying that even yet it was the Prophet's will that they should prevail, the dragoons were upon them once more, and this time with an energy and fury that nothing could withstand. They came on with a wild shout.

Murrib Khan fought like a wild beast at bay, selling his life as dearly as he could. Wounded though he was, and faint, he saw to the full the advantages which his position gave him, and withstood successfully the repeated efforts of the cavalry to rout him out. Already Captain Pearson's little band had suffered heavily. Half-a-dozen of the men were killed, and a dozen more or less badly wounded; but the more opposition he encountered, the fiercer became the captain's resolve to capture or destroy the rebel leader and his band.

The captain, having retired for the third time to recover, told his troopers that now at all costs they must clear the hollow of its occupants. He waved his sword and cried, "Now! Once more! Follow me!" and dashed onward in a last impetuous charge.

The rebels' bullets came as they had come before, and half-a-dozen saddles were emptied by the time the dragoons and the rebels were at last in actual contact.

Captain Pearson himself swept on to Murrib Khan, and in the wild turmoil of the last encounter struck him heavily with his sword as the rebel was leaping aside to avoid the charger's deadly rush.

Murrib Khan had tripped, and was falling as the sword struck him, so the blow lost much of its force; but the captain had seized him, and hoisted him into the saddle in front of him almost before he himself was aware of what he had done.

As he gripped the limp body he noticed that there was a cessation in the clash and confusion which had raged so furiously about him, and that his men were already congratulating themselves on having at last cleared the dangerous spot of its defenders.

"They've done for a good few of us, it's true," said a trooper near the captain, "but I don't think there's one of the lot there will ever fall in again. What a wiping out there is! Not a nigger living!"

A comrade nudged him, and he turned and glanced at Captain Pearson's burden.

"But there isn't much kick left in him," replied the trooper. "He'll peg out before we get back—at least I hope so. I wouldn't be in his shoes for a field-marshal's bayton."

He looked almost compassionately at the unconscious burden which the captain was supporting, for by this time Murrib Khan had lost his senses. Nor did he recover until the cavalry had ridden back, and Captain Pearson, face to face with Colonel Barr, was watching the men of the bearer company lifting the rebel leader down.

Dr. Murray was standing near, and came forward and looked keenly at Murrib Khan as he was about to be carried off.

Murrib Khan opened his eyes slowly, and met the gaze of Colonel Barr. In an instant all the fire of his hatred returned to him, and he would have spat upon the colonel if his strength had permitted him. As it was he could do no more than snarl, and he did so, even though that effort made him groan involuntarily.

The colonel raised his hand as a signal for Murrib Khan to be removed, and they took him into the hospital.

"Nice sort of beast to be at large," said Captain Pearson, in a low voice. "I don't think much of his looks. How long do you give him, doctor?"

"Till the hangman's done with him—he'll pull through till then," replied Murray, and without another word he turned and followed his patient. Then, as his sole business was to cure if possible, he, with the help of the impassive Macpherson, set to work to do the best he could for their prisoner.

For a whole week it was guesswork whether the rissaldar-major would recover or not. His wounds were serious, and his strength had been severely drained; but Murray and Macpherson did so well for him, that by the seventh day the doctor was able to give an assurance that the rebel's life would be saved.

"We shall pull you round now, I think," he said, addressing the patient for the first time since he had had charge of the case. "You'll be able to leave here in a week or two for the Convalescent Home which has been specially prepared for you."

"The what?" asked Murrib Khan, suspiciously.

"Convalescent Home," replied the doctor, in the fashion of one uttering a grim joke. "You might prefer to call it gaol."

The rissaldar-major turned round without replying, and the doctor withdrew.

Seven more days passed slowly, and at the end of that week it was possible to remove the patient to a small outbuilding which had been prepared for his reception, and where he was to be kept, a closely-guarded prisoner, until such time as he was needed by the higher powers of India.

Once within the prison, Murrib Khan recovered rapidly. As soon as he was able to leave his bed he sent a message to Colonel Barr, saying that he would like to see him on a matter of the first importance, and alone.

"What can he want?" the colonel asked Reid, who was with him when the message was delivered.

"No good, sir," answered the adjutant. "Is it advisable to see him alone? I am no busybody, but perhaps it would be as well if I or someone else accompanied you."

The colonel laughed. "Very many thanks," he said; "but I need no other safeguard than my own strength and eyes. I shall keep a sharp look-out, never fear; although what mischief he could work, even if he meant any, I don't know, considering his position. Why, he can't have more than the strength of a kitten left. If I'd gone through half the slashing he has had, I should have been in my grave."

"Nevertheless he is, I am sure, perfectly capable, even now, of working you mischief," said Reid, earnestly.

"Well, I promise you that on the first sign of treachery I'll fall back on the sentry," said Colonel Barr, and with a laugh he left his quarters and walked towards and entered the building where Murrib Khan was a prisoner.

CHAPTER XVI.

The End of a Rebel.

"Strange things have happened since we were last face to face, Colonel Barr," said Murrib Khan, as his visitor entered.

In spite of his weakness, he rose and bowed as he spoke. He also extended his hand pretty much as he had done when they were together in front of the hospital before the outbreak of the mutiny. But this time it was not taken.

"Come," said the native, "you are the conqueror, and I am the beaten one—you can afford to be generous."

"I cannot take the hand of a murderer," replied the colonel, stiffly. He drew himself up rigidly, and a momentary feeling of pity which he had had for this strange man passed away as he thought of Green and those who had fallen since the outbreak.

"You call it by a hard name, Colonel Barr."

"But a true one, as in your own heart you must admit."

"I am exhausted, and cannot speak as I should like, nor have I asked you to come and see me here without a purpose. I wish, while I have the chance, to tell you why I brought about this rising. Ah! I thought that would make you unbend. You are soldier enough to want to know what motive I could have in hurrying men to their end. Will you be seated?"

"Thanks," replied the colonel, "but I would rather stand."

"As you please; but, if I may, I will be seated myself, for I am very weak—and, if you will allow me, I will also smoke a cigarette."

The colonel inclined his head, and Murrib Khan began his story. He was lying in the shadow, and watched the colonel's face, upon which the light fell, to see what effect his revelation had. The pleasure of witnessing it was the last he was likely to enjoy.

(To be continued.)

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Italian Military Life.

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

TASTING THE SOLDIERS' RATION.

This scene of Italian military life is one of familiar character. The daily ration is about to be distributed to a company of the 74th Infantry, at Syracuse, of which the Marquis Paolo Sanlucci, aide-de-camp to the King, is colonel. A committee of officers is appointed, under the presidency of a captain, to see that the food is well cooked and of proper variety, and a fatigue party has brought up the soup in front of the non-commissioned officers' quarters, so that it may be tasted. This is the system adopted in all Italian regiments.

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At Sea with the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO START.

THE Squadron's stay at Arosa Bay was a very enjoyable one, as the country about was looking its very best in the warm spring weather. There seemed to be an unusual air of prosperity about the natives too, and more cultivation of the well-watered valleys which lie between the hills. Perhaps, now that the war is over, the Spanish peasant will have a better time of it—let us hope so, at any rate—for he is a steady, thrifty, hard-working individual, and the fall of Spain from her old dignities can never be laid to his account.

The rivers and streams were in very good condition for fishing, and several really good baskets of trout were taken on the fly, the fish mostly running small, however, though there was a notable exception in the case of a 2¼-pounder which was bagged, or I should say creeled, by an officer of the "Pelorus."

Pulling and sailing, in preparation for the coming regatta, commenced the day we arrived, and after quarters every evening a great number of racing crews, both officers and men, were away.

Pulling round the fleet, which was exercised one day, is good practice for this event. I give an illustration showing

Photo. A Debenham, Ryde

PULLING ROUND THE FLEET.

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the boats lying off the ship waiting for the signal to start. Another illustration shows part of the flotilla in full swing, but it really does but scant justice to the animation and excitement of the scene. A third illustration shows a cutter away trying a "Fancy" rig. Every ship has one or more boats rigged especially for racing, according to the fancy and means of the boat-sailing experts on board.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A FANCY RIG

A few days later we weighed at 6.30 a.m. and proceeded to sea, where, after gaining a sufficient offing, targets were laid out and heavy gun practice prepared for.

This was done in single line ahead, which formation is shown in our illustration; in it the flag-ship leads the way, and the rest of the squadron follow in succession, 400-yds. astern of her and of each other. Three targets were laid out, and the squadron steamed past them, one ship only firing at a time, so that those not engaged were able to observe and criticise the practice.

This, as usual, even in the Channel Squadron, which is to a great extent a training squadron, was excellent, and as the "Majestic" led down the line, one after another the little targets were riddled and smashed in the hail of projectiles that churned the sea into foam around them. One target, indeed, completely disappeared, owing to a 6-in. shell bursting right in the middle of it.

As with the flag-ship, so it was with the others when their turn came, and the cruisers (who were stationed one to each target to mark and repair) had a busy day of it, for it was sunset before the last of the battle-ships had completed her firing. In fact the practice of the whole squadron—though I say it who should not—was simply superb. Fire was opened at about 3,500-yds., when the targets were nearly abeam, and at no period was the range much under 1,500-yds. and rapid fire all the time. As each ship finished her run a cruiser, of which, as I have above stated, one was detailed to each target, closed in on the target and sent down a boat with an officer to check and signal the hits and make repairs. The flag-ship, I think, came in top, but the "Jupiter," "Hannibal," "Magnificent," and "Resolution" also did splendidly. We—the battle-ships—were manœuvred as though we were "playing the game," and worked both port and starboard guns alternately. For the first 1,400-yds. of the course firing was not at its quickest, for that was while the heavy guns were being brought into play, but after that the 6-in guns in the secondary battery and the auxiliary armament worked for all they were worth. Ever since Admiral Rawson has had command of the Channel Squadron, a good deal of attention has been paid to aiming practice, and the benefit it has been to the firing of the squadron is very evident from the results I have described. The two other illustrations sent with this letter do not need detailed description. One is of the ship next astern of us in a fresh breeze, and the other shows the "Majestic" in action.

In the illustration, the red cordite smoke shows thin and transparent compared with the thick white clouds of the powder fired from the light guns in the tops. The next day was devoted to 12-pounder prize firing, but as the glass was falling and the wind and sea rising the guns' crews were hard put to it to make good shooting, for even a slight swell on the open sea is sufficient to make the small target appear and disappear in a most puzzling manner. This is another little point which the shore-going critic of Naval prize firing returns occasionally overlooks. I think that this gunnery practice of the Channel Squadron is sufficient to show that in the Navy as much attention is paid to this portion of our efficiency as any other, and that, while we pride ourselves on being smart in "paint and polish," none the less are we "seamen gunners."

The weather next day was bad, and everybody was glad when we turned our heads towards Vigo Bay, where we anchored about 6 p.m. Outside, the Training Squadron was to be seen struggling under sail, but, unfortunately, much too far away to get a photograph of.

THE FLEET IN SINGLE COLUMN—LINE AHEAD.

Photos A. Debenham.

A FRESH BREEZE OUTSIDE VIGO.

Ryde.

THE "MAJESTIC" IN ACTION.

Starboard Guns engaged.

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Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

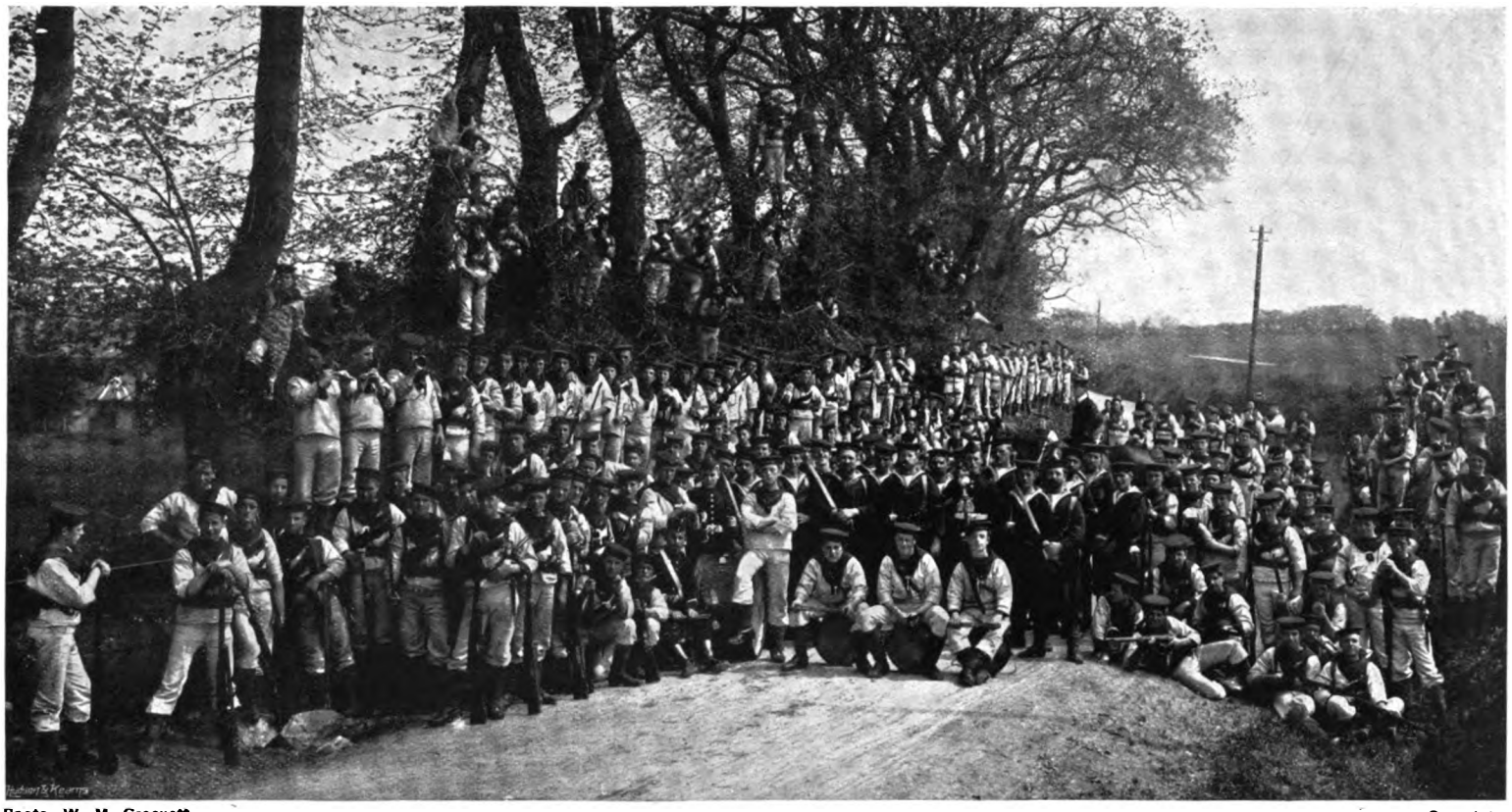

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

BATTALION MARCHING WITH THE "LION'S" CUBS.

The boys of the Devonport training-ship "Lion" are here shown on one of their route marches in the neighbourhood. They perform these under arms, and as an infantry battalion, and march exactly as an Aldershot corps would do. The turn-out is an admirable training, both as physical exercise, and as preliminary practice for the future work of the lads when they join the Fleet in the fulness of time. They are shown during a temporary halt by the wayside.

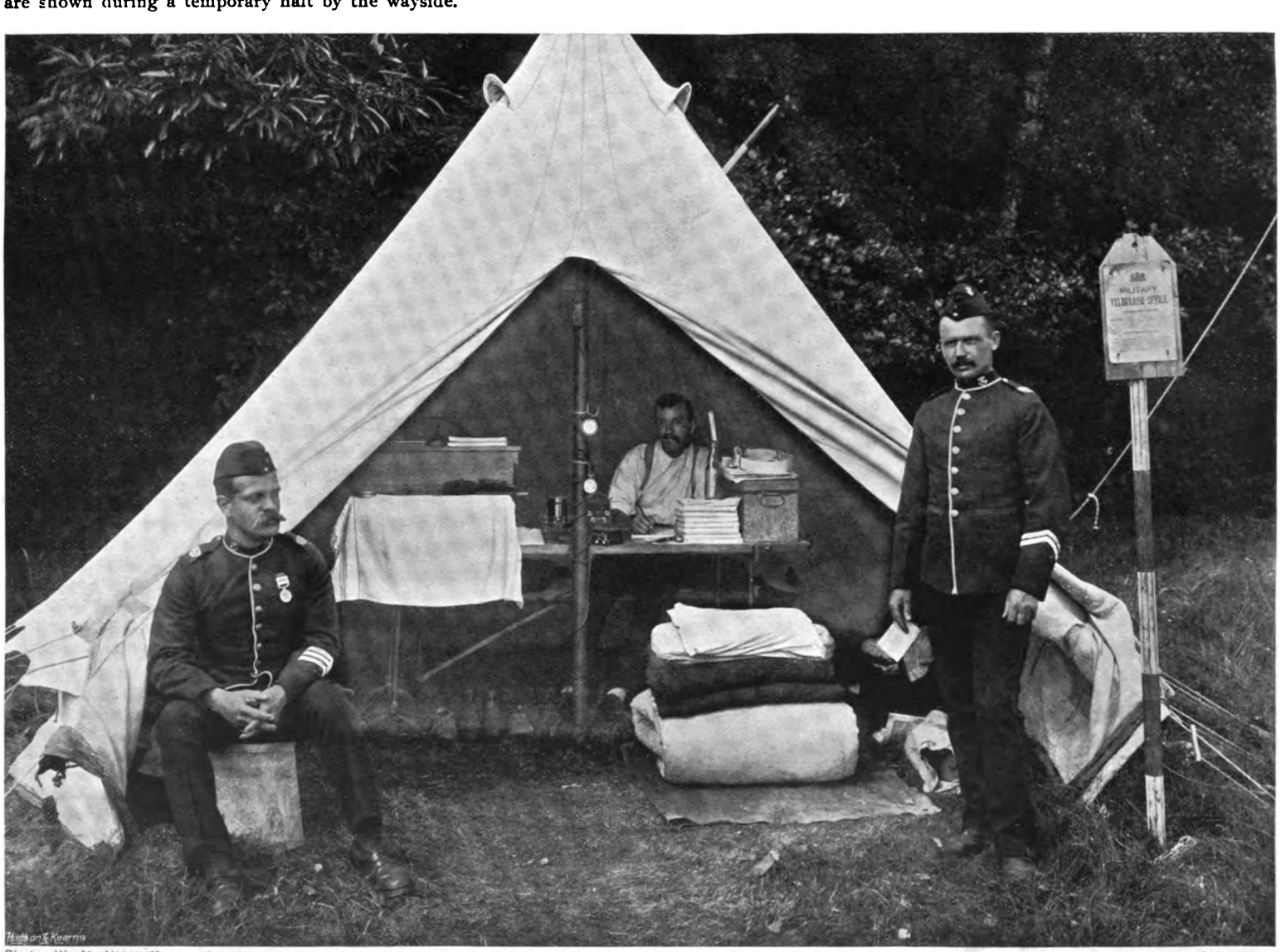

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

A MILITARY TELEGRAPH OFFICE

In peace-time the telegraph battalion of the Royal Engineers is composed of two divisions, of which one is stationed at Aldersho', and is employed for purely military telegraph work. It is provided with portable telegraph *materiel*, accompanies the troops in their manœuvres, and is constantly engaged in field telegraphic operations. In our illustration an operator is shown at work in his tent with his assistants at hand.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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H.M.S. "HANNIBAL."

HER CAPTAIN, COMMANDER, AND FIRST LIEUTENANT.

(See next page.)

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On Board the "Hannibal."

THE SIGNALLING STAFF.

THE "Hannibal" is attached to the Channel Squadron, and is a sister vessel of the flag-ship, the "Majestic." She is commanded by Captain Sir Baldwin W. Walker, Bart., who was recently Assistant Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty. He served as commander of the "Northumberland" during the Egyptian War of 1882, and wears the Egyptian medal and Khedive's bronze star, and he also received the C.M.G. for services in connection with the Newfoundland Fisheries, which is one of the vexed questions of the present hour, in spite of Sir Baldwin's efforts.

In the group which forms our frontispiece, Captain Sir Baldwin Walker sits on the spectator's right, Commander F. C. T. Tudor sits beside him, and the senior lieutenant stands behind. Like a good many whose portraits have been published, Commander Tudor looks decidedly young for his rank; as a matter of fact, however, he has been three-and-twenty years in the Service, and is therefore of fully matured experience, even for the onerous post of senior executive of a huge battle-ship, and the office is no sinecure. The captain is, of course, the responsible man, in the long run, for the efficiency of the ship, and if he is of the right sort, he will take good care to be personally acquainted with the minutest details of administration; but the working out of everything falls on the commander's shoulders, and it is the etiquette of the Service that he is given a free hand by the captain, who avoids all unnecessary interference. The multiplicity of the duties and vexed questions which form the commander's daily occupation can only be rightly comprehended by those who have served afloat; they should have the effect of making him subsequently an efficient and considerate captain.

The duties of signalmen in the "Hannibal" are necessarily of a less comprehensive and arduous nature than those of their brethren in the flag-ship; but the staff includes, nevertheless, a sub-lieutenant and three midshipmen, a chief yeoman of signals, and some eighteen or twenty others. The extensive use of the conversational semaphore is alone sufficient to keep signalmen pretty busy; the man on the left of the picture is taking in a semaphore, while another writes it down on the slate.

Then at night the flag-ship is continually "winking" with the flashing light, and brooks no delay in the answering flashes. If the squadron be in single line, with the flag-ship leading, every signal has to be repeated from ship to ship, and then the signalmen have a lively time indeed.

The "Hannibal" has over fifty officers all told, of whom forty-eight appear in the group below. They are collected at the fore end of the quarter-deck; behind them is the battery of 6-in. guns, and on their right the after barbette.

The picture of the ship's company is taken from the fore bridge, looking over the barbette. The men completely fill up and conceal the actual form of the wedge-shaped fore deck, and probably there are quite 650 present.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE "HANNIBAL."

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THE COMPANY OF THE "HANNIBAL."

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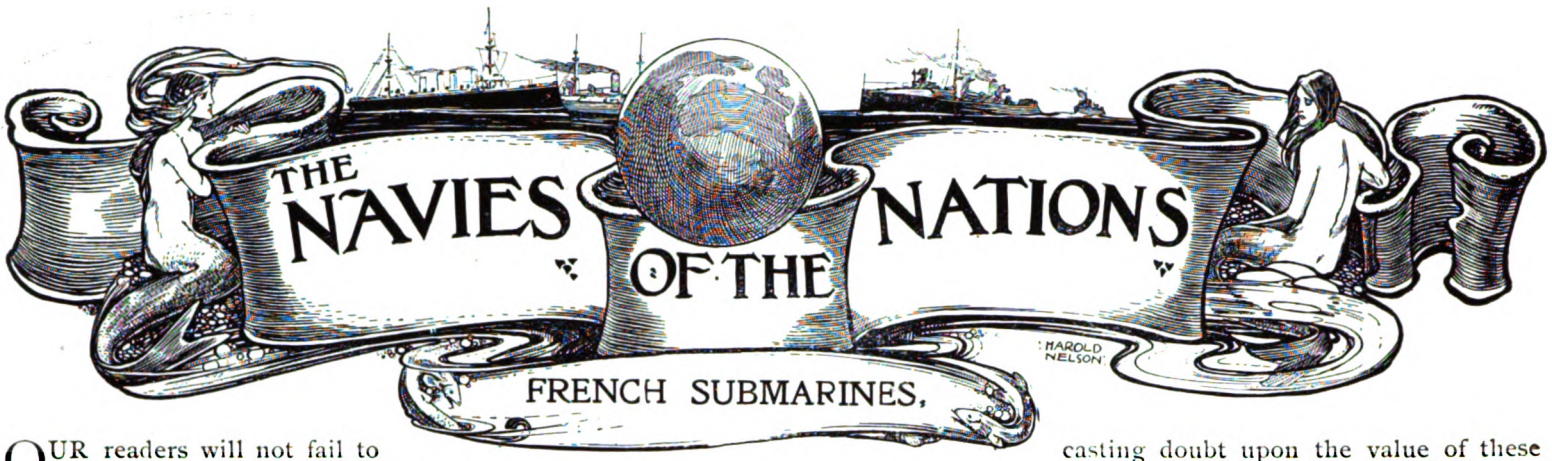

FRENCH SUBMARINES.

OUR readers will not fail to be interested in the two fine pictures which accompany this article. They illustrate the "Gymnote" and the "Gustave Zédé," two of those submarine marvels which—and we have the word of the Minister of Marine for it—are the salvation of France. Can she ensure superiority over her rivals? Yes, he told the Chamber—when the estimates were discussed in March—since submarine navigation gives her the unquestionable advantage.

There is something delightfully inconsequent and breezily imaginative about the cheerful confidence of a responsible Minister, who entrusts the safety of his country to these submarines, which, he says, "may" render the greatest service, and "may" lead to a revolution in Naval war. You would never think it to look at them as they lie basking, as it were, upon the surface awash, and with just room enough for an *al fresco* luncheon on board. It is only when they plunge into the depths, down through the swirling waters, and advance stealthily toward the foe, that they make the blood curdle at all. Then, indeed, it is possible to imagine all kinds of terrors, including prodigious explosions and the headlong plunge of great battle-ships.

Good reasons have already been given in these pages for casting doubt upon the value of these submarine vessels, but, if they have utility, why should we not construct them as well? We shall only do this when France has demonstrated their efficiency; and she is spending nearly £50,000 this year in her attempt to do so. The "Gymnote," built at the Mourillon yard, Toulon, in 1888, is now an old boat, and one of small dimensions, too, only about 50 feet long, in fact. Like the "Gustave Zédé," which we fully described on February 18, and the "Morse," which is completing at Cherbourg, she is propelled entirely by electricity. All three have been built from the plans, or under the immediate care, of MM. Romazzotti and Maugas. It will be observed that the "Gymnote" has been fitted experimentally with a telescopic tube, with the idea of enabling her to see above water when she is actually below, to reflect the image of the surroundings downward, as in the *camera lucida*.

THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT "GYMNOTE" AWASH.

The seven newer boats, however, instead of being confined to the neighbourhood of the electric charging stations, will be auto-mobile, in the sense of having steam for surface-navigation, and the means of charging their own accumulators for work below water. But it may be said for the boats we depict that, within their limitations, they have done well.

Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

A TRIAL TRIP ON THE "GUSTAVE ZEDE."

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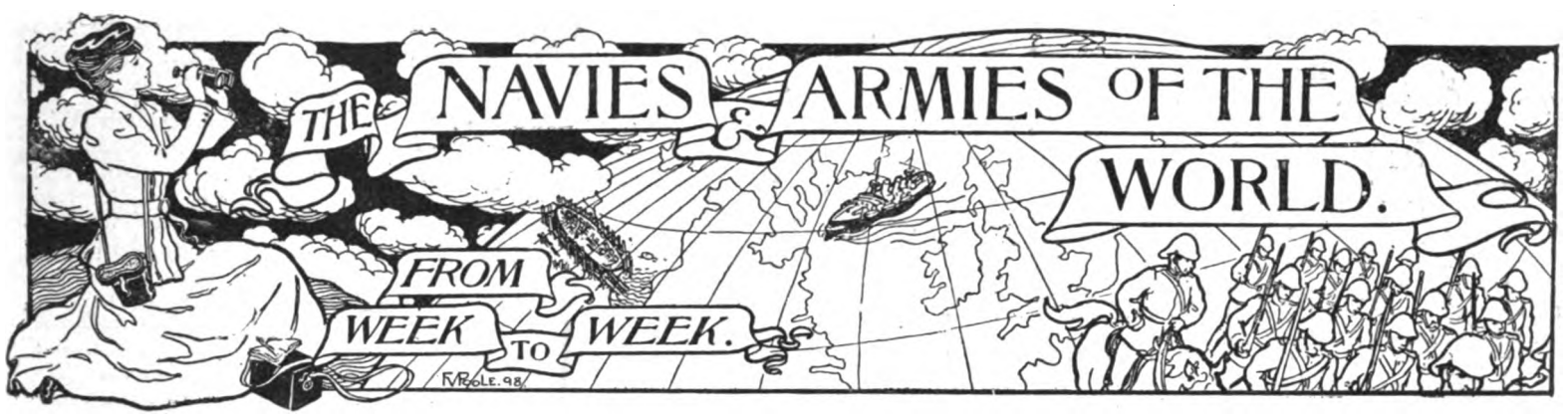

THE walls of the Academy, and one may fairly add the actions of the Academicians who control the Chantrey Bequest, show the increasing popularity of Naval and Military subjects with people who look at and who buy pictures. Of course one has no right to insinuate that Mr. Wyllie's "Battle of the Nile" or Mr. Somerscale's "Off Valparaiso" do not deserve to be bought by the Chantrey Bequest on their merits. Still it is rather doubtful whether they would have been bought some twenty years ago, when other subjects were more in vogue. But, to be sure, at that time fewer painters would have treated such subjects. Artists with brushes and paint have, like other men who live by the work of their hands and heads, to think not only of what they would like to do, but of what they will probably succeed in selling. The public care a good deal less for the picture than for what it is about. Therefore, or at any rate as much for this as for other reasons, we have such pictures as Mr. Caton Woodville's "Service in Memory of Gordon at Khartoum," or Mr. Wollen's "Charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman." Lady Butler's "Battle of the Alma" is an example of the picture of war done for the picturesque attraction of the subject. "It was the last battle of the old order. We went into action in all our finery, with colours flying and bands playing." Napier praises the soldierly spirit of an English officer who, during the crisis of an action on the French frontier, bethought himself of bringing his line on with all the pomp and circumstance of war. We have changed all that, and in future there will be no possibility of painting a battle at all. You could do it when armies were small, and when the order was close, but it cannot be done now. There are copper plates of the seventeenth century showing the battle of Breitenfeldt, or of Naseby, but who could paint Sedan? Who, indeed, could see it all at once? Even in the old days you could not really paint a battle, which is a succession of incidents, whereas a picture can only show how things looked at a given moment—or how the painter thought they looked. Still some approximation could be made with armies of 30,000 men drawn up in close order, and presenting a front a mile and a-quarter long. The thing cannot be done with armies of 200,000 strung out over fifteen miles. By the way, did the Premier remember uniforms when he was lamenting the ugliness of modern dress in his speech at the Academy dinner? The tendency has been to make them more artistic. The standard colours, blue and red, are difficult to handle—the first because it is cold, and the second because it is glaring. Yet the forms are in the main better than they used to be, and the campaigning dresses of the Army are often excellent. In details the change is on the right side. A helmet looks better than a shako, and the disappearance of the stock is all for the better.

* * * *

No notice, or very little, has been taken of the rather grim significance of two remarks made by Mr. Goschen at Sheffield the other day. He said that "we are in different circumstances geographically from what we used to be," and then, with a truly awful calm, he went on to drive the nail home by saying that "The theory of the 'right and tight little island' was almost exploded, because we now had frontiers in so many parts of the world, and every citizen of this country must adapt himself to the contemplation of these new conditions." Contemplation seems hardly the sufficient word. If the citizen of this country does not get beyond contemplating these said new conditions, he will be lucky if he is not waked up some day in a highly-disagreeable fashion. But what is really most curious is that Mr. Goschen's hearers seem to have listened with placid acquiescence, and that he himself made no effort to draw the obvious deduction from his own premises. Yet the guests at the Cutlers' Dinner had just learnt that the times are over when Great Britain could be satisfied with a great Navy and a small Army, which is what Mr. Goschen's observation really means. It is as clear as day that if a nation has frontiers in many parts of the world, and they must be defended, that she must have soldiers to defend them. The Navy can only be of indirect use. That is manifestly the case in regard to the frontier we have against the United States in America or against Russia in Asia. It is less undeniably true as regards the frontiers we have against France in Asia and Africa. In that case the Navy, if fully victorious, could prevent France from reinforcing her garrisons abroad. But that is not the whole truth of the position. A nation which maintains an army on the French scale could accumulate men beforehand. Supposing, for example, that we have new frontiers within striking distance of Algeria—and who will assert that we will not have them before long?—and that France has 100,000 men, *plus* native allies, on foot there. Meanwhile we have the usual select handfuls of our small Army scattered in one place and another, with native allies who are no better than the French. What must ensue if war breaks out? The British Fleet could never prevent the French troops already in Algiers from acting against us by land. There is but one safe answer to the threat of attack over land, and that is defence by land. The "right little, tight little island theory," as Mr. Goschen says, is indeed in a fair way of being exploded to some purpose. Different geographical circumstances are tending to bring it to pass that so far from being less bound to maintain a vast army than other Powers, we shall be more bound, because we alone will be under the obligation to defend extensive land frontiers all the world over against great Powers.

* * * *

The "affair" in France is not exactly the quarter in which one would naturally look for a joke, and yet there is something intensely funny in the story told by M. Paléoloque. It is not, of course, the charge of forgery which he brings against the General Staff. This, the tenth, or even twentieth, accusation of the kind, made on evidence better or worse, is not the proper subject for a joke. The humour of his story lies in the account he gives of the way the foreign military attachés at Paris are watched. We are asked by the French patriotic papers to believe that these dangerous fellows are always poking their noses into the most important secrets. Yet, as a matter of fact, it appears that they never discover anything of the least importance, that everything they say to their own Government by way of post or telegraph is intercepted, and that their most elaborate ciphers are read as if they were print. The agents they bribe are also in the pay of the French Government. This is, of course, only what one would expect. A man who is scoundrel enough to be a traitor at all will also be capable of being a double traitor. Having taken money from the foreigner to injure his own country, he is not likely to boggle long over deceiving his employer. Thus it is that when the French War and Foreign Offices wanted to see whether they had really discovered the cipher of the Italian attaché, they had not the least difficulty in putting it to the test. They simply employed a sham spy to give false information. The attaché telegraphed it in cipher, and his absurd secret was read at once. After this one asks whether Governments will not begin to think it time to give up these elaborate deceits which never in the long run succeed in deceiving. Neither does one get to the end of this story without wondering whether there is any worth in these ciphers, in which all Governments continue to believe. They can puzzle a mere outsider, but that is all. It has been said that no cipher has ever been invented which cannot be interpreted. After the amazing feat of Mr. Bergenroth, who discovered the cipher of Philip II., it would really seem as if this was the case. But in that case, what good is there in such things? At the utmost they can only prevent the telegraph clerks from understanding what you say. That may be all very well in commercial matters, because nobody can then get at the original, and whose interest it is to intercept the message. But in State affairs the Government can get at the original, and when you have a body of men like the cipher clerks of the French Foreign Office, it never seems to take more than twenty-four hours to interpret even a new cipher. Of course once discovered it serves till a new one is constructed. The whole business seems to be a case of much ado about nothing.

DAVID HANNAY.

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The Order of the Bath.

By JOHN STOCKHOLM.

"TALKING about baths," said Shorty Simmons, "did I ever spin you the cuff about the bath me and old Pincher Martin 'ad at 'Ong Kong?

"We was on general leaf, one Christmas, just skrimshankin' around, and in behind the Ryle 'Otel we come across a nobby-lookin' place marked 'Marine Baths, hot and cold,' in big gilt letters.

"It was a top-shelf sort of a shop, but we swaggered in, and I said to the Chinee leadin' 'and, in a orderin' way, 'Two 'ot baths,' I says; 'one each.'

"'E put us each into a room with a marble bath, and things in style. I tell you I felt noble. The on'y thing that was wrong was the soap, and that was some kind that wouldn't lather. I rubbed it well into my head, but divil a sign of lather could I get, nor on my body neither.

"After a while I give up tryin', and just lay and soaked. The water was nice and warm, and it was that comfortable I went off to sleep. I suppose I slid down in the bath as soon as I went off, for I woke up drownin' with my eyes and mouth full of *salt* water. I knew then why the soap wouldn't lather; and when I looked in the glass my 'air was standin' on end like a kyair broom dipped in cocoa-fat.

"When I got outside Pinch was waitin' for me, lookin' like a boiled owl. 'I shall 'ave to leave you now for a bit, Shorty,' he said. 'See you later on at the Cosnopolicky.'

"Any other time I'd have said 'What for?' but it was right in my barrow now. I thought it would give me a chance to get the soap taken out of my 'air. It was standin' up under my cap like a pound of pusser's dips. So I said, 'All right, Pinch—ta-ta,' and turned in the direction of the Kennedy Road, where I knew there was a barber.

"'Are you goin' that way?' he says. 'We'll go so far together.'

"But when I crossed at Kennedy corner he crossed too, and turned up the road with me. 'I'm just goin' for a stroll on the Kennedy Road,' says he. 'I want to be quiet and lonely a bit. I've got a lot on my mind'—an' 'e groaned like a sea-sick swaddy.

"'That's just where I was goin', too,' I said.

"He glared at me as if I'd took 'is 'ook-pot off, and said, very polite, 'Oh, cert'inly, Mr. Simmins.'

"We passed the barber's, but neither of us looked at it, and when we come out on the open road, sit down under the trees.

"'It's a beautiful evenin', aint it?' he says, rather starcastic.

"'Yes,' I says, rather humpy, 'it is.' I was thinkin' the shop would be shut, and I'd 'ave to go aboard with my head like a bunch of parsnips.

"Presently the cathedral bell commenced to toll. I said, 'I think about goin' to church this evenin', Pinch.' I thought that would choke 'im off for certain. But 'e agreed to it directly. It seemed as if 'e wanted to get me stowed away somewhere, 'e didn't care where.

"Of course I didn't intend to go in with my head like a frozen mop. I was goin' to let 'im lead the way in, and then skimp back.

"So as we got near the door I slowed up and looked back as if I could see somethin'; but 'e was on the same lay, and when I turned again 'e was admirin' the stonework of the cathedral and tappin' it to see if it was solid.

"'Come on, Pinch,' I said, 'before the bell stops,' edgin' behind 'im at the same time.

"'You go first, Shorty,' he said; 'you knows the run of these yer places better'n me.'

"I could see it was a fox, so I said, 'I don't think I cares much about these evenin' services after all. Very likely there'd be a sermon after the singin'.'

"'Nor me neither,' said Pinch. 'And now I remember, I'm a Wesleyan by rights. They've got me on the books as a Church of England; but there was another Martin in my batch, and I've got 'is religion and birthmarks.'

"So back we went again to the Kennedy Road.

"When we got to the barber's, Pinch said 'I'm just goin' in 'ere a minute, Shorty. You go on—I'll overhaul you.'

"But I was desperate by now, and said, 'I'm goin' in too.'

"The Chinee barber shoved us into chairs alongside each other. We kep' our caps on, and I said, 'Wantchee shave'; and Pinch said, 'Wantchee whiskers trimmed.' 'E done it, and says, 'Anyting else, sah?' I sit bolt upright in the chair, and says, ''Air cut,' and Pinch done the same; and we pulled our caps off, and there was our 'air, both of us, sticking up like a shiver-de-freeze, spikes of soap three inches long.

"Pinch says, 'Did you rub it in, too?' An' I says, 'Yes. Did you swaller any?' an' the Chinee begin to laugh. So we belted 'im round the shop, and then 'ad a shampoo

"'Darn my old picter,' says Pinch, as we come out, 'after knockin' about on salt water all my life, not to know it by the smell.'"

The Three Brunswickers.

A Story of the Second Silesian War.

By ROBERT DENNIS.

WATCH-FIRES were burning briskly on the banks of the River Adler, that Bohemian stream on the marshy course of which two opposing armies, Prussian and Austrian, were encamped in September, 1745. It was not an ideal place for a military camp by any means. The two forces had got themselves into it by dint of much manœuvring, and now it has become quite clear to at least one of the commanders, Frederick the Great, that he must, without delay, fight his way out of it.

The endless rows of tents which encumbered all the available space had a weird and spectral aspect in the moonless night, and the only sounds were the tramp, tramp of the sentries, or the neighing of a horse from the heights surrounding the little plain where the vedettes had been posted, as a protection against the thousands of irregular Hungarian cavalry who swarmed all over the field of action, in defence of their young Queen, the beautiful Maria Theresa.

Suddenly the shrill note of a trumpet pierced the air. It was an intimation from Frederick that he wished to communicate with the Austrian General, Prince Karl Albert, and it naturally startled both the bivouacing armies, thoroughly fatigued as they were by some severe fighting they had done during the preceding day. An answering note came from the Austrian camp, which was situated about a mile away, and instantly the two trumpeters, each followed by an officer, galloped across the intervening space towards a convenient spot for meeting. The two little parties were within 20-yds. of each other, when the Austrian shouted, "Halt! what is your business?"

"Friendly; give us leave to come into your lines and bury our dead, and you shall come over and bury your dead that lie about our lines. It is a message from the King to the Archduke."

"I will report it to His Highness," answered the Austrian, "and bring you his reply without delay."

In a few minutes he returned and said, "Tell His Majesty that the work can begin at daybreak, all men, except those engaged in it, to keep their quarters until it is completed." The officers saluted, and, reining their chargers round, rode back to their respective camps.

This little incident, apparently so unimportant in itself, had a very marked bearing, not only on the course and conduct of the present war, but on those of every war that has been fought since. It was, indeed, the beginning of the application of humane principles to warfare—principles which, although they have not materially lessened the horrors of the battle-field, have redeemed them from the needless cruelty and barbarity which used to dishonour humanity.

* * * * * *

There still stands in the main street of the City of Brunswick the Schloss, or Castle—more correctly the Palace—of the Dukes of Brunswick-Luneburg. Some months before the incident above related took place on the field of battle there was a family gathering in the Brunswick Schloss of a somewhat interesting character. Old Duke Ludwig had three sons, Ferdinand, Albert, and Ludwig, the last-named being a kind of Benjamin—small of stature, amiable of disposition, not good for much in a Prince's way during those times, but beloved by all. There he stood in that illustrious but still essentially homely circle, where the old Duke was presenting his two elder sons with a sword apiece, on their departure to take service under the banner of the Great Frederick. In their serviceable but smart new uniform they were perfect types of German manhood, and their hearts beat high as their father buckled the swords around their waists, and bade them take his blessing with them in their quest for glory.

It was the custom in those times for young princes and nobles, if they had no fighting of their own on hand, to take service with some other prince who had; and it was pretty well known in Europe that the next army to take the field was that which Frederick had for months been assembling, provisioning, manœuvring, and drilling on his new Silesian frontier.

Little Prince Ludwig gazed with tear-dimmed eyes at this apotheosis of his elder brothers, for the great Prussian King, who had very exact notions as to the kind of man fit to be a soldier, had declined Ludwig's services.

"Why cannot I be a soldier, too?" was his passionate exclamation to his mother, when the scenes of parting were over, and a sense of loneliness had settled down upon the

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Ducal Schloss. "By heavens!" he went on, "if I cannot fight for the King of Prussia, I will fight against him!"

Thus it happened that in the course of time Prince Ludwig of Brunswick presented himself at the Court of Maria Theresa. It was a moment when Vienna was in an extremity of terror, for the dreaded Frederick had marched his armies into Bohemia, the King of France had sent a force to his aid, and Bavarian cavalry, in alliance with these two, had approached within twenty miles of the capital. Prince Ludwig's offer was at once accepted, and he was despatched in all haste to Karl Albert's headquarters under the hills of Friedland.

* * * * * *

The battle of Hohenfriedburg, fought on June 4, 1745, had compelled the Austrians to fall back on the Upper Elbe; further fighting drove them further still, until at length both armies got into the marshy *impasse* where we found them, on the banks of the Adler.

"Give us leave to bury our dead, and come you and bury yours," cried the Prussian officer to the Austrian, that fateful day of September, 1745.

"Be it so," was the answer, delivered from the Archduke to the King—delivered from the mouth of our brave little Ludwig of Brunswick, who added (what we did not mention before), "and ask His Majesty whether I may embrace my brothers, who are in the Prussian camp?"

At daybreak, when the burying of the dead began, according to the compact, no man being allowed out of their quarters, word was brought to the two young Princes that they might cross over to the Austrian lines—they, and they alone of all this multitude—there to meet Captain Prince Ludwig of Brunswick, who in his turn was the only man in the Austrian Army permitted to leave his tent.

What a meeting it must have been! —two of the brothers in one camp, and one in the other — not one of them fighting for any cause of his own, but all doomed by the code of honour and by the conditions of the Service they had severally undertaken to deal out death and destruction upon each other at the first opportunity!

They spoke of their home, of their father and mother, of that famous night at the Schloss—the last time that they had gazed into each other's eyes —of their many adventures since, and of the fortune, good or ill, that war had brought hitherto. But never a word they said of the military future. A fine sense of honour told them that upon this subject not a breath or a hint must escape them. Loyalty to their respective sovereigns had become a more binding obligation even than ties of blood; and yet how supremely important to them all would it have been had they mutually known their destined work for to-morrow! To-morrow!

The burial of the dead was ended; the hour allotted to the brothers had expired; the truce was over. Austrians and Prussians sprang again to arms, and within the next few hours there is much bloody work to be done.

* * * * * *

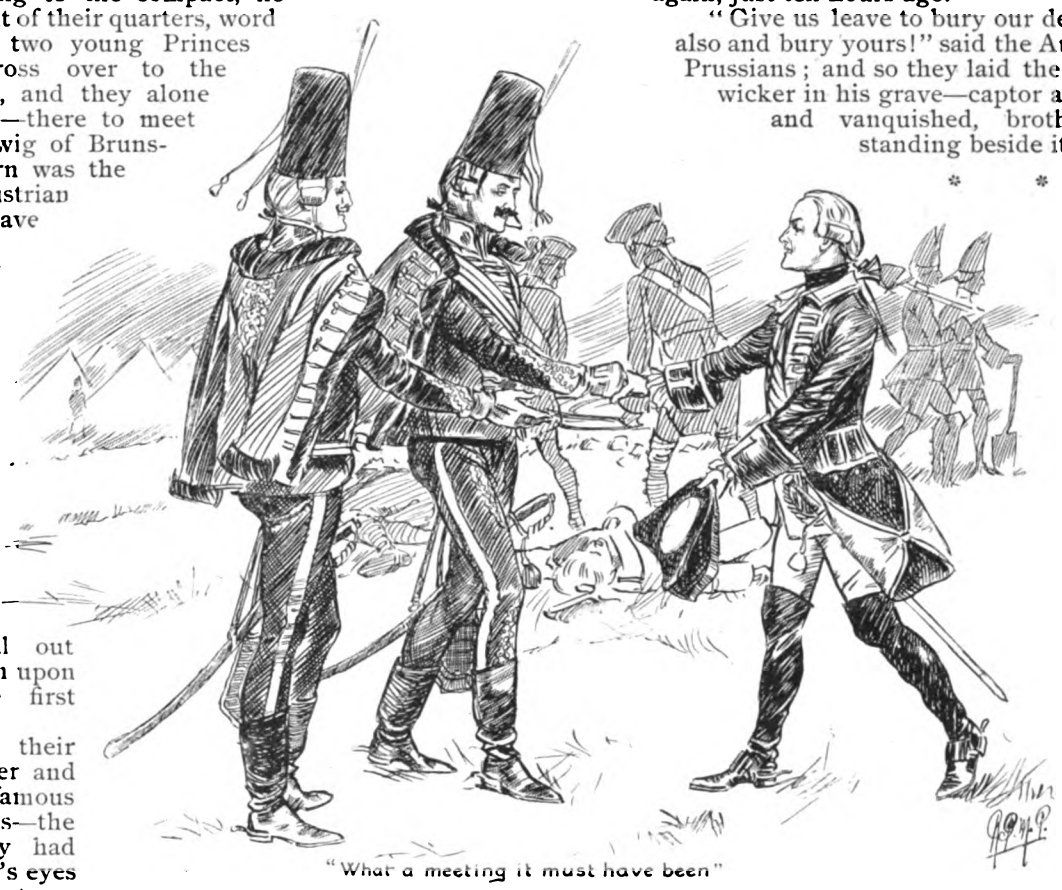
"We must get out of this at all costs, and quickly," said Frederick that morning to his Marshals—to Buddenbrock, Leopold the old Dessauer, Leopold the young Dessauer also, and the others. He had already ascended the little height rising from his own camping ground, and had come back with a grave report.

"The Austrians are already on the move," he said; "thirty thousand of them, while we have only eighteen. Three lines of them ranged on the heights opposite, and we have only one with which to meet them. Courage, Buddenbrock!—and despatch."

The battle opened at ten in the forenoon, and continued until three in the afternoon. No need to tell how Frederick's artillery raked the enemy's battalions, how his cavalry crossed the stream in two places, how his infantry marched intrepidly to the attack, how at the critical moment Frederick ordered his cavalry to charge up the Austrian hill—a most unusual and perilous manœuvre, say the military writers—or how in the end the day was fatal to the Austrians, and 9,000 of them, with 5,000 of their conquerors, lay dead or wounded on the field. What concerns us most is that in the wild cavalry charge no one more distinguished himself than did the two Brunswick brothers; while on the Austrian side the defenders stood their ground, encouraged and inspired by the superhuman staunchness of brother Ludwig. Here is no fiction, reader; here is historic fact. And in all that terrible carnage the loyalty of the three Brunswickers never flinched or wavered—no, not for one instant of time.

There did come, however, a supreme moment, when from the side of Prince Albert, where he had been throughout the fight, there fell away Prince Ferdinand—rider and horse and all, dead there upon the field of honour. It was in that supreme moment that the eyes of Ludwig and Albert met, not in that implacable hate and fury which generally flash between enemies in battle, but in calm recognition of duty to be done, and soldierly honour to be maintained. Only for an instant, however, the irresistible Prussian cavalry swept on, driving the Austrians down the hill, and with them brave little Ludwig, who fell prisoner to the Prussians—to brother Albert—on the very ground of their meeting, they and poor Prince Ferdinand, who will never meet them again, just ten hours ago.

"Give us leave to bury our dead! and come you also and bury yours!" said the Austrians now to the Prussians; and so they laid the poor dead Brunswicker in his grave—captor and prisoner, victor and vanquished, brother and brother, standing beside it, hand in hand.



"What a meeting it must have been"

* * * *

"Bring in your prisoner," said Frederick next morning to Prince Albert; and straightway the latter led his brother into the presence of his terrible Majesty.

"Well, sir," said the King to the young captain, "tell us what you mean by drawing the sword against us, your neighbour and ally?"

"My father," replied Ludwig, "is a Sovereign prince, like your Majesty, and I owe no allegiance but to him, save such as I have given as a soldier of fortune to the Empress. And, moreover, I offered my sword first to your Majesty, who was pleased to reject it."

"Tut, tut; you need not quibble over that," Frederick interjected, somewhat testily; "and remember, you are now a prisoner of war. Yet you are a brave fellow, Prince Ludwig, and I now give you back your sword, and with it a captaincy in my Black Hussars."

Ludwig's eyes flashed scornfully. "Nay, your Majesty," he exclaimed; "since I was not able to keep my sword for the service to which it has been sworn, it is yours to retain; it is not in the market at the price of the highest bidder!"

Frederick fidgeted restlessly on his chair, thinking deeply. At length he said, "You are right, Prince; we will hold you close prisoner till the war be over." Thus it came about that neither Albert nor Ludwig did any more fighting during this campaign, for Ludwig was sent to Potsdam, with Albert to keep guard on him.

But in less than a twelvemonth Frederick was again in the field, and this time Prince Ludwig followed him, as colonel of the famous Black Hussars. Thenceforward the House of Prussia had no more devoted defenders than princes of the House of Brunswick, down to the time when the last great soldier of a warrior race—a race which had included the conqueror of the Hungarians, the victor of Minden, the hero of Bautzen, and the Hector of Auerstadt—fell gloriously, still fighting under the flag of Prussia, on the field of Quatre Bras.

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A Forgotten Plan of Campaign.

THE letter printed below was unquestionably written in 1726 to some person in authority—perhaps the First Lord of the Admiralty, or the Secretary for the Northern Department—in view of the probability of war with Spain. The two secretaries at that date were the Duke of Newcastle and Viscount Townshend. The First Lord of the Admiralty was the Earl of Berkeley. This Earl was the seaman, Lord Berkeley, whose name is frequently met with in the wars of King William and Queen Anne. He held the post from 1717 till the death of George I. in 1727. Though the fact is nearly forgotten, we were engaged in a kind of war with Spain from just before the death of George I. till the signing of the Treaty of Seville in 1729. It was brought on by the restless ambition of the second wife of Philip V. of Spain, Elizabeth Farnese, who had contrived to make a league with the Emperor "of Germany," as we always called him, though that was not his proper title, and with Russia, for the purpose of securing principalities in Italy for her sons. As Walpole hated war, and the trading classes were still for peace, nothing much came of it at all. We sent a fleet into the Baltic, under Sir John Norris, to overawe Russia. The Spaniards carried on a most futile siege of Gibraltar, by land only, through 1727 and 1728. For our part we sent Admiral Hosier to the West Indies with a squadron, and orders to blockade the Spanish Plate Fleet in its ports, or, if it came out, to capture and hold it, "without embezzlement," as guarantee for the good conduct of Spain. The terrible fate of Admiral Hosier and his squadron is well known. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Thomas Howard's plan was not accepted, which was a pity, for it was far more workman-like than the scheme actually followed, of sending Hosier and his men to die of fever off the "Bastimentos," *i.e.*, the "Buildings" of Porto Bello and Havana. At the same time it may be noted that his proposal was not original. It was even probably based on the old policy of the buccaneers, and of the Dutch admirals, Piet Hein, Pié de Pa'o, Wooden Leg, as the Spaniards called him, and others. The outcoming Spanish ships were not molested, since they carried only manufactured goods which were not wanted in the English, French, or Dutch settlements. It was on their return voyage with the bullion that they became valuable prizes. The west end of Cuba and the Florida Straits were convenient places to wait for them. The course of the Spanish trade was briefly this: Galleons were laden at Carthagena, and then went up the coast to Porto Bello, where they shipped the Peruvian treasure sent over from Panama. Then they went on to Havana, where they met other galleons coming from La Vera Cruz with the treasure and trade of Mexico. All came home by the Florida Straits, avoiding the dangerous old Bahama Channel.

"CAPTAIN HOWARD'S PROPOSAL FOR ATTACKING YE HAVANA FLEET.

"MY LORD,—

"My Proposal for the attacking the homeward bound fleet from the Havana is as Follows, viz.: The time of thire Saling from the Havana being known (as It always is), our haveing a Superiour Fleet Sent to The Coaste of South Cariolina may assuradly Comand them as soon as thay Saile from the Havana, for as soon as thay Sail from thence thay Stretch over for Cape Florida, and when in the Gulfe Stream it is not in thare power with thare heavey Ships to Return nor any whare harbour themselves from us, not even if they had Intiligence of us, but must trust to ye open Sea.

"Nor is thare any Ocasion of our Ships being Exposed to the Hazards of Wind or Weather, Thare being a Porte called Porte Royal in ye Lattitude of 31d—56 N Capable of Harbouring of the greatest Fleets and noe Less then 4½ Fathom Water on the barr at Lowe Watter, and when in may ride in what Depth of Watter you please from 10 to 5 fathom; Nay, may Ride in fresh water fit for any vse. The Coaste tho Lowe Like Holland has very good and Gradual Soundings to 9 fathom about 4 or 5 Leaugs off, and the Weather generaly fair and Clear, Sildom hazy. If Pylots should be thought Nessesary they may be had at Charles Town at very Shorte Warning, either by Calleing thare, or Sendeing A frigate for them.

"Nor will thare be aney Danger of the Spanards Haveing Intiligence from Porte Royal of ye Fleets arival thire, fore there is but few Planters thare and Some Indians who have onley Large Cannooes that goe within Land to Charles Town thire marte for trade, they not haveing one Sloope when I was thare in ye yeare 1718.

"As For Intiligence of The Spanards motions and time of Sayling from the Havana it may be had by Keeping two or three Sloopes at ye Island of Providence, of not above eight or Nine foot Draught of Watter (which may be had either at Charles Town or Providence at Easey Rates) Constantley imployed in going & Coming, by whome Constant Intiligence may be had of the Flotas proceedings at ye Havana (for by Such Smale Crafte thay Dayly Run over ye Bahama Banks to the N. End of Cuba, Nay thay often meet the Flotas & Sell them European Liquor). The Passage that way being nearer, and ye Imployd Sloops being better Sailers we cannot faile of haveing timely Intiligence to git to Sea from Porte Royal (if thare) before thay can possibly git the Length of that Place.

"If it Should be Thought Convenent to prevent ye Leaste Provibilety of the Spanards haveing Intiligence of us (except from England), an Embargo may be Layde at Charlestown on thare trade to ye Wt. Indies, Leaste by any of thire vessels falling into ye enemeyes hands that might get Intiligence of our waiteing for them before Thay Saile from ye Havana, for after they are from thence it would be of noe vse to them; the damage the Provence would receve from Such an Embargo would be nothing, for thire trade is but Smale; it would be more than Ballanced by the fleets being thare; if Need Required I beleve thay might be Supplyed with fresh beefe & Rice, thare being plenty thare very Reasonable when I was thare, tho then at Warr with ye Indians; Thare is Some Little Fineses of the Persons thare proper to manage ye Intiligence and procure able pylotes if Thought Needfull which are to tedious to trouble your Lordship with; If your Lordship Pleases to Looke into the State and Nature and Sittuation of the Harbour of Porte Royal, your Lordship may finde a verey good Draught of it in ye Coasteing pylote for ye Wt. Indies, it being otherwise Little Known by moste Seamen in Europe. I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship moste Dutyfull And moste obedient Humble Sarvant,
"THOS. HOWARD.

"March the 29th 1726
"From Perry Street near Crayford in Kent."

It would probably be impossible to say who Mr. Thomas Howard was. His eccentric spelling does not, at that date, prove that he was not an educated man. Perhaps he was a West Indian trader, engaged, like so many others, in those feuds with the Spaniards which culminated in the War of Jenkins's Ear in 1739. The "Porte Royale" he speaks of must be Port Royal Entrance, just north of Savannah, in South Carolina.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

**** On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 8, 1793.—The Duke of York, with three battalions of Guards and one of Hanoverians, defeated the French at St. Amand, near Valenciennes. The French commander, General Dampierre, was killed in this action.

May 10, 1794.—The allies defeated the French at Tournay. The Duke of York commanded the British contingent.

May 11, 1858.—Sir Hugh Rose, after several days of long marches, defeated the rebels under Tantia Topee at Koonch, halfway between Jhansi and Calpee. The loss of the British force from the heat of the sun, combined with loss of sleep and long marches, was very great.

May 12, 1809.—Successful passage of the Douro at Oporto by Sir Arthur Wellesley and complete defeat of the French under Marshal Soult. This victory won a peerage for Sir Arthur Wellesley.

MAY 7, 1794.—Defeat of French attack on Marcouf, off the coast of Normandy. The British garrison, comprising a detachment of seamen and Marines, and invalid artillerymen, under Lieutenant C. P. Price, R.N., were attacked by fifty-two gun-brigs and gun-boats, mounting eighty heavy guns, and carrying 5,000 men. The enemy approached at night, and attacked at daybreak, but were defeated with loss of seven gun-boats sunk and several hundred men killed and wounded.

May 8, 1655.—Reduction of Jamaica by Vice-Admiral Penn's fleet, with troops on board.

May 9, 1812.—Boats of the "America" and "Leviathan," 74's, and "Eclair," 18, cut out a large French convoy under heavy batteries, at Languilla, in the South of France. The Marines landed, and took the batteries by storm, and drove off the garrison of French regulars, enabling sixteen of the eighteen French store vessels of the convoy to be brought off.

May 10, 1761.—Destruction of the Algerine Fleet, in Bugia Bay, by Sir Edward Spragge. The five frigates of the squadron cannonaded the fortifications while the boats broke a strong harbour boom, and with a fireship burned the entire Algerine Fleet inside the harbour.

May 11, 1780.—Reduction of Charlestown, North America, by Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot's squadron, co-operating with General Clinton's army. The squadron forced its way past the batteries, compelled the Americans to sink their ships of war in harbour, and took possession of Mount Pleasant with a Naval brigade.

May 12, 1796.—Capture of the Dutch frigate "Argo," 36, in the North Sea, by the British "Phœnix," 36, after a sharp fight for twenty minutes.

May 13, 1757.—Destruction of the French "Aquilon," 50, by the "Antelope," 50, Captain Alexander Hood, in Audierne Bay, coast of Brittany. After a few broadsides, the "Aquilon" sheered off, but after trying in vain, owing to the close pursuit, to head for Brest, had to run ashore, and was totally wrecked.

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Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

SADDLERS' SHOP.

Each regiment of cavalry of the Line has its saddler-sergeant, who is assisted by four saddlers and assistant-saddlers, and one saddle-tree maker. These men keep the saddles and harness of the regiment in good repair, and the employment of civilians is avoided as much as possible.

Photo Lekegian. Copyright.

BAND OF THE 21st LANCERS.

The 21st Lancers, the heroes of the brilliant cavalry charge at Omdurman, were, until about two years ago, an Hussar regiment, as may be seen from the inscription on the drums in the above illustration. The regiment, previously to the late Soudan Campaign, had no honours. In recognition of their services at Omdurman, the regiment received from the Queen the title of "Empress of India's," and the distinction of wearing facings of French grey.

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The French and Italian

THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN SQUADRONS AT THE MOMENT

THE superb illustrations here given enable us to form some idea of the picturesqueness of the international courtesies that have recently been taking place in Sardinian waters. King Humbert and Queen Margarita arrived at Cagliari, where the French and Italian fleets awaited them, and, as will be seen from one illustration, presented two superb lines of modern battle-ships, through which the Royal yacht steamed to her moorings. The photograph was taken at the moment when the "Savoia"

RECEPTION OF FRENCH OFFICERS AT CAGLIARI.

was entering the harbour, and the lovely bay, with the stately squadrons floating, must have presented an exquisite scene. The ships composing the French squadron have already been named in this paper, and the principal ships of the Italian squadron were the battle-ships "Sardegna," "Andrea Doria," "Sicilia," and "Ruggiero di Lauria." In another picture we have a view of the arrival of Admiral Fournier and his suite to assist at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new Town Hall about to be erected at

Photos. M. Bar. THE ROYAL YACHT "SAVOIA" MOORED OFF CAGLIARI. Copyright.

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Fleets at Cagliari.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT "SAVOIA."

Cagliari. Fêtes, balls, and gaiety of every description were the order of the day, and at the ball given by Admiral Fournier and his officers on board the flag-ship, the "Brennus," no less than 2,000 guests were present, and at its close every lady of the party received a souvenir of the entertainment.

In the picture below the last-mentioned, the "Savoia," the cruiser that does duty as the Italian Royal yacht, is shown as she lies at her moorings in Cagliari Harbour, and the picturesque town sloping to the sea forms a superb setting for the stately vessel. In another illustration some typical ships of the Italian squadron are shown. After the visit of the French squadron His Majesty proceeded to Aranci Bay, where the British Channel Squadron was waiting to receive him, and the picture in the centre of this page depicts the opening scene of this historic occasion. It shows the "Majestic," the flag-ship of the British squadron, saluting the "Sicilia," the flag-ship of Admiral Magnaghi, commanding the Italian squadron.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE "MAJESTIC" SALUTING THE "SAVOIA" AT ARANCI BAY.

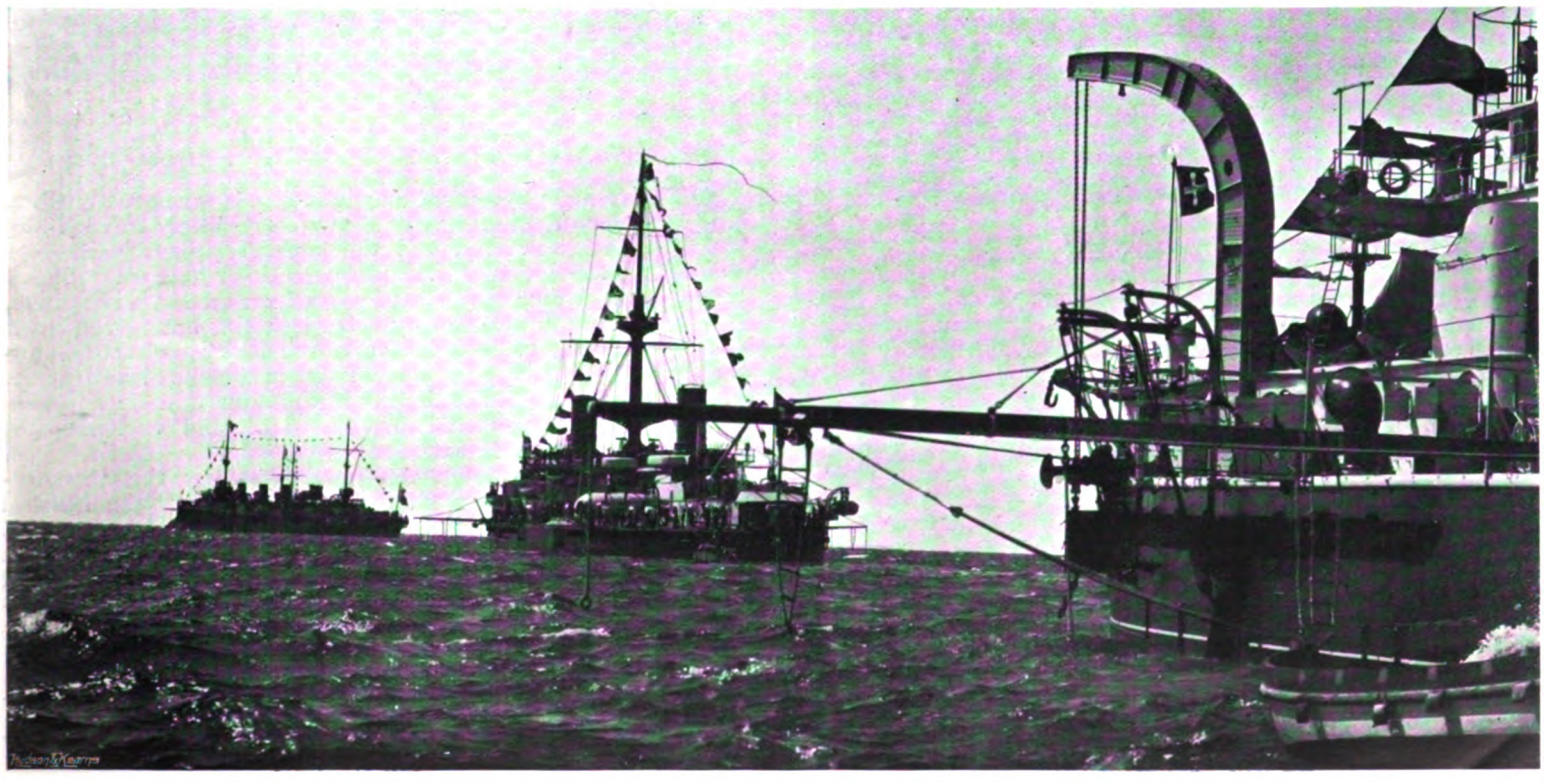

Photo M. Bar. Copyright.

THE ITALIAN FLEET DURING REVIEW.

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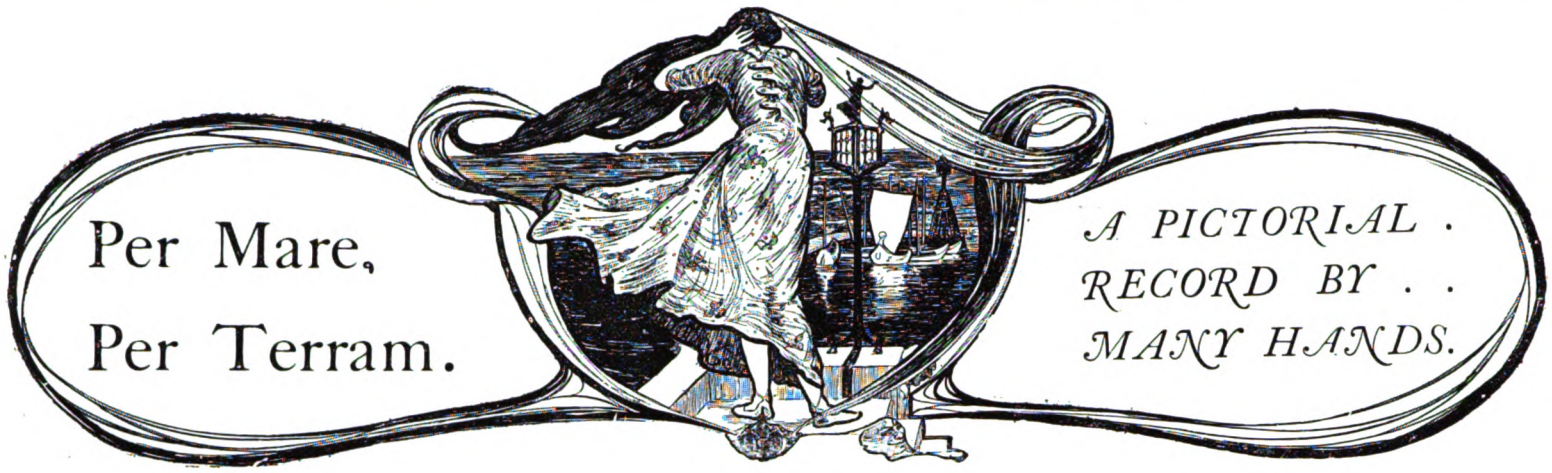
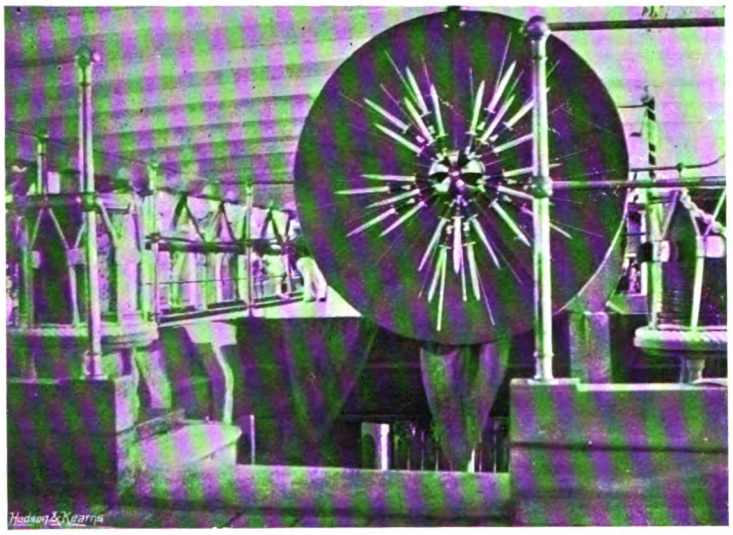


REAR-ADMIRAL GRENET, just appointed to command the Italian squadron in Chinese waters, is not unknown in Service circles in this country, as he was for some two years Naval Attaché at the Italian Embassy. He is of French origin, coming of a stock that migrated from France to Naples when, in 1806, Bonaparte made the Bourbons hand over Naples to his brother Joseph. He is the son of an admiral in the Neapolitan Navy, and, embracing his father's career, entered the Service at the age of fifteen as a cadet in the frigate "Garibaldi." He saw his first actual service in the campaign of 1860 61, and distinguished himself prominently by his courage at Gaeta, when the last stronghold of the Neapolitan Bourbons fell to the victorious Piedmontese. Again in the campaign against Austria in 1866, inglorious as it was for the Italians, Grenet had an opportunity to show ability. Young for his rank, active, and energetic, no better selection for the command could have been made, and he will carry to the Far East with him the hearty good wishes of his many friends in our Navy. The squadron of which Admiral Grenet takes command was described in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of April 1, in which was also given a picture of his flag-ship, the cruiser "Stromboli."

Photo. Bettini.

THE ITALIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE FAR EAST.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A PRETTY PIECE OF DECORATION.

THE very pretty and well-arranged trophy of arms here reproduced formed a conspicuous feature in the decoration of the "Tenasserim" at a ball recently given by Captain Fleet of the "Magdala" and the officers of the Harbour Defence Squadron at Bombay. The guests were conveyed to the ship in launches and boats, and the "Magdala" and other vessels in the Defence Squadron were specially illuminated in honour of the occasion, the torpedo-boats, lit from stem to stern with Chinese lanterns, presenting an unwontedly gay appearance.

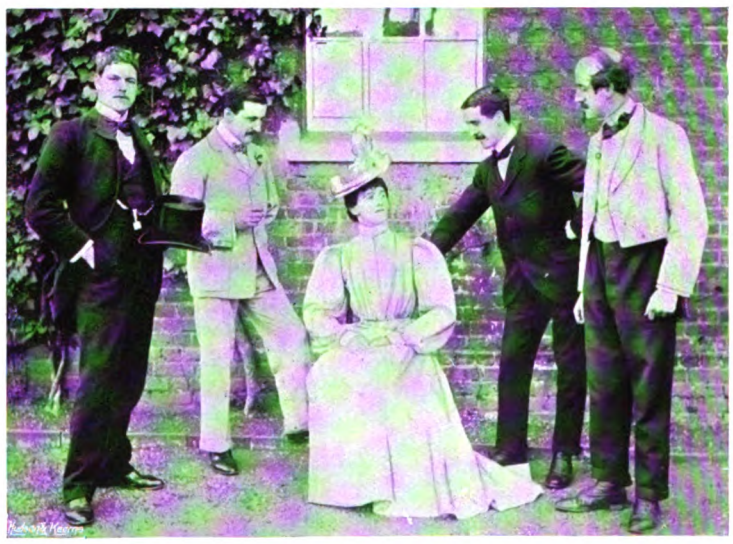
Bombay society has not for many a long day enjoyed a more pleasant function than the Defence Squadron dance, and on all sides there was to be heard unstinted admiration for the decorations. Sailors always do a ball well, and the Naval men established a record in this line.

Bombay possesses one of the loveliest harbours in the world, and on this night its beauty was artificially enhanced, for all the ships of the squadron, including the torpedo-boats, were illuminated for the occasion.

IT will probably surprise our readers to learn that the tall and extremely prepossessing young lady who figures in the centre of the accompanying picture is a stalwart trooper of the 2nd Life Guards.

The group was taken on the occasion of an entertainment recently given by the regiment at the Theatre Royal at Windsor, in aid of the charities connected with Holy Trinity Church. One item in a varied programme was Tom Taylor's amusing farce, "A Blighted Being," and the cast of it is here reproduced.

The part of Susan Spanker, the boarding-house proprietress who saves Job Wort from a sad end, was taken by Trooper Seeman, who, as will be seen, made a most winsome and fascinating young lady.



From a Photo. by a Military Officer

GUARDSMEN'S THEATRICALS.

Troopers W. H. Jones. H. J. Bourne. H. C. Seeman. P. R. Bland. F. W. West.

EVERY five years the Chadwick Prize is given to a medical officer of the Army or Navy—alternately to each—for scientific service, and the latest recipient is Surgeon O. W. Andrews, R.N., whose portrait is here reproduced. The prize—which consists of a gold medal and a cheque for £100—is not awarded by competition, but given to a selected officer, the lucky recipient knowing nothing of the matter until he receives the letter informing him that he has been selected for the award, and enclosing the cheque.

Dr. Andrews, who, by the way, represented the British Navy at the Medical Congress in Paris, has earned the reward by the work he has done at Haslar in the cause of sanitary science, a branch of his profession in which he is an acknowledged authority.

Photo Russell & Sons.

SURGEON O. W. ANDREWS, M.B., R.N

OVER page we give a group in which are portrayed the officers of the "Talbot." This vessel, it will be remembered, has already appeared in our pages. She has now left England again to return to the North American station, after carrying out the sad duty of conveying to this country

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Photo Russell & Sons. Copyright.

OFFICERS OF THE "TALBOT."

for interment the body of the late Lord Herschell. Captain A. C. R. Carter, who commanded the ship on her way out, is in the centre of the picture, and holds a telescope in his hand. He, however, does not retain command of the "Talbot," as he is appointed to another cruiser on the station, the "Indefatigable," his place being taken by Captain G. A. Primrose, who transfers from the latter ship. As will be seen by the emblazonment on the conning-tower shown in the picture, the motto of the ship is "Talbot and England's Right," and she takes her name from one of the most renowned families in English history, that of which the Earl of Shrewsbury is the head. She is not, however, the first of her name, for there was a previous "Talbot" launched in 1807, which twenty years later played a prominent part at the battle of Navarino.

the two nations (note the flags in the illustration) was demonstrated at the departure of our own transport, the "Verona," which took place while the "Sheridan" was lying at Valetta. The "Verona" left at sunset, and, as usual, cheered, and was cheered, by the various crews of our own men-of-war in the harbour as she glided by them. But no heartier cheers did she receive than when she passed within a stone's throw of the "Sheridan." The decks of the latter were simply thronged with a mass of humanity arm-waving with all the power of their muscles and cheering with all the power of their lungs, and every soul in the "Verona" felt that, whether the alliance be duly registered on paper or not, the kinship between the two peoples is deeply felt in the hearts of both.

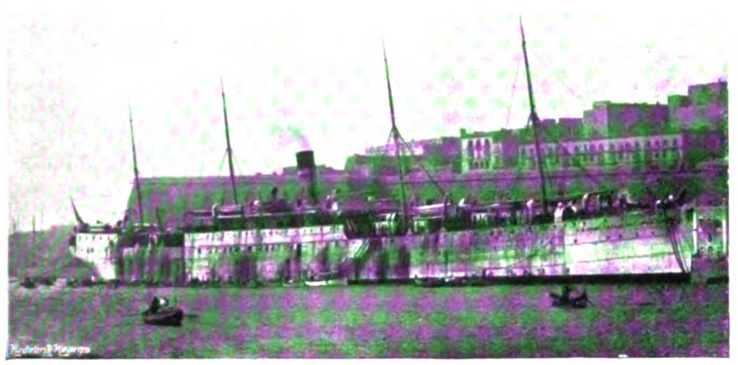

Photo. R Ellis. Copyright.

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT "SHERIDAN."

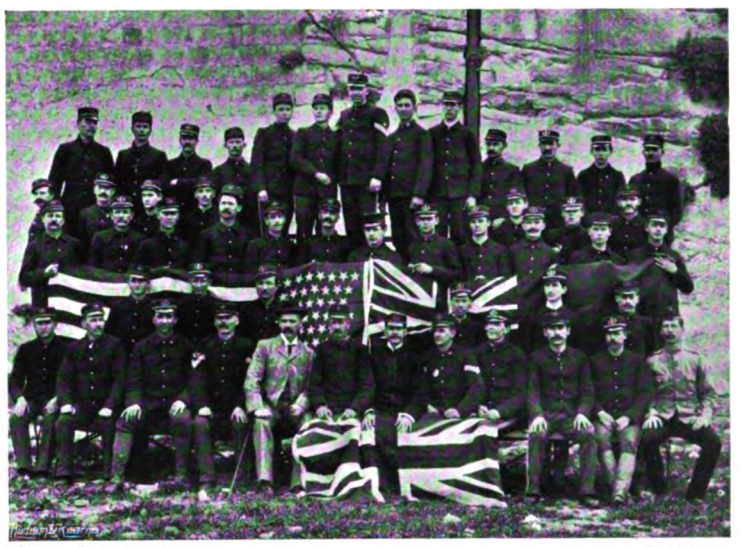

Photo. Davies Copyright.

UNITED STATES INFANTRY BANDSMEN.

IN a recent issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED we gave an account of the reception accorded to the American troops at Malta, and here we give a picture of the transport herself, the "Sheridan," which has now landed her troops in the Philippines. The other illustration represents the massed bands of the 12th and 17th United States Infantry, the regiments that were landed at Malta, and are now fighting Aguinaldo and his followers. The really cordial feeling between the soldiers of

It is incidents of this character that show brotherhood. A truly heartfelt amity between two great nations does not require to be written on parchment to prove its existence.

Photo. Charleton. Copyright.

THE CAMP OF EXERCISE AT GLENBEIGH.

IN a recent number we gave a picture illustrative of the Artillery camp of exercise at Okehampton, and here we have a view taken at Glenbeigh, the corresponding camp for Field and Horse Artillery in Ireland, the training season at which

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opened yesterday. Glenbeigh is situated in Kerry, on the southern shores of Dingle Bay, some eighteen miles from Valentia and about twenty from Killarney. It is surrounded by some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Ireland.

In our illustration the horses and tents of a field battery are seen in the foreground, while the guns are parked close under the walls of the picturesque building known as "the Towers."

THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL STEVENSON FROM GUERNSEY.

NOT an uncommon sight at tropical ports abroad is that depicted in our illustration—a Naval funeral.

Readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED who know the South-East Coast of America station will recognise in the picture the British Hospital at Monte Video, and the funeral depicted is that of one of the ship's company of the "Beagle," who died of typhoid after three days in hospital.

Permission was, as is usual, granted for the landing of a firing party, and this, composed of Bluejackets and Marines wearing the white Service tropical rig, may be seen in the foreground. The Montevidean authorities are represented by the mounted police-sergeant who accompanied the mournful procession to the cemetery.

AS Governor of Guernsey, General N. Stevenson has a good deal to be proud of in the fact that his departure occasioned the gathering of such a numerous crowd of admirers. If popularity is a proof of good governorship, then General Stevenson attained this, in the highest sense, during his term of office.

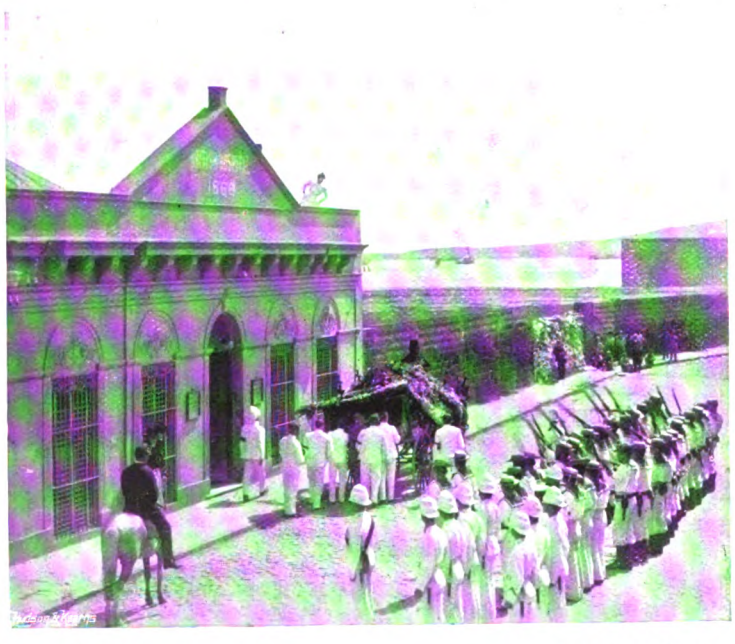
Wishes for the late Governor's future welfare, and cheer after cheer rent the air, as the steamer in which he left for England put off from the landing-stage. One of our pictures illustrates the scene, and shows Castle Cornet from which the farewell salute was fired.

Photos. Cluett. THE NEW GOVERNOR. Copyright.

The ceremony of swearing in a new Lieutenant-Governor is always an impressive one. Our picture shows General M. Saward, the new Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by the Sheriff—Mr. H. M. Mauger—*en route* from Government House to the Royal Court for the purpose of taking the oath and hearing Her Majesty's Procureur read the Royal Commission, whereby the new Lieutenant-Governor promises to perform all those duties which include the proper care of fortresses, etc., and the preservation of allegiance and loyalty of those under his charge to the Queen or her successors.

A SNAPSHOT is here given of the landing of the 1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers, which has just returned to have a spell at Aldershot before going on, in the course of the Autumn reliefs, to the West Indies.

The battalion met with a cordial reception at Aldershot from the West Yorkshire, whose newly-appointed colonel, the brother of the Sirdar, is an old comrade, he having been with them at Omdurman.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A SAILOR'S FUNERAL AT MONTE VIDEO.

Photo Cribb Copyright

LANDING FROM THE TRANSPORT.

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The New South Wales Lancers at Aldershot.

OLD times are changed, old manners gone. Nowadays it is hardly conceivable that the colonies were regarded merely as a source of anxiety and responsibility, and as not worth preserving. Never in the course of our national history have we in the Mother Country appreciated the value of our colonies more than we do now. Who was it who said that the destiny of all our colonies was to break from the Mother Country? It is impossible to look into the future, but it may be safely said that the prophesied rift will not come in our time. The idea of Imperialism is spreading, and nowhere is it more deep-rooted than in our colonies. Our kinsmen in Canada, Australia, and South Africa are always showing how strong is their affection for the Mother Country. Even colonials born speak of this country as "home." The arrival of a detachment of the New South Wales Lancers in this country is just one example of what colonials will do to foster this Imperial idea. This is by no means the first time this fine regiment has sent a detachment home. It sent a team of eighteen officers and men in 1893 to take part in the Military Tournament, and that team took the bulk of the prizes open to the whole auxiliary forces of the Empire, while one of its members, Trooper Daly, won the gold medal awarded to the best swordsman in the auxiliary forces in the Sword *v.* Sword contests. The team afterwards went over to Dublin, and was highly successful in the Military Tournament there. In 1897 the Lancers sent home thirty-two of their number to take part in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and the fine physique and horsemanship of the men attracted much attention and favourable comment. Some of the men who came over then have come again this time, among them being Daly, who, though a lieutenant in his half-squadron, has come over as a full private—another illustration of the spirit animating the corps.

Photo. Kerry. Copyright

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES BURNS,
Commanding New South Wales Lancers.

The detachment, which has just arrived by the White Star Liner "Nineveh," consists of 106 officers and men. The squadron is under the command of Captain Cox, who is accompanied by Lieutenants Rundle and Osborne. Captain Cox, who will be thirty-six on May 2, is a fine soldierly man, standing 6-ft. 1¾-in. in height. He began his service as a trooper in the regiment, and won his way from the ranks to a commission, which he gained in 1896. He had charge of the detachment of the corps that took part in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations until the arrival of his senior officer, Captain Vernon. He was promoted to be captain in November, 1897. Lieutenant Rundle is twenty-three years of age, and received his commission this year. Lieutenant Osborne, who has also only just received his commission, and is the same age as his colleague, began his education at Cheltenham. The men of the corps are mostly farmers, but there are a few tradesmen of various kinds, clerks, and Government employés.

Six months are to be spent by the detachment in England. It is to go to Aldershot for training. The men will be heartily welcomed as "brothers in arms" by the regiments stationed there, and will, no doubt, become very popular, as they did in Jubilee year. Besides their training at Aldershot, they will take part in manœuvres, and send teams to Bisley and to the Military Tournament, in both of which they are likely to render a good account of themselves. The cost of sending the detachment over here is considerable, and when we examine into how the expense is defrayed, it is impossible not to admire the patriotism which has prompted the visit. The Lancers are not like the cricketers, who have their trip for nothing and a good balance in the bank at the end of it. The Lancer has to contribute £20 towards his own expenses, and only gets back £16 in pay during the trip. He has to give his six months' time and work out of sheer love for his corps and for its honour. When the regiment decides to send a team to England it has to set to work to raise funds. These come from the men, the officers, and the public. When the first team came the officers had to provide £50 for each man sent, the total cost for the eighteen being £1,000. The Diamond Jubilee contingent, of thirty-two officers and men, cost £1,211 to send over. The expenses in connection with the contingent of 106 officers and men which has just arrived have been computed at £5,500, of which amount 103 non-commissioned officers and men have contributed £2,060 (£20 each). The balance of the cost has been contributed by the officers and friends of the regiment.

Photo. Black

LIEUTENANT RUNDLE.

Photo. Black.

LIEUTENANT OSBORNE.

Photo. Copyright.

CAPTAIN C. F. COX,
In Charge of the Detachment.

The greatest enthusiasm was shown in the colony when the detachment left Sydney. Before leaving, the men underwent a preliminary ten days' training in camp at Parramatta. While there they were inspected by Lord Hampden, Governor of New South Wales, Lord Brassey, Governor of Victoria, and by Mr. G. R. Le Hurte, the newly-appointed Governor of New Guinea. Lord Hampden complimented the Lancers on the efficiency they had shown in the march past and other movements. A great responsibility rested upon them, he said, to maintain the high reputation of their corps and of the forces of New South Wales. He was sure they would maintain both. He should meet them again at Aldershot, and he hoped he should find them even smarter than they were then.

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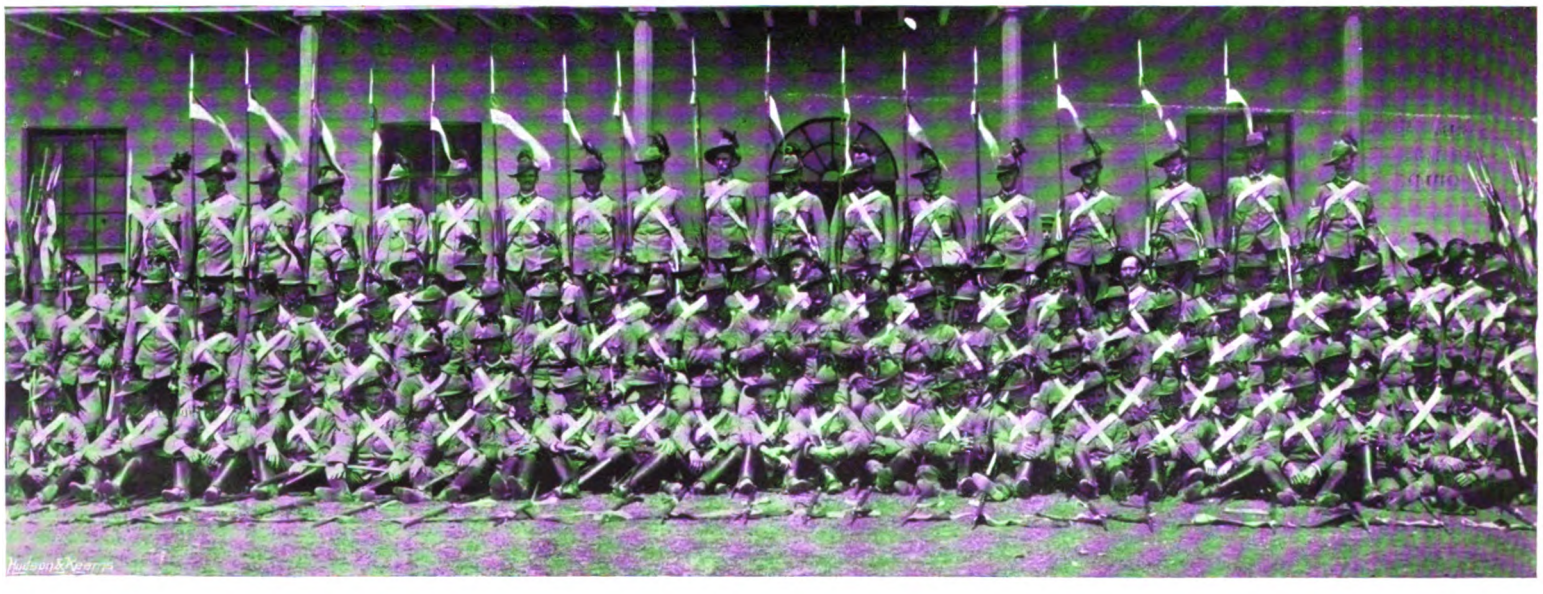
THE PARADE AT PARRAMATTA BEFORE LEAVING SYDNEY.

The history of this fine corps, its constitution, its training, and other details were given in the issues of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for March 4 and 18, in which Nos. VII. and VIII. respectively of a series of illustrated articles on Australian Forces appeared. The present efficiency of the regiment is in a large measure due to Lieutenant-Colonel Burns, the commanding officer. He was educated at Newington Academy and the Edinburgh High School, and left Scotland at the age of sixteen years for the Colony of Queensland. He is at the present time at the head of a company, with some twenty branches scattered throughout Australasia, in Queensland, Western Australia, New Guinea, New South Wales, and the Islands of the Pacific. Some nine years ago a half-squadron of the New South Wales Lancer Regiment was formed at Parramatta, and Mr. Burns was offered, and accepted, the captaincy of this half-squadron Some two years ago he became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. To his efforts is due the inauguration of the scheme for sending detachments of the regiment to England. The whole of the money for the expenses has been raised by Colonel Burns from the officers, men, and friends of the regiment.

THE "NINEVEH," WHICH BROUGHT THE LANCERS TO ENGLAND.

It is to be hoped that the present experiment of sending a squadron of New South Wales Lancers to England may be the precursor of other colonies and outlying districts of the Empire to get in closer touch with the Mother Country, and that every year some detachments o colonial troops may be present with the Imperial troops at the great camping ground of Aldershot.



Photos. Kerry. *THE DETACHMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS NOW AT ALDERSHOT.* Copyright.

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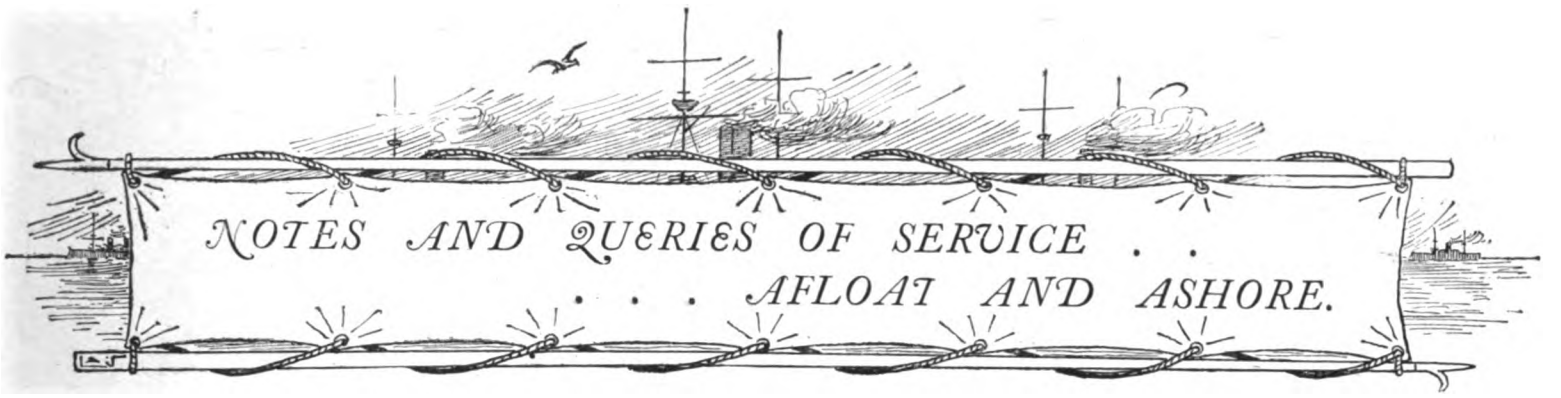

"H. M. F."—(*a*) For information about the Canadian Militia I must refer you to Vol. VI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, Nos. 61, 63, 64, 67, 69, 71, and 73 of which contain a series of articles giving the fullest details on the subject. (*b*) In no European army does red predominate as the colour for coats as it does in our own. There are, however, a few red-coated regiments on the Continent. In Germany three hussar regiments wear red tunics. In Russia the Emperor's Hussars wear scarlet, while the Grodno Hussars have green tunics. In France the only red-coated soldiers are the Spahis, who wear blue waistcoats under short open red jackets. In Austria-Hungary the five bodies of guard troops, which correspond somewhat to the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and Yeomen of the Guard in this country, are clad in scarlet. All hussars in Roumania are red coated. In this connection it is interesting to notice how dark blue and dark green are the prevailing colours in continental armies. In Austria the uniforms are for the most part blue and grey; in France blue is mostly worn for tunics, while the trousers both for infantry and cavalry are red; the Russian soldiers are almost universally clad in dark green; while in Germany the infantry wear dark blue, green, or light blue. In the German cavalry uniforms are very varied. Cuirassiers wear white, dragoons (with the exception of two dark green regiments) light blue, hussars scarlet, black, brown, crimson, green, and dark blue, and lancers blue. In Turkey the cavalry uniform is blue and the infantry blue or green. Italy clothes her soldiers in blue, and so do Greece and Servia. The Dutch Army mostly wear dark blue, but the Jagers have green uniforms. Dark blue and dark green prevails in Switzerland, and dark blue in Roumania (except in hussar regiments).

* * * *

"WESTRALIAN."—The standard of age, height, and chest measurement for Her Majesty's Training Ships are at present: Age, 15¼ to 15¾; height (without shoes), 5-ft. 0½-in.; round chest, 30½-in. Age, 15¾ to 16¼; height, 5-ft. 1½-in.; chest, 31-in. Age, 16¼ to 16¾; height, 5-ft. 2½-in.; chest, 31½-in. Every boy entering the Navy signs an engagement to serve under present conditions for twelve years from the age of 18, with extension in the Royal Naval Reserve. On board a Training Ship, £10 is credited to each boy as a gratuity on account of bedding and clothing supplied, and to assist in making up his sea-service kit, and the pay is—second-class boy, 6d., with an extra 3d. weekly for good conduct; first-class boy, 7d. a day, and extra for good conduct. The highest rank obtainable—chief gunner and boatswain, with a yearly salary of £164 5s., and £150 a year pension on retirement. Every seaman of good conduct, if physically fit, can secure continuous employment in the Naval Service Coastguard to the age of 50.

* * * *

IN reply to a correspondent who writes from Wigan, and whose initials are "C. A. L.," I thank him for the compliments he pays the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. As to his query regarding the origin of the "Rising Sun" badge, as worn by the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 10th Hussars, the 12th Lancers, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, I would refer him to the series of articles which have been for some time appearing in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. If he looks up the fourth article of the series, which appeared in the issue of October 22, he will see that it is one of the three Welsh badges worn, singly or conjointly, by Welsh or "Prince of Wales's" regiments, and was originally a badge of Edward III.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Few people are aware of the difference the visit of ships like the Channel or Mediterranean Fleet makes to the pockets of the townsmen at a port. When the Flying Squadron visited Simon's Bay in 1869, it was computed that £40,000 was spent by the ships. When the Portuguese have been hostile, the discontinuance of the annual visit of the British Channel Squadron led to a considerable discontent among the shopkeepers of the ports usually visited, and to a bitter feeling. It is an old saying that the way to a tradesman's heart is through his pocket, and the British sailor is ever welcome in foreign ports if only for this reason. Sometimes the visit of a fleet creates a small local famine, as when the North American Fleet and the Training Squadron simultaneously visited Barbados in 1888 there was the greatest difficulty in obtaining supplies of any sort. It is surprising that an enterprising American had not thought of forestalling the fleet and effecting a corner in kid gloves and fresh eggs!"

* * * *

IN reply to a correspondent, "C. R. T.," who writes to me from the Junior Carlton, I would point out that I was right in stating that Colonel Hamilton is the first private who has ever *risen* from the ranks to command a *cavalry* regiment. Sir John Elley, whom he quotes, is not a case in point. This very capable officer was, it is true, a private in the "Blues," and at a later period of his career commanded the corps; but he did not *win* his commission by merit. Sir John Elley—who was the son of an eating-house keeper in Furnival's Inn, and apprenticed to a tanner near Leeds—joined the "Blues" at Leeds in 1789. He apparently did not like a soldier's life, and was anxious to quit the regiment, but was dissuaded from doing so by a clergyman interested in him; and before he had been seven months in the ranks, his father found the money for him to purchase a "troop-quartermastership" in the regiment, a warrant rank then purchaseable as was a commission. Four years later he purchased a cornetcy in the same corps, and purchased every step until he became a lieutenant-colonel. He purchased his lieutenancy in 1796, his troop in 1801, his majority in 1804, and his lieutenant-colonelcy in 1808. This can hardly be quoted as a case in which a man has by his own ability won a commission and risen to command a cavalry regiment. I say this without in the slightest degree depreciating Sir John Elley's services, for he was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant staff officers of cavalry that Wellington had under him during the Peninsular War and at Waterloo.

* * * *

WHAT is the origin of the expression A1 as denoting anything in splendid condition? asks "J. H." From its frequent occurrence in nautical parlance I am led to believe that the origin must be from afloat. The underwriters at Lloyd's in all probability fathered the expression by their system of classification of ships from 1760 to the period of the introduction of steam vessels. Ships were classed A, E, I, O, according to the condition of their hulls, and 1, 2, 3, according to the condition of their rigging, so that a ship in excellent condition in every respect would be classed A1, and O3 would be an unseaworthy vessel in every respect. Unfortunately ships that were not A1 in the modern sense of the term found t eir way into Lloyd's A1 class so long as they were new, and so obtained all the advantages of freight and insurance just as easily as the best found vessels. Hence a premium on cheap building, which resulted in a loss of many valuable seamen who might have helped to man the Navy in war time.

* * * *

"Q. E. D."—Queen Elizabeth apparently found it more convenient to "blood" her war-dogs with the carcase of the enemy rather than encourage them by an equivalent in money, for in her time the captain of the conquering ship received as his reward the best piece of ordnance, the master the best anchor and cable, the gunner the second-best gun, the boatswain the main-topmast, while his mate took the fore-topmast, the rest of the gear being divided among the ship's company. During the reign of Charles I., delay, to put it mildly, frequently occurred in the distribution of "prize," or, as it was then usually termed, "tun-and-gun" money; but under the Commonwealth all claims were settled with praiseworthy promptitude, and a writer of the period dwells upon the "gay and lively countenances" with which the men swept the money into their hats from the pay-table. Considering the length of time ships kept the sea, the constant fighting, and the fact that neither pay nor prize-money was paid until the ship came in to pay off or refit, Jack's takings must often have reached a very comfortable figure.

* * * *

THE only vessels besides those in the Royal Navy entitled to fly the White Ensign are those of the Royal Yacht Squadron, provided a personal warrant to do so has been applied for and granted. This privilege was granted in 1829, and has always been reserved to British subjects, only with the single exception made of the German Emperor in 1891. The grant is somewhat ambiguous, as it does not specify if the vessel is entitled to this coveted distinction if the owner is not on board. On shore there does not appear to be any rule regulating the use of the White Ensign. Should a yacht wish to pass up the Dardanelles flying the White Ensign, permission has to be sought from the Sultan of Turkey, as it is treated as the distinctive flag of a British ship-of-war. As regards the Navy, the use of the White Ensign on all occasions is a practice of the present century. At the battle of the Nile, had custom been adhered to, the ships would have flown the Blue Ensign, Nelson being a Rear-Admiral of the Blue, but the fact that the approach was made at dusk is given as the reason for the use of the more easily distinguished White Ensign.

* * * *

"WHITEHALL."—The Household Cavalry comprises three regiments—the 1st Life Guards, the 2nd Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues). These magnificent regiments, so familiar to all Londoners, together with the Foot Guards, are the identical "Garde du Corps" of Charles II., which formed the basis of the standing Army of Great Britain. To the casual observer the uniform of the two regiments of Life Guards appears the same. In reality, there are many differences in detail, though the scarlet tunic, the helmet with its white plume the cuirass, the leather breeches, and jack boots are common to both. However, the 2nd are easily distinguishable from the 1st when mounted and in review order, from the fact that the men have white sheepskins on the horses instead of black, while a blue instead of a red cord traverses the centre of the pouch-belts. The *tout ensemble* of the Blues—except in the matter of colour—is the same as that of the other two regiments, though there are many minor points of difference which it is impossible to enumerate here. The Prince of Wales is colonel-in-chief of all three, whose battle honours are precisely the same, viz., Peninsula, Waterloo, Egypt, 1882, and Tel-el-Kebir.

* * * *

THE Admiralty post-bag contains many strangely-worded appeals, remonstrances, and advice from old ladies as to the proper conduct of Naval affairs *et hoc genus omne*, but perhaps one of the strangest applications was that of a very tall officer, who petitioned to be removed to a larger ship in such touching terms that the Board granted him his request, the order specifying the reasons for such removal in the following form:—"Whereas A. B., of His Majesty's Ship ——, has informed us that, having the misfortune to be six feet three inches high, and his cabin being neither in height nor length above four feet six inches, he can neither lie, sit, stand, nor even kneel at his devotions; this is, therefore, to certify that we appoint him to the ——, a ship commodious for all the above purposes." THE EDITOR.

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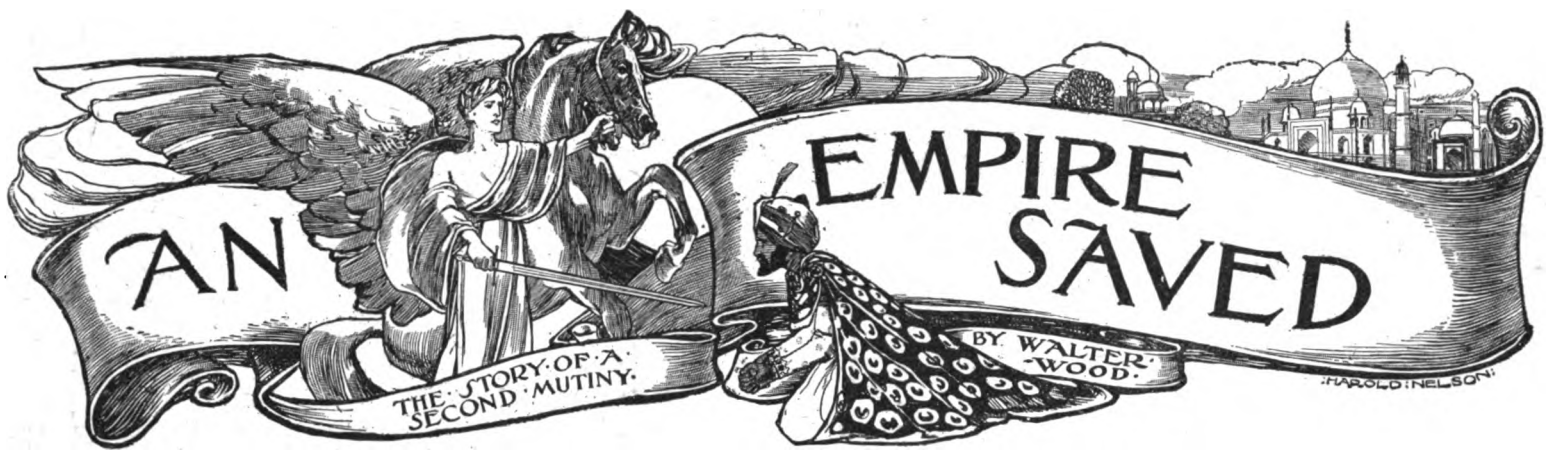

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. Colonel Barr is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended. Believing that a forlorn-hope might cripple, if not disperse, Murrib Khan's forces, Barr chooses Reid to lead a body of volunteers. As the forlorn-hope marches off reinforcements arrive, and the mutineers are scattered. Murrib Khan, hurrying away to a rallying-place, called the Devil's Cauldron, is pursued by cavalry, and, after a fierce resistance, is taken prisoner. When he has recovered somewhat from his wounds, he asks to see Colonel Barr, to whom he explains the motives that prompted him to try and raise a second mutiny in India.

CHAPTER XVI. *(continued.)*

"YOU have no doubt supposed that in heading the rising I was moved by hatred of your race and a wish to get back India for her people, and that I was in league with a nation over the border. To some extent I was, but I was more moved by that power which is still the greatest of all things to an Oriental—love. You are impassive, and a bachelor, colonel, and you cannot know what I have suffered. From my birth your people have done their best to make me—what? A bastard Englishman. I was brought up with your people here; I was educated with your countrymen in England; I mixed with some of the best of your nation, and in all that I did and in all that I learned, what was it that was borne in upon me most forcibly? That I was a black man, a person of another world, a native of a conquered country, a subject of an alien ruler."

He puffed at his cigarette, blew away the light smoke-cloud, and went on. "The leopard cannot change his skin, and I, the Indian, could not alter mine. But my being could be changed, and it was. In all things but the skin and name I was English, and in all these dominions and in all this Eastern world of yours—or rather ours, for I still say that India should belong to her own people—there was not one who would have been prouder to rank by your side and be one of you. I was to be persuaded that because of my birth, my rank and my position as a native officer, I was acceptable to the superior race, and that there was no real gulf between us; and yet in a thousand little ways it was forced upon me that I was an inferior creature. Your meanest private—ah! colonel, what a fighting man he is in India!—had it in his power to show his great superiority; and he has shown it more than once."

"You have been too sensitive, and your imagination has played you tricks," the colonel interposed.

"A duller wit than mine would have seen the drift of Tommy's not too delicate shafts."

"Discipline forbids——"

"Pardon me for interrupting. I know what you would say; but the native officer is not to the British private the lord that his own captain is. But I could almost smile at his doings were it not for slights which have been put upon me by the British gentlemen themselves; and I could have borne that too had not an Englishwoman crowned the work of all."

The colonel glanced curiously at the speaker.

"But for a woman, Colonel Barr, there would have been no rising here."

By a strong effort the colonel suppressed an exclamation of surprise.

"And that woman from your own country," added Murrib Khan, lighting a fresh cigarette.

He paused, and for half a minute there was silence.

"Had there been no Margaret Alexander, there would not have been a rebel leader, and had there been no rebel leader, there would have been no mutiny, at least not yet. You are moved and surprised at last. I thought—I knew you would be. Hear my explanation. So soon as she came here I knew that she must be mine, and not the wife of any other man. Her English beauty, her haughty spirit, her every word and act fired me with an admiration that I could not, and did not wish to, quench. I marked her for my bride, and swore that she should marry me. You are not of the East, and cannot understand my feelings. You cannot know how I worshipped her, and how I worship her still. I put her before all things—before my country, my race, myself, and my religion—I can say no more—and when first the chance came I would have made known my love, and offered her my hand and love. But I plainly saw that she would have none of either. I knew that if I pressed her for reasons she would have told me haughtily that whatever else there was, the question of race would be an insurmountable barrier. I could have told her that I was of high birth, of great possessions, English in all but skin and name, and she would, I am certain, have answered that she would rather, if she liked him well enough, marry a private soldier in the British Army, English like herself, than a being of another race, although he might possess the wealth of the Indies, and be an Emperor."

Murrib Khan looked keenly at his visitor, and continued: "It was a swift-moving business, and such a slight as I received on the day of the sports—I will make no further mention of it now—completed a scheme which I had long had in my mind and nourished. When I saw that I was certain to be rejected—and with scorn and insult—I determined that both the haughty woman and her people should suffer; and that if I could manage it the whole of her countrymen in India should know that these things should not be done with impunity.

"I know the spirit of this great nation of ours, and I was sure that, cunningly worked, a rising could be brought about in these dominions which, with good fortune, might cost you your Empire in the East. I am speaking frankly with you, because I know that explanations cannot make my position worse; and I wish that you at any rate should know exactly what I did, and why."

"There is no need for you to compromise yourself," said Colonel Barr. "If you consider your own interests, you will leave such talk till later."

"For my judges?"

The colonel made no answer.

"Thanks, but they will not be troubled to hear me. You must think poorly of me if you suppose that after what I have done I could throw myself in any way upon their mercy."

Colonel Barr looked sharply at the prisoner; but Murrib Khan only smiled strangely, and continued his confession.

"I have long known the real weakness of the British position here, and felt that if I could once light the fire it would blaze throughout India. I talked the scheme over with my brother officers, being careful that not a word should reach the ears of you Europeans; and you did not suspect, until it might have been almost too late, that another mutiny was being hatched at your very doors, and that it was being helped by foreign gold. Since we have failed so hopelessly I am not hesitating to tell you all. There has been a struggle, and—speaking as a soldier—I am not ashamed to

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say that I have got the worst of it. I and mine have been defeated, but at such hands I am content to be the vanquished. I cannot pay you a better compliment."

The colonel did not speak, but Murrib Khan saw that he was not unmoved by the confession of the native inferiority at Nilgoa. It was an unexpected tribute to the loyalty and courage of his own beloved regiment, and he valued it accordingly.

The prisoner continued, "The Russian of the name of Blevotsky and I had had many talks on this subject, and our plans had been thought out and laid. For a long time I held back and hesitated, and my ally became impatient. But what he and his promises had failed to do was brought about by my own defeat at the gymkhana and the knowledge which I then obtained of the attitude of Miss Alexander towards me. I was a disappointed and dishonoured man, for I knew that my syce had made known to her and your adjutant the blow which in my senseless anger I had struck him. The cause which actually set the scheme in motion was trifling enough, but in your own country does not a little thing cause an enormous battle-ship to take the water?

"The scheme was that the European officers of the native regiments should be removed—I will put it gently—and that your own regiment should be dealt with promptly. But we had not expected such a struggle as we met. Ah! colonel, but you are at least a soldier! If all your countrymen were as swift to act there could be no other mutiny in India, and no other Power would ever supplant the British. When I had finished my arrangements, I saw no reason for staying my hand, and the rising was fixed for the night of that very day on which I met you last. You remember — we talked outside the hospital?"

The colonel looked steadily at Murrib Khan as he replied, "It was diamond cut diamond, for by that time I knew what your intentions were."

"And you, colonel, were the sharper stone. I did not know it then, but for once the phlegmatic Briton was the match of the fiery Oriental. So, not knowing, I thought fate was good to me in taking you away for your attack on a skeleton position. I supposed that as you came back, tired and worn-out, from your exercise, we could fall upon you from ambush and wipe you out as you marched. Then the road would have been clear before us, and I believe that we could have swept you British out of the dominions before you could have recovered from our blow. If we had done that, no man can tell what might not have happened. I believe it would have ended in your loss of India. You may smile scornfully, but even that might have come to pass."

Murrib Khan paused to take breath and regain his calmness; then went on—"You have a saying of the engineer being hoist with his own petard. I was hoist by mine, but—Kismet. You came back upon us like the vengeance of God, and we were smitten at the outset. I tell you, colonel, there are no men reared in the Orient who could have stood against your soldiers on that barrack-square. No troops on earth could have stood against many men like your Major Green and your pioneer-sergeant of the name of Death. Luckily for me, my people did not know what he was called, or they would have broken and fled before him and his axe. They would readily have believed him to be the great Enemy himself. Our cavalry, our artillery, our infantry—bah! How can I speak of them to you who know how, like corn before the reaper, they went down."

"The regiment were strong in the justice of their cause," said Colonel Barr.

"And the fighting devil also is born in them," answered Murrib Khan, smiling. "But you know the rest as well as I do, and what your reinforcements did. You know what I have tried to do for India. Shall I not be spoken of with praise by my countrymen?"

"I am no solver of riddles," said the colonel, stiffly. "As for your glory, such as it is, I know of no man who could covet it."

"And yet, believe me, there are many who would gladly exchange places with me."

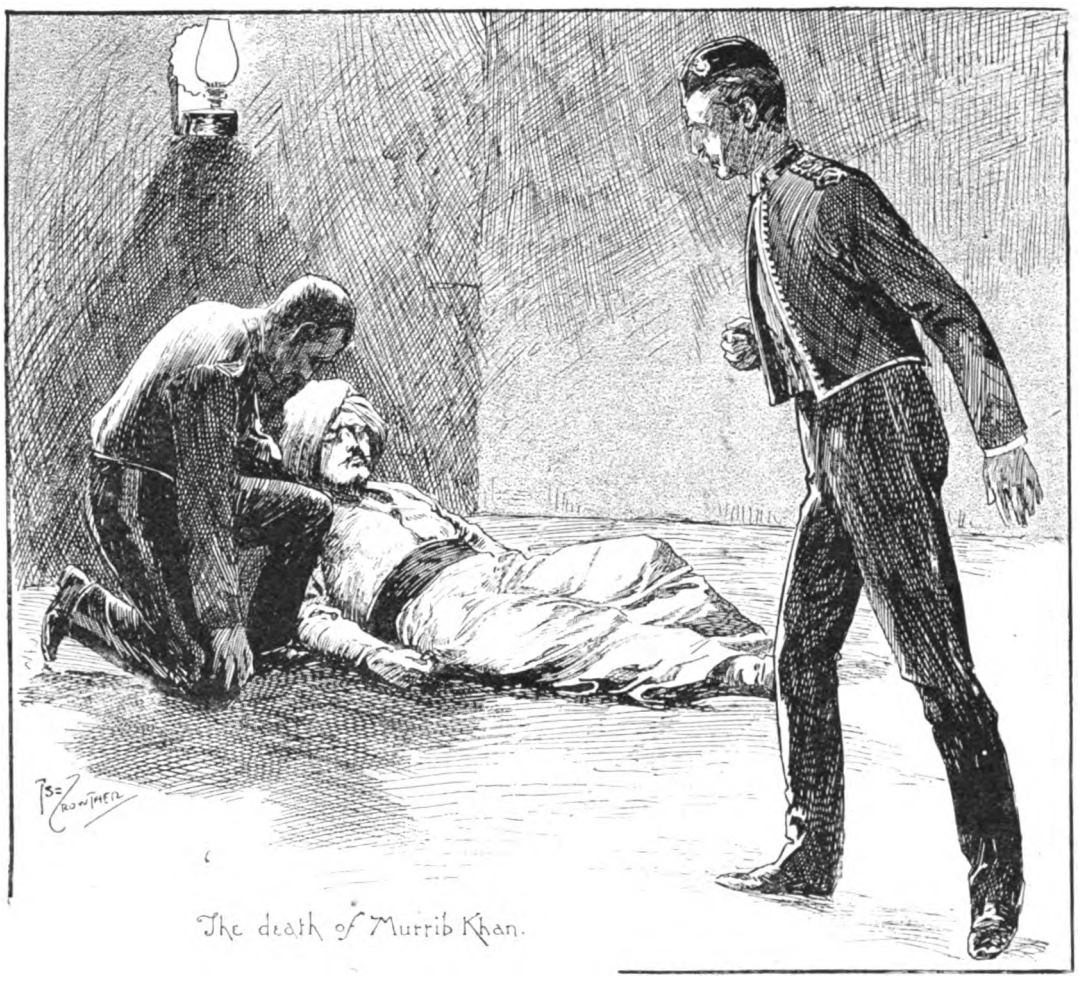
"They are not Englishmen," the colonel answered.

"Perhaps not. But we are getting wide of the mark. I asked you to come here that I might tell you how the rising really came to pass. Have I made it clear?"

"Perfectly. What you have not told me I can assume. I do not think I shall get far wrong."

"And now, if you could favour one who is as dead, I am curious to know how you got your warning."

"My adjutant informed me," answered Barr, "and I took every precaution to verify his information."



The death of Murrib Khan.

"You may not, perhaps, tell me who your informant was?" asked Murrib Khan.

The colonel hesitated.

"You cannot surely fear, colonel, that I, a prisoner in your hands, can do further mischief? Whoever told you, I am powerless to do him harm."

"Well, then, it was your syce," said the colonel.

"Ah!" said Murrib Khan. Then he puffed hard at his cigarette.

"His service," added Barr, "will not be forgotten, and will not go unrewarded."

"I have been frank with you," said Murrib Khan, after a pause; "can you honour me with equal confidence? I do not know how my syce could have learned this."

"By the simple plan of hearing it," said the colonel, bluntly.

"Then he must have been near us."

"Very near—he was in the curtained recess."

Murrib Khan's hatred showed itself again, despite his efforts to remain impassive. "There is only one thing I regret," he said, brutally, "and that is, that the blow I struck him did not put him past the power of speech and hearing."

"Enough of this," exclaimed the colonel, angrily. "If you have nothing better to speak of than your brutality, be silent. I did not come here to listen to that. Have you done?"

"I am finishing, Colonel Barr," said Murrib Khan, after a pause. "You have called me murderer; but I tell you that what I have done is only what you would have been disposed to do if you had been brought up like me—to nourish hatred of your conquerors and oppressors. You tell me that I must throw myself upon the mercy of your Queen. And if I do, what then? You are silent. I will tell you. I know what your official teaching is, that your British honour and public faith are unimpeachable, and that the word and bond of the British nation can never be broken; and I know that the Royal Proclamation after '57 had in it words which have burned themselves into my memory—'Our clemency will be

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extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been, or shall be, convicted of having taken part in the murder of British subjects. With regard to such, the demands of British justice forbid the exercise of mercy.' You call me murderer, and yet, knowing that, as you must, you tell me I should throw myself upon the mercy of your Queen."

"I cannot argue with you, but you may rest assured that if mercy can be shown at all, for any reason, Her Majesty will be advised to show it. God knows that I am sorry for you, and the people who may have urged you to do this evil thing and taken part in it with you. Have you anything more you wish to say to me?"

"Only this"—Murrib Khan rose as he spoke—"and I will give you my word of honour that I speak it because it is truth—that neither your soldiers nor your civilians shall put me to death. I come of a proud race, and one that has not been dishonoured. Its name shall not suffer degradation through me."

"You should have thought of that before," said the colonel, and turned away. By this time all feeling of pity for the captive had disappeared.

As he left the room he gave strict orders to the sentries to be watchful, and to Murray he repeated his warning that Murrib Khan should be seen to closely, that he might not do himself an injury.

But before the "Last post" rang Colonel Barr was once more summoned to the rebel leader's prison.

He entered, and found the surgeon stooping over a quiet body on the floor.

"See," said the doctor, taking from the stiffening hand a *karoli*, "this is the sort of toy you can buy in the Nawab's capital, and, by hiding it in the palm of your hand, do with your enemy's heart what this rebel has done with his own. He must have had it when he spoke to you, and might easily have murdered you before committing suicide."

The colonel took the tiny weapon. Two or three drops of blood fell from its blade to the floor, and with something of a shudder he returned it. "How long has he been dead?" he asked.

"Not an hour yet," replied the surgeon. "He must have been a man of wondrous courage to push it far enough in to kill himself, remembering how weak he was."

"He was not without courage," answered the colonel.

He left the doctor with his charge, and walked towards his own quarters.

"Poor devil," he muttered. "He's saved his honour, such as it was, after all, and perhaps it's better so. I believe we have now seen the last of the mutiny."

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Last of the Rising.

Colonel Barr was right in saying he believed the rising was ended. With Murrib Khan dead, the rebels either killed or scattered, and the supremacy of the British power in India shown once more, there was little prospect of the mutiny extending past the region where it had originated. Swiftly rising, it had been as swiftly crushed, and the lesson had been taught that, even with the aid of foreign gold and intrigue, there was no sound hope of shaking to its base the ruler's strength in Hindostan. It was considered worthy of note that, as soon as Blevotsky saw how hopeless the rebellion was, he withdrew from Nilgoa, and escaped from India by means, it was supposed, of a British tramp steamer sailing from Madras.

"We have won," said Colonel Barr to Reid, the day succeeding that on which the rebel leader died, "and won largely because of what you have done. If it had not been for your kindness to the syce, we should probably never have had his story of the meeting in Murrib Khan's quarters; and if we had not had that story we should not have been well enough prepared, perhaps, to meet and crush the rising as we did. Good deeds may be their own reward, but yours was not to be passed by with only a syce's gratitude."

"It was not my doing only, sir," Reid answered, modestly. "You know as well as I do that Miss Alexander is just as much entitled to any thanks or credit as I am. There is not a soul at Nilgoa who has not, I verily believe, felt all the better for her example and encouragement. She helped everybody to keep their spirits up in the most surprising way." The adjutant coloured rather deeply because of his enthusiasm, but his superior officer did not notice his look.

"True," agreed the colonel, unwilling even yet to acknowledge that so much was owing to a member of the sex he affected to despise; "but admitting that we got the notice in the first place through her, we must not forget that it was by downright fighting that we won. Mind you, I am not depreciating the value of Miss Alexander's work. Her performance with Murray's gun was very fine, very fine indeed. After all, I think we may reasonably claim that the Queen's has once more distinguished itself. Just glance at the affair from the first. It was a Queen's woman who first learned of the foul design of the rissaldar-major; it was a couple of Queen's men who carried out the most remarkable ride that was ever done on Indian roads; it was a Queen's man —Death—who fought as well, single-handed, against the enemy as any soldier who ever fired a shot or drew a sword in India; in a word, it was the Queen's who first broke the back of the mutiny. If the battalion had been beaten or had flinched, God alone knows what the result might have been. For my own part, I think the fire that was lit might easily have spread throughout India. Indeed, it has been very much like a fire. It broke out, and we tackled it at once and extinguished it; whereas, if we had let it burn for ever so short a space, it might have needed all the European force in India to get the better of it. It has cost us pretty dear, but the lesson has been fairly cheaply purchased. Do you know yet how the two sides stand?"

"I think I have the numbers pretty correctly, sir," answered Reid, producing a paper. "The total European loss is just short of one hundred killed and three hundred and fifty wounded; and the natives have had nearly one thousand killed and as many wounded, and we have three hundred prisoners, for, as you know, sir, a lot of the bazaar people joined Murrib Khan as soon as they saw what was really happening. Of course these are just the round numbers."

"And the bulk of the European loss is in the Queen's?" said the colonel.

"That is so, sir."

The colonel sighed. "When so many that you know so well have gone," he said, "it seems an awful price to pay, even for so great a triumph. And yet, believe me, Reid, I would not have had it otherwise. If there was to be a price paid at all, I believe there was not an officer or man in the battalion who was not willing that the Queen's should help liberally to pay it. There is a sad side to the business, and a glad side too. I specially want to notify you of the brighter side, because it will affect you so closely. The road is clear before you to a career as successful as you could wish to have. I congratulate you on your chances. Trust me for seeing that not a single one of them shall be allowed to pass. From my soul, I think you are an envied man!"

Colonel Barr spoke with deep feeling, and took the adjutant's hand and grasped it. "Reid," he added, "I see no reason why you should not become the Commander-in-Chief in India."

The adjutant paused awkwardly, released his hand, and looked at the floor, at the walls of the room, towards the window—anywhere but in the face of his commanding officer.

"Commander-in-Chief in India," repeated the colonel. "You are young, you have proved your worth, you are capable, and—even you can't afford to despise this—you are not without influence."

Reid remained silent, and his demeanour was so strange that Colonel Barr was puzzled. The adjutant had come to make known a certain decision. It would have been hard enough to explain it in any case, but he felt just now, in view of what the colonel had said, that it was impossible. He remained speechless, and the colonel became more puzzled.

"Commander-in-Chief in India," he again repeated, as if the sentence contained hidden magic that must be a cure for even such a case as Reid's, whatever might be wrong with him.

"Never!" exclaimed the adjutant, looking at last into his colonel's face.

"Never!" repeated Barr in amazement. "What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean that I never can, sir," said the adjutant, with uncalled-for humility.

"But I say yes," said Colonel Barr, bridling up at this astounding opposition. That "Yes," in the mind of the excellent chief, settled the point.

"No, no; I'm afraid not, sir," said the adjutant.

"Why, I never saw such a dreary spectacle in my life," said the colonel, becoming irritated. "But there, I understand—you're too modest. I see; but let me give you a word of advice—too much modesty won't help you. If I must be blunt, I say that you must have rather more cheek if you wish to become what I've said."

"But if I had the cheek of a cabman, I fear it would not help me," replied the adjutant, with a faint smile at his unexpected simile.

"Candidly," said the colonel, "I don't understand what you mean. There is no reason why you should not speak with absolute frankness."

"Well, sir, if the truth must be told," continued Reid, desperately, "you know that a midshipman can never be an admiral unless he sticks to the Navy. I think you see that, sir?"

"It is palpable," replied the colonel, making no further effort to conceal his astonishment. "But I am at a loss to know what earthly connection there is between a midshipman, the British Navy, and the Commander-in-Chief in India."

(To be continued.)

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—IV.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

THE ROYAL GUN FACTORY.

THE history of this important department dates from between 1665 and 1680, during which period the Government of King Charles II. caused a foundry to be erected at Woolwich. It seems almost incredible in 1899 to remember that prior to, and for some time after, 1680 guns were cast and proved in Moorfields, near Broad Street, yet such was the fact.

Like every other portion of the Arsenal, the Royal Gun Factory, as it is generally spoken of, has had its good and its bad times. For instance, the total number of men employed in the work of casting guns in 1835 did not exceed 45! This was the low-water mark of the department, and never since its foundation has its efficiency been so impaired. Last year the average number had reached 2,400, and these men and boys were constantly employed. The value of their work amounted to over £450,000, and consisted wholly of guns of every calibre.

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
COMMANDER B. H. CHEVALLIER, R.N.

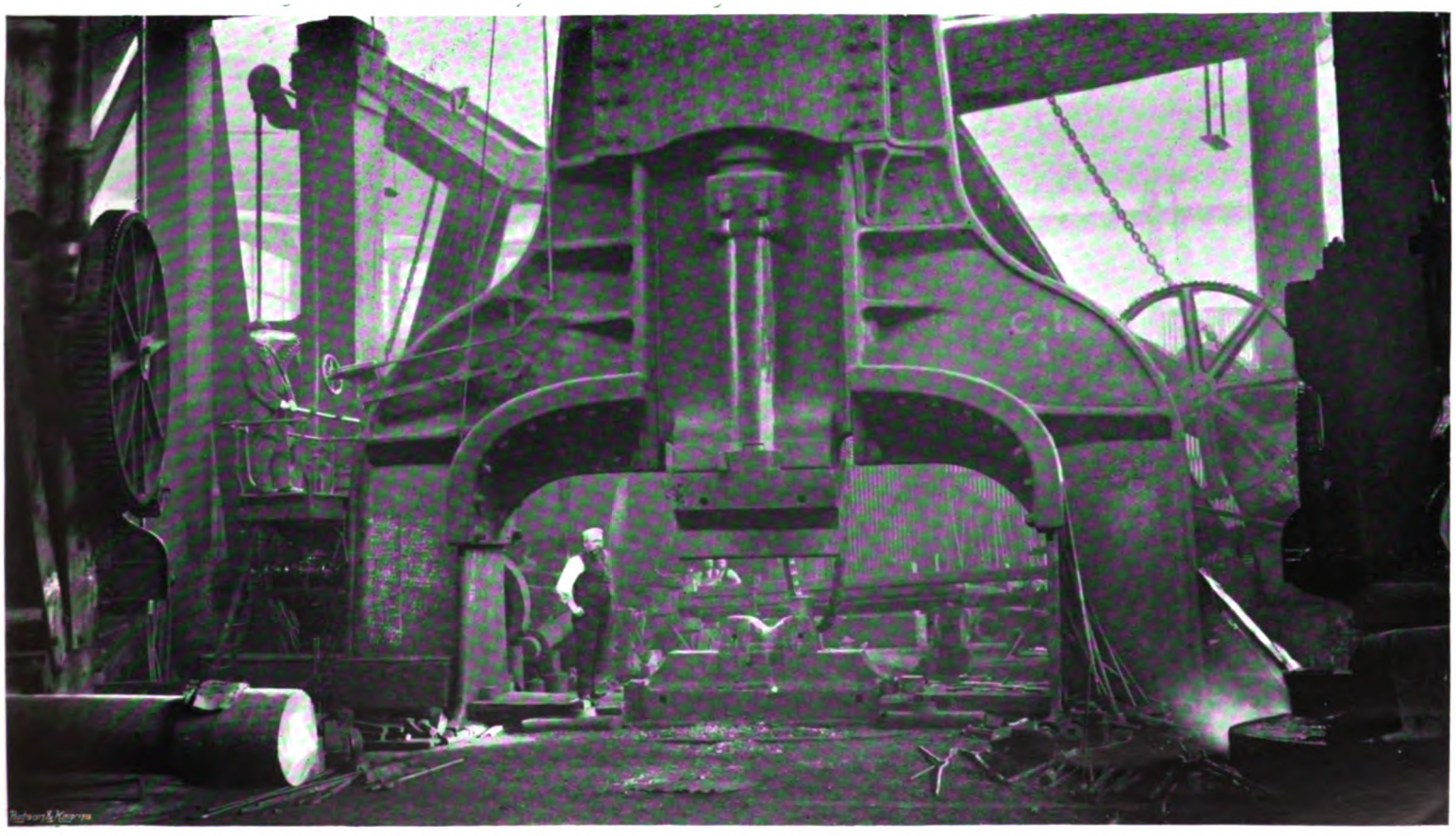
The officer in temporary charge of this profoundly interesting department is Commander B. H. Chevallier, R.N., who really holds the position of First Military Assistant to the Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories, having been appointed in April, 1890. The whole question of the control of the various departments of the Ordnance Factories has until quite lately been in the "melting-pot," and hence at the present moment no "pucca" appointment to the Royal Gun Factory has been made. In an interview that the writer had with the newly-appointed Inspector-General of Ordnance Factories, General Sir Henry Brackenbury, he was informed that appointments to all the vacant posts would be made within a few weeks. It is to be hoped that the obvious claims of the Navy to one of these coveted posts may not be lost sight of in so doing.

In defence of the neglect of previous generations, it must be remembered that until 1848, when the use of wrought-iron was introduced into the manufacture of artillery, the shape of guns had varied but little for many years.

Whether made of gun-metal or of brass, the long cannonades stood an immense amount of hard service, and, being smooth-bored, were practically indestructible. The authorities of those far-off times had no such object-lesson as has the officer in charge of the Royal Gun Factory of to-day. *Their* available space was not crowded with long guns, short guns, fat guns, and lean guns, waiting for conversion into scrap-iron. The inventor worried them not, and hence they could afford to keep down the labour bill. Civilians bringing crude inventions often complain that the War Office officials lend an unsympathetic ear to any recital of the virtues of their pet machines. If this accusation has any foundation in fact, it must be that costly experience has proved that there is but rarely any use in them.

HUGE MORTAR INTENDED FOR USE IN THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Look, for instance, at the huge mortar depicted in the illustration. This lethal instrument was manufactured in 1855, with the object of being used in the Crimea. It has a bore of 36-in., and its vast shells required special appliances to hoist them into the gun. Full of confidence, its designer had it "proved," when to his amazement



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A BIG STEAM HAMMER—USED FOR WELDING.

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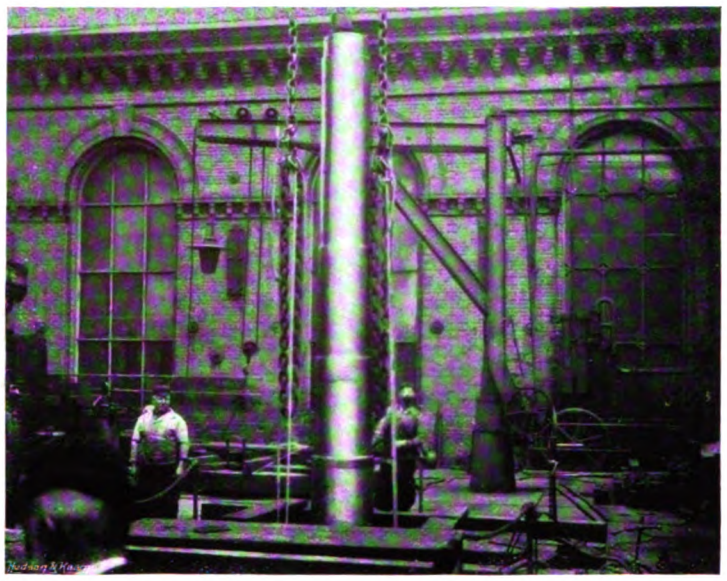
THE COMPONENT PARTS OF A 12-in. WIRE-WOUND GUN.

it cracked. Needless to say, it has not been duplicated, and its shells serve to decorate important gateways.

The civilian whose interest in artillery is confined to the immediate present cannot fail to notice the striking dissimilarity between the muzzle-loader of the eighties and the latest breech-loading wire-wound gun. In the former the massive breech is built up of huge coils of solid rolled iron, whilst the muzzle tapers away to comparative fineness. The modern breech-loader, on the other hand, appears to be of much more uniform size throughout, so slight in comparison with the other is the difference between breech and muzzle. In weight the breech-loader of the same bore actually exceeds that of its muzzle-loading companion; for instance, the 12-in. wire-wound breech-loader weighs 46 tons, the 12-in. muzzle-loader weighing only 38 tons. This difference is accounted for by the varying action of cordite and the old-fashioned gunpowder.

The aim of every manufacturer of explosives is to produce a steady progressive explosion, not one that is violent at the beginning only.

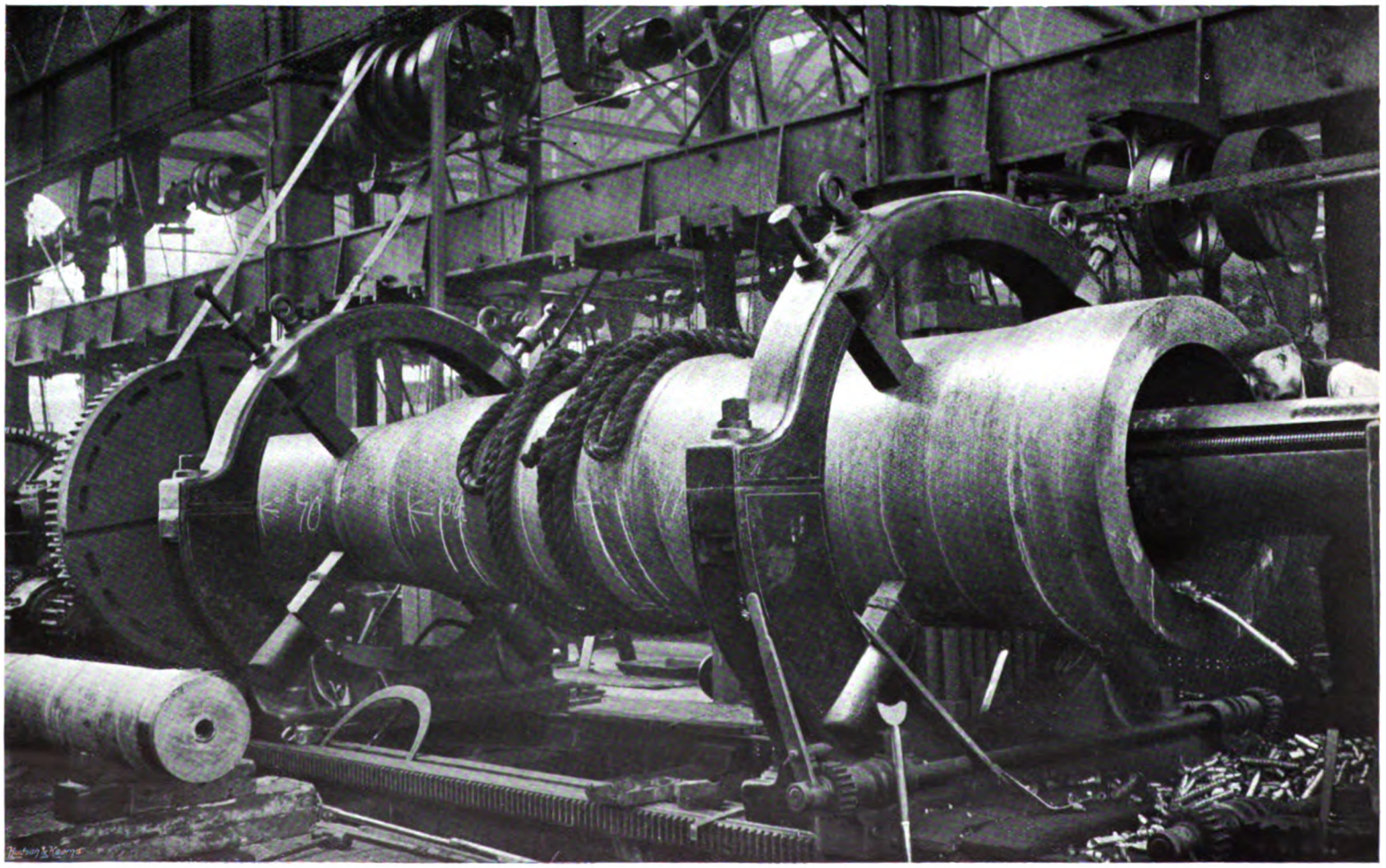
In the muzzle-loading guns fired with powder an enormous pressure was suddenly developed at the breech, which, however, died rapidly away towards the muzzle. This fact compelled the gun-maker to strengthen the breech to withstand the strain; hence the guns became very clumsy in appearance. Note the picture of the 150-ton crane in the next article as showing this comparison with the modern 12-in. breech-loader.



SHRINKING ON AN OUTER TUBE.

In guns fired with cordite (smokeless powder) the initial pressure at the breech is not nearly so great as is the case with ordinary black powder, but, on the other hand, it progressively increases.

For the purpose of being able to properly weld the great coils of iron required for the old muzzle-loader, the hammer shown on the previous page was erected. This massive structure has a foundation extending to 50-ft. below the surface, and is capable of developing a striking energy of 1,000 tons. The writer had the opportunity of visiting the Arsenal at the same time as the late King Cetewayo. The frock-coated



Photos. Copyright, *TURNING THE INSIDE OF A BIG GUN JACKET.* H. & K.

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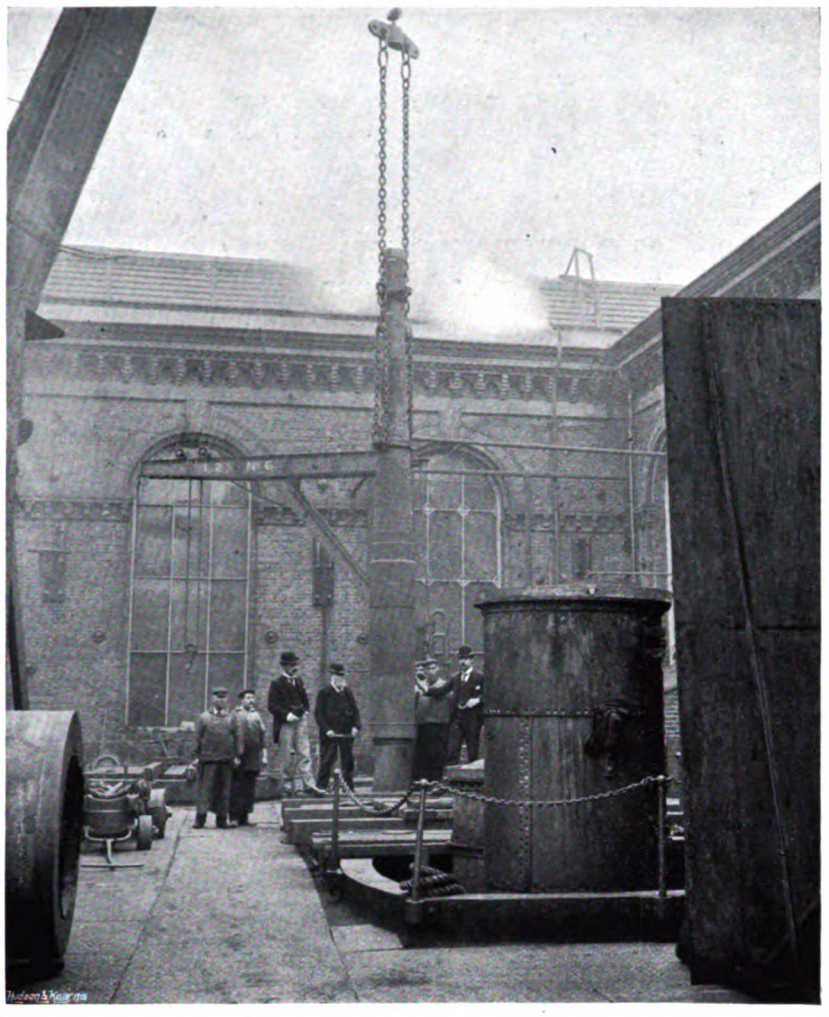
savage wearily gazed at machine after machine until this hammer was visited. When he saw an immense mass of white-hot iron being moulded like butter by the smashing blows of the Nasmyth, his critical calm departed, and open-mouthed he watched, and watched, and watched.

Although the methods of manufacture of all guns of large calibre are the same, it must be understood that the present description applies particularly to the 12-in. wire-wound breech-loading gun, the pride and boast of our Navy.

It will be noticed in the picture of the component parts of this fine gun that the manager, Mr. J. Turton, is standing near the massive pieces. When the weight of these is taken into consideration, and also the fact that they were specially placed for photographing by Mr. Turton's orders, the reader can realise how courteous was the reception given to the representative of this paper at Woolwich.

For some reasons, which have hitherto proved insuperable, steel forgings made at Woolwich cannot pass the severe tensile strain insisted upon by the Royal Gun Factory.



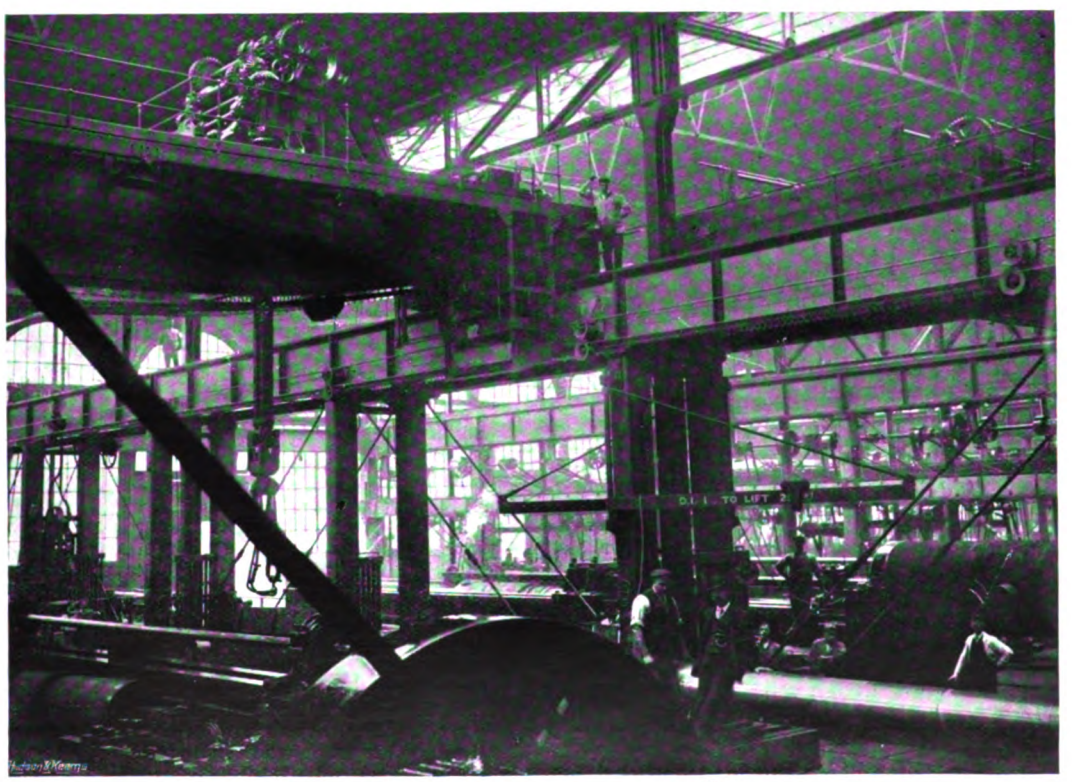
HOISTING OUT A 6-in. Q.-F. AFTER JACKET HAS BEEN SHRUNK ON.

To withstand the great pressures developed by cordite, and to provide a sufficient margin of safety, the steel has to be capable of sustaining a strain of 34-46 tons per square inch. All forgings supplied by the trade are tested before being used at the Arsenal, and arrive in their rough state. There are five component parts (excluding the breech mechanism) of the 12-in. breech-loader. In their order as they face the reader they consist of the long inner A tube, outer A tube, the two portions of the B tube, styled in the factory the "jacket" and the "trousers," and the C hoop, for connecting the two latter together.

In the heavy turnery these great tubes are placed in gigantic lathes, and turned down as though they were wooden imitations. The ponderous mass of metal turns round and round against a steel cutter, which peels twisted strips of steel from the rough forging. Presently outside and inside have had their turn, and the jacket is finished to a nicety.

When the outer side of the inner A tube and the inner portion of the outer A tube have been made as smooth as turning can render them, the bore of the outer one is ·0005 of an inch too small to admit the inner tube. To weld together these two portions of the gun, advantage is taken of the fact that steel expands when heated, and contracts when cold. The inner A tube is taken to the shrinking pit, which is situated just behind where the component parts of the 12-in. gun were photographed. There it is sunk in a perpendicular position in a deep pit in such a way that its muzzle projects about a third of its length above the surface. Fixed immoveably in this position, it is ready for the shrinking. In the meantime the outer A tube has had run through its bore lengths of iron gas piping, on which are fixed many dozen gas burners. When these are lighted, a readily-controlled heat can be applied to the steel, without any risk of deteriorating either the quality or the temper of the material. In about eighteen hours the tube is found to have expanded ·005 of an inch, and hence is now slightly larger than its companion. The heated mass is now raised by a crane, and swung over the perpendicular inner tube, and is gently lowered upon it. The layman, when he views these huge masses of metal, finds it impossible to believe that the measurements can be as exact as he has been led to believe, and he expects that at this stage there will be a hitch. But it is not so, for the tube slips on like a glove, fitting, when hot, exactly. As the metal cools and the tube contracts again it grasps its fellow by a tie, which is indissoluble. The illustration, showing the hoisting out of the half-formed gun, on the opposite page, is that of a 12-inch gun. The ridges on its surface, intended to be utilised for the wiring process, can be well seen.

It is extraordinary how smart the workmen employed in this department of heavy weights are in handling and moving from one place to another their ponderous charges. The visitor meets them, harnessed like horses, in front of some huge gun, dragging it by main force through some narrow pathway—work before which the heaviest repository drill becomes insignificant. Every variety of crane which can assist them is, of course, provided, and attention should be drawn to the picture, at the foot of this page, of the travelling crane in the boring-shed. In lieu of the single foot, the crane runs on massive girder "rails" on either side of the shed, thus removing it from the crowded space when it is not being used, and quadrupling its power when it is.



Photos. Copyright. *A VIEW OF THE BORING SHED.* H. & K.

[*Previous articles of these series appeared on March 25, April 8, and April 22. The next will appear on May 20.*]

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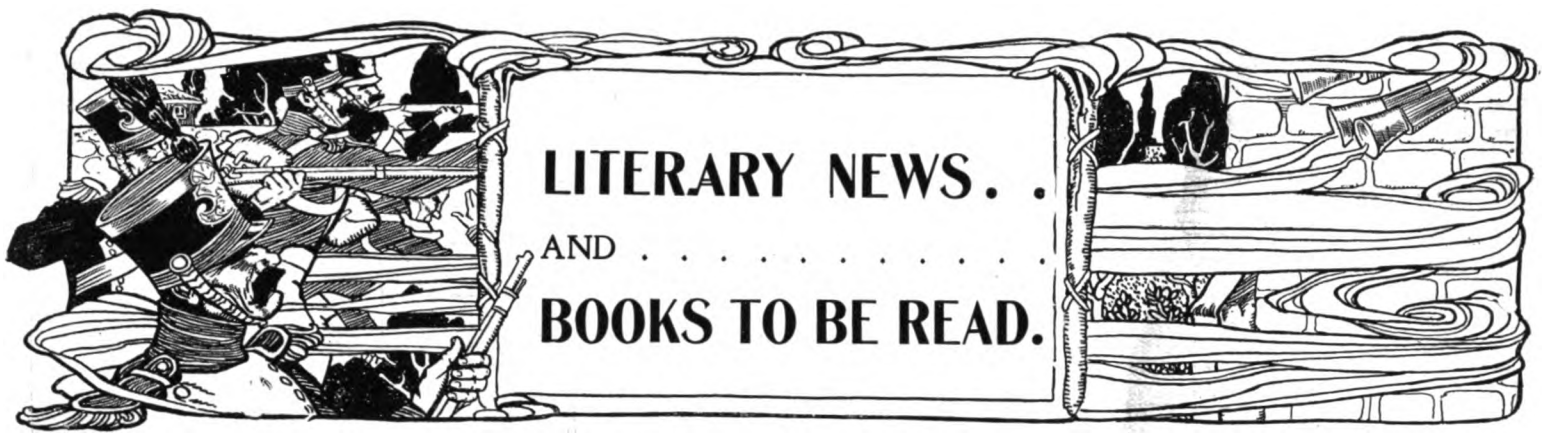

LIKE ourselves, the French have not been fortunate in their Naval histories; with them it is also the case that the subject attracts either learned gentlemen who spend their lives in a bustle of apparatus, but lose themselves among the trees of their own wood, and never write a book, or audacious men who do write a book, but are rebuked as superficial by the learned, though sterile, gentlemen aforesaid. M. Charles de la Roncière, the author of the solid volume before us—"Histoire de la Marine Francaise. I. Les Origines." Paris: E. Plon Nourrit et Cie.—has seemingly resolved to break the spell, and produce a really monumental work. When I explain that this volume, which deals only with the origins, and brings the story no further than the reign of that King John who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers by the Black Prince, contains 522 well-filled pages, it will be seen that the work is planned on no small scale. It is hard to guess how many volumes—not less than twelve certainly—will be required to reach the battle of Trafalgar, and one doubts whether the life of one man is equal to such an undertaking. But the ambition of M. de la Roncière, who is already known as a student of mediæval history, probably does not stretch so far.

Meanwhile, we may be thankful for what has already been given, which is a very full and spirited study of the sea life of the Middle Ages. It is a history "de la marine" that the French author writes, and more is included under this name than the fighting Navy. It covers the whole sea life. M. de la Roncière, for example, devotes a chapter to "Life Afloat in the Crusades and Pilgrimages to the Holy Land." There are some curious details in it, as for instance this, that when a passenger died, his or her body was thrown overboard in a coffin—a supply was kept ready—with a notice attached to it, asking the inhabitants of any coast on which it might be thrown up to give the corpse Christian burial.

The volume is well illustrated. There are full-page pictures, of which that here reproduced is taken from a Flemish illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century, and represents operations against territory in the manner of that age, but I am particularly pleased with a thumb-nail sketch on page 271. It is taken from an MS. in the National Library of France, and represents three rowers. They wear a kind of loose jersey, apparently striped in two colours, with a hood—not a senseless garment by any means—and what have much the air of very modern trousers. We see the same dress on page 208, where the "cassock," or jersey, is tucked into the nether garments, and looks very like a frock with a hood instead of a collar. The operations of war are not, however, by any means neglected. M. de la Roncière counts Philippe le Bel as the founder of the French Royal Navy. This would make it rather less ancient than ours, if King John—whom the French author, by an odd slip of the pen, calls Jean sans Peur, instead of Jean sans Terre—is counted, as he fairly may be, as the father of the British Navy. On looking into M. de la Roncière's own narrative, however, I do not gather that the French King did more than hire and purchase large numbers of vessels from the Hanse towns of the Baltic, and from the Italian Republic of Genoa, for use in his war with our Edward I. The predominance of the Italian seamen in France seems to have been complete, even in the Channel. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that which tells the history of the War of Aragon, and especially the very brilliant Naval campaign of Roger de Loria, or Luria, in 1285. This really great captain, whose name is now borne by an Italian man-of-war, was a Sicilian gentleman of Norman descent, but he fought for the King of Aragon. In 1285 he fell upon a much superior French fleet, which was unwisely divided along the coast from Rosas to Narbonne, and beat it in detail. In his chief battle, which was fought near the Hirmogas, he carried out the manœuvre of doubling on one end of the French line, and made a most successful use of the ram. As these operations were carried out by galleys—that is by vessels not dependent on the wind—they are at least as well worth study in these days of steam as any of the battles of the sailing fleets. The authorities are fortunately numerous and contemporary, at least on the Aragonese side, for the French are brief, to the regret of M. de la Roncière, but for obvious reasons.

There is less novelty in the passages devoted to the wars of the French with us. On the whole, M. de la Roncière is very fair. He does not shirk the facts of the Fisherman's War, in Edward I.'s time, or the later battle of Sluys. Being a good Frenchman, he is of course no friend of ours, and he does all he can for his own side. Now and then he goes farther than is reasonable. In his introduction, he says that the want of a port in the Channel turned Tourville's victory into a defeat. He is clearly speaking of La Hogue, but though the Admiral du Ponant played a bold game very manfully on that occasion, it is the midsummer madness of patriotism to say that he was victorious in his action with Russell. Besides, too much must not be made of the want of a port. D'Amfreville carried a great part of the French fleet into St. Malo. The vessels which were cut off at Cape de la Hague might have escaped also if Tourville could have resigned himself to the sacrifice of destroying the crippled "Soleil Royale" in time. I trust that M. de la Roncière will not share the fate of Sir Harris Nicolas, whose history never got beyond the reign of Henry IV., yet I do not feel very confident. Like his English predecessor, he has planned his work on a scale so vast that completion seems too much to hope for, and like him, he cannot resign himself to leave anything out. The result when he comes to times in which the records are more abundant can easily be foreseen.

Resisting a Landing in the Fifteenth Century.
"Histoire de la Marine Francaise."

* * * *

Fritz Hoenig is better known in his own country than any other writer upon military strategy and tactics, and he deserves to be better known in this. How very few are acquainted with his military Life of Cromwell, which takes a new, though not in all respects a convincing, view of the great Puritan soldier! For practical instruction his "Taktik der Zukunft" is more valuable, and Captain H. M. Bower, 3rd Battalion the York and Lancaster Regiment, has done most valuable service in translating it. The book appears under the title of "Inquiries into the Tactics of the Future" (Longmans, 15s.), and abounds with interest. To translate it has been no easy matter, for the subject is involved, and Hoenig, being a philosophical and imaginative writer, does not approach it in the hard, matter-of-fact manner that would have made the rendering of it easy. But the translator deserves high praise, for he has given us a book that should be in the hands of every soldier. Hoenig is a writer of such force and character, and his work is of such a polemic nature, that he has a stout phalanx of partisans on his side, and a crowd of enemies opposed to him. It is safe to say that he is far more popular abroad than at home, for the good reason that most of his tactical arguments have their root in the errors of German generals and other leaders. So complex is the subject, and so manifold the method of its treatment, that I give up all hope of doing justice to it here. Suffice it, then—so far as the substance is concerned—to say that it investigates particular events of Koniggratz and Vionville-Mars la Tour, deduces certain ideas upon psychology and tactics, and concludes with tactical inferences as to fighting methods. Herr Hoenig is convinced that Germans have for two decades taken a false view of things. They have sought causes where they do not exist, and have deceived themselves. He argues that the enormous losses of 1870 resulted from the old peace-time jog-trot of the drill ground, insufficient training, ignorance of the enemy's force, and the tactics and incapacity of various leaders. Two cardinal errors led to prodigious loss; reconnaissance was either entirely omitted or insufficiently attended to, and there was deficient preparation by artillery before the main bodies of infantry were launched. Some of us are so fully convinced that Germans are exemplars in the art of war, that the utterances of an outspoken critic, who knows what he is talking of, must be wholesome reading.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 119.] *SATURDAY, MAY 13th, 1899.*

THE ROYAL YACHT, LAUNCHED LAST TUESDAY.

As she will appear when completed.

Drawn by Charles Dixon, from a Photograph of the Model approved by the Queen.

(See pages 174 and 184.)

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The Garrison at Chitral.

DURING the last week or two some sensation has been created by the countermanding of the Chitral reliefs, which, since 1895, when the Chitral garrison was first posted, have been carried out annually in the month of May. An official statement has, however, been made to the effect that the reliefs have only been temporarily postponed in view of a reduction which, it is possible, may shortly be made in the existing garrison. A rearrangement of frontier posts is in contemplation, and it is felt that it would be absurd to send up a full relief garrison now and then, to bring back a part of it a few months hence.

Of all our outposts, Chitral is one of the most interesting, and, in view of possible Russian movements on the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan, one of the most important. It is true that between us and Russian territory there intervenes not only the small buffer State of Wakhan, but also the mighty barrier of the Hindu Kush. But Russia is displaying great activity in Chinese Turkestan, and her next move may give her the command of the passes leading into Chitral, of which the Baroghil is the best known to the home student of Indian affairs.

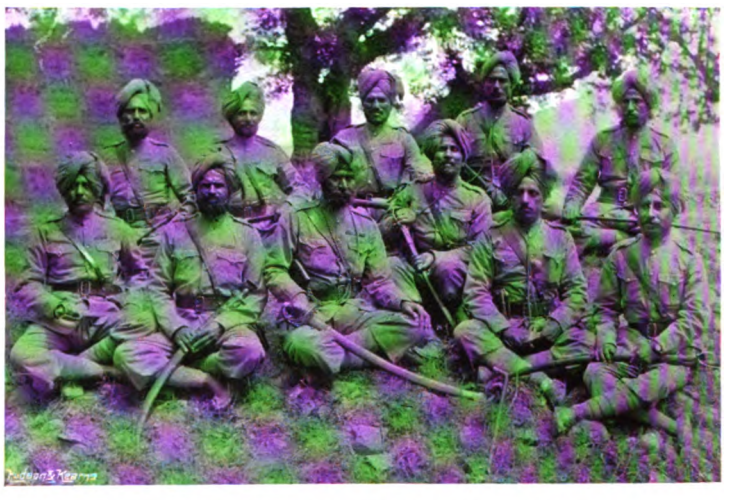
The value of any such outpost as Chitral depends, it is almost needless to say, largely upon its accessibility, and we are glad, therefore, to be able to reproduce at this juncture an interesting series of illustrations, supplied by various correspondents, which give an excellent idea of the grip we have on this region, and the ease with which we could, if necessary, pour at very short notice a strong and splendidly-equipped force into Chitral itself. Our occupation of the latter after the eventful siege and relief of 1895 is sufficiently recent to render the recapitulation of details unnecessary. But it may be briefly recalled that the route to Chitral lies at first over the Malakand Pass into the Swat Valley, subsequently crossing the Lowari Pass, which has an altitude of about 11,000-ft., and is a very trying obstacle. Between the Lowari Pass and Chitral is Fort Drosh, the station staff officer at which, Captain Grant, is the left-hand standing figure in the first of the accompanying pictures. Seated in front of him is Colonel Lorne Campbell, at present commanding in Chitral.

THE CHITRAL GARRISON STAFF.

OFFICERS OF THE 38th DOGRAS.

O.C. Detachment, Native Officers, and Orderlies, 10th Bengal Lancers.

STAFF OF THE MALABAND FORCE, 1898.



NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE 38th DOGRAS.

From Photos. Military Officers

A FIELD TROOP, 10th BENGAL LANCERS.

The other seated figure is the brigade major, Captain G. H. Colomb, behind whom stands Captain Richards, D.A.C.G., with the garrison.

The remainder of our pictures are connected chiefly with the Swat Valley and the Malakand Force, by which this rather unsettled district is kept more or less in order. It will be remembered that it was an attack on the Malakand camp which heralded the great Frontier risings of 1897. Again, as recently as last November, there was a recrudescence in the Swat Valley of that elderly and troublesome fanatic, the

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Mad Mullah, which, however, lasted only a very short time. In connection with this latter episode the movable column in the Swat Valley was moved from the standing camp at Khar to Chakdara, on the north bank of the Swat river, and of this camp we give an interesting little picture. The force consisted of the following units: Two squadrons 10th Bengal Lancers, No. 4 Company Madras Sappers and Miners, No. 5 Bombay Mountain Battery, the Guides Infantry, the 30th Punjab Infantry, and the 38th Dogras.

The officer in command at this time was Brigadier-General A. J. F. Reid, a very distinguished Frontier fighter, who appears as the central figure in the group showing the staff of the Malakand Force. On his left is the principal medical officer, Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Charlton, and on his right Major Hobday, RA., D.A.A. and Q.M.G.,

A PICKET OF THE GUIDES INFANTRY.

raised in 1891, the first recruiting party being despatched on February 9. On April 25 the regiment was reported up to full strength. Since then it has taken part in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-95, and in the operations of the Malakand Field Force in 1897. Under telegraphic orders, received on July 27, 1897, the regiment mobilised and marched the same day to reinforce the Malakand Garrison. It took part in the Relief of Chakdara and subsequent operations in the Lower Swat Valley; also in the advance to Bajaur, and was present at every action fought against the Mahmunds from September 14 to October 3, 1897.

The 30th were detailed to form part of the Peshawar column of the Tirah Expeditionary Force, but were detained owing to the extended operations in Bajaur. The regiment has since then formed part of the Malakand Force. The corps is composed entirely of Dogras,

OFFICERS' TENT, 38th DOGRAS, AT CHAKDARA.

A TONGA EN ROUTE FOR THE MALAKAND.

38th DOGRAS AT WORK ON LANDIKAI CAUSEWAY.

A BUDDHIST TOPE.

one of the cleverest artists in the British Army. Seated in front is Lieutenant Murray, H.L.I., orderly, while standing at the back are Lieutenant Stewart, Rifle Brigade, signalling officer (the left-hand figure as you look at the picture), Captain Beville, commissariat officer, Surgeon-Captain Gould, and Captain Baker, transport officer.

We give two pictures of that splendid native cavalry corps, the 10th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Bengal Lancers, which for many years has been reckoned as one of the very crack corps of the Indian Army in point of all-round efficiency. In the smaller group the English officer is Captain Stewart, commanding the detachment.

Four of our pictures relate to the 38th Dogras, a regiment which, considering its age, has had a remarkable history. It was only

From Photos. By Military Officers

MOVABLE COLUMN CAMP, CHAKDARA.

who make admirable soldiers, being not only excellent fighters, but very docile and amenable to military discipline.

In three remaining pictures are shown (1) a picquet of the Guides Infantry at Haibatgram, near Landikai, which lies a little to the east of Chakdara; (2) a Buddhist Tope near the same camp, one of the best-preserved of the Buddhist remains with which the country teems; and (3) the tonga, by means of which the sixty miles between Nowshera and Chakdara are traversed. It will be noticed that there are mules in the traces, but these animals only take the place of the rough half-broken ponies in one of the many changes that have to be made on the Mardan side of Dargai.

From Nowshera to Mardan is, roughly, 16 miles; to Jalala, 28; to Dargai, a fortified post, 41; to the Malakand, 50; and to Khar, 54.

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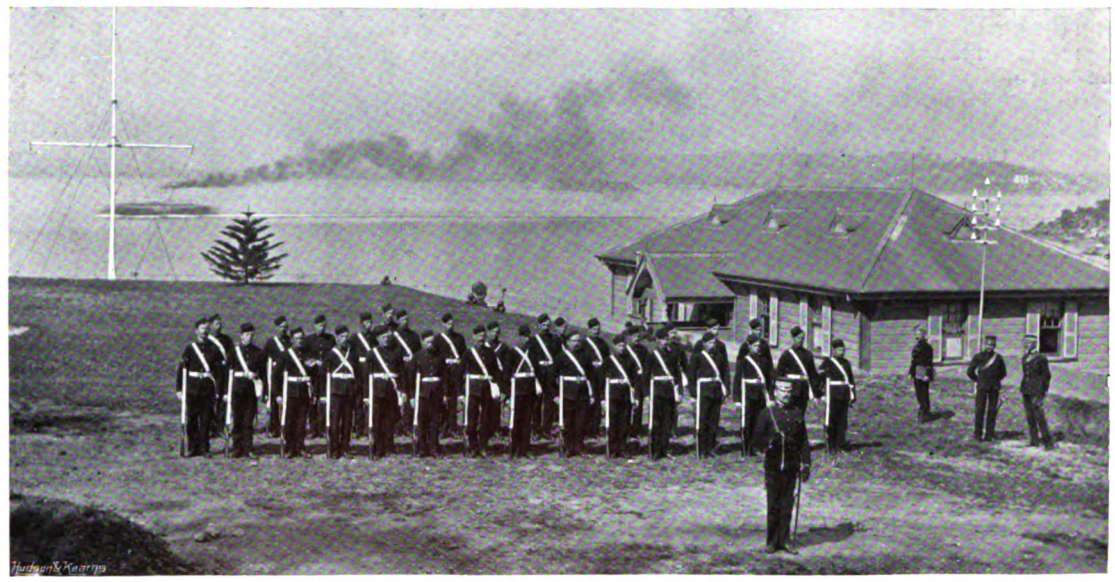
Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—XII.

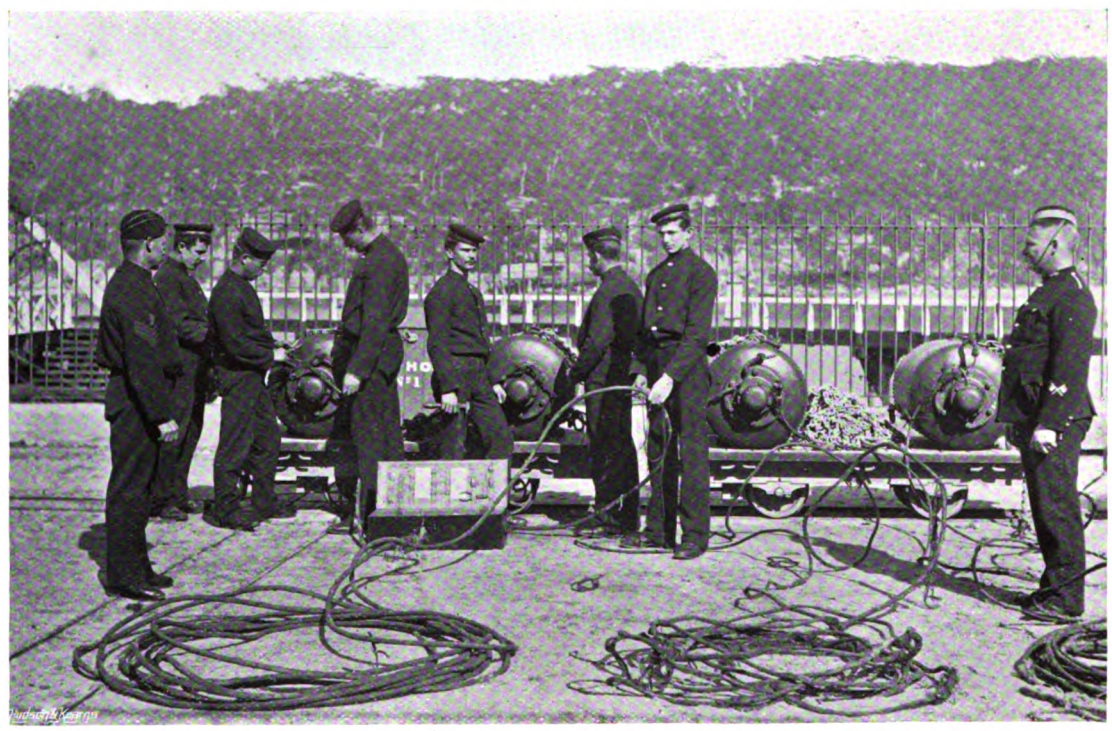
THE Engineers are by no means the least important arm of the New South Wales Forces. The establishment is made up of two field companies—one company of submarine miners and one company of electricians. The headquarters of this small but useful force are at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, and all are partially paid, excepting one section of the submarine mining company, which is included among the permanent troops. The latter has its station at Chowder, with depôts at Dawes' Battery and Paddington Old Rifle Range, and in the event of hostilities breaking out, would be mainly concerned in defending the channels leading to Sydney Harbour.

The rank and file of the permanent section are paid on even a more liberal scale than the Artillery. Sergeants receive from 7s. 4d. to 8s. 4d. per diem, corporals from 5s. to 6s. 4d., sappers 4s., and buglers 2s. 3d.

The section is commanded by Major J. H. A. Lee. He has passed the long course of submarine mining at Chatham and Portsmouth, the electric light course at Chatham, and has also obtained a certificate in electricity and Brennan torpedoes.



PERMANENT SECTION OF THE SUBMARINE MINERS.



"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

Photos. *CONNECTING UP SUBMARINE MINES.* Copyright.

Throughout the year the small handful of regular Engineers, so to speak, are busy, under the guidance of their energetic officer, "keeping their hands in," and are fully employed in keeping the stores' boats and steamers in working order.

It is, however, at Easter that they are called upon to perform the hardest work, for it is about then that the partially-paid men are called up for a fortnight's training. During that time there is much to be done, and the responsibility of instructing the partially-paid men falls upon the permanent section.

One of the illustrations depicts the permanent section on parade, for although their duties are chiefly confined to the laying of mines, they must at the same time be thoroughly conversant with "Infantry Drill." The two remaining pictures show the men at work, which is more fatiguing and certainly more interesting than forming fours and marking time. These deadly engines of war may either be constructed to burst when fired by electricity from the shore, or when touched by a vessel endeavouring to force the channel. They are, of course, protected by the guns of which we spoke in a previous article.

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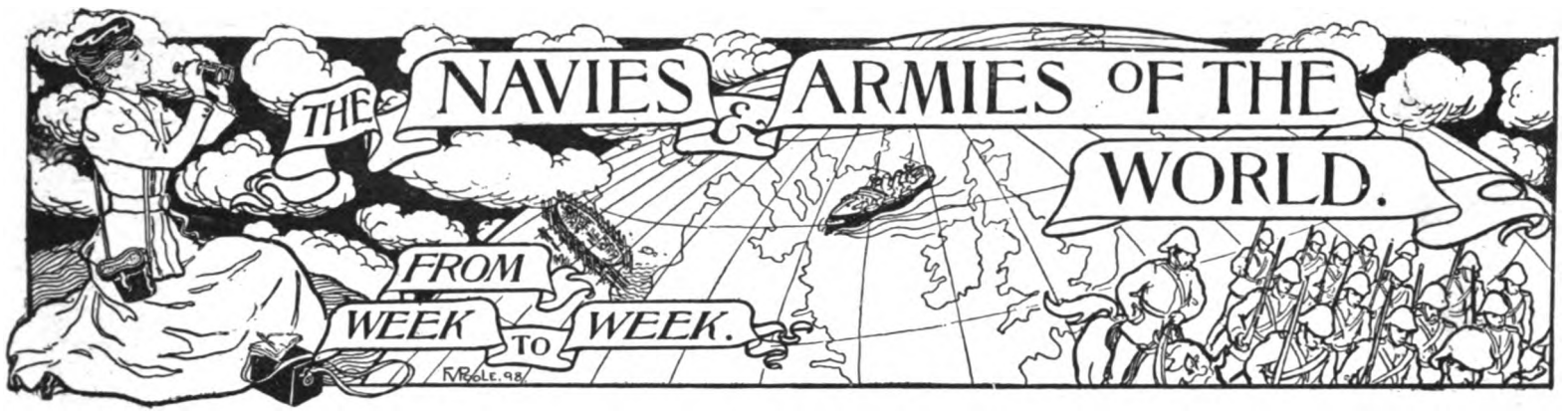

IS it too much to hope that the rough reception given by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Ritchie to the deputation which visited them at the Board of Trade last week will put a stop to the agitation which is kept up over the alleged disappearance of the British seaman? Probably not, but it ought to have that effect all the same. That the cry has been raised at all is one more proof of how many of us there are who are like one of the characters in Marryat's "King's Own." This officer was called "Little Bilious," because he was never happy except when he was—miserable. It really seems to give many Englishmen sincere pleasure to think that the country is going to the dogs, and that something indispensable is always in process of being lost. Hence this lament over the vanishing of the merchant seaman, and the presumed loss of the means of manning our Fleet. All this self-torment is purely gratuitous. Never from the reign of King John downwards has the Navy been manned as it is to-day, nor has the Crown been able to command the services of such a reserve of partially-trained and willing men. What, then, is there to make us afraid? Nothing at all in so far as the manning of the Navy is concerned.

* * * *

Neither is it true that the seamen as a class are diminishing. What is true is that the merchant sailors have not increased in proportion to the growth of the tonnage of our mercantile marine, or of the population. For this there are sufficient reasons. Machinery has made the human arm of less value. If it had not, then the growth of our shipping would have been impossible. How many men would be required to man the great modern sailing ships, to say nothing of the steamers, if their crews bore the proportion to their tonnage which was borne by the crews of the small vessels employed to carry our trade in the last century? The very great majority of these were of from 150 to 250 tons. Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," speaks of a vessel of 500 tons as a stately ship. The East India Company's vessels of the 1,400-ton class were the only big merchant vessels we had, and there were only some score or so of them, even if there ever were so many. They carried sixty Englishmen and their Lascars. No doubt they expected to have to fight, but when the topsails were undivided, when there were no means of reefing from the deck, and no donkey-engines to haul the yards round, that number of men was needed to handle the sails. One of the immense iron clippers of to-day, if rigged in the same style, would require from 150 to 200 men. Where would they be got, and how could they be paid out of the small profits of ship-owning to-day? The truth is that the deep-sea fishermen are the real successors of the seamen. They work in vessels which are about as large as many of those collected to fight the Armada, or as some of the craft which went with Drake to the West Indies. Now the fishermen are not diminishing in number at all, and it is one of the most promising signs of the times that the old dislike of this class for the Navy is dying out. It is strange, too, that the croakers never ask themselves whether the life of a merchant ship to-day does prepare a man in any way for the Navy. In the old times, when the rigging was pretty much the same in war-ship and trader, when guns were simple and were worked by hand with ropes, no doubt the man who had "served his time" out of Hull or London was more easily turned into a smart topman or good gunner than another. But supposing that the merchant sailors of to-day had the same training as the old—which is not the case—would it make them more useful than another about a 6-inch quick-firer?

* * * *

The French are certainly a very odd people. There has just been published a book, written by a commander in the French Navy, M. Leconte de Roujou, on the "Moral, Patriotic, and Military Education of the Crews of the Fleet." It ranges over a good many subjects, and its central idea is this—that the first duty of the French officer of to-day, be he Naval man or soldier, is to look to the moral and mental elevation of the people, which under the system of universal military service passes through their hands. This sounds very fine, but the application given to this noble doctrine is of the strangest. In the preface the author asks whether it is not better to teach sailors the legend of the "Vengeur" than to make them acquainted with the facts as told in the reports of Villaret de Joyeuse and Jean Bon Saint André. The legend is that the "Vengeur" refused to surrender in the battle of June 1, and went down with her colours flying. When we turn to the text of the volume we find this foolishly repeated, without a word of warning that it is false. Observe the story is not a legend in the proper sense at all. A legend is a popular tale which arises, nobody knows how, in the body of a people. But the French version of the sinking of the "Vengeur" was, and is, not a legend in that sense at all, but a deliberate lie invented by Barère, one of the worst scoundrels who figured in the French Revolution. The honest truth is that the "Vengeur" made a very gallant fight, that she inflicted heavy loss on the "Brunswick"—the English ship which engaged her—that Captain Harvey of the English ship was mortally wounded, and that Captain Renaudin, the French officer in command of the "Vengeur," surrendered when his vessel was a complete wreck, and when other English liners had come up to help the "Brunswick." He was eating a cold meat pie on one of the English vessels when the "Vengeur" went down. Captain Renaudin lived for years, attained to flag rank, and even held a command at Toulon. Captain Leconte de Roujou obviously knows the truth, yet he prefers to tell his countrymen a notorious falsehood, and he calls this giving them a moral education.

* * * *

The strategic movement to the rear made so unexpectedly by M. de Freycinet has consequences other than political. It is of some interest to us to note that he is succeeded as Minister of War by another civilian, M. Krantz, who, like himself, is a civil engineer. Apparently in France, as in England, there is an irresistible tendency in Parliamentary Government to put the upper, and what one may call the political, direction of the armed forces of a country under the direct control of civilians. In spite of the strong preference of the French for keeping both Army and Navy under professional chiefs, we see that the War Office is not under a general, nor the Ministry of Marine under an admiral. It looks as if what has hitherto been a novelty and a recent innovation will become the rule in France as it is in Great Britain. But there is an immediate consequence of M. de Freycinet's resignation which is rather curious. The Bill he had introduced for dealing with the colonial army has been thrown over, and his successor is to bring in another. This piece of information may do something to explain the crisis. There has been no small debate in France of late over the colonial army, and much contention as to the department to which it ought to belong. Apart from the merits of the question, which are complicated, the facts that the public offices should be bandying this force about between them, and that Bills for settling its fate should be dropped so lightly, seem to indicate the existence of much confusion in governing quarters in France.

* * * *

The Highland associations did a doubly good work when they decided to give a sword of honour to Colonel Hector Macdonald. They showed a very proper respect to a gallant fellow-countryman, and they afforded him an opportunity to make a model speech. Colonel Macdonald has had some encouragement to indulge in what may be called the Coriolanus, or the alone I did it, vein. There have been fighting men, and very good fighting men too, who would have yielded to the temptation, for it is a mistake to suppose that the braggart is never a brave and clever officer. Some men, again, would have avoided any reference to the praise given him as the hero of Omdurman. Colonel Macdonald took the more courageous course. He tackled the legend and made short work of it with equal good sense and good taste. As he put it, he was carrying out the plan of his commanding officer, with the means which the commanding officer supplied. That is exactly the proper line, and though it ought to be, it is not the case that it is taken as a matter of course. No great knowledge of war is required to teach that beside the valiant fighting of very valiant men there has been an unpleasant shadow of self-assertion and of vanity which has embittered the relations of commanders and subordinates.

DAVID HANNAY.

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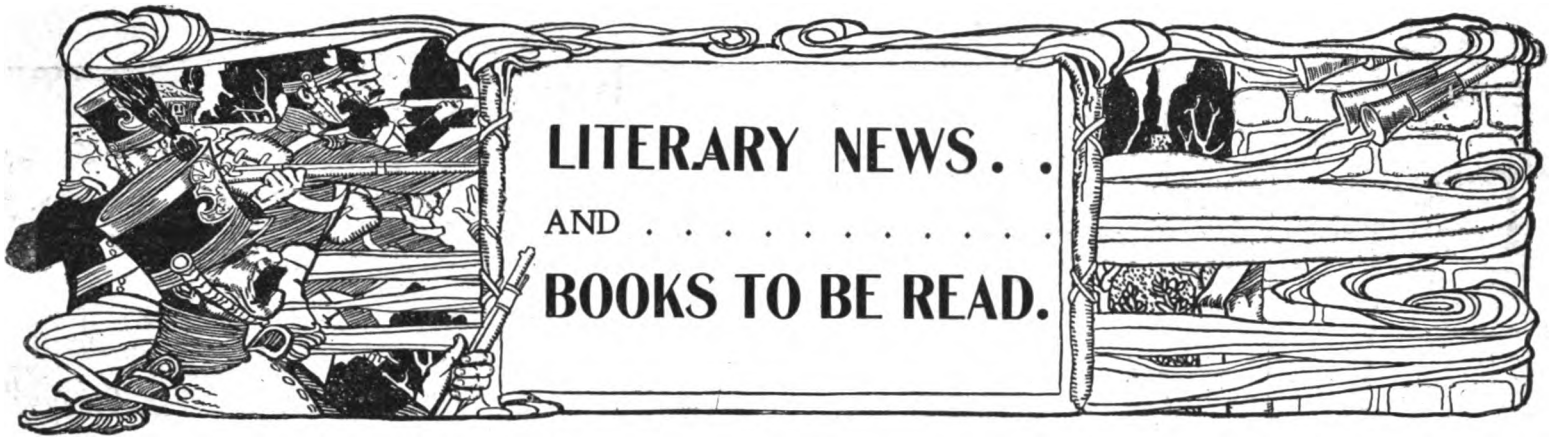

UNDOUBTEDLY we shall yet hear a great deal about the Philippines, and their modern history has still to be written. Meanwhile, such lively and pleasant narratives as Major G. J. Younghusband's "The Philippines and Round About" (Macmillan) are as *memoires pour servir*. His volume is particularly entertaining and instructive as a narrative of things actually seen and experienced. One certainly receives a very violent shock at the outset by reading that Magellan, bound for the Philippines, "battled his way round the promontory now known as Cape Horn," thus apparently avoiding his own particular strait. This extraordinary slip leads one to the modest hope that the Spaniards, after all, may not have been such monsters of iniquity as Major Younghusband depicts. Their "old colonial system" of rule would suffice to account for all that has happened, without this extreme depth of moral turpitude. One is a little fortified in the hope by the fact that Major Younghusband learned their character from their enemies, and that the Spaniards in Cuba, and their military system, were not half so vile. The book is full of picturesque descriptions of the life and character of the Filipinos. With the approval of Admiral Dewey and the military governor, Major Younghusband went "right away" to interview Aguinaldo, whose breach with the conquerors was not yet complete, and the "President" thumped the table in his emphatic declaration that his people had "fought for complete independence." On the whole, Major Younghusband formed a favourable impression of Aguinaldo, who, though stolid and slow in intelligence and utterance, is a man of will and strength of purpose, and, in the face of many disadvantages, has, at the age of twenty-nine, been able to make himself the leader of a popular rising which appears to express much of the quality of a nationality. Of Admiral Dewey we have a most delightful picture. Doubtless with the utmost suavity and courtesy, but still with force and meaning, he must have spoken, as there can be no doubt from what Major Younghusband says, to the German admiral in language that would go far to justify the indiscretion of Captain Coghlan. Those who wish to read a graphic account of the Philippines during the recent period of hostilities, will learn much from these enjoyable pages. Most of the illustrations are very interesting, but not all will be new to readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. Major Younghusband seems to contemplate a time when the Americans may find it expedient to lay down "the white man's burden" in the islands.

* * * *

It is one of the curious coincidences of literary history that Sir William Hunter and Mr. R. S. Whiteway should have been working independently in an unfamiliar field of history. The first volume of Sir William Hunter's "History of British India" is practically a history of Portuguese dominion, which is the subject of Mr. Whiteway's "The Rise of the Portuguese Power in India, 1497-1550" (Constable), a new book I have before me. Here is unrolled the story of one of the most fascinating subjects in all history, for the splendour of the Portuguese conquest, the genius of the statesmen who foresaw it, and the valour and brilliance of the seamen and soldiers who made it possible, contrasted with the pitiable decline, are singularly dramatic, and vitally significant. "Goa Dourado," the place of fabulous wealth and prosperity, was an inspiration to the plain London merchants, making their first isolated journeys of adventure under Elizabeth and James. The Portuguese had discovered the sea route to India, and had turned the flank of Islam, and the methods they adopted were the same that made us succeed. If Mr. Whiteway does not treat this splendid story with the historic imagination and wonderful grasp of essentials that fill Sir William Hunter's brilliant pages, his book possesses high merits and a special value of its own, for, while Sir William treads the path of Portuguese power as he hastens forward to his more special survey, Mr. Whiteway pauses to elucidate and describe. In the result he has given us a book that does credit to his patient research and historical acumen, and that is a very good and sufficient treatise upon its subject, based on a wide and intelligent reading of authorities. A careful and reasonable account of the conditions that led to the rise of Portuguese power, leads us to a full understanding of the results attained, and thus we are brought to the causes of the swift decay. It was, of course, as Mr. Whiteway clearly shows, the grasp of the essential condition of sea power that established the Portuguese in India. He rightly recognises Albuquerque as a man of Imperial ideas and a great and just administrator, but he scarcely does justice to him as a fine and masterful soldier, and I think he does not bring out sufficiently that feature of Albuquerque's methods, in which he anticipated both Dupleix and Warren Hastings—his use of race against race in his resolve to conquer. But we do not read Mr. Whiteway's pages without recognising the cause of the Portuguese decline. It was the sybaritic enjoyment of wealth easily gained, the eager grasping for gold, the contempt for peaceful industry, and the growth of the purely military spirit, with the subjection to Spain, that prepared the downward way, and the rise of British power determined the rapid rate at which it was run. Much is due to Mr. Whiteway for his careful survey of this remarkable history.

* * * *

Before I leave the subject of India I would draw attention to a very noteworthy "Chronology of India from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century," by C. Mabel Duff (Mrs. W. R. Rickmers), a volume of inestimable value to students (Constable, 15s.). Here are collected and systematically tabulated, with a wealth of references to authorities, those dates in the civil and literary history of India now definitely ascertained by scientific research. Mrs. Rickmers is a most patient investigator, and one is quite lost in admiration of the spirit of exhaustive enquiry with which she has pursued her research. Her book is a perfect encyclopædia of Indian history, and its dynastic lists are of exceeding use to students. Of course, it is to students alone that the book appeals, and I can promise them that they will find Mrs. Rickmers' book an exceedingly valuable aid in any enquiry into the early history of India. The index to the volume alone covers nearly ninety pages, and the book itself is an index to a stupendous body of permanent and serial literature, English and foreign, which Mrs. Rickmers, as she modestly says, has expended "some work" in investigating.

* * * *

One does not leave India when one takes up "From Cromwell to Wellington," the lives of twelve soldiers, which Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has edited (Lawrence and Bullen). The idea is an excellent one, and Lord Roberts, who contributes an instructive introduction to the book, says truly that it should appeal to a nation which owes its possessions abroad and its security at home not only to the gallantry and endurance of its forces, but to the ability and, I may add, the genius, of their commanders. These were twelve men whose work went to the making of Great and Greater Britain. Cromwell, who heads the list, and whose life is narrated by the late Colonel Cooper King and the editor, was both a great soldier and a great military administrator, who recognised the value of the individual fighter, the man who had "some conscience in what he did." Marlborough comes next, his life well told by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. The materials for a biography of the great captain are now abundant, and full justice has been done to the subject. Lord Roberts, however, points out that the French are too severely criticised for their predilection for fortified lines and places, and he adduces many cases in which fortresses have been of the utmost value. Nothing could be better than Sir Archibald Alison's treatment of Wolfe; the account of Clive, by Colonel F. Adam and the editor, is very good; Lieutenant-Colonel Adye, R.A., has done full justice to the services of Heathfield; Major Mayne, R.E., treats ably the achievements of Moore; and Major-General Maurice has a careful and capable chapter on Wellington. The other biographies in the volume are of Peterborough (Major F. E. Cooper, R.A.), Coote (Lieutenant-Colonel S. C. Pratt, R.A.), Abercromby (Lieutenant-Colonel à Court), Lake (Major E. S. May, R.H.A.), and Baird (Captain Count Gleichen). A high level of excellence is maintained throughout the volume, and I can heartily commend it as full of instruction and interest. The maps and plans are all good.

* * * *

It is sometimes remarked, and not without truth, that the riding in the Park is far from what it should be in a country proud of its love of horses and its skill in horsemanship. We may see any day the worst faults practised and confirmed, whereas knowledge not difficult to acquire will do much both for horse and rider. It is, of course, not to be expected that anyone can ride well without having been taught, and taught practically. These remarks are suggested by the publication of "Savigear's Guide to Horsemanship and Horse Training," edited most capably by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Graham (Farmer, Kensington), which embodies the most detailed and satisfactory course of instruction that can be imagined. Mr. Savigear has had nearly forty years' experience as riding instructor in the Royal Horse Artillery and the 17th Lancers and at the Royal Military College, and nothing can be better than the course of instruction he pursues, as many young officers well know. Here they have the course laid down, the instruction elucidated, and the aids thoroughly explained. Nothing can be better than the admirable clearness of Colonel Graham's exposition, which is the fruit of his own practical experience of military horsemanship. At the same time the course is equally good for the hunting field, and the equitation of ladies is not forgotten. Exceedingly sound and good—if I may cite but a single instance of the qualities of the book—are the remarks upon the importance of firmness of grip—that pressure exerted by the horseman upon the saddle with his knees. The pressure, for safe riding, should not be less than from 70-lb. to 100-lb. With anything less a bad accident may result. This is, therefore, a point to which too much attention can scarcely be given, especially in the case of a young horse or of a rider about to follow hounds for the first time in the season. As Colonel Graham says, men who are in robust health need not trouble themselves much about the matter. They know that, when necessary, they can exert a good grip, but many have no such certainty, and may discover their deficiency in an unfortunate extremity. Constant pressure is not wanted, for that would fatigue the muscles, but the rider must be prepared to exert the grip at the right moment. This is one of the matters in which good teaching from a competent rider is essential, and concerning which the hints in this book are most valuable. No young officer should be without the volume.

* * * *

The death of the Duke of Beaufort has been a great loss to sport, athletics, and outdoor amusements, for his Grace was a devoted lover of all the occupations which do so much for the vigour and enterprise of Englishmen. The "Badminton Library" (Longmans), which he has edited, is a fitting monument to his memory. It has been a remarkable success, and new editions of "Riding and Polo"—the fourth—and of "Football" have lately appeared. The book on "Riding and Polo" is by Captain Robert Weir, Riding-master Royal Horse Guards, and Mr. J. Moray Brown (polo), and includes contributions by the late Duke himself and other well-known authorities.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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A Forgotten Charge.

By Chaloner Lyon.

THERE is a glamour about a cavalry charge which does not attach in like measure to the exploits of the other arms. We admire—who would not?—the stubborn valour of that wonderful column which so nearly won Fontenoy; or the refusal to accept apparently certain defeat which brought the survivors of Albuera victorious to the summit of the dreadful hill. But it is to the cavalry that our hearts go out: to the Scots Greys at Waterloo—"*ces terribles chevaux gris*," as the anxious Napoleon called them—to the Light and Heavy Brigades at Balaclava, to the brilliant—if useless—charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman.

It goes without saying that the French Army, which has played so prominent a part in European warfare, has in its annals many memories of this kind.

But "the forgotten charge" to which the heading of this article refers took place long before the Bonapartes had become Frenchmen. It was in the days of the old monarchy, when Louis XIV. ruled France. But it is worth recalling, for if, like the charge of our own Light Brigade at Balaclava, "it was magnificent, but not war," it has the interest that always attaches to the victory of the few over the many.

It was fought at Leuze, in Flanders, in September, 1691, between twenty-eight squadrons under the orders of the Marshal Duc de Luxembourg, and seventy-five squadrons of the army commanded by the Prince of Waldeck.

Before describing the action, a word or two may be devoted to the French commander and the troops he led.

Francois-Henri de Montmorency, Duc de Luxembourg, was then in his sixty-third year, and had been a Marshal of France for sixteen years. He was a pupil in warfare of the great Condé, and now that his master and the still greater Turenne were dead, he ranked as the greatest general France then possessed. His character was a strange mixture of sloth and activity; for when with the Army he passed his whole time in feasting and gambling, leaving everything to his subordinates. But once under fire, he was a changed man; no one showed more brilliant intuition in divining the plans of the enemy, o. a more happy audacity in defeating them.

The detachment actually engaged in the combat were all cavalry, and consisted of the King's Household Troops—the far-famed Maison du Roi—and two regiments of dragoons. The French Army, as organised by Louvois and Martinet, was then at the zenith of its glory. It was at once the envy and the exemplar of other nations; and the Maison du Roi was its fine flower—the first instance in modern times of what are now called "crack regiments," or *corps d'élite*. It comprised the Gardes du Corps, whose captain, with drawn sword, always walked close behind the King, and whose guidons in time of peace hung on the walls of the Royal bedchamber at Versailles, within the golden balustrade; the Musketeers, grey and black, according to the colour of their chargers; the Light Horse, and the Gendarmes of the Guard All were accustomed to fight on horse or on foot, as occasion arose, and all, down to the latest joined recruit, were of noble birth; for the Maison du Roi was the training school for officers, and it was an inflexible rule that whosoever aspired to lead the King's troops in the field must, whatever his rank, begin his career by serving for a year as a private in the King's Household.

The campaign of 1691 had been uneventful. True, Mons had fallen after nine days of open trenches; but there had been no fighting, and the winter rains would soon render fighting impossible. So when Luxembourg learnt from his scouts that the Prince of Waldeck was in full retreat towards Cambron, he determined to force an action with the rear guard.

He sent at once for the Marquis de Villars—in later days a Marshal of France himself—at this time a brigadier of cavalry. Villars found himself in a barn belonging to an abbey near Tournay, where he had passed the night, doubtless to his huge disgust, on some straw. The Duke ordered him to take six squadrons of horse, and follow the road to Leuze, on which he would find an ensign of the Gardes du Corps with 400 men. With this force he was to delay the enemy until such time as Luxembourg himself came up.

Villars departed, well pleased at the prospect of a fight. He was a perfect type of the French officer of the *ancien régime*, brave, haughty, and self-confident, ever athirst for distinction, and little particular how he achieved it. As a mere lad his reckless daring under the walls of Maestricht had attracted the notice of the King himself; and in his eighty-fourth year, when crippled with wounds and disease, he led a cavalry charge with the same light-hearted contempt for danger.

When, with his little command, Villars came into touch with the enemy, the latter were quietly retiring across the fertile plain intersected by the small stream of the Leuze. He promptly availed himself of an oft-used stratagem to make the enemy suppose that his force was double its real number; and he succeeded so well that the retreat was stopped, and the hostile cavalry extended for attack. Just then his ear caught the sound of trampling hoofs, and the Duc de Luxembourg, with the remainder of the Household Troops, came up at full gallop. Villars rode forward to meet him. "You wished," said he, "an affair with their rear guard, and in three-quarters of an hour I have arranged it. Now it is for you to say what is to be done." The Duke's reply was brief and to the point. "Fight them!" he answered. "What else am I here for?"

There was no time to be lost, for the enemy, seeing the arrival of the French reinforcements, had begun to think prudence the better part of valour, and were endeavouring to put the Leuze between them and their foe. Villars flew to the head of the leading squadrons, and led them in a headlong charge on the hostile horse. The enemy made a firm stand, and soon his position became perilous; already 190 out of the 300 troopers with whom he had started were *hors de combat*.

But now the second line fell like a thunderbolt on the enemy, who, already disordered by Villars' onset, broke and fled across the Leuze, leaving many trophies, in the shape of standards and kettle-drums, in the hands of the victors. They were not pursued, for Luxembourg had no intention of engaging the whole army of the Prince of Waldeck with his handful of horse.

He might well be content. His twenty-eight squadrons had overthrown in fair fight an enemy outnumbering them by nearly three to one; and though their loss was great, the effect on their *morale* was still greater, for from that day the soldiers of the Maison du Roi believed themselves invincible.

The unwise parsimony which, in the reign of Louis XVI., succeeded to the profligate extravagance of his predecessor, reduced the Maison du Roi to the merest shadow of its former self. Had it survived to the early days of the Revolution, with one man capable of heading a charge on the Paris mob, the course of history might have been strangely different.

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About the Royal Yachts.

By JAMES WILSON.

THE new Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert," launched on Tuesday last, the 9th inst., is the third of her name. The first "Victoria and Albert" was launched on April 26, 1843, and broken up twenty-five years later. She was a steam paddler, designed by Sir W. Symonds, and in her the Queen made her first trip to Ireland. The second "Victoria and Albert," the vessel which the new yacht just launched is to supersede, was launched on January 16, 1855, and originally named the "Windsor Castle," so that she has now been in use some forty-four years. The vessel launched last Tuesday was laid down, according to official statements, on December 15, 1897, and if the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED refer to the issue of February 25, they will find a good deal of information about her which other papers are only just now publishing. Her estimated cost, when completed, is nearly £354,000, which, it must be admitted, is not too much to pay for the sea home of Her Majesty.

The yacht "Hohenzollern," built for the German Emperor, and launched on July 27, 1892, cost 4,500,000 marks, and the "Standart," the present Russian Imperial yacht, launched in 1895, cost £350,000, while as regards private yachts, none of them has cost more than £100,000, the price paid by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt for his yacht, "Valiant." The Russian Imperial yacht, "Polar Star," is in all probability the costliest of its kind in the world. The "Polar Star," which has now been practically superseded by the "Standart," cost nearly a million sterling. Her decks are paved with black, red, and white marble, and the baths, saloons, cabins, and other apartments are all finished in rare wood and stones, and the furniture and decorations are of the most splendid description. She has spacious smoking and reading rooms, and a marble fountain on board. The saloon of the "Polar Star" is capable of holding 200 people.

The estimated expenditure on the new "Victoria and Albert" up to March 31 last, on labour, materials, and contract work, was £249,169, and the estimated expenditure for the present financial year, 1899-1900, is another £104,245. Although she is a steel-built vessel there is, of course, a good deal of wood in her, and all this wood has been imported from British colonies and dependencies, and the whole of it has been treated by the new patent non-flammable process. The steel hull has been sheathed with wood and coppered. Messrs. Humphrey, Tennant, and Co., are the makers of the engines, which are to give her a speed of twenty knots, or about twenty-three miles per hour, with natural draught. She will carry 350 tons of coal, which will be ample, as she is not likely to make any long sea voyages without being able to call in somewhere to coal. Her compliment of officers and men is to be 278. The men are selected on account of good conduct, and do not change in the way that the crew of a war-ship does, about every three years. If any seamen misbehave themselves they are dismissed the ship and not again allowed to serve in a Royal Yacht. Although private influence may sometimes be discerned in the appointment of the officers, more often selection for this coveted duty is the reward for meritorious service.

Her Majesty has been consulted throughout as regards the design of the new vessel, and of course her instructions have been taken about the style of furniture and decoration. In this respect, however, the Queen hardly goes so far as the German Emperor, for we are told that he actually designed the cabin dispositions in the "Hohenzollern" himself. Hereby hangs a tale, for it is related that a visitor to the yacht, unaware of the circumstances connected with her design, remarked that the toilet accommodation, such as bath rooms, etc., did not appear to be arranged in the best possible manner. The Emperor took no notice of the remark, and those "in the know" also preserved a discreet silence. But later on one of the guests took the unfortunate Paul Pry aside and told him that the less said about the toilet accommodation the better, as the Emperor had forgotten all about it until the vessel's fittings were in a very forward state. The "Hohenzollern," it may be mentioned, is the second of her name in the German Navy List, and although popularly supposed to be heavily armed and armoured, is really nothing of the kind. She certainly has a heavier displacement than some cruisers, being 4,187 tons, but her armament is, or rather was, for it has been stated that some of the guns have been removed, three 4·1-in. and twelve 4-pounders. She has a crew of 307. It was intended in time of war to use her as a despatch vessel, and this is supposed to be the reason the Reichstag granted the money to build her so willingly.

The Russian Imperial yacht, "Standart," was ordered, in 1893, by the late Czar Alexander, and was built by Messrs. Burmeister and Wain, of Copenhagen, and launched in 1896. She is the latest built Russian Imperial yacht, the others being the "Polar Star," "Tsarevna," "Marevo," and "Alexandria." She was originally intended for a first-class troop-ship, but was subsequently ordered to be converted into a Royal yacht, with the proviso that the fitting out was to be as plain as possible. She carries an armament of eight 3-pounder quick-firers. Although the Imperial apartments are filled with rich furniture and the walls hung with expensive cretonnes and silks, gilding is entirely absent in the scheme of decoration, as the late Emperor Alexander expressly commanded that it should be dispensed with. Her engines are capable of driving her at twenty-two miles an hour.

The Italian Royal yacht, "Savoia," is described as a steel cruiser. She has a slight armour over her boilers and machinery, and is fitted to carry an armament of six 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, two machine guns, and two torpedo tubes, so that although she is used as a yacht she could be reconverted into a cruiser in time of war.

The King of Siam also uses a protected cruiser as his yacht, the "Maha Chakrkri," a vessel which attracted a good deal of attention during the great Naval Review of 1897. This yacht is armed with four 4·7-in. quick-firers, and ten 6-pounders, and is probably the most powerful vessel in Siam's little Navy.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 14, 1806.—Action between the "Pallas," 32, Captain Lord Cochrane, and the French "Minerve," 40, off Aix Roads. The "Pallas" attacked the "Minerve" and three French gun-brigs within gun shot of the French shore batteries, and after a sharp cannonade ran the "Minerve" on board. Before, however, the ships could be lashed together, the "Minerve" got clear. Two other big French frigates then came on the scene, and the "Pallas" had to withdraw.

May 15, 1813.—Taking of Karlobago, by the "Bacchante," 38, Captain Sir William Hoste. The "Bacchante" attacked the battery guarding the port until the enemy surrendered.

May 16, 1804.—Defeat of a division of Napoleon's Boulogne flotilla, near Ostend, by Sir Sidney Smith's Downs squadron.

May 17, 1667.—Action between the "Elizabeth," 40, Captain Henry Dawes, and two Danish 40-gun ships. Captain Dawes and the master were killed and the lieutenant desperately wounded, but the gunner took command, beat off the enemy, and brought the "Elizabeth" safely into port.

May 18, 1652.—Blake's action with Tromp, in Dover Roads. This, the first action of the First Dutch War, took place before war was declared. Blake fired at Tromp for not paying the customary salute to the British flag at sea. Tromp finally drew off, leaving two ships taken. Blake had fifteen sail, Tromp forty.

May 19, 1692.—Admiral Russell's great victory of Barfleur over Tourville's fleet. The combined English Fleet numbered sixty-three of the line, and Dutch, thirty-six of the line. Tourville had sixty-three of the line and a number of smaller vessels. By evening the French were in full retreat for St. Malo Roads.

May 20, 1811.—Action off Tamatave, Madagascar, between British "Astræa," 38, "Phœbe," and "Galatea," 36's, and "Racehorse," 18, with French "Renommee," "Clorinde," and "Nereide," 40's. The "Renommee" surrendered, and the other two French ships got away clear.

MAY 16, 1811.—Marshal Soult attacked the British-Portuguese and Spanish forces under Marshal Beresford at Albuera, near Badajos. The French were repulsed with great loss, the Allies, however—especially the British—suffered heavily.

May 17, 1794.—The Duke of York fought a sharp action near Roubaix in the neighbourhood of Lille. The French generals were Generals Moreau and Souham.

May 18, 1775.—Defeat of the Mahrattas by a British force under Colonel Keating at Arras, in the Bombay Presidency.

May 19, 1812.—Fort Napoleon at Almaraz in Spain taken by surprise by Sir Rowland Hill. General Foy commanded the French.

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Anglo-Italian Festivities.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Anglo-Italian festivities, which came to a conclusion a few days ago, was the occasion of an exhibition of mutual good feeling by the seamen of the two nations such as has seldom been witnessed. The hearty welcome accorded by the Italians was as heartily reciprocated by their guests. Our correspondent with the Channel Squadron, writing from Aranci Bay, says:

"As soon as the Channel Squadron arrived here it took up the position assigned to it by the Italian Naval authorities. Two quiet days followed, and then the Italian Squadron of four battle-ships was reported coming in. These anchored in single line abreast of our own battle-ships. International courtesies were at once the order of the day, and the next forty-eight hours were spent in a round of calls, lunches, dinners, and other entertainments, all of which went off with every sign of that good-fellowship which has always existed between the Navies of Italy and Great Britain. The weather was fine, with splendid sailing breezes, and boat sailing was the only exercise carried out.

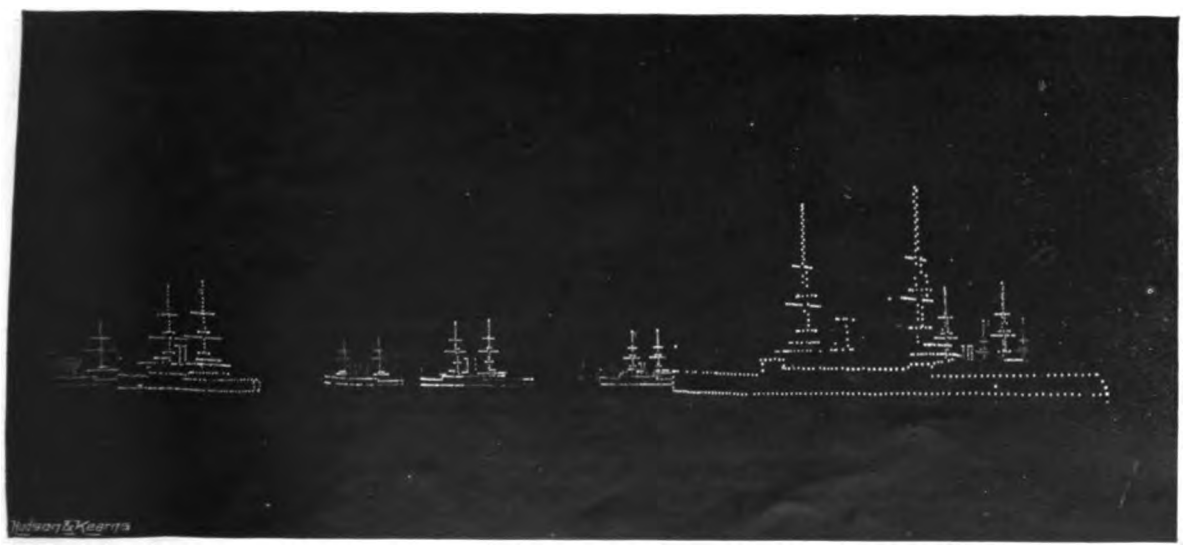
"On Friday their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy arrived at 8 p.m., and went on board their yacht the 'Savoia.' The arrival of the train was a signal for the simultaneous illumination of both fleets, and the usually quiet bay exhibited a really brilliant scene. The illustration shows nine ships of the British fleet illuminated, the nearest one being the 'Prince George.' The other illustration was taken on our quarter-deck, and shows the disposition of the lights when viewed close, where naturally they look somewhat irregular and confusing.

"Saturday morning commenced with dressing ships and saluting at 8 a.m. I give a really excellent illustration of the quarter-deck under these circumstances; the Bluejackets in white frocks and hats line the tops, bridges, and sides, whilst the marine guard present arms round the turrets; the executive officers are at their various stations, whilst the non-combatants get a fine view of everything going on from the quarter-deck. The Royal Yacht got under way at 10.30 and steamed round the squadron, up and down the lines, passing close to each ship in turn, and receiving as she passed a salvo of hearty cheers. In my illustration she is passing under the stern of the 'Resolution.' The Royal party are just abaft the mainmast, whilst astern, though the illustration does not show him, is a gentleman in full Court dress taking photographs of the ships, as they pass, with a huge camera.

"After the review, a reception was given on board the 'Majestic' to all the admirals and captains; this was followed by lunch, and then the King made a tour of inspection round the ship, and subsequently visited the 'Arrogant' and 'Niobe.'

"Neither officers nor men were given much peace during the day, as every move of the Royal party was emphasised by a salute and manning of the ships.

A BATTLE-SHIP ILLUMINATED—THE VIEW FROM THE QUARTER-DECK.



Photos. A. Debenham. Ryde.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE SQUADRONS.

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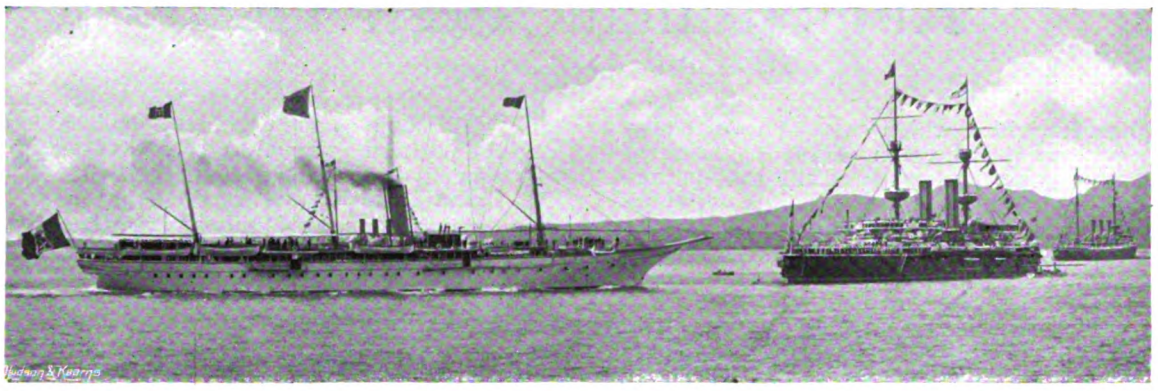
Full dress, too, had to be worn all day, and I give an illustration of the officers of the 'Jupiter,' taken during a period of comparative calm.

"As for the salutes, the number of rounds fired that day works out at 2,268, and one can only feel thankful that our own dear monarch has such a well-established dislike of these noisy tributes. The day ended with a dinner on board the Royal yacht to the admirals and captains, during which the fleets again illuminated, looking better even

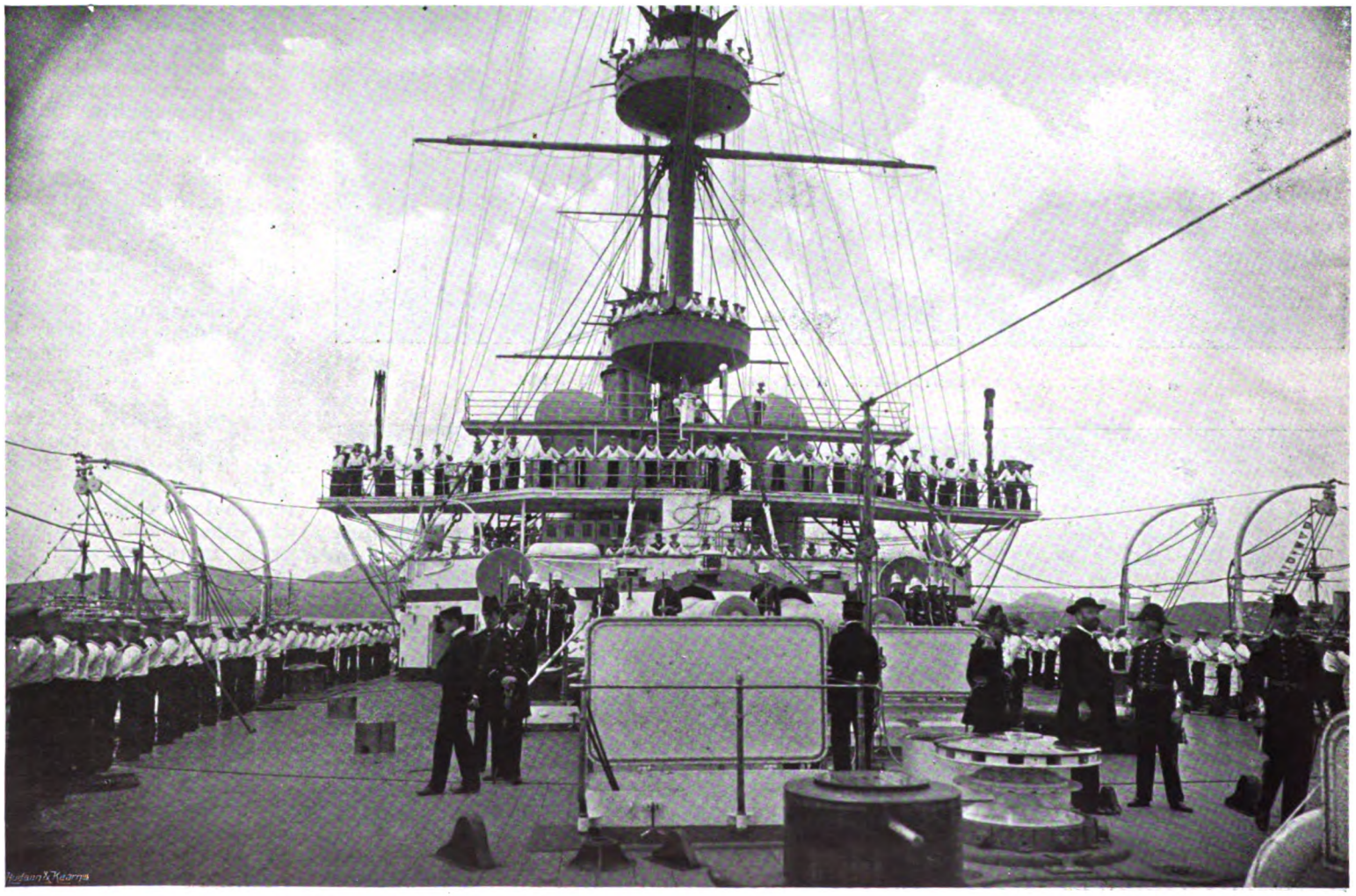


THE "SAVOIA" PASSING THE "RESOLUTION."

THE OFFICERS OF THE "JUPITER" IN FULL DRESS

than on the previous night.

"Next morning the whole Italian flotilla departed, the 'Savoia' being escorted out by the four Italian battle-ships, and shaping course for Madalena. The Italians had a very critical audience to view their exit, and they manœuvred their ships very fairly on the whole, but the precision and unanimity that is so marked in English squadrons was quite lacking. No English admiral would have stood their happy-go-lucky style of fleet tactics for a moment."



Photos. A. Debenham. Ryde.

SALUTING THE ROYAL PARTY—DRESSING SHIP.

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WE make no apology to our readers for again presenting them with a portrait that has often been seen in these pages, for in so doing we give them the very latest illustration of the man who is the idol of the British army, and, to the man in the street throughout the Empire, the best known and most popular of British soldiers. And it is scarcely to be wondered at that he is so, for it is as much by his personal charm as by his brilliant ability that Lord Roberts has earned the love and admiration of those who serve under him, and of his fellow countrymen, white and black, throughout the Empire. From the day, now close on fifty years ago, when he joined the Service to the present, Lord Roberts' career has been one of hard work in the service of his country. Every step of the ladder of honour, to the topmost rung of which he has attained, has been made by his own effort without any adventitious aid. Look at his breast and note the eleven ribbons that adorn it. He is a K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., and decorated with the Jubilee medal. Of war medals he wears the Indian Mutiny with three clasps, the Indian general service medal with three clasps, the Abyssinian medal, the Afghan medal with four clasps, and the gun-metal star for the march from Cabul to Candahar. He has been wounded, had horses shot and sabred under him, been mentioned in despatches over and over again

Photo. J. Robinson.

THE LATEST PHOTO. OF LORD ROBERTS.

(twenty-three times before the Afghan campaign), and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and on several occasions of the Government of India. The story of how he won his V.C. is best told in his own words. "I saw Younghusband fall, but I could not go to his assistance, as at that moment one of his *sowars* was in dire peril from a sepoy who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the man, and disposed of his opponent, he must have been killed. The next moment I descried in the distance two sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured, so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard." And then in a modest foot-note to the page "for these two acts I was awarded the Victoria Cross." It would, by the way, be interesting to know what has become of that standard, and perhaps some of our readers, mayhap Lord Roberts himself, can satisfy our curiosity. Lord Roberts is one of the greatest generals that Ireland has ever produced, but he is more than that, he is *sans peur et sans reproche*, and a gentleman and a soldier that his country is proud of.

QUEENSTOWN is, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying illustration, by no means the least of the many picturesque places in Ireland. It is, moreover, interesting as being the only Naval station in Ireland, and possesses quite a substantial little dockyard with dry dock, basin, etc. Until after the American War Queenstown was but a little fishing village, but it is now a place of considerable importance. The Cove of Cork, as Queenstown

Photo. K. Horne Copyright.

THE ONLY IRISH NAVY YARD.

Harbour is called, is a magnificent stretch of water some four miles long by half as broad. With anchorage for craft of any size, it is also well defended by forts at the entrance and on Spike Island. Our illustration was taken a few days ago, when in addition to the "Howe"—the port guard-ship and flag-ship of the senior officer on the coast of Ireland—there were lying there

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the sea-going training cruiser the "Northampton," and four destroyers of the Devonport torpedo instructional flotilla, the "Bat," "Opossum," "Thrasher," and "Shark," in harbour for a spell during one of their periodical cruises. Behind the "Northampton" lies Haulbowline, as the dockyard is called, and in the centre of the picture Spike Island and the entrance to the Cove.

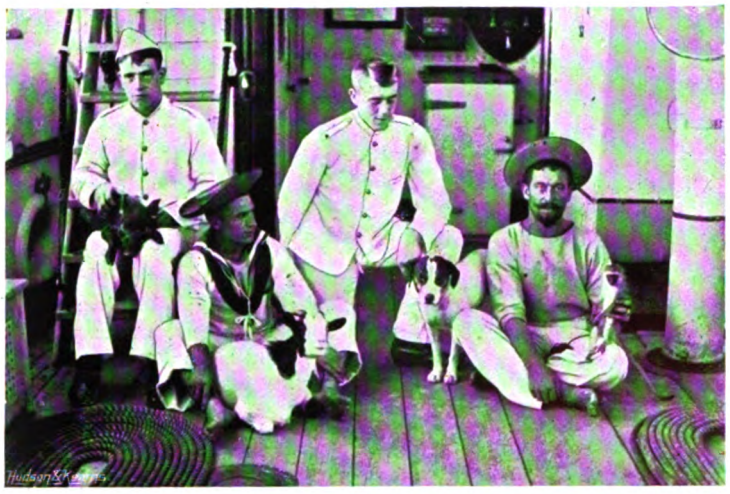
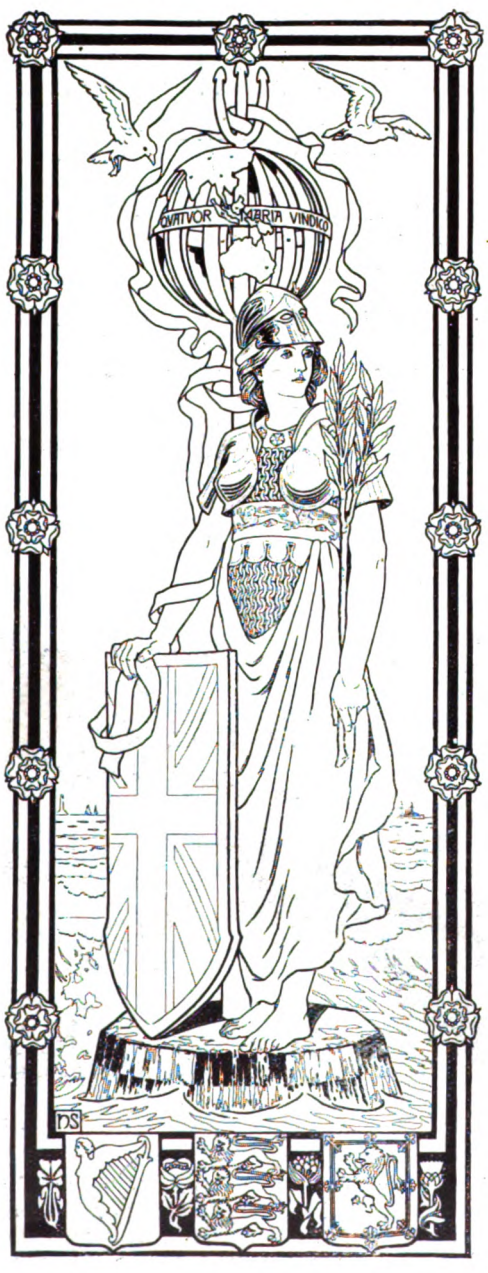


Photo Carter. Copyright.

PETS OF THE "BARRACOUTA."

MOST ships and most regiments have a pet, but the "Barracouta," now on the Cape station, possesses a perfect menagerie. Bully, the little fox-terrier alongside the marine in the centre of the picture, is an old and travelled veteran in both Services, for he came as a gift to the "Barracouta" from the Army, and has seen actual service in some of our Indian Frontier campaigns. On the lap of the other marine to the left of the picture is Dennis, a young wild boar given to the ship's company by the British Consul at Lamu. Nanny, the goat of the "Mohawk," has already been immortalised in "Per Mare, per Terram," and the "Barracouta" boasts an equally intelligent specimen of the breed in Leo, who can be seen squatted between the legs of the petty officer he particularly patronises. Leo comes from Sierra Leone, while the other ship's pet, Jennie, the small monkey being nursed by the second Bluejacket, is a native of the East Coast, having been obtained at Pemba Island, near Zanzibar.



THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

IN the large coloured picture by Mr. Heywood Sumner, from which the accompanying outline is taken, two absolute truisms are enunciated. The one is that "Britannia rules the waves," the other is that "England's greatest interest is peace." The former is symbolised by the buoy on which she stands that rides always triumphant over the subject waves, the latter by the olive branch which she bears in her hand. She is clad in armour, fit symbol of that great Navy which, while it is her wall of defence, is no defiance to any peoples in the world. Floating from her right hand flies the pennant that encircles the globe, over which her world-wide empire stretches. In the coloured picture her robe is patterned with hearts of oak, and in the border are the red and white roses of York and Lancaster. At the base of the design are the shields of the three kingdoms, with the four floral emblems of the nations, the rose, the shamrock, the thistle, and the leek. The picture, which can be obtained from Messrs. George Bell and Sons, the publishers, of York Street, Covent Garden, is a bold and striking one, measuring nearly 5-ft. by 2-ft. We would like to see it hung under the Union Jack in every school in the Empire.

THE DRUM-HORSE OF THE 11th HUSSARS.

THE piebald and his rider—Bandsman Simmons—here represented, belong to the 11th Hussars, now stationed at Meerut. It is customary to enscroll on the drum-banners the honours of the regiment, and of these the 11th Hussars boast a roll that runs from Salamanca to Sebastapol. The Sphinx badge, conferred for Abercrombie's campaign of 1801, is also an unique one, for, though many infantry regiments possess it, this corps and the 12th Lancers are the only cavalry ones that do so. The honour of being Prince Albert's Own came to them in 1840, when they escorted the late Prince Consort on his journey to London prior to his marriage.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL of Hospitals, Henry MacDonnell, C.B., R.N., is, after the Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, the senior

Photo. Debenham

THE HEAD OF HASLAR HOSPITAL.

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medical officer in the Fleet, he having joined the Service close on forty years ago, and holds perhaps the most important and responsible position in his branch, as he has charge of the great Naval hospital at Haslar. Her Majesty conferred the Companionship of the Bath on him on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. He was present, as fleet-surgeon of the "Invincible," at the bombardment of Alexandria and during the war in Egypt in 1882.

THE final match of the United Service League Charity was played off on the 29th, the soldiers winning by one point.

Though Army *v.* Navy was the match, it almost amounted to a replica of the very keen match played by the Gunnery School against the Shropshires just before. The soldiers were all of the the Shropshire Regiment, with the exception of two from the East Lancashire, Robinson and Barlow. At the conclusion of the match, General Sir Baker Russell presented the championship cup of the United Service League, won by the K. S. L. I., Rangecroft receiving the cup on behalf of his team.

Medals were presented by the general to members of the winning teams in each division of the League. Our illustration shows the Navy's first goal.

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH.

A MILITARY funeral is always an impressive ceremonial. The "pomp and circumstance of war" that surround it strike home to the onlooker in a way that naught else would do.

Our illustration depicts the departure of the funeral of the late Surgeon-Major Carte from the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. In Dublin military circles, for over a quarter of a century, Surgeon-Major Carte was a prominent figure, and his loss will be deeply felt.

Photo. M. Roche. Copyright.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

MATABELE chiefs do not often get the chance of seeing the inside of the most *fin-de-siecle* show that the world can produce—the interior of a modern cruiser. Those here shown, however, have done so, for they are just returned from a visit to one of our most modern cruisers, the "Doris." The photograph was taken on the 7th of last month in the Admiralty House Gardens at Simon's Bay, and the central figure seated is Lobengula's brother-in-law.

The small figure squatting on the ground, his check cap drawn over his eyes, is one of the chief Matabele generals, a famous war-chief, as they run in that part of our Empire. The badges worn were granted by the Chartered Company in recognition of their position as chiefs.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

AN INTERESTING GROUP OF MATABELE CHIEFS.

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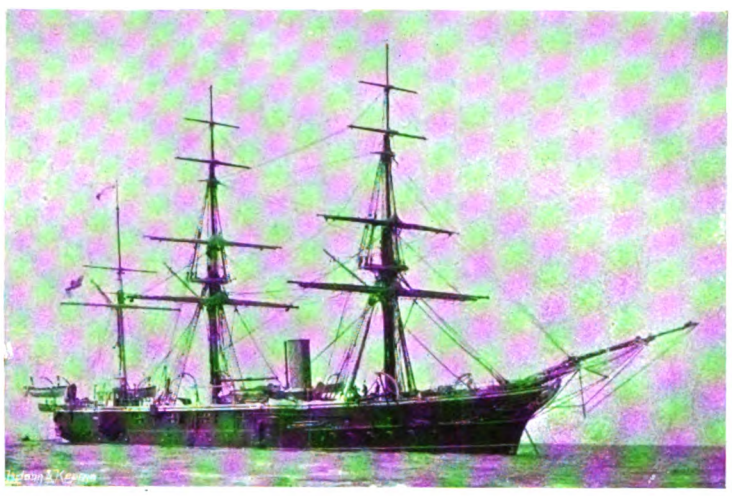

Photo. Symonds & Co Copyright.

THE "TOURMALINE."

THE stately and handsome craft here reproduced is never again to fly the White Ensign in distant waters, but will for the future fill the useful, if prosaic, function of coal hulk at Sheerness. The "Tourmaline" was in her day a very smart corvette, belonging to a group known as the "Gem" class, from the fact that each of the eight ships composing it bore the name of a precious stone. As will be seen, they were fully sail-powered, and carried for their size—some 2,000 tons—a powerful armament The "Tourmaline" was the last of her class left on the Navy List.

THE illustrations annexed are of that most excellent and useful institution, the hospital for officers at Murree, one of those founded by Lady Roberts in 1888, a work for which her Ladyship has earned the undying gratitude of the Army in India.

Each officer has a separate ward, and one of these is shown in our illustration, the sister on duty and two orderlies being in attendance on the sick officer. There is a mess-room for the use of convalescents and a group of these is here given, the party also comprising the medical officer in charge and some of the nursing sisters.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

RECOVERING FROM ENTERIC FEVER.

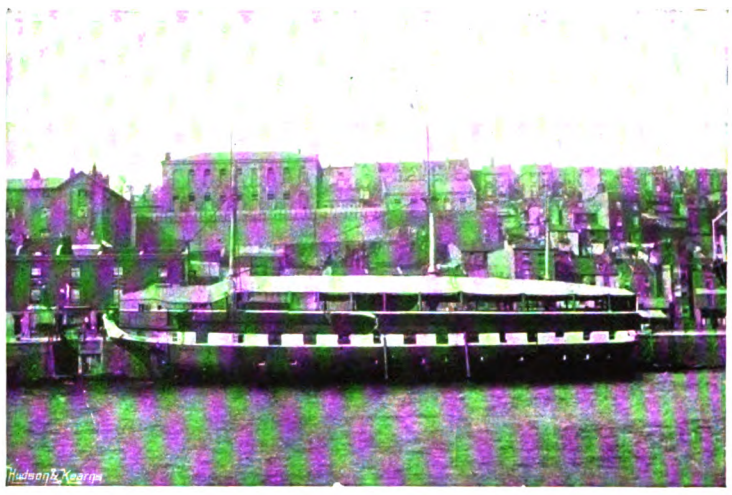

Photo. Symonds & Co Copyright.

A CRUISER FOR SALE—THE "DÆDALUS."

Until these hospitals were founded by Lady Roberts, the lot of the British officer laid low by sickness was sometimes a very hard one. Many a young life that might have been saved to do good work for the Empire was lost solely for the lack of the one thing necessary to save him—careful, trained nursing.

THE old cruiser "Dædalus," Royal Naval Reserve drill ship at Bristol, this month loses her captain, Commander H. G. Paris, R.N., who has had the ship since January, 1896. He will probably be the last officer to command on board the old vessel, for it is stated that she is to be replaced at an early date by the cruiser "Mercury." The "Dædalus" is an old frigate, built at Sheerness in 1828 as a 42-gun frigate, and later cut down to a 20-gun corvette. She did a good deal of cruising work in her time, mostly in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, but war service did not come her way. Yet her name once at least came prominently before the public—in 1848. From her deck in that year Captain McQuhae and his ship's company saw the sea-serpent, and watched it with great astonishment. The incident is referred to in our "Afloat and Ashore" page.

From a Photo. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

NURSES AND PATIENTS

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The Home-coming of the "Fighting Fifth."

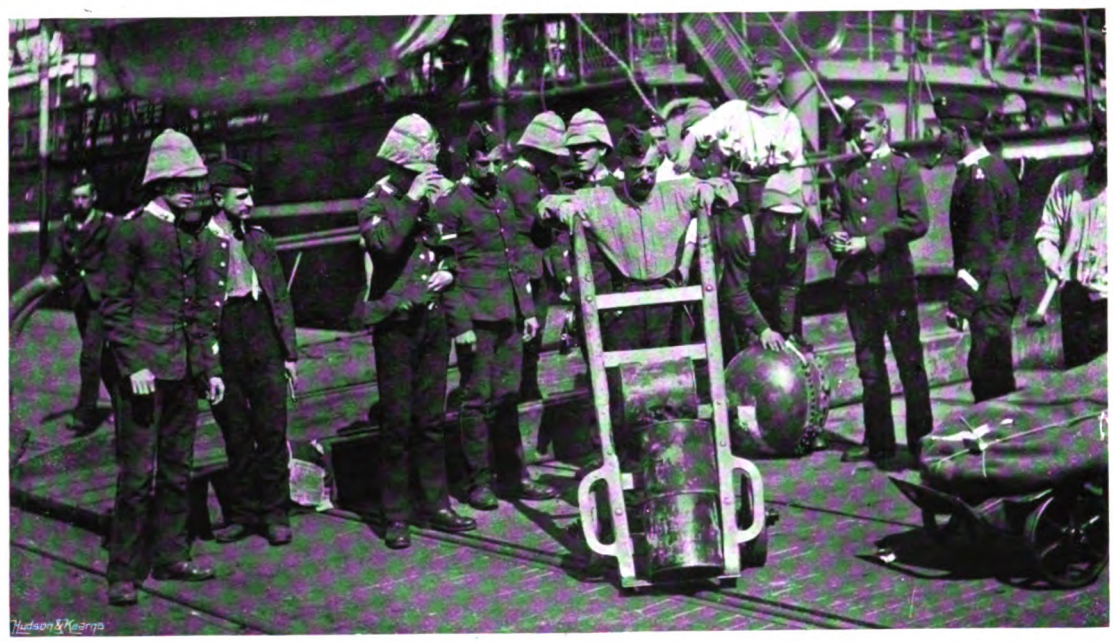
COLONEL C. G. C. MONEY, C.B.

COLONEL MONEY, whose portrait is here given, may well be proud of the fine battalion he commands, which was so cordially welcomed the other day on its arrival at Southampton. No better corps is there in the Service than the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusilers, and with a battle roll running from Wilhelmstahl in 1762, to Omdurman in 1898, it has covered itself with glory in many a hard-fought field.

What an impetus to recruiting for this grand corps has been given by its good work in Crete and in the Khartoum Campaign is shown by the fact that no less than 300 recruits joined the regimental depôt at Newcastle-on-Tyne during the course of last year, as against 185 in the year previous. Our illustrations are snapshots taken of the landing of the regiment from the hired transport "Verona," which brought them to Southampton. On arrival, they were met by Lieutenant-General Sir Baker Russell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., commanding the Southern district, and his staff.

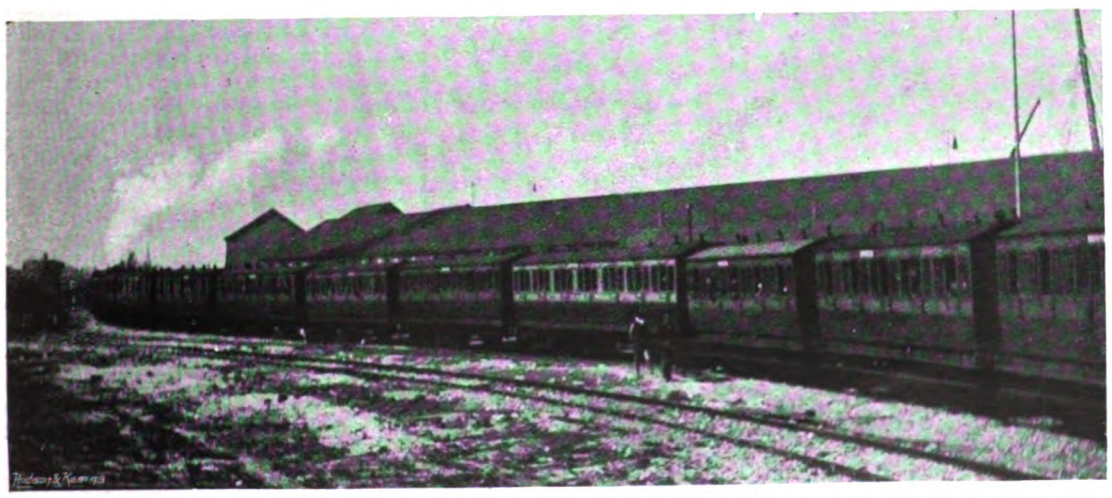
In our first picture this officer and his assistant-adjutant-general, Colonel R. Auld, are seen on the gangway leaving the "Verona," after having welcomed Colonel Money and his regiment, and inspected it. Colonel Auld, by the way, is an old Northumberland Fusilier himself, and it must have been a very sincere pleasure to him to greet his old corps on a return from a campaign in which they so highly distinguished themselves. In the next, the much-prized trophies brought away from Omdurman are being carefully transported to to the train, and, as usual, Dervish war-drums are well in evidence. All the regiments engaged at Omdurman had their share of Dervish drums, spears, and flags, the "Fifth" capturing a goodly number. In many a hamlet in hilly Northumberland the father's eye will glisten with pride, and the mother's grow dewy with a suspicion of tears, as their son tells the story of Omdurman, and shows the great broad-bladed spear that might have drained his life-blood.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR BAKER RUSSELL LEAVES THE "VERONA."



THE SPOIL OF OMDURMAN.

Finally, in our next, the troop-train is seen as it is about to leave for Aldershot, where the battalion will be stationed until it proceeds to the West Indies in the autumn. To-day it is not a case of "When the sweatin' troop-train lay in a sidin' through the day, where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl," as our friend Rudyard Kipling has it. They have had their fill of that in Egypt, and to-day, instead of the blinding glare of the desert, their eyes rest on green English fields and hedgerows. But this all comes in the day's work with the "Old and Bold," for is not their motto "Quo fata vocant" (whither the fates call us). The "Fifth"—one instinctively reverts to old names with some corps—has an unique distinction in that it is the only Fusilier corps authorised to wear a feather. This is an honour they won in a death struggle against French Grenadiers—from whose caps they took the plumes—in a little West Indian island more than a hundred years ago. For years they wore the tall white feather, now replaced by the little red and white hackle that adorns their racoon-skin caps. It is worn on the left side with the red uppermost.



Photos. Cribb. ON THE WAY TO ALDERSHOT. Copyright.

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Her Majesty's Home Afloat.

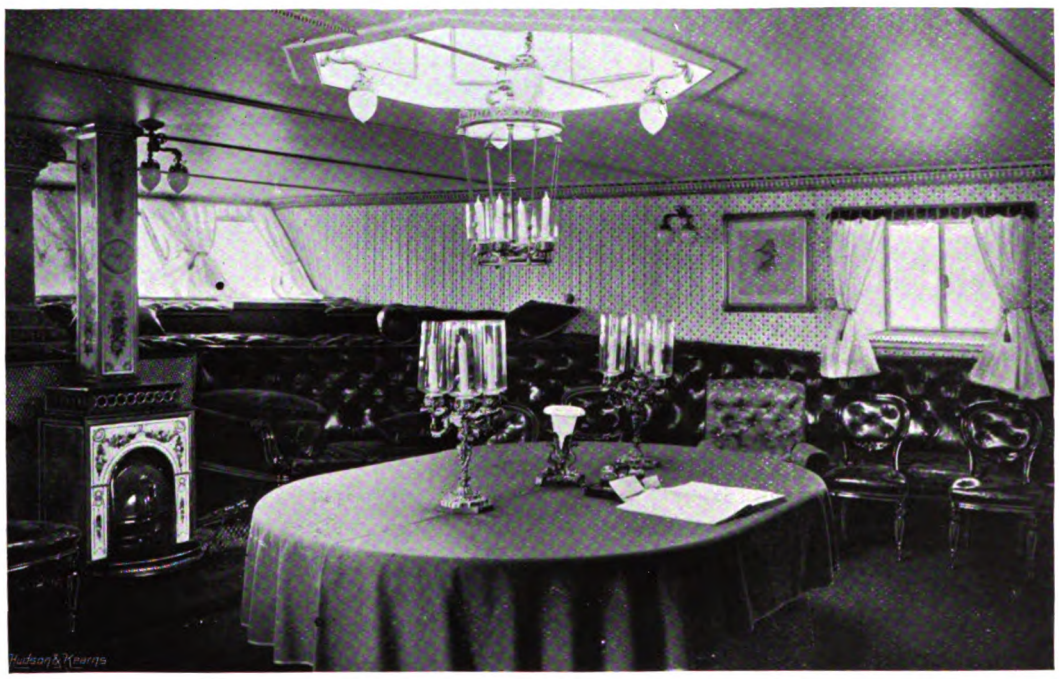
FOUR days ago and Pembroke Dockyard was *en fête* to see the third Royal Yacht that is to bear the name of "Victoria and Albert" put into the water. In the Royal Yacht the first thing to be studied is comfort, for Britain is rich enough to build its Queen a yacht purely for pleasure and travelling; and therefore the new "Victoria and Albert" will differ considerably from those used by many other potentates.

Work on the inside of the new vessel is not nearly completed, and the decorating and upholstering has not yet been commenced. However, the general design of style and furniture, fittings, etc., has been decided on by Her Majesty, and will follow very closely that of the yacht at present in use. In fact, it has been settled that many pictures and pieces of furniture in the old yacht are to be transferred to the new vessel when she is ready for sea.

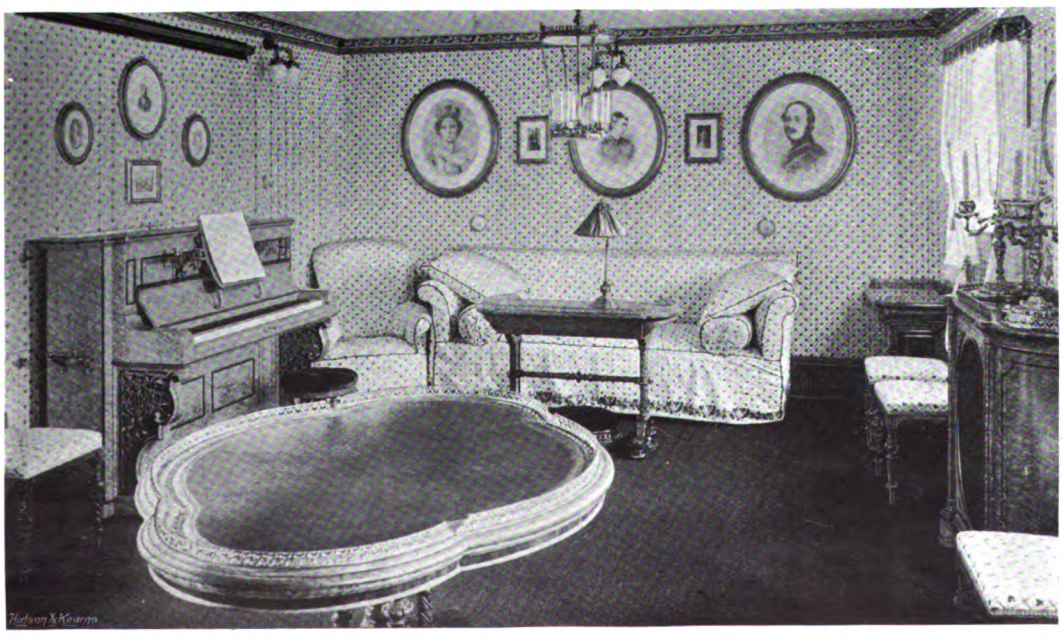
THE UPPER DECK SALOON.

In the Royal Yacht linoleum has been laid on the upper deck in order that the Queen and her visitors may have a dry and warm promenade. Easy lounges cushioned in Morocco leather are fitted on the deck, and doubtless similar comforts will be supplied for the Royal use in the new boat.

The Queen's apartments consist of a breakfast-room, a drawing-room, and a bedroom, the deck-house being fitted up as a dining-room, capable of holding nearly twenty guests; the accommodation, however, in the vessel now launched is considerably superior to this, and, indeed, to that of any other yacht afloat. All the furniture and walls of the cabins are covered with a pretty rose-bud pattern chintz, which is also used as the Queen's bed hangings. This pattern of chintz is said to have been chosen by the late Prince Consort. There is a Royal nursery on board, just below the Queen's apartments, but these apartments are now given up to the Queen's Indian attendants. The Moonshee, however, the Queen's personal attendant, is given a separate cabin on the main deck, just outside the Queen's apartments. The servants' apartments are situated just outside the nursery on the lower deck. The Lords and Ladies in Waiting have their dining-room on the fore part of the main deck, the Ladies-in-Waiting having their cabins on the starboard side, and the Lords-in-Waiting and the captain of the yacht on the port side. The cabins of the officers of the ship are situated on the lower deck, the ordinary seamen having their mess-places in the bow part, and the stokers just before the engine-room. The cook's galley is situated in the bow part of the main deck the food required for all on board being prepared in the same place. The furniture in the Queen's apartments is very plain, the chairs, sofas, and settees in the dining-room and breakfast-room being covered with green Morocco leather, while the floors are carpeted with red and black Brussels.



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



Photos. Symonds & Co. IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. Copyright.

Our illustrations amply bear out the statement that Her Majesty does not go in for any ostentatious display.

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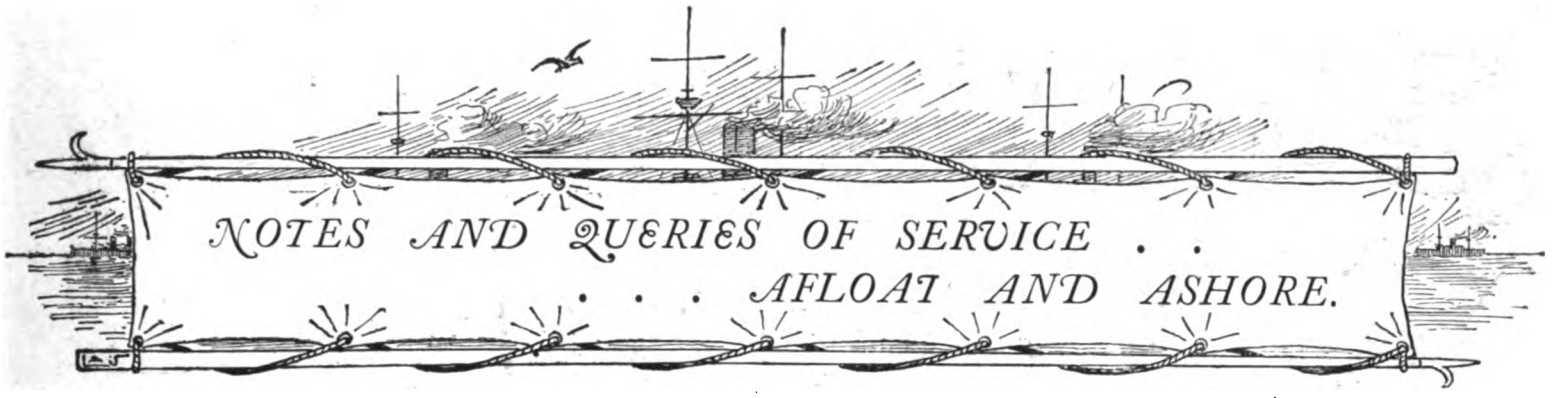

"MILITIAMAN."—By carefully reading the Army Order on the Special Service Section of the Militia, which took effect on December 1, you will easily understand the great advantages with which the measure is fraught. This special service will not only increase the popularity and prestige of the Militia, and draw it closer to the regular Army, but will practically add enormously to the fighting power of the latter. According to this arrangement, the Army serving abroad can be immediately reinforced by two classes of militia soldiers—first, individual men who engage to serve with the regular forces, and, second, militia battalions that voluntarily offer to serve abroad. Such battalions must be composed of not less than 75 per cent. of the officers and men present at their annual training. Both of these classes must undergo seven days of musketry training in addition to the ordinary musketry course.

* * * *

IT has long been the boast of zealous militia officers that no battalion in their service would be found wanting if it were offered an opportunity of serving abroad in the event of war. Although the present can hardly be called a time of emergency, yet Britain must be ready to hold her own against possible combinations, and the champions of the Constitutional force will be much disappointed if there be not a ready and unanimous response to the invitation which the authorities have issued. The results will probably be better if battalions be more employed than individuals. In the latter case, the ranks of the Army would be swelled, which is so far so good; but in the former, a large addition of solid units would acquire experience and *esprit de corps*, giving our land forces that strength and elasticity which are required to make them duly respected among the great armies of Europe. The extra musketry training is a wise provision, and the whole scheme commands admiration.

* * * *

THIS year is the jubilee of the first well-authenticated case of a sea-serpent being seen. It was seen from the "Dædalus," and a sketch appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. By order of the Admiralty an official report was made of the occurrence by Captain M'Quhae of the "Dædalus." In this it is described as "an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea. . . . There was at the very least 60ft. of the animal *a fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was to our perception used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulations. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship, or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose." The diameter is stated to have been about 15in. or 16in. behind the head, and the monster continued in sight twenty minutes, the colour being dark brown with yellowish white about the throat.

* * * *

IT is, however, fair to add that the actuality of this serpent did not remain uncontested. Professor Owen maintained that he could no more believe in the existence of enormous sea serpents than he could in the possibility of a race of men sixty feet high. Writing to the *Times* in 1848 he denied that the "Dædalus" could have seen a serpent, and suggested that the picture in the *Illustrated London News* might have been that of an enormous seal which had been floated down on an iceberg. When the iceberg melted the seal would swim for a new resting-place, propelling itself by means of its paddles and tail. The apparent continuation of the animal, he suggested, was caused by the eddy behind the seal. Against this it may be argued that the latitude, 24° 44' S. is a good way further northward than icebergs are met with in the southern hemisphere, and that Naval officers are hardly likely to mistake eddy waters for a solid body.

* * * *

I AM asked whether any of the Balaclava veterans are still living, and if so, how many of them there are? This is, of course, a difficult question to answer with absolute accuracy, but it is known that there are some seventy-two survivors of the famous Charge of the Light Brigade. Mr. T. H. Roberts, of *Illustrated Bits*, started a fund last year for the support of such of these veterans who were in need of assistance. He invited all survivors of the Light Brigade to his office to view the Jubilee procession, and thus it was that an approximate estimate of the survivors was arrived at. It was then that it was discovered that some of these old soldiers were in the workhouse, and so the Balaclava Light Brigade Survivors' Relief Fund was started by Mr. Roberts, who received a letter from the Queen approving of the fund as "a philanthropic undertaking." It should be stated that thirty of the survivors are in receipt of relief from the fund.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask me how many officers' messes there are on board ship, and how the catering is managed. In the old days there were three messes on board a man-of-war—the ward-room mess, the gun-room mess (midshipmen under fifteen in charge of the gunner and schoolmaster), and the mates' mess, generally known as "the midshipman's berth" (masters, mates, midshipmen over fifteen, surgeon's assistants, and passed clerks). In 1853, an engineers' mess was added; in 1860, the mates' mess was merged in the gun-room, and in 1864 the engineers' mess was abolished. Thus the four messes which at one time existed have to-day become merged in the ward-room and the gun-room. In the former mess all of the rank of, and with rank corresponding to that of, lieutenant and upwards; all lower ranks mess in the gun-room. The catering is in the hands of a ward-room steward and a gun-room steward, who receive from each officer the messing allowance granted by Government, plus something extra per diem, and also supplies extras, for which a charge is made. This, however, does not apply to wine, which the officers lay in for themselves, and officers take it in turn to be "wine caterer." It is generally supplied from a few old-fashioned firms in the Naval ports who have made the supply of officers' messes in the Navy their business, and is always sound and good in quality, and supplied from bond duty free. A very typical firm of the kind is that of Messrs. Collier and Co., of Plymouth. They first commenced business in 1837, in which year they supplied wine—ships then had stowage enough to stow stock for the whole commission—to thirty-one Naval messes. In the year Her Majesty celebrated her Jubilee, they supplied wine stores to 145 ward-rooms, 35 gun-rooms, and 8 foreign war-ships.

* * * *

THE Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army, which is situated at Bath, is an excellent institution, well worthy of support. It was founded in 1864, with the object of providing, at the lowest possible cost, a first-rate education for daughters of officers serving, or who had served, in the Army or Royal Marines. Admission to the school is obtained at half-yearly elections. The votes being carried forward, it is almost impossible for a deserving case to be excluded, if only the girl can wait long enough. The fees for girls elected vary from £12 to £40 a year, according to the means of their father. Some girls, however, are taken in without election, and the fees charged in these cases are £80 a year. Pupils are admitted at any age between ten and fifteen, and may stay until they are eighteen years' old. There are about 130 girls at the school. The expenditure of this admirable Military institution amounts to about £7,000 a year, and the funds at its disposal do not always meet this sum. It is, therefore, a pleasure to be able to record that the committee have lately acknowledged the receipt of £500 from a generous supporter—whose name has not been announced—for the purpose of forming scholarships for proficiency in music. That the school does good work, may be taken for granted when it is stated that the Queen is patron and the Duke of Cambridge president.

* * * *

ONE of the most useful and thriving of regimental institutions maintained by the Royal Marines is the Royal Marines' Rifle Association, the report of which for the last year has just reached us. As proof of its increasing popularity in the corps, it is worth noting that more than double the number of life members joined in 1898 than in 1897. The great matches of the year are those for the Duke of Coburg's Cup, the Officers' Cup, the Twenty Competition, and the Revolver Match. The former—competed for by teams of eight, of any rank, from each division and the depôt, went this year to the Portsmouth division. The officers' cup, presented by past and present officers of the corps, is competed for by teams of six, the result on this occasion being a tie between the depôt and the Plymouth division. In the Twenty Competition—to select the team to represent the corps at Bisley—Sergeant Hill came out first, winning the gold jewel. In the Revolver Match, again teams of six, for the handsome challenge bowl, presented by officers past and present of the corps, the depôt division won. In the "All Comers' Challenge Cup," at Aldershot, a competition of which this was the first year, every division, except Plymouth, had a team entered. Seventeen teams competed, and the depôt division won with the fine average of 91·37. The Chatham division was sixth, the Portsmouth eighth, and the Marine Artillery ninth.

* * * *

NOT the least interesting item in the forthcoming Military Tournament will be one very striking scene where the "Soldiers of the Queen" sentiment will be forcibly brought home to the spectator. A vedette of the 6th Dragoon Guards are surrounded and hemmed in by an overwhelming mass of Dervishes. "Wiped out" would be their fate, but in the nick of time comes to their aid a patrol of the New South Wales Lancers. Fighting side by side are cavalrymen of one of the oldest and most historic corps of the British Army and those of almost the youngest of the greater British Army that is to-day not only growing into being, but already developing into a stalwart and lusty youth. The old 9th Horse—the Queen Dowager's Cuirassiers, as it was known, its first colonel having been Master of the Horse to Queen Catherine of Braganza—became the 3rd Irish Horse, and to-day is the 6th Dragoon Guards. It was raised in 1685, and won its title of the Carabiniers five years later, conferred by the King, for gallantry at the Boyne. In the mimic war it is fighting side by side with another British regiment, raised just two centuries later at the other side of the world. One more proof of the truth that the Service Laureate sings:

"The Lord our God Most High,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!"

THE EDITOR.

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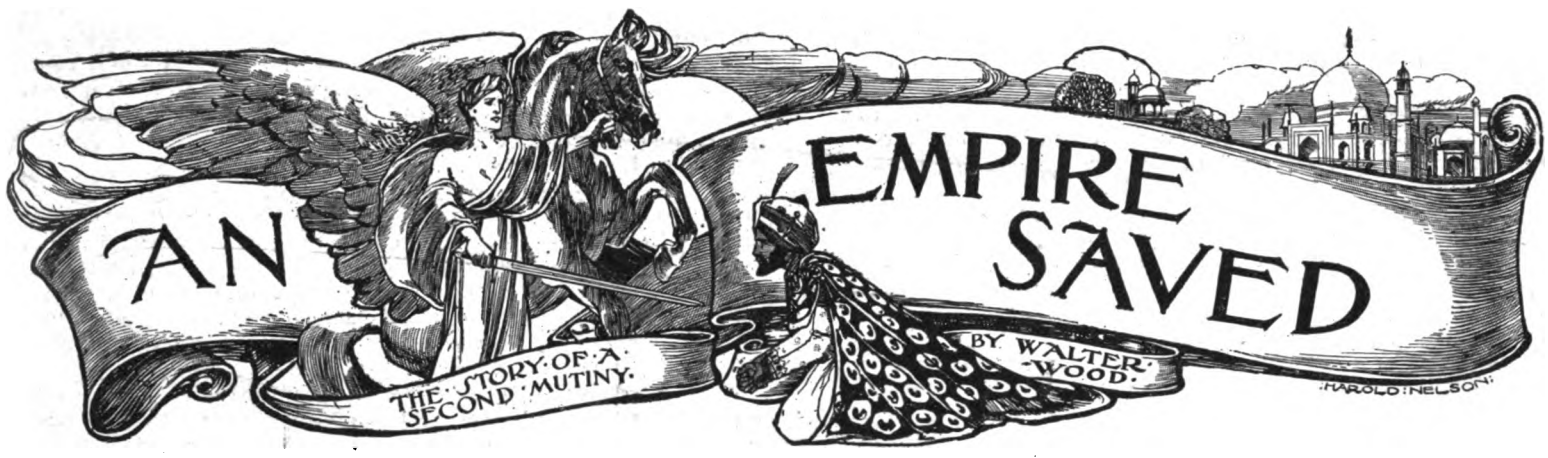

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. Colonel Barr is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended. Believing that a forlorn-hope might cripple, if not disperse, Murrib Khan's forces, Barr chooses Reid to lead a body of volunteers. As the forlorn-hope marches off reinforcements arrive, and the mutineers are scattered. Murrib Khan is pursued by cavalry, and, after a fierce resistance, is taken prisoner. He defeats the law by committing suicide, after making a confession. Quietness having been restored in the country, the adjutant astonishes the colonel by intimating that he means to resign his commission. The colonel protests that he sees no excuse for such a course.

CHAPTER XVII. *(continued.)*

"I THOUGHT you might see it, sir," said the adjutant, helplessly, after an embarrassing pause.

"Reid," exclaimed the colonel, angrily, "I don't see it; I notice nothing except your astonishing evasion of my point. If you have anything to say, please say it. Whatever it is, it cannot surprise me more than your present attitude."

"Well then, sir," said Reid, boldly, "since you so kindly help me, I will. I am going to send in my papers."

"Send in your papers—leave the Army?" gasped the chief, and straightway, proving that he was still capable of feeling amazed, he sank into the chair and looked at Reid in hopeless bewilderment. He could understand many things—even an outbreak amongst disaffected native troops; but an act like this was utterly beyond his comprehension. Of all men in the battalion, he least expected such a resolution on the part of Reid, who was an unusually smart and promising officer.

"It is true, sir," said Reid, humbly. "I feared it might surprise you a little, but I am glad you take it so well."

Colonel Barr upon this sprang from his chair, suspecting that Reid was guilty of unwarrantable flippancy, when the truth was that the adjutant was so seriously disturbed that he was quite incapable of putting his meaning in the best form.

"This is no time," said Colonel Barr, hotly, "to act and talk like this. We will resume the consideration of the matter when we are more capable of dealing with it."

When he said "we" the second time he so clearly meant "you" that the adjutant almost allowed his superior officer to leave the room in his anger. But he stepped forward and, with a respectful gesture, detained him.

"If you will permit me to explain, sir," he said, "I can do so in a few words; the matter is not so very strange or difficult, after all."

"Pray proceed," said the colonel, stiffly. He meant to be gracious, but inasmuch as he felt that nothing could justify Reid's decision, assuming that he was speaking as a sane man, he only succeeded in sounding very churlish.

"I am leaving the Army——" began Reid.

"It will be the worst step you ever took," interrupted the colonel, unable to check himself.

"Because I am going to get married," concluded the adjutant, desperately.

The colonel maintained silence for several seconds. Then he said deliberately, "No, I was wrong—that would be even worse."

He looked angrily at Reid for a moment, and the adjutant, sore and resentful, making no reply, the colonel turned and stalked grandly out of the room. He immediately sought refuge in his own quarters, and was honestly satisfied that he was the most thwarted man in India. It was only on very rare occasions that he felt so deeply interested in the welfare of one of his officers as he now did in Reid, and it struck him as being exceptionally ungracious for the adjutant to adopt this attitude when it had pleased him, his commanding officer, to show such a lively interest in his career.

For the time being he even forgot the mutiny, so stunned was he by Reid's intimation.

"The man's mad—perfectly mad," he said, walking to and fro rapidly. "It would be just as sane for him to say, if he had the chance of laying hands on ten thousand sovereigns, 'Thanks, I haven't time to take them, I have a train to catch,' as it is for him to say now that he is going to leave the Army, when he's shown the stuff he's made of, when he's proved himself one of the finest fellows that ever donned the British uniform! Leave the Army! And why?"

The colonel paused abruptly. "Why?" he demanded, smiting the table. "Because," he answered himself, hotly, "because of some damned woman!"

He rapped the words out as he struck the table, and, being greatly soothed by the performance and the expression, he repeated both.

"Yes," he was about to say for the third time, "for some——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Reid, who had knocked loudly and then walked in.

"Ah," exclaimed the colonel, "you heard what I was saying." He was considerably taken aback, and showed it.

"Not a word, sir," said Reid, promptly. He had heard everything, but he generously made allowance for the colonel's agitation, and had come back determined not to be offended at anything, and to insist, as much as he reasonably could, upon making his position clear.

"What I said was not worth listening to," explained Colonel Barr, with a feeling that he had done an unworthy and ungentlemanly thing. "I was—er—ah—saying to myself that the weather was extremely trying. Besides, such a time as we've been having lately is calculated to upset the most nicely-balanced disposition, and to ruffle the sweetest temper."

Reid admitted that it was, and spoke so quietly, and with such an unmoved face, that the colonel was deluded into the belief that his strong remark had indeed been unheard.

"I knocked hard, sir," said Reid, "and thought I heard you say, 'Come in.'"

"Quite right—I spoke to that effect," said the commanding officer, hastily, but not without an inward groan, for he was the soul of conscientiousness, and as a general thing held prevarication and misrepresentation of all sorts in horror. But he solaced himself with thinking that he was in reality dealing for the moment with an enemy, and that consequently he was justified in resorting to subterfuge in order to achieve his purpose, which was victory. Almost any action would, he felt, be justifiable which should succeed in winning the adjutant from his absurd and unpromising determination to abandon his profession.

"I was afraid, sir," began Reid, "that you had misunderstood me in regard to my resignation. Will you allow me to explain further?"

All the colonel's wrath returned upon the mention of the word resignation. For once, at any rate, he was utterly unreasonable, because he was satisfied, to begin with, that nothing whatever could justify such a step on Reid's part. He therefore assumed towards the adjutant the attitude of a judge who has completely made up his mind, without hearing the evidence, of the guilt of the prisoner before him.

"Nothing can explain such a course," said the colonel,

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and unconsciously he waved his hand as if to signify that the interview was at an end, and that he wished the adjutant to be gone.

Reid, a model of discipline, but impatient at such a show of unreasonableness, and fired with a sudden indignation, answered, "I beg your pardon, sir—then I will not attempt to offer one."

He turned and withdrew, and before the colonel could recover from his astonishment, and hastily say that he had not meant that Reid should go, the adjutant was walking angrily towards the hospital, where Margaret was awaiting his return. She knew the nature of his mission, for immediately after leaving the colonel he had joined her and explained that all the time which was devoted to smoothing his path with his superior officer would be wasted. She had, however, advised him to seek out the colonel and try his luck again, and the adjutant had obediently departed on the distasteful errand.

She saw that Reid had not been successful, and she made no remark as he approached. She knew that he was full enough of his woe and injury to give his tongue rein without any encouragement on her part.

The adjutant entered the room, slammed the door, threw his helmet on the floor, and exclaimed, "Bigoted old idiot!"

"'Sh!" said Margaret, warningly.

With native caution, she stepped to the door, and, although certain that no one could have heard, opened it suddenly, but as if casually, in case some person might by any chance have been near it, and eavesdropping.

"It is never wise to talk like that," she added, returning to Reid's side; "although I quite agree with you."

"It saves you from thinking hard things," said the adjutant, with a growl. "Here am I, an amiable man, a free man, having for reasons of my own, which you know, determined to retire from the Army. I wanted to put those reasons before the colonel, and he straightway jumped up and wouldn't listen. He stalked off, and I so far sunk my pride as to go after him. I entered unexpectedly, and caught him striking the table, and saying——"

Reid checked himself.

"Yes," remarked Margaret. "What was it?"

"Well, I'd rather not say," replied the adjutant. Then his mood changed swiftly. He saw the absurdity of the whole incident, and laughed aloud.

Margaret looked puzzled. "I don't see anything to laugh at," she protested, mildly.

"But I do," answered Reid, "and you'd laugh, too, if you knew as much as I do."

"The late Major Green's Niece"

"Well, suppose you tell me," she suggested, somewhat nettled. "At present I really don't see anything humorous in the situation. On the contrary, it appears to be decidedly unpleasant."

"I will, some day, but not now," replied the adjutant. "I will tell you when it will be the most dramatic, and when I can have my revenge on the colonel. Dear man, he's given me a roasting, but it's nothing to the way I'll fry him when I get the chance—and it's sure to come."

"It seems to me," said Margaret, greatly injured, "judging from your language, that you ought to settle your quarrel, if you have one, in the cook-house."

Reid looked at his *fiancée* in amazement. "Why," he exclaimed, "even you are rounding on me. For sixpence," he vowed, with an affectation of great ill-temper, "I'd remain in the Army."

"There, now," said Margaret, coming up to him with a cleared brow. "We're both very silly. Tell me what it is when you like. It can't be anything very dreadful, or you couldn't keep it from me."

She kissed him on the forehead—just a light touch with her lips—and had left the room before the delighted adjutant could seize her and return the salute. They were not a very demonstrative pair, and a chance like that was not to be allowed to slip too easily.

"Very well, colonel," said Reid, in a low voice, when he had carefully thought out his course of action, "since you wouldn't hear me to-day, I'll take care that you don't get from me an explanation of what I had in mind. You dear old soldier," he added, affectionately; "will you never see beyond your nose when it comes to something else than Army business?"

By next day the colonel had recovered. He had smothered his pride enough to show that he was willing to hear anything which the adjutant might have to say; but Reid was deaf to all hints, and was not to be drawn into any admission or confession. All he did was to give the colonel an assurance, when the chance came, that his decision was final, and that he had determined to abandon the Army as a career. "Better men than I have done it, sir," he added.

"And rued it," replied the colonel, bitterly. "And all for a woman's sake. And you haven't yet even said who she is. Some designing man-hunter, it goes without saying. I question which is the worse—the man-hunter of the jungle or the man-hunter of the ball-room."

Reid allowed him to groan and grumble without enlightenment, and the colonel seeing that unless he asked outright he would get no satisfaction, and scorning to put a direct question, was as much in the dark when his adjutant came to say farewell as he was when Reid first made known the path which he had chosen for the future.

By this time the rising was becoming almost a memory. Murrib Khan had come and gone, and of those who had risen with him and had not fallen most had been already dealt with by the ruling Power. One or two of the ringleaders had, like the foreign agent, escaped from the country, and it was supposed that if they remained in concealment no special effort would be made to bring them to justice. Quick punishment had followed prompt trial, but judgment was in all cases tempered by the consideration that one fanatical monomaniac had been the primary cause of the mischief, and, as for him, he had put himself beyond the reach of earthly jurisdiction.

There were at Nilgoa evidences of the efforts which had been made to shatter the foundations of an empire, and of the struggle which had taken place, and with success, to save that empire from a fall. There were simple tributes to the loyalty of Major Green, the prowess of the pioneer-sergeant, and the valour of the rank and file of the Queen's who had driven back the enemy and fallen at their posts while holding the barracks until reinforcements came. Time-expired men had crossed the sea to England and had exchanged their uniforms for mufti; the cavalry and artillery had long since returned to their headquarters, and the marks of the struggle were disappearing quickly from the neighbourhood. Where these were mostly seen was at the Devil's Cauldron. At that place parties congregated and heard for the first time, or were told afresh, the story of the last stand of the mutineers and the ruse by which the troopers overcame the desperate defenders.

Nilgoa itself was changing, and it was to change more, and faster. The European troops were increased in number, and the station was to be no longer left so isolated and forlorn. It was to be connected with the railway systems of the Dominions, and in every way the authorities were working to the end that no such rising should again be put on record. Locomotives, it was seen, would be quicker and more certain than even cyclists of the pluck and stamina of Brear and Banks. These two wheelmen had become non-commissioned officers, and it was an open question whether their future was not quite as well assured as that of Sergeant Barker. Barker, who had been at all times regarded as somewhat of the gentleman, now stood revealed as the son of an eminent medical practitioner, a gratifying legend generally circulated and adopted by reason of his success with the adjutant's broken arm, and the propagation of which was

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tacitly agreed to and encouraged by Barker, who admitted, when questioned on the point, that his father certainly was as often as not called the Doctor or the Professor. One enthusiastic admirer even went so far as to start the report that Barker senior had been an eminent divine, but, when questioned on the point, the son could only be induced to say mysteriously that there were circumstances surrounding his family history into which it was not desirable that he should go. As to the gift of the jewelled watch by Margaret—a gift of which no one knew except the adjutant—it was generally understood that he had accepted it as some concession to a wealthy lady who had conceived for him a hopeless passion. Barker had often said to himself that if ever the flood tide set his way he would not be slow in embarking upon it. He had launched himself with vigour, and there was large promise of a very successful voyage. For him, at any rate, the mutiny would in future years afford many pleasant memories.

It was of such incidents as these that Barr and Reid spoke as the adjutant stood up to say farewell to his old commanding officer.

It was a sad parting—sad to the colonel, because he honestly believed his adjutant had taken a wrong step and wilfully abandoned a hopeful and brilliant future; sad to Reid, because he was saying farewell to a Service on which he had set his heart, and with which the greatest pleasures of his existence were associated. The Army had made a man of him, and he looked upon its discipline and training with a feeling that was little short of love. He was turning from the sword and field for ever, and but for the woman whom he loved so much he would have gone back upon his action even then, and have taken up the sword once more.

"My boy," said Colonel Barr, sadly, "you've fixed upon your path, and God forbid that I should do otherwise than wish you all success. I am a stubborn man in some things, and, without exactly knowing what could prompt you to take such a course, I still say that your career is plainly in the Army. You are a soldier to the fingers, as your father was; and which will be the greater loser, the Army or yourself, by your retirement, I don't profess to know. That you have some good reason for your action, no one more readily believes than I do. What it is I can't tell; for even if a man will damage his chance by marriage—as in my opinion a soldier inevitably does—that is no excuse why he should willingly put every prospect on one side. Speaking as a friend, that is what I think you are doing."

"Believe me, sir," Reid answered, earnestly, "I have not acted without the most serious thought. And besides, I cannot altogether control circumstances. You do not know all at present, but I think you will see things from my own point of view when I have the chance of putting them more clearly before you. Suspend your judgment till you pay your promised visit to us in England. That, I think, is a reasonable enough request to make."

"Very well," replied the colonel; "I will do so. If there is any mystery, it will, I suppose, keep till then."

There was just enough curiosity in his tone to make Reid almost waver in his determination and decide to take the colonel into his confidence there and then.

The colonel saw his hesitation, and, by way of giving Reid a chance to make a clean breast of whatever might be troubling him, produced a box of cigars and invited Reid to help himself. "It may be the last you'll smoke on Eastern soil," he said. "Sit down again." He spoke in the most encouraging and friendly manner.

Each took a cigar and a seat.

The commanding officer himself puffed hard, and waited for his friend to speak. But Reid smoked placidly, and the colonel again saw that unless he asked point blank he was not likely to get his curiosity satisfied. Such a sacrifice he was not disposed to make, and accordingly there was a silence which was not disturbed until Reid rose to bid farewell finally.

"Then I shall hope to see you as soon as you can get to England?" said the adjutant.

"Thanks, I hope so," replied the colonel. "But it cannot be for some time yet."

"The longer you are the warmer will be your welcome," Reid assured him—"if that is possible."

They shook hands—a long close grip, which meant more than many words, and the colonel felt almost envious as he thought that Reid would be the first to see the land of which they both so fondly thought. But he put the feeling aside as unworthy.

"You will look well after Miss Alexander? You travel by the same ship," said he, as parting words.

"I will, sir; depend upon it," answered Reid, energetically.

"I do not think there's a man in the battalion who has a greater right to take charge of her," continued Colonel Barr.

Reid bowed his head.

"Except, perhaps, myself," added the colonel.

The adjutant looked up sharply.

"Because, you know," continued the colonel, not noticing the adjutant's mild astonishment, "next to poor Major Green, I think I may claim to be her best friend."

"She certainly has the very greatest regard for you, sir," said Reid.

"I believe she likes me as well as any other man in the regiment," said the colonel, with deep satisfaction. "Had I been a younger man, or less of a bachelor, or—but what's the use of it? It's absurd for a man holding my principles to talk like that, even for a moment. Besides, it is not at all likely that she would ever look twice at an old stager like me. All the same, I feel sure that she will marry someone, some day."

"It is exceedingly probable," admitted Reid.

"It will be the first enquiry I shall make when I reach England," continued the colonel.

"Perhaps, sir," said Reid, with an amused look which was entirely lost upon his superior officer, "the first married lady you meet will be the present Miss Alexander."

"Who knows?" replied the colonel.

"Well," muttered Reid, as he walked away, "if you, my dear, kind, blind friend, don't, you ought to—everybody else does now, although never a word's been spoken. Never mind, when the mystery *is* explained to you, such as it is, you'll be all the more astonished. But to think that an affair like this can go on under a man's very nose, and he be never a shade the wiser for it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Certain Little Matters are Explained.

Not for some time could Colonel Barr leave India, but when he was able to do so he hurried to England, and at the earliest moment, and without notice, presented himself at the address which Reid had given him in his letters. Of these there were many, for Reid was a good correspondent, and had written regularly, and on numerous topics, to his old commanding officer. But in these communications he had said nothing about his own movements or work, nor had he made any allusion to the mystery of which he had spoken to the colonel before leaving India. Colonel Barr accordingly assumed that Reid must be unmarried and unoccupied, and that time must, in consequence, hang heavily upon his hands. It was beyond that excellent officer's comprehension that an idle man could by any possibility be happy.

He drove straight to Reid's address, a tall, narrow house facing one of the London parks, and prepared to ask impressively if Reid was at home. Before he quite realised the situation the door had opened suddenly, his hand had been violently seized, and he had been unceremoniously led up the staircase and into the drawing-room. When he had recovered his wits he found that Reid was smiling delightedly upon him, and had, with more or less mock ceremony, presented him to a lady who was no other than the late Major Green's niece.

As a general thing the colonel prided himself upon his imperturbability, but here, unexpectedly in the presence of a woman who was the last person in the world he expected to meet, he was embarrassed, and, for the moment, speechless.

At last he managed to gasp out some common-place, and in the extremity of his confusion murmured that he hoped the rest of the members of the family were well.

Only Reid heard the remark, and was so overcome by it that he laughed aloud, to the great mystery of his wife and the secret wrath of his late superior officer. Forgetting that Reid was no longer in the Army, the colonel cast a withering glance at his former adjutant, and drew himself up sternly.

Reid laughed again, more hilariously, and the colonel slowly and vaguely began to recognise that he had made himself look foolish.

"My dear," said Reid to his wife, "Colonel Barr will stay to luncheon."

The colonel turned, for him, pale, and was about to speak; but Reid took no notice of the distress which he knew he was sure to feel at the prospect of sitting at table with a woman whom he had on more than one occasion in India so frankly criticised.

"And," continued Reid, relentlessly, "so that he may be in his best conversational form, you must excuse us for a little while, so that I can take him off to my den. We have a good deal to say to each other."

The colonel again muttered something which was inaudible; but before he could fully collect himself Reid had whirled him off to his most private apartment, where he busied himself at once in producing cigars, and in preparing the colonel's favourite drink, the materials for which were ostentatiously handy, and pointed to the conclusion that they formed the basis of Reid's favourite drink also.

Suddenly Reid fell into a chair, and laughed again.

(To be continued.)

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A Distinguished Seaman.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN R. T. FULLERTON, C.B., K.C.V.O., A.D.C.,

COMMANDING H.M. ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

Photo. Lambert Weston and Son.

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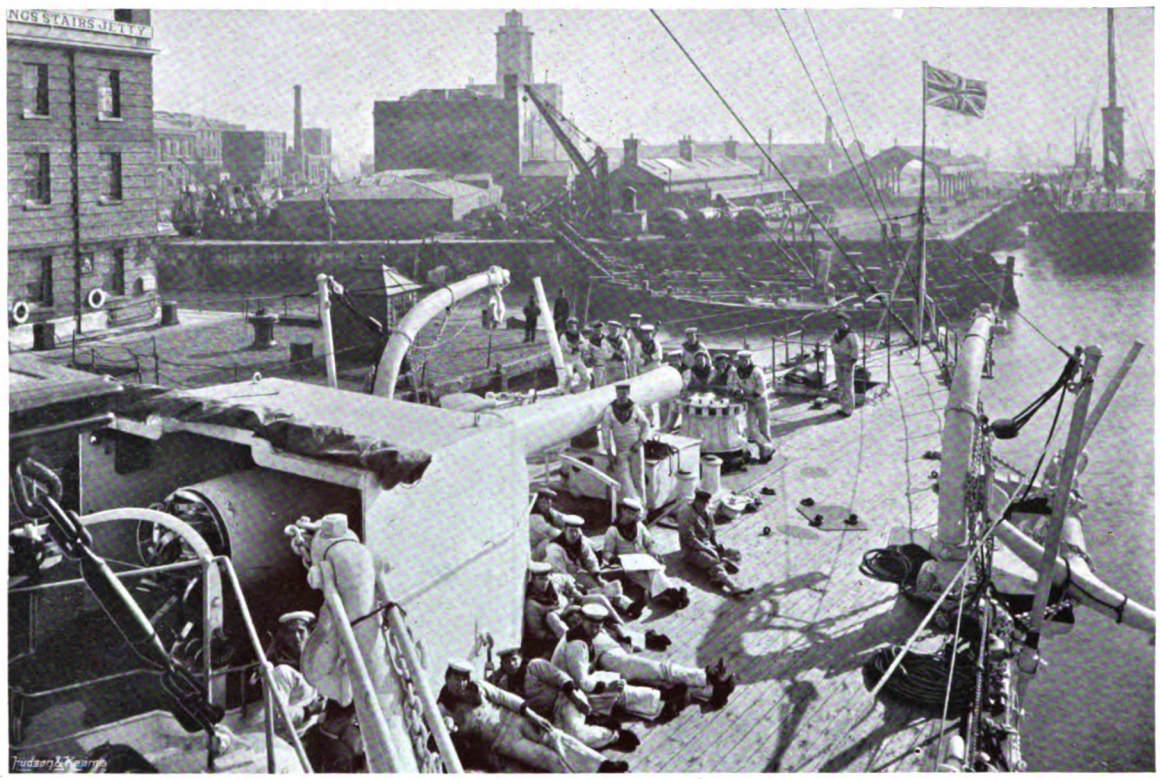
On Board the "Orlando."

THE "Orlando" is one of our not too numerous armoured cruisers. She has now taken up her duties on the China station, having recently arrived at Hong Kong, and is one of seven sister vessels, all launched about 1886, the first fruits of the perfectly legitimate and justifiable scare about the insufficiency of the Navy, which arose at the time when Mr. Gladstone obtained his credit vote of six millions, in consequence of complications with Russia over the Afghan question. Naturally, at the age of thirteen years, the "Orlando" is not, in these rapid times, on a par with more recent vessels. Her speed is a bare 18 knots, as compared with the indispensable 22 of to-day, and in other respects she is not up to date. She has, however, a powerful armament, consisting of two 9·2-in. guns, ten 6-in., and an equal number of 3-pounder q.-f. guns, and a 10-in. armoured belt extending over two-thirds of her length, transverse bulkheads of 16-in. in thickness, and a protective steel deck of from 2-in. to 3-in.



ON THE FORECASTLE.

She was recently flag-ship on the Australian station, and, after refit at home, is now under the command of Captain James H. T. Burke.

Captain Burke entered the Service in 1866; he was ten years a lieutenant, seven years a commander, and reached his present rank in 1894. He held for some years the important post of Inspector of Warlike Stores. His portrait is given, together with Commander E. F. B. Charlton and Lieutenant C. Mackenzie. Commander Charlton was promoted to lieutenant immediately on passing his examinations, having succeeded in obtaining the much-coveted five first classes.

Photos. Symonds & Co. THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS. Copyright.

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THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

The first illustration gives an excellent picture of the forecastle of the cruiser, the men taking their ease during the dinner hour. In the immediate foreground is the 9·2-in. gun in its protective shield; the other large gun is mounted astern. It will be noticed that the "Orlando" is not altogether up to date in her equipment, as she has the old-fashioned type of anchor, with the long iron stock sticking up in the line of fire of her big gun. This can, of course, be unshipped and laid down, but the anchor is not in that case ready for immediate use. The vessel lies alongside the well-known King's Stairs Jetty at Portsmouth; further on is the Railway Jetty, with one of the Royal yachts and some other vessels alongside.

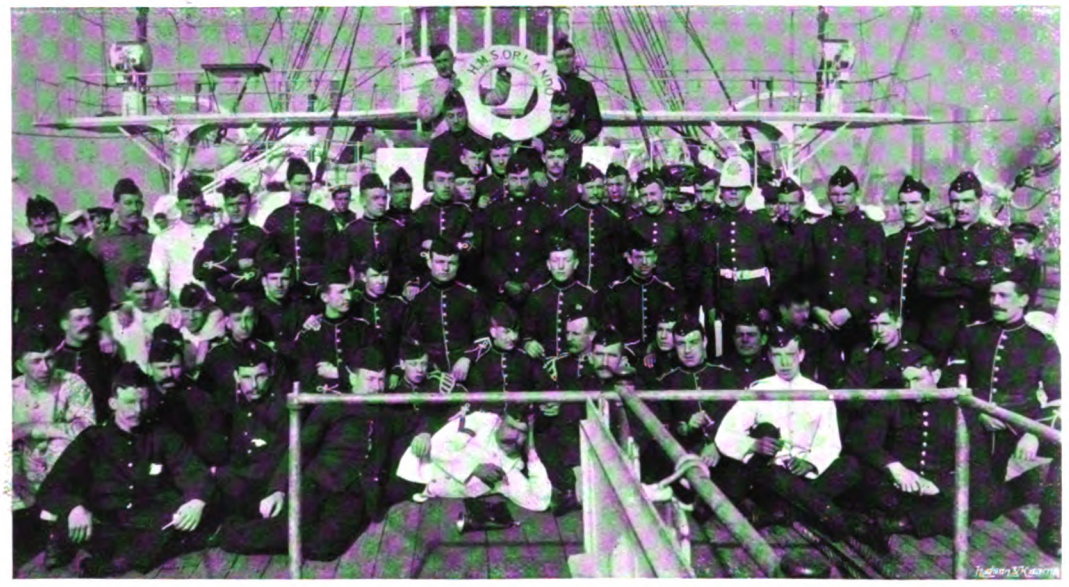
The total comp'lement of the vessel is nearly 500, including over thirty officers, nearly all of whom appear in the group; the midshipmen, it will be noticed, have been accommodated with a flag on which to sit for their photographs.

In the picture of the ship's company, assembled on the forecastle, there is scarcely a face which would not be recognisable by an acquaintance.

One Bluejacket, mounted on the bow, proudly extends the "flag that's braved a thousand years."

The Marines are accorded a place by themselves.

The stokers, also in a separate group, having been summoned from their work in the lower regions to pose for their pictures, naturally appear somewhat at a disadvantage in the matter of dress.



THE MARINE DETACHMENT.

Photos. Symonds & Co. THE STOKERS. Copyright.

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THE "CABINET" OF THE "ORLANDO."

COMMAND R E F. B. CHARLTON. CAPTAIN J. H. T. BURKE. LIEUTENANT C. MACKENZIE.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 120.] SATURDAY, MAY 20th, 1899.

Photo Cummings

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THE CHIEFS OF THE 2nd BATTALION WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT A. C. DALY. *COLONEL F. W. KITCHENER.* *MAJOR W. FRY.*

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The Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire Regiment)

THE connection of the old 14th Foot with the county of Yorkshire dates only from the new Territorial organisatior of the Army carried out in 1880. Previously, since 1782, the 14th had belonged to Buckinghamshire. The regiment was raised at Canterbury in 1685 for service against Monmouth, Sir Edward Hales being appointed to the colonelcy. The battle of Sedgemoor, however, disposed of Monmouth's rebellion before the formation of Sir Edward Hales' regiment had been completed. Sir Edward was a Roman Catholic and devoted to King James II., with the result that on the accession of William and Mary the colonelcy of the 14th was conferred upon Colonel William Beveridge, an officer of the British Brigade in the Dutch service, and Sir Edward Hales was locked up in the Tower.

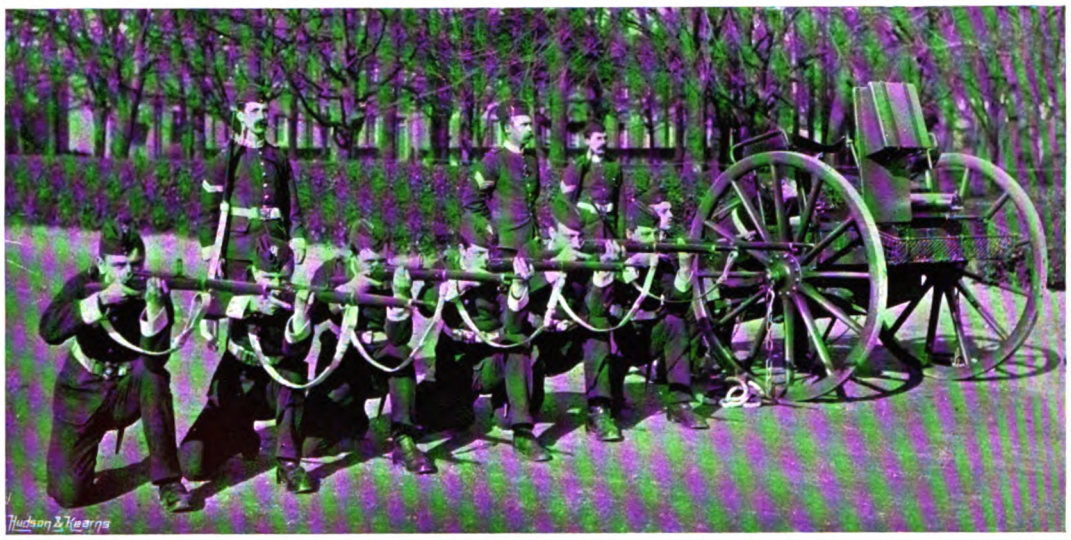

Photo. C. Knight. *A MACHINE GUN DETACHMENT.* Copyright.

Colonel Beveridge having been killed in a duel was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel John Tidcomb, transferred from the 13th Foot.

The 14th, at this period, appears to have been particularly loyal to the Protestant succession, and as the unfortunate consequence of its devotion was kept in Ireland from 1702-15, and thus took no part in the glorious campaigns of Marlborough. From Ireland the 14th went to Scotland, and fought against the Earl of Mar at Sheriffmuir, after which it proceeded to Gibraltar, and did its duty manfully in the defence of that fortress during the first two seiges. Returning to England in 1742, the regiment went to Flanders, after Fontenoy, but was recalled for service in Scotland against Charles Edward in 1745. At Falkirk the 14th stood firm, and afterwards at Culloden gained further distinction.

Photo. Cummings. *OFFICERS OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE IN CONSULTATION.* Copyright.

In 1747 the Earl of Pembroke was appointed colonel, and three years later King George, as a mark of his especial approval conferred upon the regiment the badge of the White Horse, and the motto "Nec Aspera terrent."

In 1753 the 14th served under the ill-fated Braddock in the engagement at Fort du Quesne, and later on, during the War of American Independence, it lost many officers and men in that fratricidal struggle in which the British soldier was as distinguished for gallantry and devotion as was the Government, under whom he served, for incompetency and blindness.

Photo Cummings. *THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.* Copyright.

The British generals were no doubt of mediocre capacity, but even had they been men of the very highest ability their endeavours would yet have been fruitless in face of the glaring imbecility which permitted the French to become strongest at sea.

The 14th became the Bedfordshire Regiment in 1782, and in 1793 took part in the Duke of York's campaign in the Low Countries, where it earned an excellent character for hard fighting and good conduct. This reputation was fully maintained at Porto Rico under Abercromby in 1797, at Bhurtpore under Lake in 1805, and at Corunna under Moore in 1809. In 1810 the 1st Battalion took part in the capture of the Isle de

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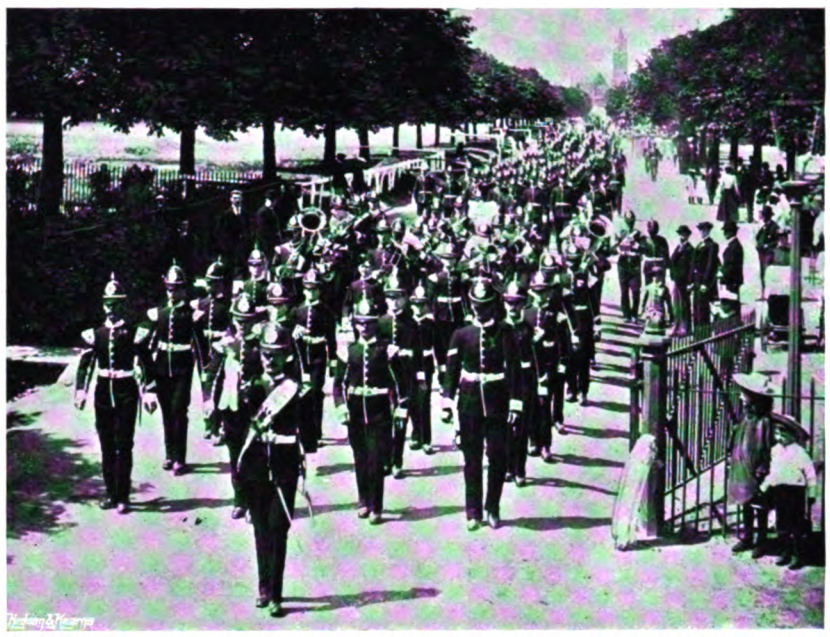
France, and in 1811, in the expedition to Java, where its conduct at the storming of Fort Cornellis contributed greatly to the success of the British forces under Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Shortly after its return from Corunna, the 14th Bedfordshire Regiment became the 14th Buckinghamshire Regiment. Its services in India were rewarded by the grant of the Royal Tiger, superscribed India. Misfortune again attended the 14th, and just as it had missed Marlborough's campaignings so also it was excluded from the triumphs of the Peninsula.

It fought, however, at Waterloo with its usual gallantry. The Crimea brought only a recurrence of similar ill-luck, Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman having been fought before the arrival of the regiment at the seat of war New Zealand and Afghanistan 1879-80 have since been added to the list of honours borne by the West Yorkshire—late Buckinghamshire—regiment. The county of Bucks once owned two regiments, the 14th and the 85th, but now it is unrepresented in the Regular Army.

Colonel F. W. Kitchener, brother of the Sirdar, has recently succeeded to the command of the 2nd Battalion which is now stationed at Aldershot. The frontispiece of this number shows Colonel Kitchener with Major Fry and the adjutant, Captain Daly. The remainder of the illustrations were taken whilst Colonel Kitchener was still in Egypt. This will be evident from the fact that one of the pictures represents an incident at the late manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. Above this illustration will be seen the 2nd Battalion machine-gun in action.



THE 2nd BATTALION RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

A BRIDGE BUILT BY "A" COMPANY.

In the group of non-commissioned officers which forms the fourth illustration it will be observed that a considerable number are wearing the Ashanti star, whilst the officer in the centre, as well as the band-sergeant, three places to his left, has also the Egyptian medal and Khedive's star. The beard worn by the pioneer-sergeant, and which has evidently been an object of particular care, must since have fallen before an edict from the Horse Guards prohibiting the wearing of beards by pioneers.

The upper illustration on this page shows the battalion

Photos Cummings. *THE 2nd BATTALION IN QUARTER-COLUMN.* Copyright.

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returning from Divine service at the "red church." On the one under it the confidence felt by A company in a trestle bridge of their own construction is fully displayed by the fact that whilst so many men have been daring enough to stand *upon* it, others are even so bold as to stand *beneath* it. On the illustration at the bottom of the page we have the battalion drawn up in quarter column—that is, the companies one behind the other at six paces distance. The officers are in front, having taken post in "review order." The commanding officer's bugler is standing beside the lieutenant-colonel in front of all.

Here we have a cleverly-arranged trophy of the colours

THE MESS-PLATE OF THE REGIMENT.

SOME TROPHIES TAKEN FROM KING PREMPEH'S PALACE AT COOMASSIE.

and mess-plate. Immediately over the colours is the head of a fine Koodoo. On either flank of the centre-piece are the regimental badges, the White Horse and the Royal Tiger.

The above illustration displays a trophy composed of sundry properties of the ex-king Prempeh of Ashanti, presented to the 2nd Battalion West Yorkshires, by the Governor of the Gold Coast, in commemoration of the Ashanti Campaign of 1895-96. The following are the articles:—(1) Ashanti state chair, (2) King Prempeh's bed, (3) war-drum covered with leopard's skin and hair drum-stick attached, (4) two other war-drums with human skull attached, (5) copper urn, (6) two flint-lock muskets. There are also three state umbrellas.

In the last of the illustrations we have the members of the battalion branch of the Army Temperance Association.

Photos. Cummings. *MEMBERS OF THE ARMY TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.* Copyright.

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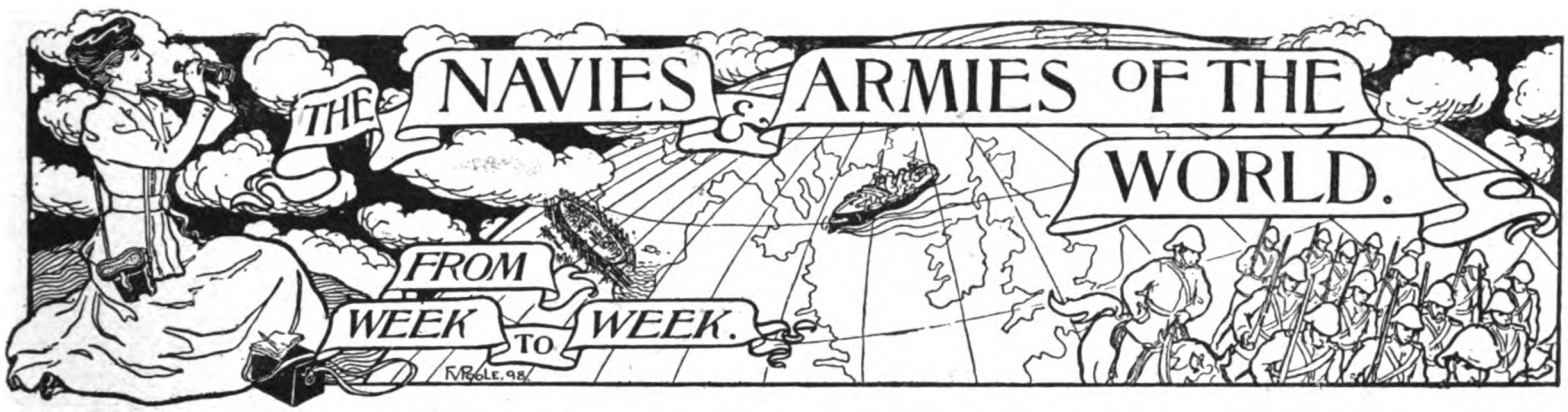

THE report that the men of the Nebraska Regiment have petitioned that they may not be so continually employed at the front in the Philippines has caused some scandal. Yet it is rather amusing than shocking, and a proof not that there is any want of stomach for the fight among the Americans, but that a large proportion of those who went to the islands had not the most remote idea of the real nature of what they had undertaken to do when they volunteered to go on this expedition. The American forces consist of "enlisted men" and volunteers. The first are professional soldiers, who engage in the United States Army, and who take up soldiering as a trade. They know that they are to go where they are wanted, and to stay as long as the State needs their services. The second have probably no intention whatever of taking to the Army as a trade. They engaged in a time of public excitement for a job which they doubtless thought would be brief and lively. Experience has shown them that it is long and painfully dull. They are probably becoming rather bored, and are beginning to think that they would like to go home. If any particular corps thinks it is being called upon for an unfair amount of work, it is very likely to grumble. It is so long since any armed force of ours has been in a similar position, that we are puzzled by this kind of thing; but in our Civil War of the seventeenth century it was common enough. Montrose's Highlanders would not be persuaded to stay with him after a battle, because they wanted to go home with their booty, and, moreover, they would insist on returning to reap their harvest. On the Parliamentary side, the London Trained Bands could never be relied on to stay away from their shops and families for more than a few weeks. It was this instability of the Highlanders which ruined Montrose, and the uncertain character of the services given by the Trained Bands which helped to induce the Parliament to form the New Model Army.

* * * *

The notion of a regiment in the field petitioning Government that they may not be so hard worked, is enough to make the hair of any European War Office stand on end. At Berlin it would probably be thought that the Service was not going, but had actually gone, to the dogs. But, after all, it is only what might have been expected, when we take into account that most of the Americans in the Philippines are only amateurs at soldiering, that they do not cease to be citizens because they are soldiers, and that they are a people much addicted to insisting on their rights and speaking up for themselves. Among Europeans, and professional soldiers, when a similar expostulation was needed, the colonel would make a strong representation in the proper quarter, but among the Americans one man is as good as another, and a member of the sovereign people besides. So why should he not speak up when he is being "put upon"? Well, the reason is that you cannot conduct prolonged operations on those principles, as the Americans will find—and, indeed, did find once before. In the Civil War there were at the beginning cases in which volunteer regiments, called out for three months' service, insisted on leaving for home when their time was up, even when there was fighting going on in the immediate neighbourhood. The Federal Government got over this by calling men out for the war, and by drafting men to fill up vacancies. It will surmount its troubles in the Philippines by some Service or another, if the people of the States do finally resolve to keep the islands.

* * * *

There is an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1 which is well worth the attention of all who hanker after the formation of an army for colonial and Indian service (the proposal was rather popular a few years ago, and emerges still from time to time), and also those who talk of putting the Naval bases under the Navy, which scheme has its partisans, and not a few of them either. The article is signed by Général * * *, that is to say, General Anon, which, no doubt, means that the writer is a known man, probably still on active service, who does not want to be drawn into a controversy under his own name. The French have a colonial army already, in the shape of the Infanterie de la Marine. According to Général * * * they have landed themselves in a nice tangle with it. In pursuit of what they call their logic they have given the arsenals to the Infanterie de la Marine and the direction of the Admiralty. But all the rest of the coast is to be defended by the War Office. In order to enable the Admiralty to overtake this extra work, a larger proportion of men has been given to it. These new men, however, are not liable to serve out of France unless they volunteer. Meanwhile, they belong to the general defences of the country, and are liable to be called upon to serve on the Eastern Frontier, or anywhere else, when they form the 21st Army Corps. The general says with some plausibility that soldiers who are not bound to serve in the colonies make a strange colonial army, with which opinion most of us will agree. He proposes that the whole force should be attached to the Ministry of War, which would protect the arsenals exactly as it does other parts of the coast, and that there should be no colonial troops except small corps of volunteers for service abroad. In his opinion all officers of these bodies on rising to the rank of colonel should pass to the General Staff of the Army. The Navy, he thinks, has quite enough to do in looking after the Navy and the sea—to which view again most of us will assent. General * * * will probably, or rather he will certainly, find that he has hurt the feelings of the Navy, and has offended against that astonishing logic which argues that because the arsenals are necessary for the Fleet, the military work of defending them should be directed by the Navy. He does not say what he might, which is that all this angry and prolonged controversy in France over the colonial army illustrates the immense difficulty of combining the system of universal conscript service with colonial work, which requires the professional soldier. The French have been persuaded that what they call a mercenary army is disgraceful, though why the soldier who takes to arms as a profession is more of a mercenary than the officer who does the same it is hard for those who do not understand French logic to see. Yet the French get very angry if anybody calls their officers mercenaries.

* * * *

It is very good news for all interested in the history of the old sea life that the Dutch are going to have a Naval Exhibition next year. There is no country in the world where one can hold with more absolute certainty that it will be full of valuable and interesting things. The thing is not only that the Dutch have done a great deal at sea, but that the period of their maritime greatness and activity was also the time of their artistic leadership. Holland was full of painters in the seventeenth century, and they were great students of real life, which in the Low Countries was largely maritime. Moreover, the time of the painters was also a great age of engravers, and of the beginnings of illustrated comic literature and of caricature. Out of all that it ought to be not only possible but easy to make an almost exhaustive exhibition. Then to judge by the recent handsome reprint of the Log of the Navigator Tasman, the logs of famous Dutch seamen must have been copiously supplied with drawings. It is hardly to be supposed that his stood alone, or is the only survivor. Finally, it seems to be a thing on which one can count that there has been so much and such continuous prosperity. The committee undertakes to answer for the safety of whatever is delivered to its care.

* * * *

The prisoner, says the French proverb, is allowed twenty-four hours to curse his judge. So the Navy League has a right to take a few days to see whether it cannot give Messrs. Ritchie and Goschen tit for tat. It has done so, and has produced an open letter of a tart character addressed to Mr. Ritchie. The League makes a fair argumentative point against the President of the Board of Trade, by showing that he once spoke somewhat unadvisedly with his lips as to the effect a war would have in drawing off men from our merchant ships, and causing them to be replaced by foreigners, which Mr. Ritchie then thought was a reason why we should prepare Englishmen to meet the emergency He might have asked himself what this reserve for the Merchant Service would be doing in peace? But this little score, though legitimate, will not much help the deputation, which has to prove that its own scheme will work, not that official gentlemen, being after all human, and therefore liable to err, are not always infallible.

DAVID HANNAY.

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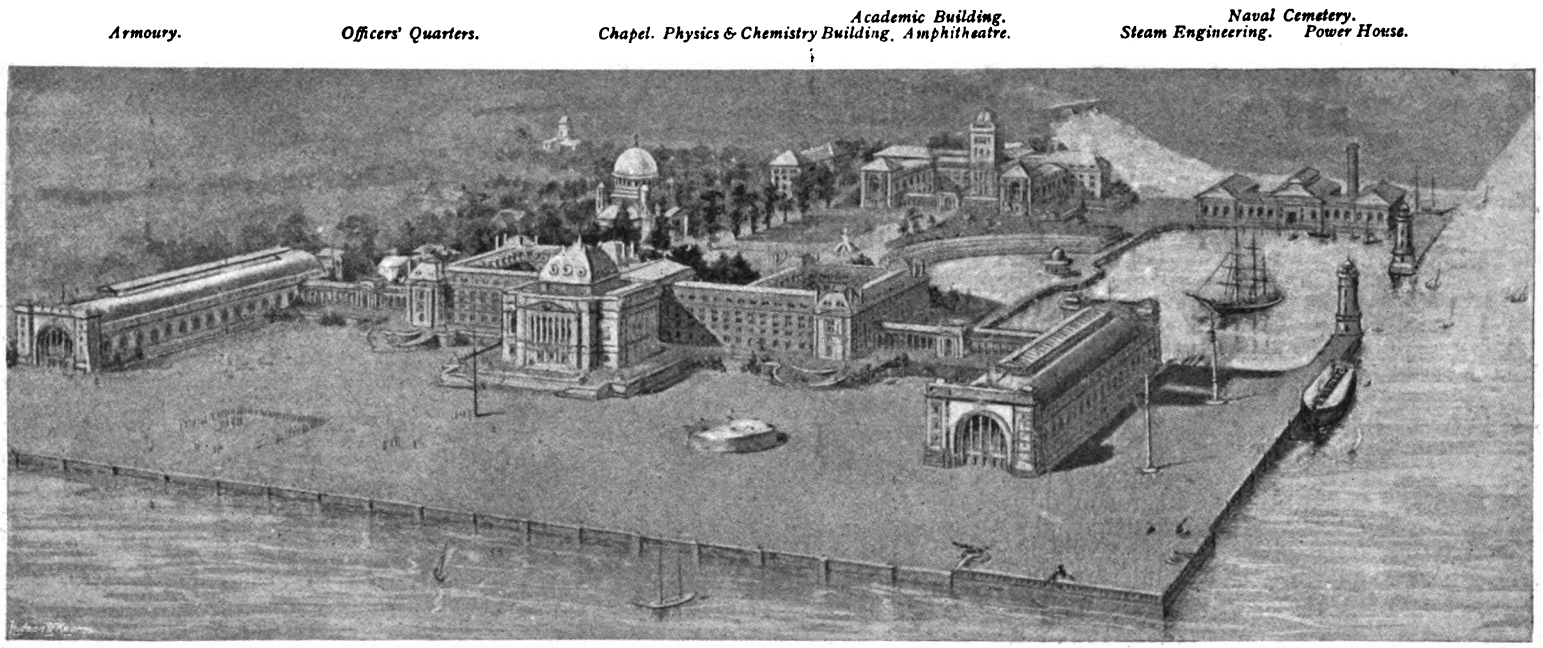
The Cadets of the United States Navy.

By DAVY JONES.



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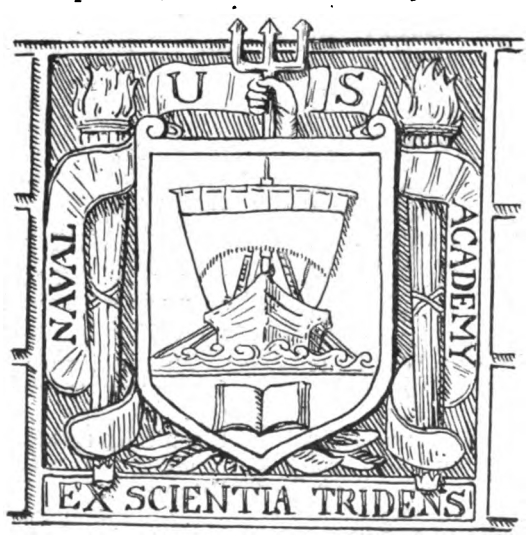
THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

SINCE the Hispano-American conflict it is no exaggeration to say that all eyes have been turned towards America, and especially towards the American Navy. It is not here the place to say anything of the recent struggle, now happily over, but as we have lately devoted an article to Spanish cadets it has been deemed right that we should do the same for the cadets of the United States Navy.

Before speaking of the actual work of training, I must say something of the magnificent edifice in which the cadets of the United States Navy receive their shore training. This establishment is known, all over America, as the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It is most charmingly situated, and in the midst of tastefully laid out grounds. This Academy was founded in 1845 by the Honourable George Bancroft, under the name of "Naval School." It was situated, as now, at Annapolis, in the State of Maryland, a few miles up the river Severn, which flows into Chesapeake Bay. On the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, it was removed to Newport, in Rhode Island, where it remained until 1865, when it was once more removed to Annapolis. The present Academy, seen in one of our illustrations, is a very fine building, but is now doomed to be replaced by a still finer structure, for it is no longer adequate to the work it has to perform. On the other hand, several of the buildings now existing have, on inspection, been found rather unsafe, and as the committee appointed to enquire into this matter have come to the conclusion that the repairs required would be very costly, it has been decided to do away with the old buildings. In consequence of this decision, the new Academy will take the place of the old one within as short a time as possible. The new plan comprises a new Armoury, which is to costs 300,000-dol.; a new boat-house, which will require the same amount; four rows of officers' quarters, to cost 60,000-dol.; a "power house" for the necessary machinery, the cost of which is not to exceed 100,000-dol.; to which will have to be added another 90,000-dol. for electric lighting, levelling, laying out grounds, removing old buildings, and preparing new plans.



THE ACADEMY BADGE.

The illustration at the head of this article will give an idea of the superb structures about to be erected at Annapolis for the training of the future officers of the United States Navy. The great feature of this new Academy will be its unity of design and purpose. Everything has been well thought out, and nothing left to chance. This desirable end was obtained by a board composed of various authorities, with Commodore Matthews as its head. Things have been so carefully studied that the execution of the new plans will not in any way interfere with the current routine of the work in the Academy, and as each separate structure is completed it will be found well suited to the purposes for which it is intended. The artistic part has not been neglected either, and if any doubt could be entertained on that score, a mere look at our illustration of the beautiful new chapel would soon compel it to vanish from the mind.

I have seen it stated that the idea of rebuilding the Academy is a new one; however it is not so, since for several years past it has engaged the attention of the Naval authorities, but before deciding finally study and circumspection were required. This new scheme is not then one of the results of the war with Spain. That this war may have shown the Americans the necessity for improvements in their system of training, and consequently for better appliances and buildings, is very possible, but that is all. They have long been believers in scientific training, as the motto on their badge, seen in one of our illustrations, testifies, and they are determined to keep their Academy in a thorough state of efficiency. Hence most Americans entirely agree with Secretary Long's statement to the Senate and Naval Committee. "It would be poor economy," said he, "to construct at great expense a numerous fleet of modern vessels of war, complicated in every feature, without at the same time making ample and generous provision for the training of a body of officers who shall possess the requisite technical skill to care for and handle them economically, safely, and, should national emergency arise, effectively" The staff of the Academy is a very large one, and, needless to say, one selected with the greatest care. Both officers and civilian members of it are provided with handsome and comfortable quarters.

Originally the cadets spent five years in training, the first and last of which were only spent in the Academy, whilst the intermediate period was passed in practical training at sea. However, this plan was not always strictly adhered to, and the period of training was frequently altered to suit the needs of the Service. A new order of things was introduced in 1850. It provided for a very extended course of seven years' duration, the first two and last two of which were spent in the Academy, whilst, as in the previous scheme, the intermediate period was spent at sea. The name "Naval School" was also given up, and henceforth the establishment was to be known by its actual name, "The United States Naval Academy." Many of its other arrangements and improvements are also to be dated from that period, such, for instance, as the increase in the number of professors and teachers, an extended course, and the creation of separate departments, not only for Naval subjects, but also for mathematics, languages, science, drawing, and physical training. All the various departments were also placed under the control of an executive officer, and this is still the rule at the

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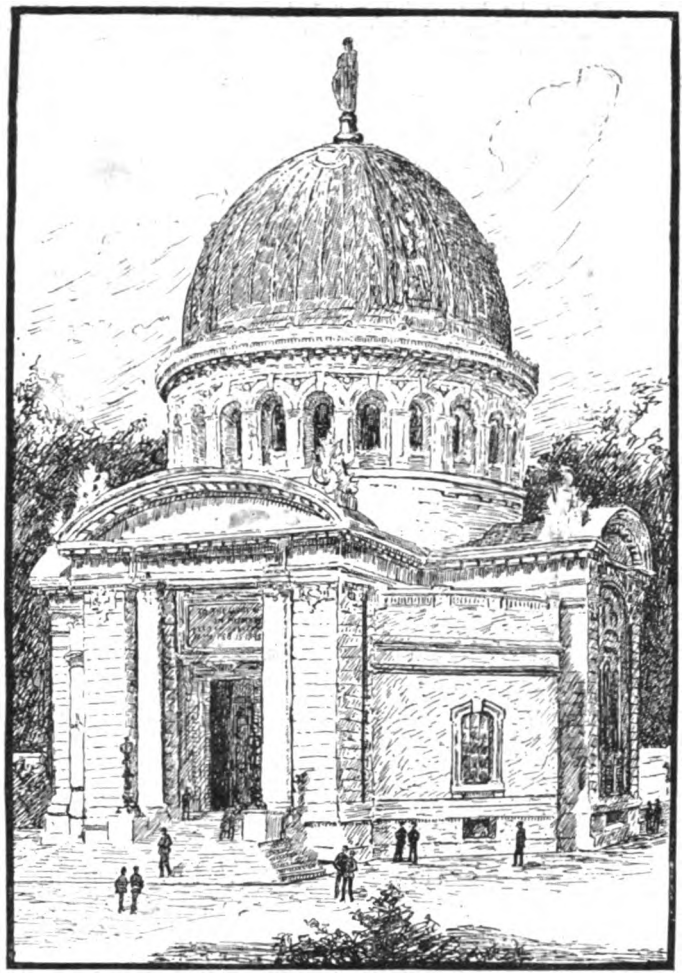
present moment. Among other improvements was also that of attaching a special vessel to the Naval Academy for the purpose of training the cadets. After this new plan had been tried for some time, it was found out that it would be much better to have the course of studies continue uninterruptedly, and instead of having three years of sea life between the beginning and end of the course, a new scheme was elaborated providing for a four years' course in the Academy with practice cruises. The latter system, with but few modifications, has now been continued down to the present time.

In 1866 a class of Assistant Engineers joined the Naval Academy for instruction. Four years later the experiment, which was soon abandoned, was tried again. The course provided for that branch of the Service was a four years' one. Since then other changes have been effected, and, as we cannot detail them here, it will suffice to say that the Americans hope the day will come when there will no longer be engineer officers in their Navy, and when there will be only one class of American officers, namely, executive officers, able to discharge every kind of duties on board ship, and to look also after the machinery. How this is likely to work in the future, it is not for us to say. The idea may be a good one, or the reverse, and time alone will show which is the right course to follow. It has in consequence now been practically decided that the present engineer officers occupying the junior ranks shall be eligible to the command of ships after having served for ten years.

In short, it is contemplated to have, in the future, only one class of students in the Naval Academy, in which they will then pass five years, after which they will go to sea as "ensigns" (sub-lieutenants) for a period of six years, during which they will serve half their time on deck and the other half in the engine-room. This period of probation over, they will then be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and will then be allowed to specialise, that is, to choose between engineering or executive duties. In short, the American idea is that a Naval officer must be fit for anything.



THE NEW CHAPEL.

The students of the Naval Academy, or, as we should call them, "The Cadets of the United States Navy," are chosen in the following manner: Every cadet must be nominated either by a member or a delegate of the House of Representatives or by the President. Every member or delegate has a nomination, whilst the President can nominate ten cadets and also a candidate, for the district of Columbia. Every year, during the month of March, the Secretary of the Navy informs in writing every member or delegate of any vacancy that may occur in his district. The nomination of a candidate is made upon the recommendation of such a member or delegate, and if those persons do not send in any name, then the Secretary of the Navy can appoint a candidate for the vacant district. A candidate can never be nominated for a district unless he has resided in it for at least two years immediately preceding the date of his appointment. Every candidate nominated must also be between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and must be physically sound and of robust constitution. All candidates are further examined in purely scholastic subjects, and those among them who fail to reach the required standard are not allowed another chance unless specially recommended by the Board of Examiners. The physical examination is a most searching one, and the candidates must be not only free from hereditary, or acquired disease, or constitutional weakness, but they must also be free from blemishes. Thus ingrowing nails, large bunions, or unsound teeth may cause the rejection of a candidate. The minimum height must be 5-ft. The scholastic subjects, though neither numerous nor extensive, are sufficient to test the capabilities of the candidates, for each subject is thorough as far as it goes. This part of the examination is somewhat different from what it is elsewhere, and the greatest importance is attached, and rightly too, to elementary subjects, which are far too neglected in most countries. The candidates have to read aloud with a good accent, a clear voice, and in such a manner as to show that they have a thorough understanding of the passage read. They must be able to write very legibly, and at the same time neatly and quickly. Great attention is paid to spelling. In order to test them, several paragraphs, both in prose and verse, are given them for dictation. Spelling is taken account of in all the various parts of the examination. The next subject is arithmetic. It has to be thoroughly well known, and in addition to the usual operations, the candidates must possess a good knowledge of mensuration. Complex problems are also set, and must be done by arithmetical methods only. In short, the candidates are expected to show such an acquaintance with this subject as to render any future teaching of arithmetic quite superfluous. The algebra extends only to the end of simple equations. They are further examined in the English language, and very thoroughly too, as well as in geography and history. If this examination has been passed to the satisfaction of the Board of Examiners, the nominated candidates are appointed "Naval Cadets," and become at once students in the Naval Academy. Previously to entering that institution a cadet must sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States Navy for a minimum period of eight years, which includes the time spent in training; that is, four years in the Academy and two years at sea.

The Present Academy

The only payment made by the families is a sum of 216-dol., to cover the expenses of outfit and books. Afterwards the cadets of the United States Navy are paid by the State at the rate of 500-dol. per annum, and the expenses they may have incurred in travelling from their respective homes to Annapolis are refunded by the State.

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The course of instruction in the Academy is very extensive. Each year is divided into two terms. The cadets of the first year are denominated "fourth class," and those of the fourth year "first class" cadets, and of course each class is either first or second term. If the preliminary studies are rather elementary, the subsequent curriculum amply makes up for any deficiency in that respect, since it includes, in addition to the ordinary subjects obtaining everywhere, French and Spanish, and the whole of the "modern geometry" with great developments.

The mathematical and scientific course in the Naval Academy at Annapolis is in most respects like the one obtaining in France and Germany, and includes higher algebra, trigonometry, both plane and spherical, analytical geometry, the integral and differential calculus, astronomy, physics and chemistry; whilst the purely technical subjects include the study of marine engines, seamanship, Naval construction, Naval tactics, theoretical and practical gunnery, the theory and practice of navigation, hydrographic surveying, and applied mechanics. Besides these, the more practical side of the Navy is never lost sight of, and the course in seamanship is an excellent and extensive one.

In a country of first rate marksmen, it is hardly necessary to say that marksmanship is greatly encouraged in the Naval Academy, and rewards granted to those who distinguish themselves in that respect. These rewards consist in medals. There are three medals—gold, silver, and bronze medals—for the cadets belonging to the first class, that is, cadets of four years' standing, and the same number of medals for those who have been two years in the Academy. In the latter cases the medals are awarded for the greatest proficiency in the use of small arms: rifles, revolvers, etc., whilst in the first class the medals are awarded to those who have displayed the greatest skill in the handling and use of Naval ordnance. Every year the cadets go to sea for a three months' cruise, which usually extends to Madeira, and during which a great deal of excellent work is gone through. On those occasions the senior cadets take charge of the ship, under the supervision of regular officers, of course, and have to discharge the duties that will fall to their lot when in their turn they shall have been appointed as officers to vessels of the United States Navy.

This shows that if the Americans attach great value to theoretical training they do not neglect the study of practice. Their idea is, like in other countries, to combine the two and to make them assist each other, and I believe they are right. In every department of the Naval Academy at Annapolis theory and practice are ever found side by side, like two inseparable sisters; and if some should think that theory is carried rather far, they must bear in mind that practice is also carried on to a larger extent than in some other countries. For example, the theoretical study of steam is supplemented by regular work in the blacksmith and boiler shops; and every American cadet has to familiarise himself with the use of various tools and pieces of machinery, and he must be sufficiently proficient in that branch of study to effect ordinary repairs to machinery. Then, again, tactics form an important feature of the theoretical course; but they are not studied only on paper, or in books. The Academy possesses twelve steam launches, which are used chiefly for the practical study of this important branch. These launches represent ships, and are, it must be confessed, the best substitute for them for the study of tactics. I need hardly say that the use of boats under oars and sails is also a marked feature of the training, or that physical exercise and games are held in great honour in the Academy. A thing which will hardly fail to impress the English visitor who is shown over the Naval Academy is the splendid library it possesses, and which, I have been told, contains over 30,000 volumes.

In short, it will be seen, from this very inadequate sketch, that the cadets of the United States have at hand all the best means of working, and that they all seem to thoroughly avail themselves of them. They certainly work hard, though at the same time they find plenty of time for enjoyment, and if they work well, they look none the worse for it, for they are a fine set of youths, and their very martial bearing cannot fail to strike the most casual observer.

The passing out examination is rather taxing, since a minimum of about 62 per cent. must be obtained to qualify, and that those who want to pass out "with credit" must reach a minimum percentage of 74. Those who can manage to secure a percentage of 85 are said to have "passed with distinction," and certainly no one will say that they do not deserve to be thus singled out. The fact is, the Cadets of the United States Navy look upon their future career afloat as one requiring unceasing toil, and it must be said that they neglect nothing likely to help to increase the efficiency of their already very efficient Navy.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 20, 1840.—Repulse of an Arab attack on Aden.

May 21, 1842.—Gallant defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzie, a fortress between Candahar and Ghuznee, by Captain J. H. Craigie. The siege had lasted from the end of November, and culminated in a desperate assault, after which, on May 21, the Afghans withdrew.

May 23, 1794.—The Duke of York attacked by General Souham, at Pont à Chin, near Tournay. After fifteen hours' fighting of a desperate nature the French were repulsed.

May 24, 1706.—Battle of Ramillies, in which the Duke of Marlborough, commanding the allied armies, defeated the French and Bavarians, under Marshal Villeroy. The latter left between 2,000 and 2,500 men dead upon the field, his total loss being estimated at between 15,000 and 20,000, and 80 to 100 pieces of cannon. The allies lost 3,933 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

May 25, 1841.—Capture of four forts from the Chinese, in front of Canton, by Sir Hugh Gough. The Chinese lost 2,000 men and 42 guns. Our loss was slight.

May 26, 1796.—The conquest of St. Lucia completed by the surrender of 2,000 French troops. Lieutenant-General Abercromby commanded the land forces, Admiral Christian the fleet.

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MAY 21, 1692.—Destruction of sixteen French men-of-war, at Cherbourg and in La Hogue Bay, after the battle of Barfleur. After the battle, part of the French fleet got away safely into St. Malo; the remainder took refuge—three ships near Cherbourg, thirteen in the Bay of La Hogue, but were found and destroyed.

May 22, 1812.—Destruction of two French 40-gun frigates, "Ariadne" and "Andromache," and the "Mamelouk" brig, of Ile Groix, Bay of Biscay, by the "Northumberland" brig. The three French ships were forced ashore, and took fire and blew up.

May 23, 1512.—Burning of Conquet and Brest, by the Fleet under Lord High Admiral Sir Edward Howard.

May 24, 1841.—Reduction of Canton by the British, in which a Naval brigade of 400 men, under Captain Bourchier, R.N., from the China Squadron, took part.

May 25, 1795.—Capture of the French "Courrier National," 18, by the British "Thorn," 16, after a sharp fight for thirty-five minutes, in which the enemy with 120 men to 80 twice attempted to board.

May 26, 1811.—Capture of the French "Néréide," 40, by the British "Astræa" and "Phœbe," 38's, and the "Racehorse" brig. The "Néréide" had been in the action of May 20, when the "Renommee" was taken by the same British Squadron, and escaped, but had been followed, and was now taken under the walls of Tamatave Fort.

May 27, 1793.—Action between the French "Semillante," 40, and the British "Venus," 32, off Finisterre. After a two hours' close fight, the French "Nymphe," 40, came in sight and took off the "Semillante," the two French ships leaving the "Venus" severely crippled aloft without attempting to resume the action.

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THE dates at which the various corps became "Light Infantry" or "Rifles" that are now borne as such on the Army List:

1. 90th, now 2nd Scottish Rifles, when raised in 1794.
2. 60th, now King's Royal Rifle Corps, in 1797, when 5th Battalion was raised as "riflemen."
3. "Corps of Riflemen," afterwards 95th Rifles, now Rifle Brigade, when raised in 1800.
4. 52nd, now 2nd Oxfordshire L.I., in January, 1803.
5. 43rd, now 1st Oxfordshire L.I., in July, 1803.
6. 68th, now 1st Durham L.I., in 1808.
7. 85th, now 2nd The King's (Shropshire) L.I., in 1808.
8. 51st, now 2nd The King's Own (Yorkshire) L.I., in 1809.
9. 71st, now 2nd Highland L.I., in 1809.
10. 13th, now Somerset L.I., in 1822.
11. 105th, now 2nd Yorkshire, when raised in Honourable East India Company's Service in 1839.
12. 32nd, now 1st Duke of Cornwall's L.I., for their gallant defence of Lucknow, in 1858.
13. 106th, now 2nd Durham L.I., when brought from [illegible] India Company's Service into Line in 1860.

The following regiments became "Rifles" or "Light Infantry" at the time of the territorial organisation in 1881: 46th, now 2nd Duke of Cornwall's L.I.; 26th, now 1st Scottish Rifles; 53rd, now 1st Shropshire L.I.; 74th, now 2nd Highland L.I.; 83rd, now 1st Irish Rifles; and 86th, now 2nd Irish Rifles.

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The Samoan Imbroglio.

ONE of our correspondents who is now in Samoa has sent us the pictures which accompany this article. He wrote shortly after the disaster which overtook the Anglo-American forces, having already sent us earlier illustrations. The deaths of Lieutenant Freeman of the "Tauranga," and Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan of the "Philadelphia," and the good fellows who fell with them, have cast a deep gloom, he says, over the English and American residents. "Opinion is divided," our correspondent writes, "as to the culpability of the overseer of the German plantation in which the ambush was laid. Some evidence has been given that he was seen urging on the Mataafans to fight, and he is understood, through his wife, to be connected with Mataafa's family. The arrest has given satisfaction, for there is great exasperation at the action of the Germans, and this trouble could scarcely have arisen but for the attitude assumed by Herr Rose, the Consul. In the shadow of this sanguinary episode great wonderment exists as to what action will be taken by the Powers. English and Americans are working together most heartily, and it is pleasant to witness the brotherly comradeship that exists between them. The officers have won golden opinions, and there is nothing but praise for Rear-Admiral Kautz, in whom everyone has confidence. I may remind you that the gallant officer was captured by a Confederate privateer in the American Civil War, that he was imprisoned at Richmond, and, being exchanged, was engaged with Farragut in the actions against Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the capture of New Orleans.

Copyright. H. & K.

ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ.
The American Commander-in-Chief in Samoa.

The Admiral is thus a veteran, and, at the same time, a man of great tact and charming personal manners that should do much to bring about an amicable state of affairs.

"There seems to be a good deal of misunderstanding as to the recognition of Mataafa by the Consuls. The fact of the matter is that the residents here were in peril when the Mataafans rose, and that the British and American Consuls acknowledged Mataafa merely as a measure of expediency.

"It would be ridiculous to give any binding force to the act. I have sent you a picture of the mission house in which the Consuls took refuge, with the Chief Justice, after the decision in favour of Malietoa Tanu. The condition was most serious at the time. You have from me an illustration of Mataafa's men guarding his hut, and another of a great palaver recently held with the natives, at which the British officers were present. The present system of triple control cannot give peace to this island if such men as the German Consul and the German chief of the Apia municipality are to be the instruments of its exercise."

MATAAFA'S HUT AND BODY-GUARD.

THE MISSION HOUSE, WHERE CONSULS SOUGHT REFUGE.

From Photos. By Our Own Correspondent.

THE SAMOAN COMMISSION—A PALAVER WITH THE NATIVES.

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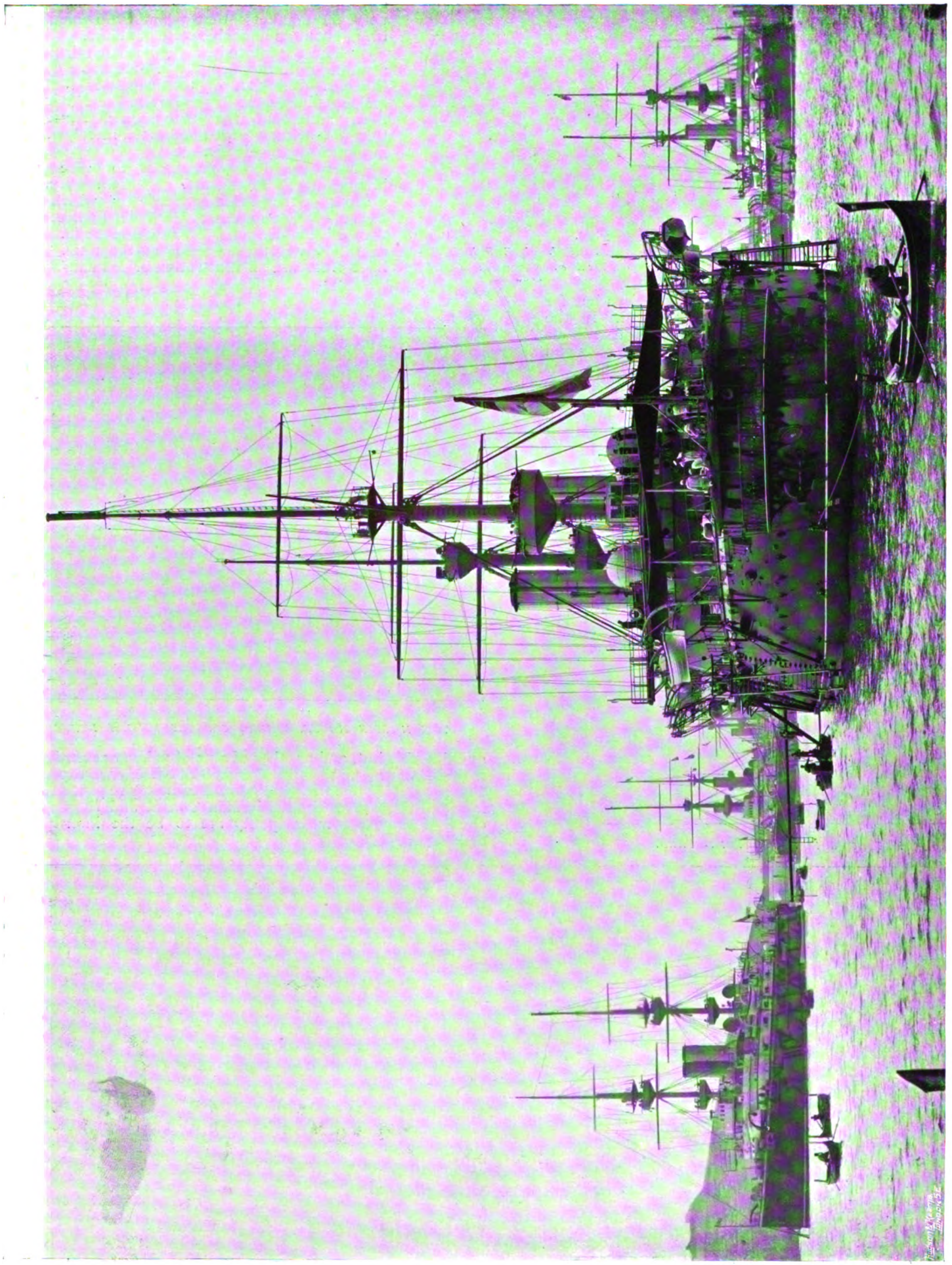

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THE "EMPRESS OF INDIA" AT MALTA.

Photo. R. Ellis.

Our illustration represents the "Empress of India" and her consorts of the Mediterranean Squadron lying in the Mediterranean. The use of the title, which denotes Her Majesty's Oriental Empire, dates as far back as January 1, 1877, but it was not until 1891 that the name was given to a battle-ship. The "Empress of India" has five sisters in the squadron with her, the other two of the eight sisters being attached to the Channel Squadron.

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PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA
As Colonel of the Rosior Dragoons.

WE are not accustomed in this country to see ladies decked in the pomp and trappings of glorious war, though Boadicea long ago set the fashion. But it is not necessary to be an Amazon in order to be the chief or colonel of a regiment. It is a rank conferred in some continental countries upon royal personages as a mark of honour, and is one greatly valued. In Germany many a crack regiment has a *chef* or *inhaber*, in the person of the Emperor or Empress, or of some foreign king or queen, prince or archduke. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Portugal, and several Russian Grand Dukes are among those honoured. The Duke of Connaught is colonel of the Zieten Hussars, and the Duchess of the Field Marshal Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia Infantry Regiment, No. 64, both belonging to the 3rd Army Corps.

The two royal ladies whose portraits we give in uniform as "Regimentsinhaberinnen" are the elder daughters of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), and therefore grand-daughters of Her Majesty. The recent death of their only brother, Prince Alfred, has brought the Duke of Connaught into the Saxe-Coburg line of succession as Hereditary Prince. Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria was born in October, 1875, and her sister, Princess Victoria Melita, at Malta, in November, 1876. Being thus nearly of the same age the two graceful Princesses, when their parents were living at Eastwell Park, St. James's Palace, and Clarence House were nearly always seen together, and were favourites wherever they went, Princess Marie being loved for her kindly earnestness and Princess Melita for her energy and vivacity. They were rarely separated until after the marriage of Princess Marie to Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Prince-elect of Roumania, at the castle of Sigmaringen, in January, 1893. The young Princess went with her husband to her new country, where she soon won the hearts of Roumanians by her grace and kindness of heart and manner, and the birth of a son, Prince Carol, on October 15, 1893, confirmed her and the House of Hohenzollern in the popularity of the Roumanian people.

Her interest in the country and its concerns is constant, and she never tires in the doing of good works. It was, therefore, a cause of great rejoicing when she became chief or colonel of the Rosior Dragoons, in the uniform of which she is represented in our picture. The increase in the Military and Naval forces of Roumania is considerable, and the keen interest taken in this matter by the Prince and Princess adds much to their popularity. Remarkable progress has been made, and Roumania is now a very considerable factor in the affairs of Eastern Europe.

Like her sister, Princess Victoria Melita was married at about the age of eighteen. Both in this country and in Germany her betrothal to her cousin H.R.H. the reigning Grand Duke Ernest Louis of Hesse "und bei Rhein," gave great satisfaction, and the warmest interest was taken in the marriage of the young couple in 1894. The Princess is deservedly popular in the archducal dominions, and is greatly interested in military matters, of which she has considerable knowledge. Recently her husband appointed her first chief of the third Hessian Life Guard Infantry Regiment, No. 117, in the uniform of which she is depicted. This regiment, which belongs to the second (Hessian) division of the 18th German Army Corps, has a second *inhaber* in the person of General Prince William of Hesse, uncle of the reigning Prince, and is under command of Colonel von Kutzen. The Hessian divisional commander is Lieut.-General Baron Schilling von Canstatt, whose headquarters are at Darmstadt, and the corps is under command of General von Lindequist. Like the other German corps, the 18th is formed of two divisions, each of two infantry brigades and one cavalry brigade. To the first brigade are attached the Hessian Field Artillery Regiment, No. 25, whose *inhaber* is the reigning Grand Duke himself (one horse and three field batteries), and the Hessian battalion of train No. 25, and to the second a regiment of fortress artillery and a battalion of Hessian pioneers.

The young Archduchess Melita is often present at the exercises of her regiment, which she follows with the keenest interest, and has frequently led it in person. Thus, in the Princesses of our Royal House we find the qualities that have ever distinguished it manifesting themselves. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has always been a keen sailor, and, as Prince Alfred and Duke of Edinburgh, he was very popular among us, and has all our good wishes in his German dominion. The recent death of his son was greatly lamented, but the next successor, the Duke of Connaught, is popular wherever he goes, and he must be proud to see his nieces taking the place in the military profession he so greatly loves.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA,
3rd Hessian Life Guards.

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Photo. Wildman. Copyright.

WINNERS OF THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS' CUP," 1898.

SINCE 1890, the year the Young Soldiers' Cup was first competed for, it has always, until 1898, been won by "Rifles"—never once had it been taken home by a red-coated battalion. The 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, which is the team here depicted, have at last broken the spell, and the handsome cup in the centre of the picture is now in their barracks at Woking. The highest possible score is 840, and the score made by the winners was 683. The best previous was the 696 made by the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1895, and so if the East Surrey did not quite come up to the record they ran it pretty close. The officer seated on the right of the trophy is Lieutenant A. C. S. Barchard, the senior subaltern of the battalion, and captain of the team. On the other side is Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry H. J. Percy, who must be proud of the success of his pupils. It is worth noting that two out of the team of eight belong to the "drums."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. R. CROSSE, whose portrait is given herewith, is the successor in the secretaryship of the National Rifle Association to Colonel W. Mackinnon (see "Per Mare, per Terram" of January 28). Colonel Crosse's military career was throughout his service in the Royal West Kent, with which he served in the Boer War of 1881 and of which he was adjutant for three years. Since leaving the service, in 1892, he has for many years acted as chief range officer both at Wimbledon and Bisley, and he has also been brigade-major to the Portsmouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade. Colonel Crosse is now permanently stationed at Bisley, the work at the London office of the association, in Pall-Mall, being under the charge of the assistant-secretary, Captain M. C. Matthews, 2nd V.B. the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent), whose portrait appeared in our issue of February 25.

Photo. Puddicombe.

THE SECRETARY OF THE N.R.A.

THE very handsome challenge cup, of which an illustration accompanies this note, is one that has just been presented to the Royal Marine Artillery as a Rifle Challenge Cup, by the officers past and present of the "Blue Marines," to be competed for annually at the Browndown Rifle Meeting. Massive as is the cup, it is of a strikingly artistic and graceful design. Its weight is 204-oz., while the height from the top of the cup to the base of the shield-decorated plinth on which it stands is only a shade under 3-ft. No corps could wish for a finer trophy, and the struggle for its possession must tend to keep at a very high standard the shooting of the regiment that competes for it.

Photo. Russell & Sons.

THE "BLUE MARINES" CHALLENGE CUP.

IN every cavalry regiment there is a trained body of signallers under an officer and two non-commissioned officers, and those here depicted are the squad belonging to the 16th Queen's Lancers, which this year head the list of cavalry signallers in India, and were highly complimented for the work done by them when they were attached to Sir William Lockhart's headquarters in the late Tirah Campaign. Year by year the enormous advantages that accrue by the employment of visual signalling in hill warfare are more fully recognised; and with every fresh frontier campaign comes the demand for trained signallers. The Indian telegraph department on these occasions always does good work, and the field line is laid in a surprisingly short time. Rapid as they are, however, they can hardly keep up with the force, especially in a country where, when the line is laid, it is very often cut and carried away the

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

THE CHAMPION SIGNALLERS OF INDIA.

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same night. Then it is that the importance of visual signalling asserts itself. Given favourable geographic and atmospheric conditions, the heliograph by day and the signalling lamp at night can keep up direct communication between stations as far apart as twenty, or even five-and-twenty, miles. The signallers of the 16th Lancers are under the charge of Lieutenant E. F. Macnaghten, the officer seated in the centre of the group. The importance and difficulty of the work that devolves on the signalling staff in a campaign like that recently concluded on the Afghan frontier, it would be difficult to overrate. The whole plan of operations must depend enormously upon its successful carrying out. Honours do not drop like dew from heaven on the hard-worked signal officer, but good work done in this direction is not forgotten.

Photo. Losel. Copyright.

THE "COMUS.

THE "Comus," if a bit out of date as a fighting-machine, is a handsome barque-rigged craft, and essentially comfortable. She has just been commissioned by Captain George A. Giffard, that officer going out in her to the Newfoundland Station, where he will hoist his pennant as a commodore of the second-class, and be in charge during the Newfoundland fishery season, a responsible and important post.

The god of revelry has given his name to more than one ship of the Royal Navy, for there was a "Comus" that captured a Dutch frigate, "Frederickscoarn," in 1807, and was at the bombardment of Copenhagen and the capture of the Danish Fleet by Gambier in the same year. Yet another "Comus" took part in the fighting on the Parana, known as the battle of Obligado, in 1840. The present "Comus" is a Glasgow-built third-class cruiser launched in 1878.

IN the "Per Mare, per Terram" columns of our issue of April 22 we illustrated the Horse and Field Artillery camp of exercise annually held at Okehampton, in Devon, and the illustration here produced shows a troop of Horse

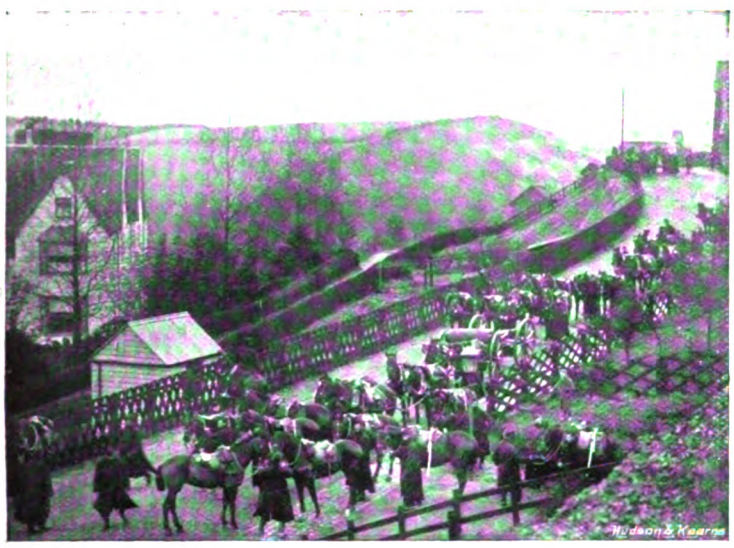

Photo. Saunders. Copyright.

HORSE ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT OKEHAMPTON.

Artillery just detrained and preparing for the march to camp. The camp is situated on the Dartmoor plateau, not far from the little town from which it takes its name, and embraces a large extent of moorland country well adapted for Field and Horse Artillery practice at long ranges.

Our illustration was taken during the arrival of three horse batteries, which arrived by special train, at intervals, on the Saturday morning, the batteries being E, O, and T, all from Aldershot.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

ARMY FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS, 1898-99.

THE stalwart team here represented are this year the winners of the coveted blue ribbon of Army football, and are the Army champions for the season of 1888-89. The old 40th, now the 1st South Lancashire, had a tough struggle to win to the final. In the first round they drew a bye. In the second they met the 1st Royal Scots at Glasgow (the cup winners of 1895-96) and beat them by one goal to nil. In the third round they played at Sheffield, their opponents, the 2nd Lincolns, being defeated by six goals to one. In the fourth round the 2nd Scottish Rifles travelled to Preston to meet the Lancashire lads, only to suffer defeat, after a most tough contest, by two goals to one. The semi-final, against the renowned Royal Artillery team, was played on the Aston Villa ground at Birmingham, and was a superb struggle. After a fast hard-fought game, on a splendid ground and in beautiful weather, the score stood a goal each at full time. An extra half-hour was played, in which the South Lancashire wore the Royal Artillery to a standstill, only the superb goal-keeping of O'Reilly (see "Per Mare, per Terram," March 11) saving the gunners from losing more than the two goals by which the Lancashires won. The final was fought out with the Army Service Corps at Aldershot, before some 20,000 spectators. From start to finish, the champions had the best of the game, winning finally by three to one. The 2nd Scottish Rifles, their old opponents, put up the Lancashires at Aldershot, and their opponents in the final entertained the team to a supper and smoking concert after the match. The kindness of both corps will be long remembered by the South Lancashires.

OUR view shows the stern of the armoured cruiser "Warspite" which has just commissioned at Chatham to take out Rear-Admiral Beaumont to relieve Rear-Admiral Palliser in the command of the Pacific Station. The change of vessels will in no way alter the constitution of the station, for the "Imperieuse" which brings Rear-Admiral Palliser home, and whose place on the station will be taken by the "Warspite," is a sister ship of the latter. Though not of the most recent type, the "Warspite" is a powerful cruiser, as she is heavily armed with four 9·2-in. breech-loaders and ten 6-in. quick-firers. She is protected by a heavy armour belt extending along 140-ft. of her middle length, 8-ft. in depth, and 10-in. in thickness. Her 9·2-in. guns are mounted singly in four armoured barbettes, 8-in. to 9-in. in thickness. The armour throughout is compound. Though not fast as cruisers go nowadays she has a very useful speed, for under

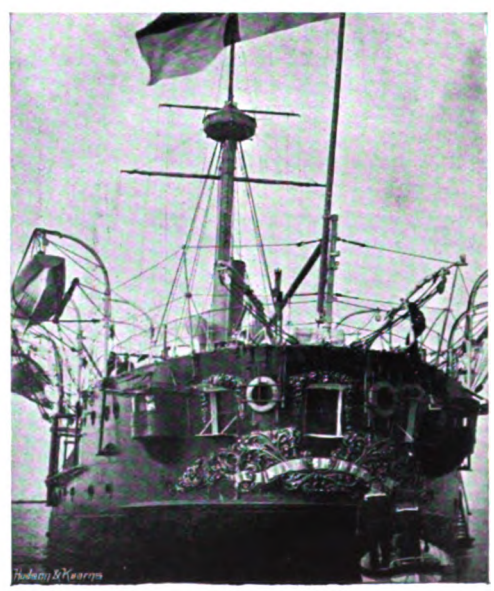

Photo. Losel. Copyright.

THE STERN OF THE "WARSPITE.

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natural draught she can do a good sixteen, and can work up to a knot faster if necessary. She and her sister are the only two vessels in the Service in which the four heavy guns are mounted on the quadrilateral system so common in the French Navy, *i.e.*, one gun aft, one forward, and one on each beam. The story of the commissioning of the new flag-ship will be told hereafter in our columns.

THE picture here given is one of historic interest, for it is that of one of Nelson's favourite spots, the tree-shaded walk at Merton, which was known as his "quarter-deck." Merton Place, which was originally built by Sir Richard Hotham, a London merchant, was at one time owned by Thomas Sainsbury, Lord Mayor of London, and

NELSON'S "QUARTER-DECK" AT MERTON.

passed from his possession to that of a Mr. Graves, who sold it to Lady Hamilton, acting on Lord Nelson's behalf. The great hero had a passion for the place, and in almost the last lines he ever penned he calls it "dear, dear Merton." The old house has long since been demolished.

HERE we have an interesting little picture of a group consisting of the whole of C Troop of the 16th (The Queen's) Lancers taken at Umballa recently. Seated in the centre is Viscount Fincastle, who, it will be remembered, won the Victoria Cross in the action at Landakai, where he had his horse killed under him. The 16th are a corps that have always lived up to their motto, "Aut Cursu aut

C TROOP, 16th LANCERS.

A REGIMENTAL SADDLERS' SHOP.

Cominus armis" (either in the charge, or hand to hand), and C Troop are a very representative specimen of a very smart regiment.

The other picture represents the regimental saddlers' shop, with the native assistants employed in India in the foreground. Two of the regimental pets are also well in evidence. The one is a smart-looking fox-terrier, evidently well-bred, for Tommy Atkins is very particular about the breed of his canine favourite. The other looks like a cross-bred with a strong dash of the bull-terrier in him, and probably possessed of all that intelligence that not unfrequently characterises the mongrel.

THAT most enterprising of monthlies, the *Wide World Magazine*, has catered well for its readers in securing the serial rights of Mr. Charles Neufeld's narrative of the twelve years of his life which he passed as a prisoner of the ex-Khalifa. This most fascinating story will run from month to month, the first instalment appearing in the June number (which, by the way, is published on May 22), and the title of it will be "In the Khalifa's Clutches, or My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman." Charles Neufeld, an Assouan merchant, was captured by a party of Dervishes, early in 1887 and until Kitchener's triumphant forces entered the Khalifa's stronghold last September, the unfortunate German suffered mental and physical tortures such as at the close of the nineteenth century it is almost impossible to realise.

MR. CHARLES NEUFELD.

Here is a short extract from the work of one of the able war correspondents that accompanied the party which found Neufeld in Omdurman, and in its brief simplicity it throws a flood of light on all that Neufeld had gone through.

"He had three sets of leg-irons fastened round his ankles, a heavy bar weighing fourteen pounds and two thick chains above that. The heavy rings upon the legs we could not get off without other appliances than a hammer and iron wedge, so they were left to be removed next day in the gun-boat 'Sheikh.'" As was only to be expected, Mr. Neufeld, after the many weary years in captivity and the strain thrown on him, required recuperation, which he obtained at Cairo, where he, of course, found awaiting him representatives of the most leading and energetic European and American publishers. It was, however, to Sir George Newnes that Mr. Neufeld turned for advice and assistance, and the work as now produced will be prefaced by "a personal impression" of the author from the pen of the distinguished baronet. Not only will the story be profusely illustrated by reproductions from photographs and plans, but it will also be enriched by numerous drawings from the pencil of Mr. Charles Sheldon, the well-known Soudan war artist.

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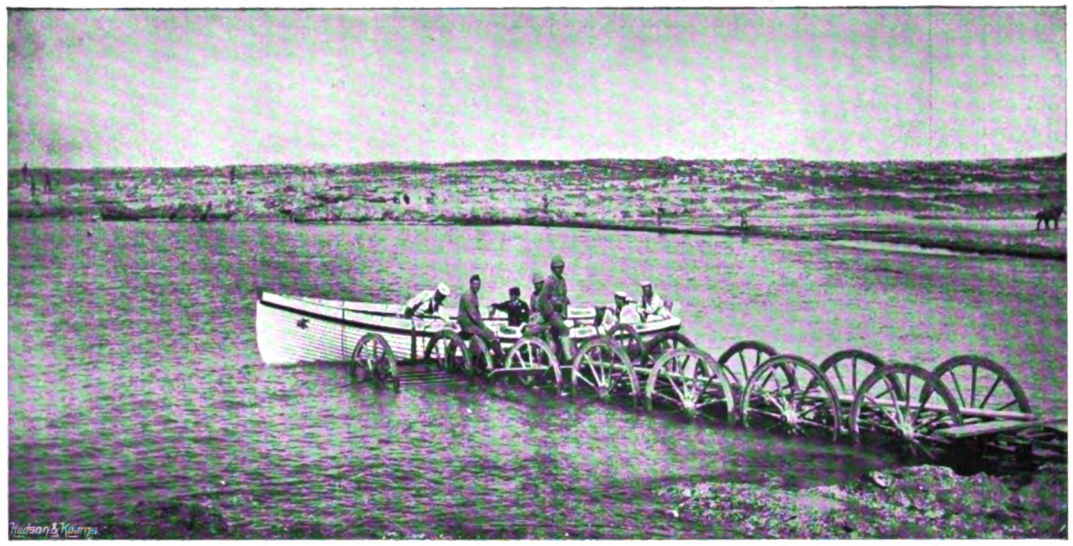
An Invasion of Malta.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AN example that the home authorities would do well to follow has been set by General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor of Malta. Considering that Great Britain is an essentially Naval Power, and that in all warlike operations which she undertakes her Naval and Military forces must necessarily work hand in hand, it is strange that combined Naval and Military manœuvres have not been of frequent occurrence—instead of being practically unknown. However, a step in the right direction has now been taken, and every credit is due to Sir Francis Grenfell for having initiated the very interesting and instructive exercise which was recently carried out in combination with a part of the Mediterranean Fleet. The task of landing or embarking troops in face of opposition is a very difficult one, and, indeed, even when there is no enemy to make things especially unpleasant, it is not an easy matter to embark or disembark any considerable force, with the necessary stores, upon a shore where there are no wharfs or piers.



A TEMPORARY LANDING-STAGE.

Our sailors are, however, equal to every sort of occasion, and in the "Invasion of Malta" the various difficulties quickly disappeared. There is generally some way or other by which almost anything can be done, and so sure as there is, Jack is certain to find it. In this particular case the first thing to be done was to choose the most suitable landing-places in the required locality, and a Naval reconnaissance accordingly took place.

The plans adopted included a false as well as a real attack, and, in the event, covered by the guns of the fleet, the invaders actually succeeded in effecting a landing, together with their stores and equipment. The Naval brigade, which consisted of two battalions of seamen and one of marines, landed at 8 a.m., and had a very hard day's work over a very difficult country, being under arms for nearly ten hours, yet, in spite of the heat and the terribly relaxing climate, not even one man fell out. The officers and men have therefore excellent reason to feel proud of their achievements. Upon the second day, after some heavy fighting, the invaders were ordered to retire to their ships, and this very delicate manœuvre was so excellently managed that the whole force was safely withdrawn, after having first secured the re-embarkation of all the stores and equipment that had been landed with the expedition. The effective co-operation of the fleet with the invading force, both in the attacks upon the defenders' position and also during the retirement, was admirably maintained.

ADMIRAL SIR G. NOEL.

A MIDSHIPMAN AS A D.C.

Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.

BLUEJACKETS DRAGGING UP MACHINE GUNS FROM MELLIEHA BAY.

The operations were conducted under the general direction of Sir Francis Grenfell, the soldiers of the invading force being commanded by Colonel Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., and the Naval brigade by Commander Madden of the "Cæsar." The defending force was under the command of Major-General Lord Congleton, C.B. The Naval umpire-in-chief was Rear-Admiral Sir G. Noel, whilst

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Lieutenant-General Owen, R.A., performed similar duties upon behalf of the Army.

From every point of view the exercise proved a great success, and cannot fail to have afforded a great deal of valuable instruction. It is very much to be hoped that similar operations will follow both at home and abroad.

Various incidents in this mimic campaign are shown in the accompanying illustrations, which, as a rule, will readily be understood without any special descriptions.

THE INVADERS RE-EMBARKING.

The first of the series shows a temporary landing-pier formed of carts, along which planks have been laid for the men to walk upon to and from the boats. In another the sailors are dragging machine-guns from the landing-place in Mellieha Bay. In the background will be seen a flight of steps, suggesting the "cursed streets of stairs" which Lord Byron regarded as one of the many objections to the city of Valetta. With "sirocco, sun, and sweat" thrown in, these "streets of stairs" are sufficiently trying even to the most robust.

The long, winding road up the hill, with machine-guns to drag, must have tried the muscles of the gallant Tars, but it is needless to say that they persevered to the end. Sir G. Noel, on a Maltese pony, is shown going his rounds in the fourth illustration, and in the sixth Lord Congleton is riding, with his staff and a number of other officers, to the "conference" held at the conclusion of the operations. The final illustration, which shows a temporary halt of a portion of the Naval brigade, gives some idea of what the Maltese countryside is like. Upon the whole the glimpse here afforded is unlikely to attract any great flood of emigrants. Malta certainly is wanting in attractions as a place of residence, but from the earliest times the geographical position of the island has given it immense value in the eyes of Mediterranean Powers. There have been many "invasions" of Malta. The Phoenicians, Carthaginians, and Romans successively held Malta, as each in turn became paramount at sea. Subsequently it fell into the hands of the Vandals, the Arabs, and the Normans from Sicily. The Knights Hospitallers successfully defended the island against the Turks in 1551 and 1565, the invaders losing 30,000 men. Bonaparte seized Malta in 1798 when *en route* to Egypt, but Admiral Pigot captured it in 1800, and by the peace of 1814 it became permanently recognised as a British possession.

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD CONGLETON AND STAFF.

The Cathedral of St. John, at Valetta, is a remarkable specimen of the Byzantine style. The interior decoration of this cathedral is very magnificent. The once famous "Silver Gates" of the Lady Chapel were, however, looted by Bonaparte and converted into francs, other sacrilegious depredations being committed at the same time. Over the high altar is a splendid piece of sculpture representing "The Baptism"; the figures of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist being 7-ft. high, and hewn from a single block of marble—a wonderful piece of work. Malta is an interesting place, but when all the "sights" have been seen the visitor is glad to regain his ship and be off without delay.

Photos. R. Ellis. THE NAVAL BRIGADE RESTING BY THE WAY. Copyright.

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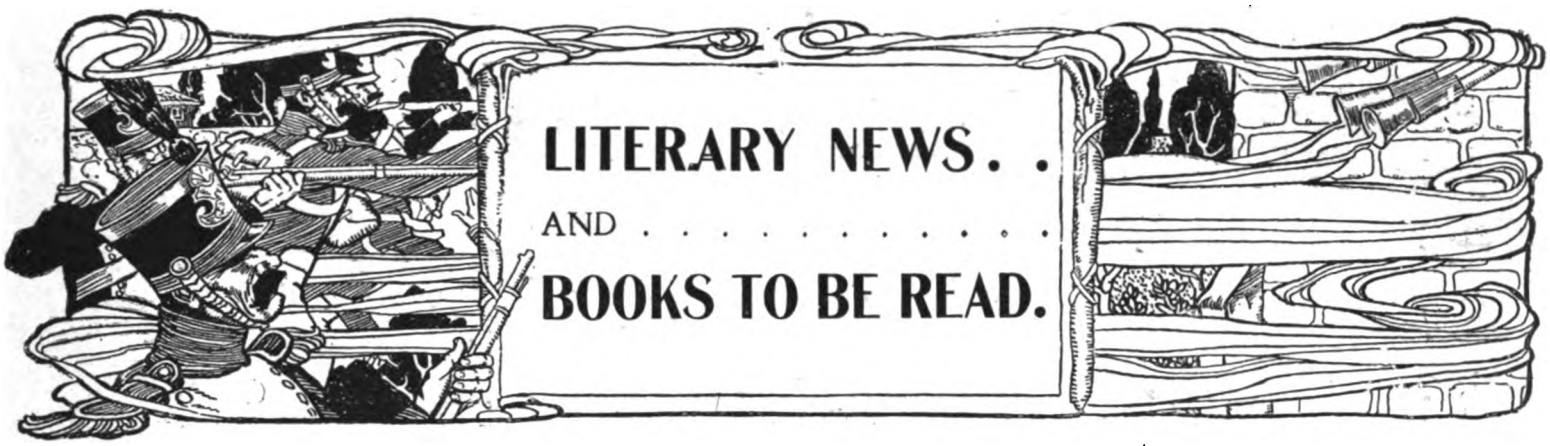

THE late Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden—"Joe Lumsden," as he was affectionately called—belonged to a race of giants, a race which included the two Lawrences, the Nicholsons, Herbert Edwardes, and men like Quintin Battye, heroes of brain and muscle—empire-builders every one. These were the great workers on the North-West Frontier of India, the conquerors and administrators of the Punjab, and among them Harry Lumsden will ever hold an honoured place. "Lumsden of the Guides," by General Sir Peter Lumsden and Mr. G. R. Elsmie, C.S.I. (Murray), is a volume that tells the story well. It tells it all the better because it is largely in Lumsden's own words—his letters full of the spirit, gaiety, enterprise, vigour, and discernment of the man. Here we have his own story of the formation of the famous Guides—giving him "the finest appointment in the country, being the right hand of the Army and the left of the political," with a roving commission, while still an assistant in the agency at Lahore, to make himself acquainted with the people and the roads, forts, ferries, and all the character of the land. In this knowledge he was *facile princeps*. He sought out from every tribe of the border men who knew each hill and nullah, every accident of service, and many a village dialect unknown to dwellers in the plains, and he welded them together into a magnificent branch of the Army, and inspired them with loyalty that made them stand true through all the storms of the Mutiny. Their service is well told in this delightful narrative. When the storm broke at Meerut, Lumsden and his brother Peter were far away at Candahar on a dangerous mission to the Ameer in relation to the military subsidy, and they heard with feelings pent up and then with bursting hearts the distant thunders of the storm. They heard them from Herbert Edwardes at Peshawar in a series of letters of extraordinary interest printed here. The long and anxious waiting until Delhi fell, the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, beloved by all, the death of the Lumsdens' brother William at the head of his regiment, the death of John Nicholson—all the terrible story they heard from Herbert Edwardes. Lumsden was released from his painful exile, returned once more to his beloved Guides, and afterwards assumed the Hyderabad command, and rendered a long and splendid service before he came home. Then we read a charming account of his life at home, full of healthy occupation—shooting, hawking, photography, wood-carving, agriculture. Thus he lived well, and died full of years and honour. It is a life good to read, profitable to know, delightful to understand, and I closed the book saying that these Lumsdens have an appropriate motto in the words "Dei dono sum quod sum."

* * * *

"Endeavour to give the boys at home a liberal education, and I can soon provide for them as gentlemen." So wrote George Simmons from Castello Branco in the Peninsula in July, 1809. Simmons was a young subaltern in the 95th Rifles, and, odd as it appears in these days, his chief object in entering the Army was that he might provide out of his pay for the wants of his needy parents, the education and putting forth into the world of his brothers, and the due care of his sisters, concerning whom he had many anxious forebodings. "Make them good scholars," he wrote again concerning the boys. "I have not the least doubt of soon taking them off your hands; and I hope you will obey this command and read this part to Joseph and John." George Simmons, writing thus to his parents, was evidently a very remarkable young man, and the reader will decidedly like to know more of him, especially when I say that he was no mere kind-hearted visionary, but a shrewd personage, who succeeded to a marvel in what he undertook. In Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Verner's "A British Rifle Man" (Black), Major George Simmons tells his entertaining and dramatic story. I lately spoke in these pages of a volume of reminiscences of the Peninsular War, which was full of extraordinary things, but it was far from being as life-like and convincing in character as the diary and letters Colonel Verner has edited. An officer did not join the Light Brigade in 1809 and remain with it through the whole of the operations in the Peninsula, without seeing a great deal of active service. No corps in the British army saw more fighting. Sir John Moore himself had trained it, and the gallant Craufurd was a leader none could excel. The 95th Rifles, Simmons's regiment, were unrivalled in skirmishing work, and the light he throws upon the system of operations is full of interest. Besides being possessed with the very practical spirit I have indicated, Simmons had the real instincts of a soldier, and he saw a vast deal of fighting. He marched with Craufurd from Coimbra to the Coa, and was posted on observation duty on the frontier, being most severely wounded in the combat on the river. He gives a pitiable account to his parents of the condition of the wounded, with injunctions to "send Charles and Betsy to school." Next we have him at the front, in 1811, though still limping, and fighting at Fuentes de Oñoro, and in the next year he displays uncommon gallantry at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, both very sanguinary affairs, in which the Rifles suffered severely. But it is impossible to catalogue Simmons's actions, which carried him to Vittoria, the battles of the Pyrenees, and the engagement at Tarbes, where he was wounded in the right knee. Nor did his service end in the Peninsula, for he was at Waterloo in 1815, and there, towards the end of the day, was desperately wounded by a ball which entered at the back, broke two ribs, passed through his liver, and was extracted at the chest. He was dragged more dead than alive into the farm of Mont St. Jean, but survived to give a very interesting account of the battle. Simmons's narrative has a character of its own. I have never read anything exactly like it, and I can confidently commend it. As an old Rifleman—they were Rifle men in 1809—Colonel Willoughby Verner has edited the gallant Simmons's papers as a labour of love, and they have gained a great deal from the notes which he has prefixed to the chapters. In fact, to read this delightful and instructive volume is to know what was the work of the Light Brigade and the Light Division in the Peninsula.

* * * *

The first part of Mr. Hamilton Williams's "British Naval Power," though it had many merits, was not without defects, but, in the more difficult task of preparing the second part, which Messrs. Macmillan published some time ago, but which I have found no opportunity of noticing until now, he has succeeded remarkably well. The task was more difficult in one sense, because in taking up the thread of events after Trafalgar, he dealt with interests more various, and at the same time less known and less dramatic. To weave the tangled skein into a comprehensive narrative, with due significance and proper proportion, cannot have been easy, but Mr. Williams—who, it may be useful to say, is instructor in English literature to the Naval cadets in the "Britannia"—has grouped his facts admirably, and his appreciations are all just and reasonable. Such a book as this has particular value, for there is not accessible any single volume dealing with the whole period treated, which extends up to the present time. Mr. Williams's account of the events that immediately succeeded Nelson's achievement is very satisfactory. No nation can escape the penalties that attend its greatness, and our Navy has been occupied ever since 1805 with events arising out of the malice, jealousy, and conflicting interests of our rivals, and the turbulence of savage or undisciplined races, which have brought a long series of struggles against semi-barbarous States, revolutionary leaders, pirates, and others, and a great conflict with Russia. The account of the operations both in the Black Sea and the Baltic is excellent, though brief, and the standpoint of the writer is particularly sound. Mark how he regards the position of Sir Charles Napier. That the Russians would not come out was not his fault. "As for the rest, Nelson had never dared the guns of Toulon, St. Vincent had not risked his fleet against Cadiz, Cornwallis had never tried to force his way into Brest. But the expectation of the British public was disappointed; they demanded the destruction of Sveaborg, and Sveaborg was still untouched—Sir Charles Napier came home, refused the G.C.B. which was offered to him, and was never employed again." All this was due to the ignorance on the part of the British public of the essential conditions of Naval wars; but, happily, while we have such sound thinkers as Admiral Colomb and Captain Mahan to expound the lessons of history, and as Mr. Williams to disseminate them, such disastrous misconceptions will not occur again.

* * * *

The new edition of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" is complete (Newnes), and makes a remarkably handsome volume. Those who remember the sensation the book caused when it was first published in 1878, have since witnessed marvellous changes in the great continent Mr. Stanley traversed. I observe that a certain daily paper has been at the pains to telegraph from abroad the opinion he expressed in 1878—that before twenty years were over there would not be a hundred-mile tract left to be explored in the entire continent. That opinion is found in the preface to the new edition of the book, and was certainly very remarkable. We cannot as Englishmen look back with satisfaction to the extraordinary apathy displayed at the time in this country towards the possibilities of hidden Africa. A golden opportunity was lost; we left ourselves no longer free to select the sphere of our enterprise, and are but now labouring to recover the advantages that escaped us then. The story of Africa is a romance. Marvellous is the change that has passed over the country since the days when Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Denham, Clapperton, and others painfully penetrated its mysteries. Mr. Stanley was the chief agent in the great awakening, and the story of his adventures and exploits is full of interest to-day. I think, therefore, that the idea of making accessible to the general reader at a low price (7s. 6d.) the story in its original form will be widely appreciated.

* * * *

Messrs. Ward, Lock's handsome edition of the works of Whyte-Melville has made excellent progress. I have "Market Harborough" before me. The form, paper, and print are as good as could be wished, and Mr. John Charlton's illustrations are capital.

* * * *

The London and South Western Railway Company have just published, for the first time, an exceedingly useful illustrated guide and official list of hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments, the district covered by the book including the Thames Valley, the South and West of England, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands, and the coast of Normandy and Brittany. The delights and interests of these regions are inexhaustible. An excellent map, showing the whole of the company's railway and steam-ship connections, accompanies the guide, the first edition of which consists of 50,000 copies. Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co. are the publishers.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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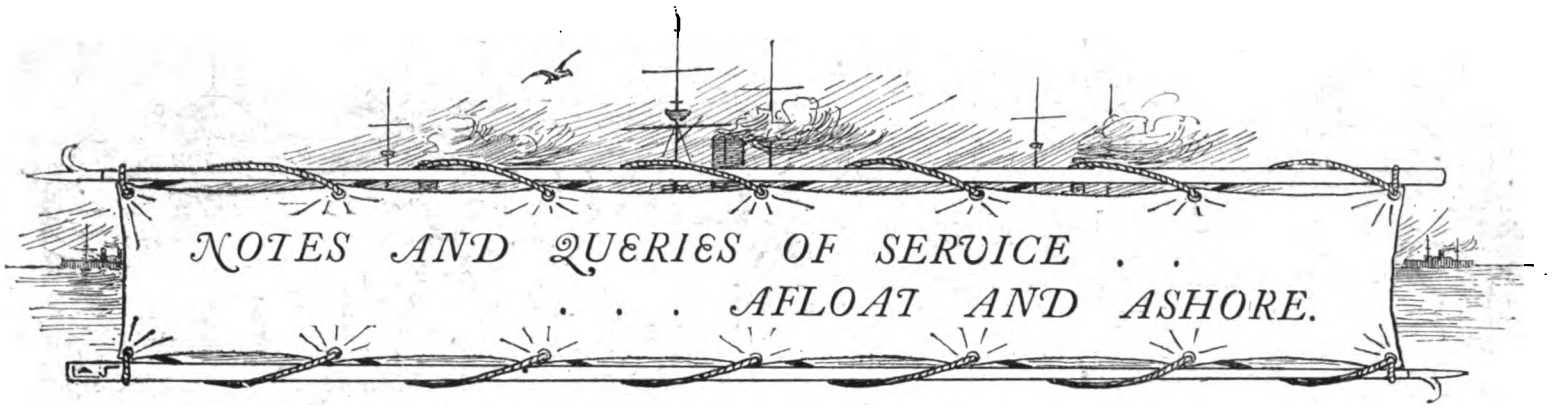

F. WILSON.—You may enlist in London for the Cape Mounted Rifles when the corps is open for recruiting in England. Only natural-born or naturalised British subjects are enrolled in the regiment. The life is a very hard one, and preference is given to candidates who are physically strong, athletic, and who can ride well. A candidate must be between eighteen and twenty-five years old, and his height 5-ft. 7-in. to 6-ft. The maximum weight is 175-lb. The chest measurement varies according to the age of the intending recruit. If eighteen years of age, he must measure 33½-in.; from nineteen to twenty-one, the measurement is 34-in.; and if over twenty-two years of age, he must not have a chest measurement of less than 35-in. A medical examination must be passed in London, and also on arrival in the colony. After passing the medical examination, the recruit must pay to the agent-general £24—£3 of which is transmitted by the latter to the steamship company in payment of his passage to the colony; he will then receive an order on one or other of the two Cape steamship companies for a second-class passage to Cape Town. A form of application for admission to the force may be obtained from the Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope, 112, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

* * * *

"ARMIGER."—The history of the epaulette is somewhat obscure. The word is derived from the French word "epaulette," which signifies something worn on the épaule (Anglicè shoulder). It was introduced into the English Army during the reign of George II. It was intended not only as an ornament, but in order to designate the rank of the wearer. The arrangement was som what singular, and produced a lop-sided effect as regards officers under the rank of field officer, the former wearing only one epaulette. A captain had an epaulette on the right shoulder, a subaltern one on the left shoulder. All field officers had epaulettes on both shoulders, their rank being shown by placing on the strap of the epaulette a star in the case of a major, a crown in that of a lieutenant-colonel, and a star and crown in that of a colonel. By the Dress Regulations of 1768, officers of flank companies were directed to wear an epaulette on each shoulder. At a later period the officers of flank companies, and Fusilier and Light Infantry regiments, all wore wings. When the epaulette was first introduced into the infantry, the officers of the cavalry wore an aigulette on the left shoulder with long tags. By the Orders of 1784, epaulettes were substituted for aigulettes in the cavalry. The epaulettes were worn as described till 1829, when all officers were directed to wear two epaulettes. At the time of this alteration adjutants wore an epaulette on the right shoulder and a strap on the left shoulder, but when this method of indicating an adjutant's office was introduced I cannot say. It may be mentioned that there was a difference in the bullion of field and other officers. Epaulettes continued to be worn as directed in 1829 till the Russian War, in the midst of which coatees were ordered to be replaced by tunics, and epaulettes ceased to exist, save as regards the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the officers of the Body Guard. At the time of the change the epaulettes of the officers of the Guards were large box epaulettes, and officers wearing these imposing shoulder ornaments at a fancy ball in Paris attracted much attention, the shoulder decorations being larger and richer than those of a Marshal of France.

* * * *

THE presentation by the Corporation of the City of London of a sword of honour to the Sirdar, in commemoration of his recent brilliant feat of arms, recalls a similar presentation made to Lord Nelson after the Battle of Aboukir Bay. Nelson being unable to return home, as he desired, in his flag-ship, the "Foudroyant," travelled overland, in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, *via* Vienna and Hamburg, landing at Yarmouth on November 6, 1800, where he was received with every possible mark of public enthusiasm. On the 8th, he proceeded to London in Sir W. Hamilton's carriage, arriving at Nerot's Hotel, in King Street, St. James's, dressed in full uniform, with three stars and two gold medals. On the 9th, Lord Mayor's day, Nelson joined the civic procession, and at the conclusion of the banquet was presented by the City Chamberlain with a richly ornamented sword, the handle being of gold and blue enamel, studded with diamonds—the value being 200 guineas; representations of crocodiles entered largely into the ornamental design. The presentation was accompanied by an address couched in the most eulogistic terms, to which Nelson replied as follows: "It is with the greatest pride and satisfaction I receive from the honourable court this testimony of their approbation of my conduct, and with this very sword—holding it up in his left hand—I hope soon to aid in reducing our implacable and inveterate enemy to proper and due limits without which this country can neither hope for nor expect a solid, honourable, and permanent peace." The sword thus presented was exhibited in the Naval Exhibition of 1891, together with those voted by the Corporation to Admirals Collingwood and the Earl of Northesk, after Trafalgar; to Sir James Saumarez, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Exmouth, Captain Broke of the "Shannon," and to Lord Alcester, in 1883.

* * * *

IN the Guildhall Museum is preserved at the present time another relic of the hero of the Nile—the sword of the French Admiral who was second in command at the battle of Aboukir Bay. This sword Nelson presented to the then Lord Mayor. It used to be exhibited in the now demolished Council Chamber. The blade is of exquisite workmanship, fluted and chased, and is inscribed "Vivre libre ou mourir pour la Nation, la Loi et le——." In the blank spot was originally the word "Roi," which was, of course, erased after 1793, in accordance to the political feelings of the day. The French admiral in question, Blanquet du Chayla, commanded at the Nile in the French "Franklin," which the Admiralty renamed—it is said at Nelson's own instance—"Canopus," the old Greek name for Aboukir, from which ship our nearly completed "Canopus" takes her name.

* * * *

"DUBLIN," a foreigner, having enlisted without making the fact known, is anxious to know whether on that account he is entitled to claim his discharge. This is a point of law upon which there can be no doubt. In the first place, the 100th section (sub. sec. 2) of the Army Act provides that when a person is in pay as a soldier in any corps of Her Majesty's regular forces, such person shall be deemed for all the purposes of the Army Act to be a soldier of the regular forces, with this qualification that he may at any time claim his discharge, but until he so claims, and is discharged in pursuance of that claim, he shall be subject to the Army Act as a soldier of the regular forces legally enlisted and duly attested under this Act. Therefore, although no alien can be enlisted for the Army without Her Majesty's consent, through a Secretary of State (Army Act, sec. 95), and though he may claim his discharge on the ground of being an alien, yet until he is discharged he is legally regarded as an ordinary soldier. "Dublin," then, may claim his discharge, but I strongly advise him not to do so. In confessing the circumstances under which he enlisted, he becomes liable to trial by court-martial under Section 99 (sub-section 2) of the Army Act, for "knowingly making a false answer to any question contained in the attestation paper," etc. The full penalty for the offence is three months' imprisonment with hard labour. Deferred pay can be forfeited by a court-martial other than a regimental.

* * * *

DOUBLE-BARRELLED names were not so fashionable in 1801 as they have since become, and the use of them on one occasion caused considerable astonishment and chagrin to three Greenwich Pensioners who were discussing the unsuccessful attack on Boulogne, the account of which bore the signature "Nelson and Bronte." "I say, Ben," enquired number one, "do you know who this 'ere Bronte is Nelson has got hold on?" "Not I," was the reply; "but all I can say is, he's a d——d fool, begging his pardon, for taking a partner, for depend upon it nobody will do as well as Nelson does himself. Look at this last business, tho' I daresay everything was done that could be done without him. If he had gone in, the boats, chains, and all would have come out along with him." Finally, after considerable discussion, the opinion of number three was accepted as the most probable solution, it was that "This 'ere Bronte" was a "soldier officer" whom Nelson had taken into partnership to assist him in land operations, but this did not relieve Nelson from having committed a grave indiscretion, though they admitted that he might have had his reasons.

* * * *

"K. O. B."—The word "cornet" is usually understood to mean a musical instrument of a quality midway between that of a bugle and a trumpet. But it was once applied to a body of horsemen. Prince Maurice of Nassau, one of the ablest generals of his age, mentions one cornet consisting of 100 horsemen, and another of 140; while at the battle of Ivry the Duke of Mayenne had a cornet 300 strong. The name was derived from the "cornet" or standard carried by the corps. Hence the military grade of cornet, now superseded by that of second lieutenant. As bearing upon the meaning of the word as applied to a standard, James VI. (of Scotland) wrote in 1600 of "the beiring of all his hienes banneris, standartis, *cornettis*, pinsaillies, handschenyeis." Stowe, in his "Annals," says that at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, Sir William Russell "with his *cornet* charged so terribly . . . so played his part that the enemy reported him to be a devil."

* * * *

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of submarine boats, the theory on which they are constructed is by this time well known. Such, however, is not the case with the converse of the invention, *i.e.*, what may be termed the "steeple chasing" boat, which a certain Captain Bulmer proposed to introduce to the world in 1643. So convinced was he of the merits of his invention, that he offered to construct the necessary apparatus at his own expense, provided the requisite number of disbelievers in his project would deposit six times the amount, which should become the property of the inventor should he carry out his undertaking. According to the terms of the formal agreement that was drawn up, Captain Bulmer, who was Master and Surveyor-General of the King's Mines, bound himself, "At and in a flowing water, to set out a boat or vessel with an engine floating with a man or boy in or aboard the said boat in the River of Thames over against the Tower Wharf or lower which said boat with the said man or boy in or aboard shall the same tyde before lowe water againe by art of the said John Bulmer and helpe of the said engine be advanced and elevated so high as that the same shall passe and be delivered over London Bridge together with the said man or boy in or aboard her and floate again on the said River of Thames on the other side of the said bridge in safety." The challenge, so far as can be ascertained, fell flat, or perhaps the public had sufficient respect for the art of the said John Bulmer to prevent them from laying against his chance of success; anyhow, there is no record of London Bridge having been subjected to the indignity of being made to "give a back."

THE EDITOR.

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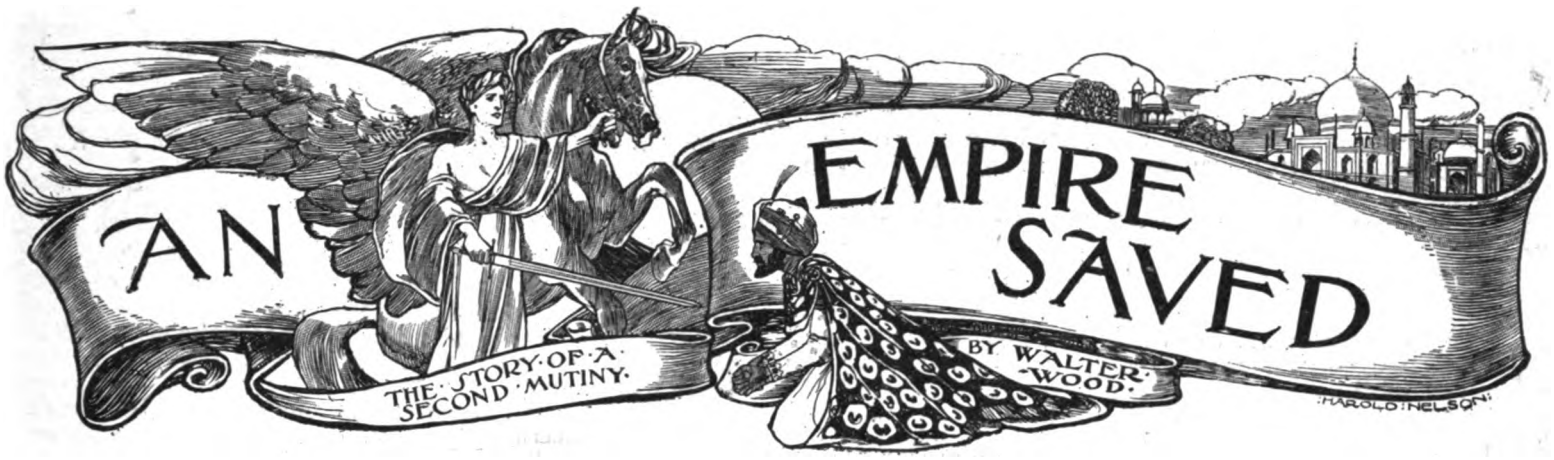

SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. Colonel Barr is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements. While these things are happening at Nilgoa, the cyclists are riding to Halabad with the alarm. Their task is exceptionally hard, and, owing to the intense strain upon him, one of the men, Brear, goes temporarily mad. The hospital is gallantly defended. Believing that a forlorn-hope might cripple, if not disperse, Murrib Khan's forces, Barr chooses Reid to lead a body of volunteers. As the forlorn-hope marches off reinforcements arrive, and the mutineers are scattered. Murrib Khan is pursued by cavalry, and, after a fierce resistance, is taken prisoner. He defeats the law by committing suicide, after making a confession. Quietness having been restored in the country, the adjutant astonishes the colonel by intimating that he means to resign his commission. The colonel protests that he sees no excuse for such a course. The adjutant persists in his determination, and leaves for England, in Margaret's company, without the colonel having heard the explanation of his motive. It is not until they are together again, this time in Reid's home in London, that he is finally enlightened.

CHAPTER XVIII. *(continued.)*

"I SHOULD like to know," said the colonel, grimly and distrustfully, "what the meaning of this is?"

"Only your question, colonel—only your question. Really, you know, you might give us time."

"Ah!" said the colonel, darkly, beginning to recollect. "It was a slip, of course. I'm sorry."

"No harm done, upon my word—the missis never heard it."

The colonel breathed freely. Then it really did not matter, for of course he knew Reid so well that he could not possibly count. He had no feelings to hurt in a case like this. So the colonel reasoned.

"It comes of your bachelor habits," continued Reid; "you'll have to let me talk freely now, you know. You can't help it. I am no longer a subordinate, and so you must grin and bear it. I'm a mere British civilian, and you know there isn't a creature on this wide globe who has more rights than he has, or is more determined to exercise them. I should be quite as comfortable in the presence of a field-marshal as I am in a policeman's. So much for the glorious British Constitution."

He pushed a box of cigars towards his guest, and followed it with the special concoction on which he had been engaged.

The colonel, believing in discipline and difference of rank as honestly as he believed in the Bible and the Queen, was only gradually becoming aware of the wondrous change which had taken place in Reid since he had seen him last. Could this happy, careless, almost flippant man be the soldier who had done so much for that vast Empire of which he was a son?

"You seem to be tolerably happy, and not to have much trouble on your mind," he said.

"Perfectly happy, and I have not a care in the world. I have no dread of the workhouse, and have enough to do to keep me from falling a prey to the Evil One, who, we are to believe, finds plenty of mischief for the unemployed."

"And how are you going to pass your time, now that you are a mere civilian?" asked the colonel.

"First, I must know what your own programme is. It is far more interesting than mine, which will keep for the present."

"To get back to India as soon as I can. Ah, Reid, England is not for me what it once was, and what, I daresay, it is for you now. I am a mere straw on the stream, with no family, no ties, no interests. A soldier of fortune."

There was a strange note of forlornness in his voice, and a momentary depression which filled Reid with sadness. After all, the colonel spoke the truth. He had no family ties, and, although a man of many acquaintances, had only one or two friends.

"But come," said the colonel, brightening. "What does a soldier live for? Not to pule and rail at Fortune, especially when she has been so good to him."

"And she *has* been good," said Reid, enthusiastically. "Why, when it becomes known that you are in town you will be the hero of the hour."

"Not if I can help it," said the colonel, almost sourly. "I'm not built that way. I'm not to be taken up and lionised because of what I have done in India, and then dropped like a hot cinder when people are tired of me, and be put aside for some emaciated minor poet, or a freak. Besides, I hate that sort of hysterical nonsense over a man who has only done his duty, and who, if he is properly constituted, will think that the satisfaction arising from that knowledge is reward enough."

"They have been very kind to me and my wife," said Reid, wishful to do Society justice.

"You're different—interesting and romantic, and all that sort of thing. I'm not, and I know it. No, thank you; the thing won't do for me." The colonel spoke very inflexibly, and took a fresh cigar. "But you—what are you going to do, now that you have abandoned the best of all professions?"

Reid moved uneasily in his swivel chair. "Doesn't the look of the room suggest anything to you?" he asked.

The colonel looked deliberately round, and noticed that the room was a sort of study. An uncomfortable suspicion filled him that Reid was meaning to enter the Church. His respect for the clergy was great, but he did not think it was a body which an ex-adjutant ought to enter.

"You are not—er—going to take Orders?" he enquired, dubiously.

"No," laughed Reid. "I've left them all behind me with my Army days—except those from my wife, of course. Try again."

"Going to be a guinea-pig, or something in the City?" the colonel hazarded, but sincerely hoping that he was wide of the mark.

"No," said Reid, disappointedly. "Don't the books and writing tackle suggest anything?"

The colonel puffed at his cigar, and thought again. He was not very quick at grasping some things, if they did not relate to matters military; and he did not readily see this.

"Manuscripts," observed Reid, helpfully.

"Why," exclaimed the colonel, "you are not going to turn into a writing fellow?"

"You have hit it exactly," replied Reid, glad that the worst was over.

"But is it—is it——" the colonel spoke hesitatingly.

"Respectable? Quite, even for an ex-Army officer. Profitable? Yes, if you have a good thing on; and war and travel are reckoned good just now."

"But what on earth can *you* write about?" asked the colonel.

"It's true," admitted Reid, somewhat crushed by the frank unbelief which the colonel's tones expressed, "that as yet I am untried in the field of letters; but I am not working on spec. I am what they call commissioned to do the thing."

"Which thing?"

"Why, the book."

"I may be dense—I fear I am; but I do not know which book you refer to, Reid. I think I know you too well to suppose that it is a novel. I am equally sure that you would never try your hand at verses. As for history, or travel, I

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don't see how you can deal with either," said the colonel, growing in frankness.

"I'm writing a history of the bother," said Reid, rather lamely. "You see," he added, hurriedly, anxious not to give the colonel a chance of expressing in words the amazed disgust his features indicated, "I was so much mixed up in it that I'd no sooner got home than I was besieged by publishers with offers that did the business for me instantly, although I'm not what you'd call a poor man. But I was really worried into the thing, and so I accepted the highest bid, and here I am, struggling with the final chapters and the proofs. It's to be a half-guinea book, and I suppose there's to be a thumping good first edition—ten thousand copies. It'll be illustrated with photographs and sketches, and—er—yes, I meant to tell you"—Reid laughed feebly—"you'll figure as a frontispiece. I know you don't care to appear in this sort of thing, but the country clamours for it—will have it, you know. And you needn't mind, for the best people do it, and a lot would who can't get the chance. As for the respectability of it, you mustn't forget that the Queen herself is an author. Ah! I thought so—lunch is ready."

Reid, somewhat unexpectedly cornered on account of his literary production, was glad to get away to the dining-room, where, in his trepidation and desire to atone for past faults, the colonel forgot all about the book and the portrait of himself. He had a good deal of leeway to make up, and he set about his task at once. It was somewhat hard to bear himself with fitting ease, but before the meal was ended he was in a glow of contentment. He hated stiffness and formality, being at heart a Bohemian; and both were absent here. He got to know Mrs. Reid better in a few minutes now than he had known her during all the time they were together at Nilgoa, and his opinion of her sex was undergoing a rapid change. Considering that his long and intimate acquaintance with her husband justified the freedom, he told her what was passing through his mind.

She smiled, and Reid laughed approvingly.

"There are, of course, stupid people," continued the colonel, emboldened by his success, "who say that the safety of India is not to be entrusted in any way to those who have been born and reared upon its soil, or have spent long years there, like Mrs. Reid. I think differently, because I happen to know better."

"Time deals gently with us all," observed Reid, with twitches of merriment about the corners of his mouth. "There were days when some of us did not think that way."

"Quite so," admitted the colonel, "but as I have already said, 'it is never too late to mend.'"

Mrs. Reid laughed, and this approbation of the colonel's remark completed her husband's temporary embarrassment.

"You've turned the tables slightly," he admitted, "and have scored a point in your own favour. There are times when silence is golden, and this is one of them. But you have not yet heard the solution of the mystery I spoke about before leaving India. Come into my den again, and I'll tell you."

When they were seated in the study, Reid explained. "It is a simple enough business, colonel. As for the mystery of the matter, that exists more in the imagination than in fact. Major Green, as you know, was a pretty well-to-do man, and had only his niece to leave his property to. Keen soldier though he was, he had no wish that Margaret should lead a life of trouble and danger on account of her husband's calling, and so he particularly expressed the hope in his will that if his niece married a soldier, that soldier should, for the sake of the happiness of the two, sever his connection with the Army."

"I begin to see," said the colonel, "though that is the very last thing in the world I should have expected from Green."

"I daresay the major had an inkling of what was passing between his niece and myself, although we had never spoken of the matter and it was not known in the battalion. I wished before leaving India to make my position clear to you; but you will remember that I was, to speak frankly, choked off."

"I was too hasty," admitted the colonel, humbly—"much too hasty; but not knowing this, it appeared to me such an unheard-of step that you should leave the Army just when the finest prospect in the world was opening out before you. You admit that you lost heavily by sending in your papers?"

"But gained more heavily," said Reid, mildly.

"Well, you certainly have the pull on your side," rejoined the colonel, rising; "and I had better go before I am more badly beaten. There is, as all good soldiers ought to know, a stage at which it is folly to delay one's retreat."

"Go?" said Reid. "Pardon me; while you are in town you are our guest. Apart from all other considerations, your coming is a God-send, because I want to refresh my mind as to one or two points for the book."

"As an officer on the active list, I'm afraid I must not touch the book," said the colonel.

"Not with so many brilliant examples before you of high officers dabbling in literature?" demanded Reid, in affected amazement.

"I will jog your memory and help you all I can, but as to actual work, I am afraid I ought not to do it. The country pays me to be a soldier, and I have no business with books."

On this point the colonel remained inflexible, and until the day when he left England to return to India he did not so much as read a line of what his old adjutant had written.

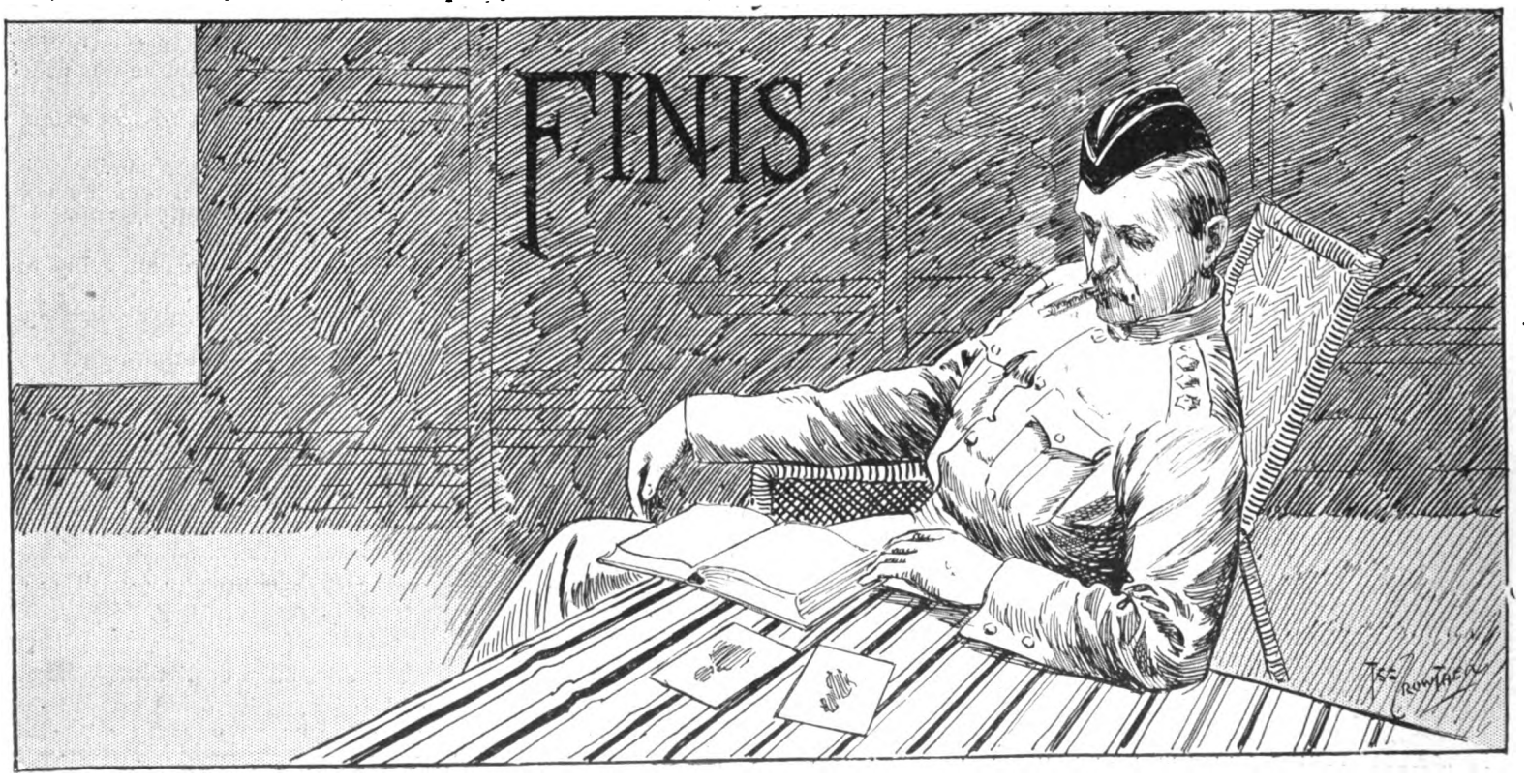
"But all the same I shall force the book on you," threatened the author, as he shook the colonel's hand at parting.

He sent to him a copy of the work as soon as it was published. The colonel read it at a sitting, stubbornly trying not to be prejudiced by the generous praise of himself with which it rang throughout, and very signally failing to do so.

There were portraits of the author and his wife in the volume, and the colonel took them out and carefully put them into two little frames from which he removed some treasured sporting pictures.

He hung them up, and for some moments fixedly regarded them. Then he sighed; but he overcame his feeling of depression, and murmured happily, "Upon my soul, as soon as I get to know the youngster's name, I'll go to a lawyer's and leave it every penny I've got."

He kept his promise. But long before they knew of this, Reid and his wife had given the boy the colonel's Christian name and surname, and had called him John Barr Reid.



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Preparing for the Royal Military Tournament.

LIKE most other important coming events, the Royal Military Tournament casts its "shadows before," although in this case the term "shadow" must certainly not be considered as used in any sombre sense. On the contrary, a good deal of real brightness surrounds the system of preliminary district tournaments and other local competitive tests which prelude the grand annual display at the Royal Agricultural Hall. Just as, moreover, in the words of the classical aphorism we learnt at school, it was not everyone's luck to visit Corinth, so, even in these days of cheap excursions, many tens of thousands who cannot see the Royal Military Tournament at Islington are only too glad to have the district competitions held, so to speak, at their very doors. These minor tournaments will always, then, be popular, even when the plan to be inaugurated shortly of holding a replica of the big show at one of the large provincial towns every year has become an accomplished fact.

LEMON CUTTING.

But, apart from providing a pleasant local spectacle, the district military tournament performs a very practical function. By its means the display at the Agricultural Hall becomes, as regards the various competitive events, literally a survival of the fittest, and a moment's reflection will show how necessary some precautionary measures are in this respect. Even assuming that the utmost fairness and the keenest discrimination were habitually exhibited, any process of mere selection of men to represent districts and corps at this most important and representative function would certainly be disappointing, and would also lead to a good deal of unhealthy grumbling. It stands to reason, too, that if men were sent up to Islington on the arbitrary recommendation of their commanding officers, the prizes given by the committee of the Royal Military Tournament would lose a good deal of their value, inasmuch as the championship involved would necessarily be open to question whether better men did not exist in the provinces to whom the chance of competing had been wholly denied.

NOT WELL CLEARED.

The preliminary or district tournament effectually does away with these possible difficulties. It weeds out very simply and practically the class of man who loves to appear in public, and thinks he has only to do so in order to achieve sensational success; it gives the most modest expert a chance of winning tremendous applause, and perhaps a gracious smile from Royalty itself; it silences murmurs as to favouritism; and, above all, it ensures that the great majority of men who represent the British Army, on an occasion when it is particularly desirable that the representation in question should be as good as it

Photos. C Knight

A COMPOUND FRACTURE.

Copyright.

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

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Photo. R Tniele Copyright.

THE R.H.A. PRACTISING THE MUSICAL DRIVE.

can be, shall be "crack" men, who have already shown their worth in open and generally pretty severe competition.

Naturally, of all the district tournaments that at Aldershot is the most important. This takes place towards the end of April, and the illustrations of the leading competitions which accompany this article will be found not only interesting of themselves but pleasantly descriptive of the businesslike and thorough manner in which these preliminary tests are carried out.

A defect inseparable from almost any photograph of moving horses is illustrated in our first four pictures with comical distinctness. In our pictures of men lime-cutting, jumping fences, and decapitating the imaginary Turk, nothing more than an ordinary walk is indicated on the part of the mounts. This is most unfair to both man and beast, but obviously we are not to blame. When it becomes possible to apply cinematography to the pages of a weekly magazine we shall be better able to do complete justice to "moving accidents of flood and field," but in the meantime an occasional imperfection in this respect will doubtless be pardoned. In our tent-pegging picture the reproach we have just alluded to does not exist. Like Galileo's world, that horse "does move," and though the absurd tangle in which he has contrived to get his legs prevents our seeing whether the peg has been fairly taken, the rider has evidently done his best to score at an honest gallop.

The infantry competitions, though not, of course, quite so popular as those in which mounted troops take part, elicit an immense amount of healthy emulation. One of our pictures shows some sword *versus* sword practice in the Aldershot gymnasium, an institution in which merit has to be very marked, indeed, to qualify for any unusual recognition.

If good wine needs no bush, then the musical drive of the Royal Horse Artillery needs no commendation. But for all that a picture of the smartest corps in the world practising this beautiful spectacle is interesting as a foretaste of one of the most popular and effective of all the events in the Islington programme.

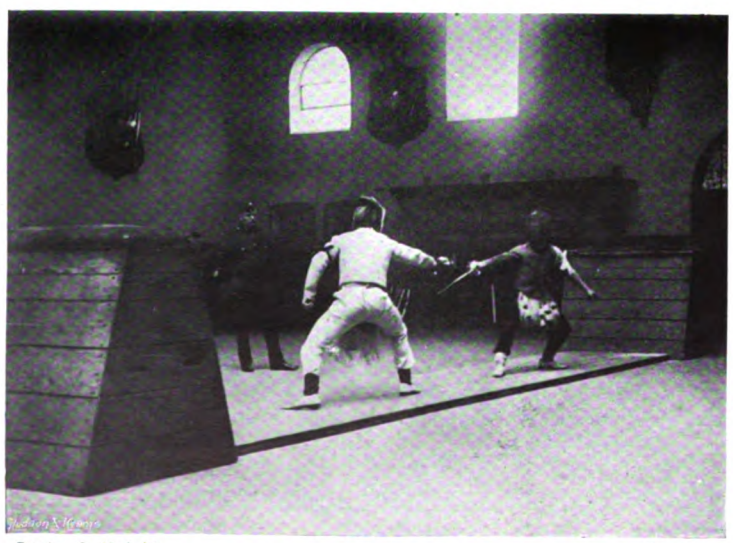

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

SWORD v. SWORD.

Photo C Knight. Copyright.

TENT-PEGGING.

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—V.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

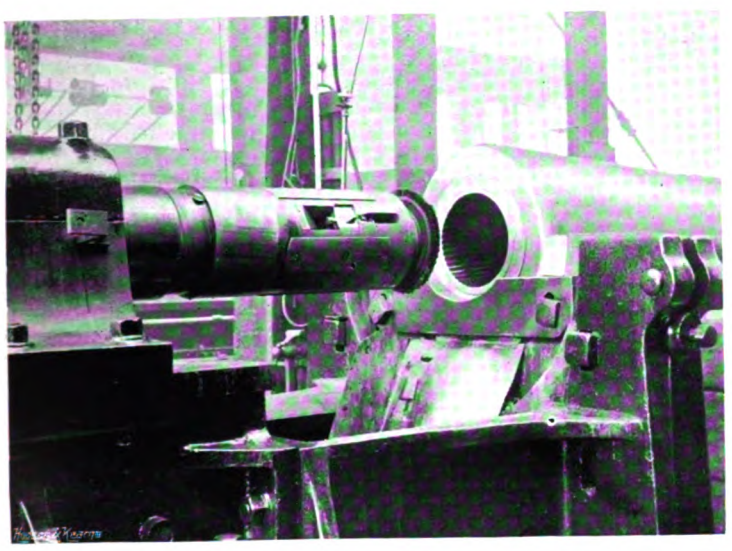
THE ROYAL GUN FACTORY.

ONCE again the half-formed gun is hoisted out of the pit, and is trundled, if such a term may be permitted, to the wiring shops, where it is placed in a lathe for its next process. The wire so often referred to is in reality a thin flat ribbon of steel, 25-in. wide and ·006 of an inch thick, and is of tremendous tensile strength. It has to pass the test of a strain of 90-110 tons per square inch, and hence one can see how enormously the gun is strengthened by its use.

No. 1.—View looking down bore of gun (8-in.) from breech.

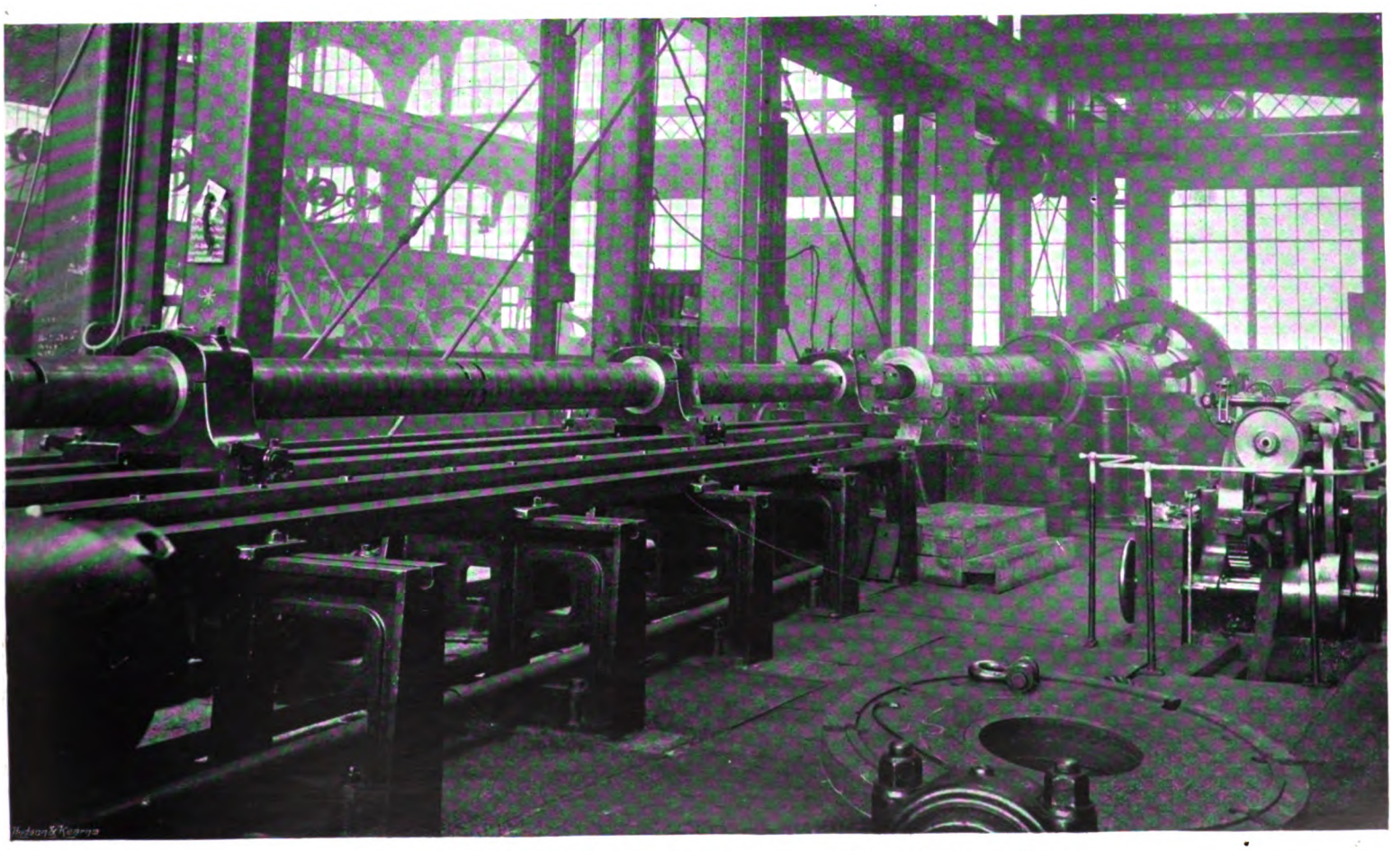
For a 12-in. gun 100 miles of wire, weighing 13 tons, are used, and, working night and day, it could not be wound in less than three weeks. For a 6-in. gun 13 miles only are required. The method of winding on the steel ribbon is ingenious in the extreme. The huge drum on which it is wound is brought to the side of the gun, and so placed that it can be easily moved. Attached to the drum is a large counter-weight, well shown in the illustration, No. 6, which gives the necessary winding strain to the wire. The gun is then made to slowly rotate, and the wire, beautifully even as it is, is laid on with perfect accuracy and smoothness.

During the process of turning the *outside* of the outer A tube, small ridges are left which keep the wire even, and serve as a guide to enable the attending engineer to know when enough has been put on. The visitor is apt to wonder why the striæ, so plainly seen in the illustration, No. 7, are not visible in the completed gun. The reason is that the gun at this stage is only half finished, and its "jacket" and "trousers" still remain to be put on, an operation which takes place in the shrinking pit. It will be at once noticed that the wire, when the gun is completed, is practically one of its inner skins, and is absolutely free from any chance of injury.



No. 2.—CUTTING HEAD OF RIFLING ROD. Showing Cutter and Clearing Brush.

No. 4.—150-TON TRAVELLING CRANE. 12-in Gun with the Naval Mark on it waiting for issue.



No. 3.—VIEW IN RIFLING SHED—12-in. GUN BEING RIFLED.

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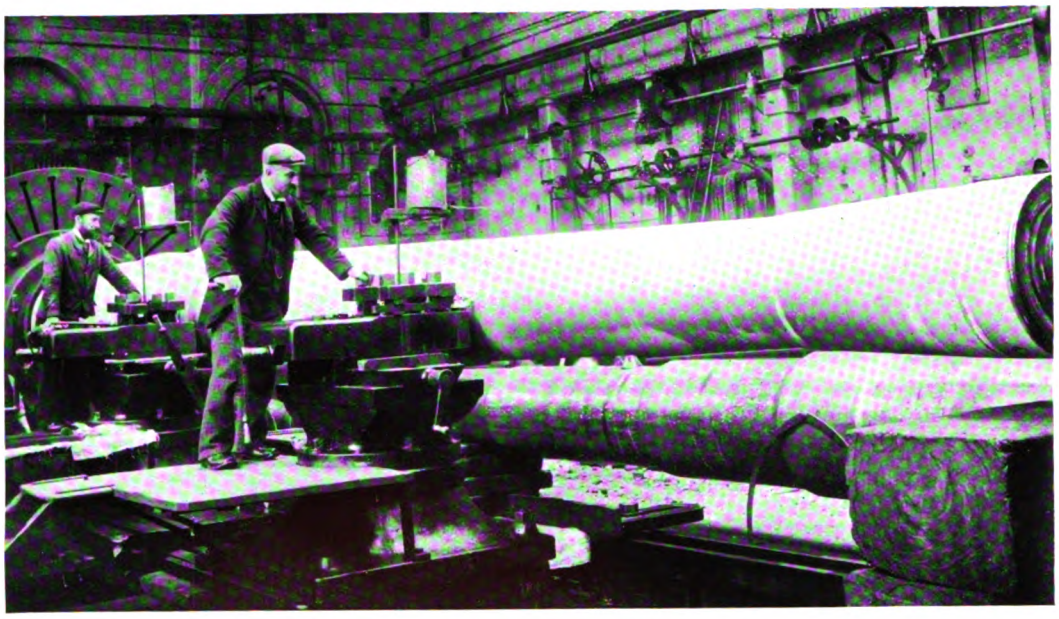


No. 5.—IN THE HEAVY TURNERY.
Completing the Exterior of a 12-in. Gun.

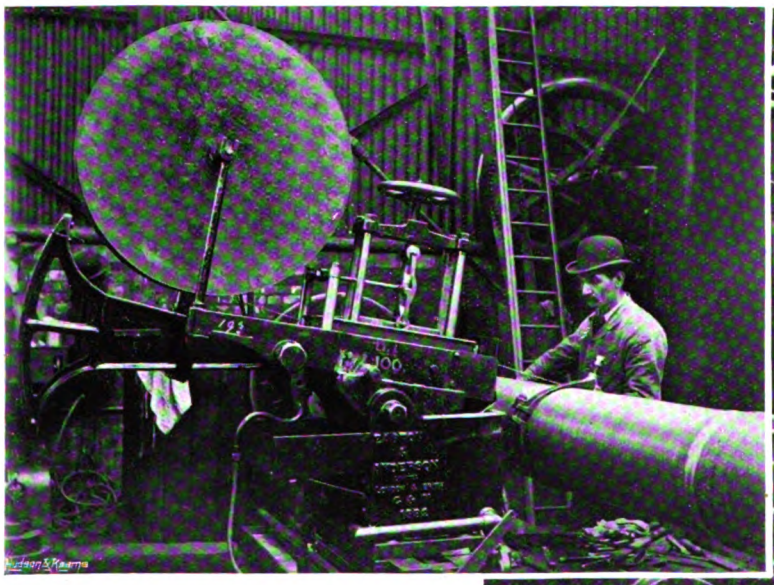
Once more the gun, now nearly completed, is hoisted out of the pit, and is dragged to the heavy turnery, in order that its exterior can be smoothed down to the requisite fineness for painting. Placed in a huge lathe, the butt of which is seen in the illustration, No. 5, the ponderous gun revolves against a steel cutter which slowly travels from breech to muzzle, paring off strips of steel as it works along. Time was when these strips of metal were woven by clever lads into bracelets, which were presented to favoured visitors, but those lads are otherwise employed now. But the gun, even when it leaves the turnery, is far from complete, for it is a smooth bore, and utterly useless in its present condition. Placed on massive trollies it is taken to the rifling shop, in order that the finishing touches may be added to it. The illustration, No. 3, gives an excellent view of one of these sheds, and its vastness can be appreciated when it is remembered that the gun which appears so small is in reality 40-ft. long. The massive rod shown in the same view carries at its extremity a steel cutter, seen in No. 2, and, by means of a beautiful piece of mechanism, this is so easily under control that it is made to cut a groove in the bore of the gun exactly corresponding to a large model rifling on which the rod works. There are forty-eight distinct grooves in a 12-in. gun of a depth of ·08 at the muzzle, and ·1 at the breech. If the illustration, No. 1, of the interior of a gun seen from the breech, be examined through a cylinder of paper, a far better idea will be gained of the rifling. The uncompleted portion can be seen clearly enough, showing the state of the gun before and after rifling. These grooves get worn out after from 150 to 180 rounds have been fired, and hence the gun has to be relined. The Americans state that their recent war experience has exploded this idea, and that many more rounds can be fired usefully from guns than was previously imagined.

To rifle the gun takes fourteen days, working day and night, so it may be readily understood that the manufacture of a 12-in. gun is a lengthy process. The breech action is then fitted, and the monster is ready for painting and placing in store. From first to last it costs £7,500, and may be said to have absorbed the energies of 500 men, and of 600 horse-power machinery. It fires 167½-lb. of ½-in. cordite with a projectile weighing 850-lb., and is the heaviest gun we now make.

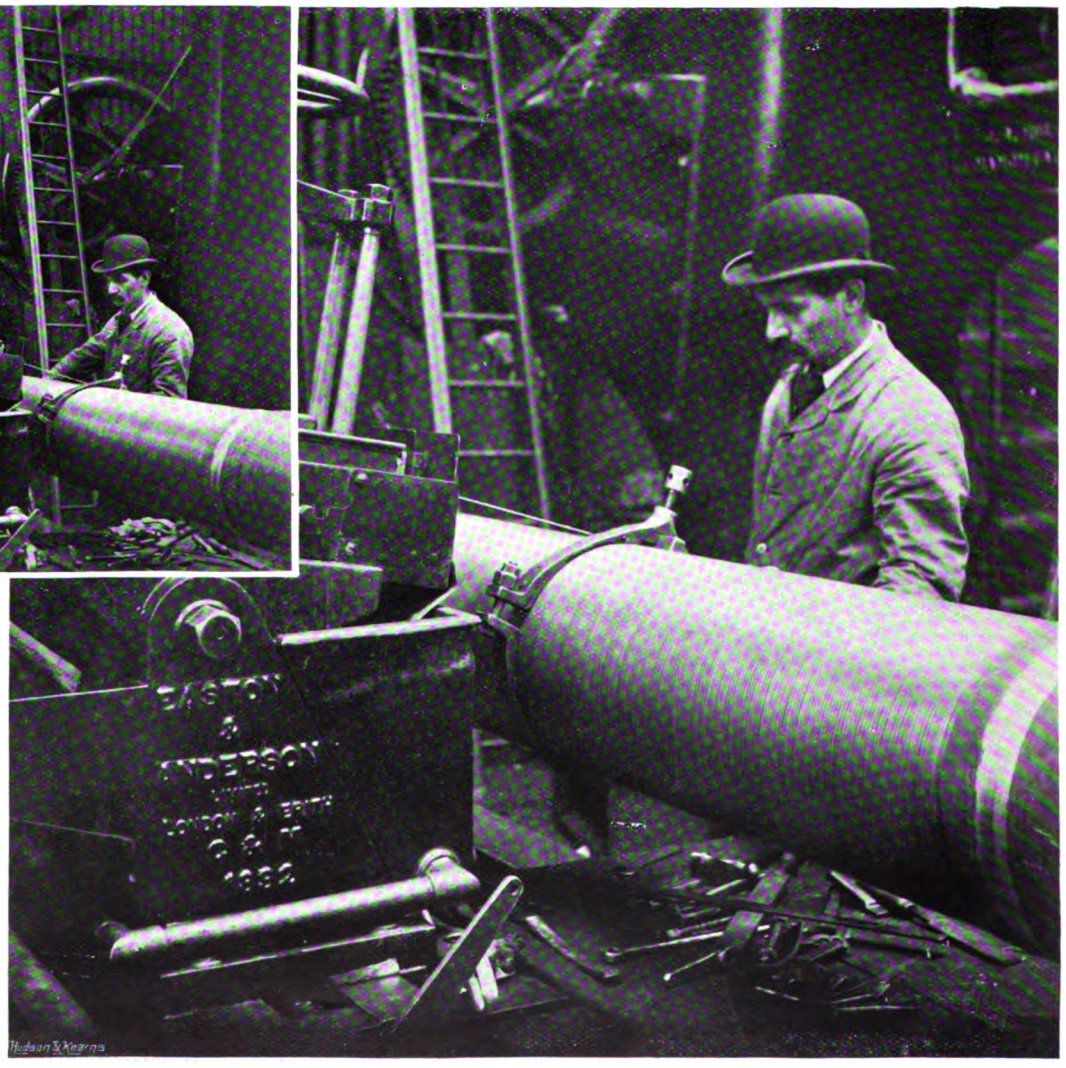
All modern breech-loaders are "quick-firers," or, to be more accurate, "quick-loaders"; for instance, a 12-in. gun can be fired once a minute, whilst a 6-in. quick-firer at the rate of five shots a minute. This rate really depends on the rapidity with which the breech can be opened and closed.

In breech-loading quick-firing guns the crews, whilst loading and firing, are to a certain extent protected by turrets and shields, and hence there is far less risk of ammunition being exploded by casual shots of the enemy.

In the illustration, No. 4, the breech of a 12-in. rifled muzzle-loader will be seen on the extreme left. Contrast this with the slim, neat-looking breech-loader of the same calibre lying in the foreground, and remember the latter weighs over eight tons more than the former.



No. 6.—WIRE-WINDING MACHINE.
Showing Drum and Counter-weight.



No. 7.—SAME MACHINE.
Showing the Striæ of the Wire as it is Laid on Gun (6-in. Q.-F.).

(Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 22, and May 6. The next will appear on June 3).

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
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Photo. R. Thiele. Copyright.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE GUNS OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY—"ACTION FRONT."

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The Royal Military Tournament.

COMING yearly as it does, one would almost feel inclined to think that the Military Tournament would pall somewhat on the British public, but the exact contrary is the case. Year by year the crowds that flock to see the cream of the British Army playing the mimic game, that they spend the best part of their lives in playing in earnest, grow greaterand greater.

Photo. Turner.
COLONEL E. M. S. CRABBE,
Honorary Treasurer.

The illustrations here given represent some of the preparations for the great Military tableau that is annually presented to the public at the Agricultural Hall, and that this year will be also on view outside of London. The pictures speak for themselves, and show that, beyond offering a most splendid spectacle, and aiding enormously various Military charities, the Royal Military Tournament encourages and develops skill at arms in all ranks of Her Majesty's Forces—Naval and Military, regular and auxiliary. In a previous article we have told how the Central Committee of the Royal Military Tournament makes progressive the competitions that entitle those now figuring at Islington to be there; how regimental competitions, held in each unit of the Services, select the best for the district tournaments held in each Military district, and how the best men of the various units competing together in the district tournaments eventually come to London for the Royal Military Tournament, which is restricted to winners in the district tournaments.

Photo. Gregory.
MAJOR HON. A. HENNIKER-MAJOR,
Commandant at Islington.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to estimate the extent of the work that devolves on those who have in hand the organisation of the whole. In the main it falls on the shoulders of one man, the honorary secretary, Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B. His portrait, with those of his most important colleagues, Colonel E. M. S. Crabbe, Grenadier Guards, the honorary treasurer, and Major the Hon. A. H. Henniker-Major, of the Coldstream Guards, the commandant at Islington, we here reproduce.

Photo. Maull and Fox
COLONEL E. W. D. WARD, C.B.
Honorary Secretary.

It is no over-estimate to say that Colonel Ward is the organiser and the brain that has created the Military tournament as we to-day know it. This is the twentieth year of the tournament, and for practically half that period it has been under Colonel Ward's guidance. It is, however, only since 1896, that the tournament has been entirely reorganised and absolutely in the hands of officers on the active list. What this means is sufficiently shown by a few figures.

In 1896 the total money taken amounted to £4,000. In 1897 it was £12,000. In 1898 it was £10,500, but it must be

Photo. Heath. Copyright.
THE WELL-CONTESTED TUG-OF-WAR.

Photo. Heath. Copyright.
THE BLUEJACKETS AT THE WESTERN DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

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remembered that, on account of the death of Mr. Gladstone, the Agricultural Hall was closed on the Saturday that the funeral of the great Englishman took place.

This year we will be rash and venture into prophecy, and our estimate is that the proceeds will not fall much short of £15,000. The control of the finance of this great organisation devolves on Colonel Crabbe, and, as will be seen from the above figures, his task is no light one. Major Henniker-Major, the brother of the present Lord Henniker, is the officer in command at Islington, and the man in whose hands rests the discipline of what may be called the camp. All the three officers above-mentioned have seen their share of war service, and it is a curious thing that one and all have won their war medals in the Dark Continent. Colonel Ward served through the Soudan Campaign of 1885. He was at Tofrek with McNeill's columr when it was so vigorously attacked by the Dervishes in its half-completed zereba, and so earned the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's star. For the action at Tofrek a special clasp was given, and so Colonel Ward's Egyptian medal bears two clasps, those inscribed "Suakin, 1885," and "Tofrek." His services also earned for him mention in despatches and promotion.

Photo. Heath. *THE ROUT OF THE DEVONPORT DERVISHES.* Copyright.

In the Ashanti Campaign, under Sir Francis Scott in 1895, Colonel Ward was assistant-adjutant-general and wears for it the pretty little gun-metal star that denotes a campaign in which, though there was little or no fighting, men's endurance was tested to the uttermost by disease and climate. Colonel Crabbe served as transport officer in the campaign against Arabi in 1882. In the Nile Campaign of 1884-85 he was with the Guards' detachment of the Camel Corps and was through the hard fighting at Abu Klea and El Gubat, being mentioned in despatches, winning his brevet as major, and adding to his blue-and-white striped ribbon clasps for the "Nile, 1884-85," and "Abu Klea."

Photo R. Thiele. *FENCING LESSONS IN THE ALDERSHOT GYMNASIUM.* Copyright.

Major Henniker-Major also won his war medals in Egypt, for in the campaign against Arabi, in 1882, he served as adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstreamers, and was with them at Tel-el-Kebir.

This year's great pageant is "Warriors of Britain," which displaces the "Shoulder to Shoulder," which was the feature of last year's tournament. This we speak of elsewhere in this issue, and it is sufficient for us here to say that in seeing it one will see many of the types that have fought for Britain, from the mail-clad knight and leather-jerkined archers of the feudal period to the smart horse-gunner of to-day that figures on our front page. In our illustrations here given the Navy figures in several, and none competing ever receive a more cordial welcome than the Bluejackets. As they swing in with their natty field-guns trailing behind them—with that *debonnair*

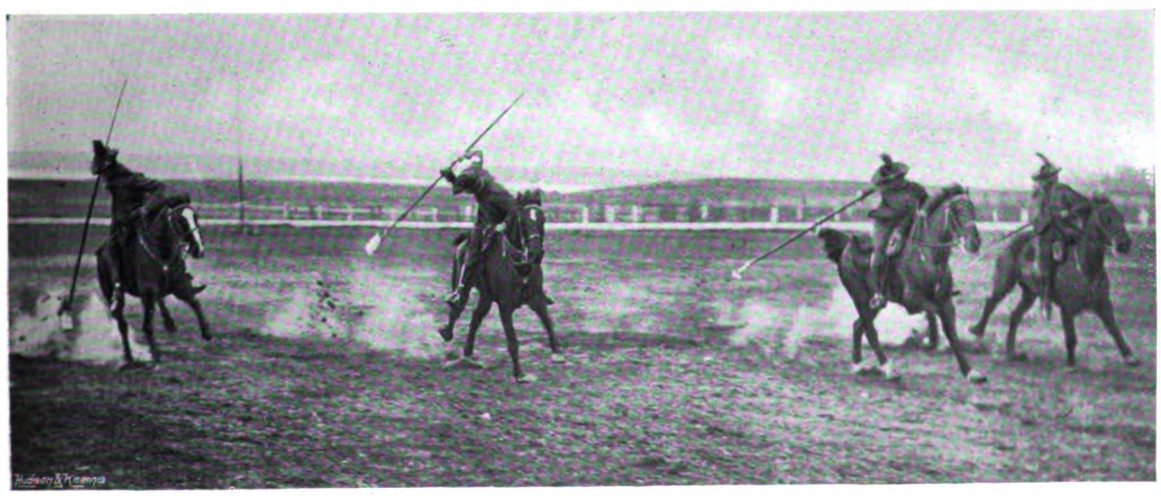

Photo. C. Knight. *SUCCESSFUL TENT PEGGING BY THE AUSTRALIANS.* Copyright.

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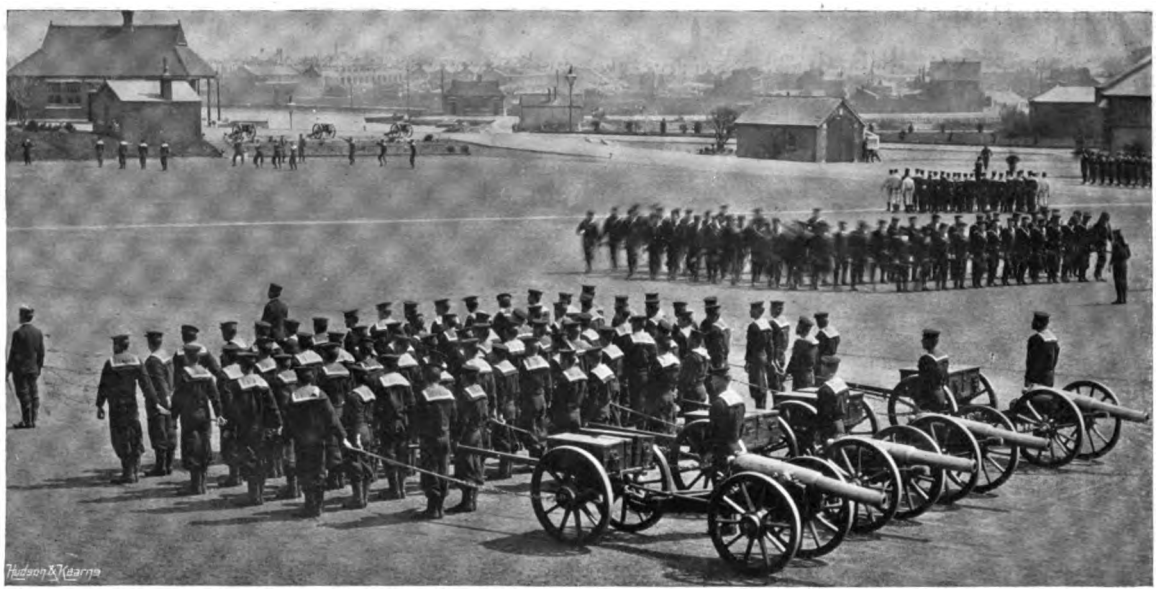

THE "EXCELLENTS" ON PARADE.

tramp that no quick-step that composer ever has written could suit like the one that accompanies it, "A Life on the Ocean Wave"—the huge audience simply rise at them. And when their performance is over the roar of applause shows that "Jack's the Boy for Me" is, at any rate for the time, the prevailing sentiment. It is a grand pageant, but probably the combined display, "The Storming of Passer Sala, 1875," which closes each performance, will prove almost as attractive to the public. How many remember the rising in the Malay Peninsula that occurred close on a quarter of a century ago?—one of those little campaigns that flash out for a day or two in big letters on the contents bill of the evening papers, bring a V.C. or a D.S.O. to some lucky recipient, are forgotten in a fortnight by the man in the street, and remembered for ever in some little homestead that has lost its pride or, perhaps, its mainstay.

The little campaign that added "Perak" as a clasp to the Indian General Service Medal is a well-chosen one, for it lends itself excellently to showing the various types we put in the field when occasion arises. There are our red-coated "Tommies" represented by a detachment of the Lincolns, Sikh police, a sample of the stalwarts that compose such a large proportion of our Indian Army, Chinese coolies doing transport work, the ubiquitous Bluejacket, who seems to be always a necessity whether the fighting be on sea or land, and the civil officer who always takes his share in Eastern warfare. How the realistic spectacle that is now on view at the Agricultural Hall is trained for is well shown by our illustrations. Those who see the spectacle itself will realise that in the pretty pageant they are witnessing they are learning somewhat of the work that the Army and Navy does for the Empire, and the manner too, in which that work is done. As to the latter, there is no doubt that many misconceptions exist in the minds even of well-informed civilians. The pomp and ceremony of a parade give a very misleading idea, of course, of the storm and stress of war, and it is seldom indeed that even a well-arranged field-day conveys any concrete idea to the lay vision. But a tournament spectacle, conceived by and most carefully rehearsed under the scrupulous supervision of unquestioned experts, can hardly fail to be as good an imitation of the real thing as, in the circumstances, is possible.

THE DETACHMENT IN ACTION.

Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

THE "EXCELLENTS" AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL—THE DETACHMENT SALUTES.

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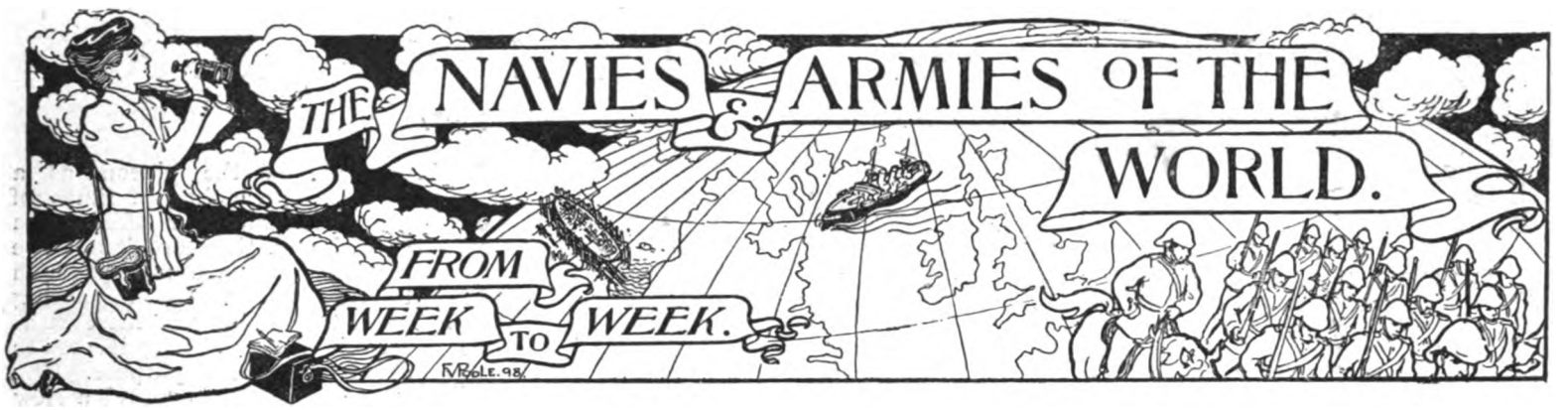

WHAT has the Peace Conference got to do with Navies and Armies? A good deal depends on the use of the definite article, and on the mood of the verb employed. A Peace Conference might have a great deal to do with Navies and Armies. It is not a wholly fantastic supposition that the time may come when the Powers of the world may have settled into what may be called their natural balance, when each will have all the territory it can hold, and none is aggrieved by the intrusion of its neighbour's territory into its own, or by repugnant foreign dominion, or by the denial of what is necessary for its existence. The vision may seem Utopian, and it will assuredly not be visible to human eyes in our day. Still, a decided approximation has been made, largely by the help of wars. The unifications of Germany and of Italy have removed a constant source of danger to peace, for example, and we see that the intervals between wars grow longer since the old artificial divisions of territory which kept Europe in unrest have been simplified. In 200 years or so, the human race may have reached a point at which it will be so rationally divided that it will have no motive for fighting. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of that date will then have to apply itself entirely to historical studies. Pending the arrival of this state of bliss, one has to remark that the Peace Conference we are privileged to witness now has no apparent relation to Navies and Armies at all. It is not to propose to reduce them—that much is certain—and it appears very uncertain whether it will do more than make suggestions concerning armaments. Indeed, one is worried by doubts whether the diplomatists who come to arrange for the continuance of peace may not help on the very reverse. When people have latent causes of quarrel between them, it is notorious that the best way to bring them to a fight is to set them discussing the subject. If they only kept quiet the difficulty might be tided over. The moment they begin to talk their angry passions rise, and then they go by the ears.

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Perhaps that will be the end of the interview between Sir A. Milner and Mr. Kruger, and then the Navy and the Army of this country at least are likely to be very much concerned. What is pretty certain is that there is no want of such persons as take readily to making a disturbance in the Transvaal, and that there are others who are very much afraid of what these restless spirits may do. The conspiracy at Johannesburg in so far as it is politics does not concern us. From our point of view, the interesting thing about it is that it reveals the continued existence in these orderly times of a class of men who would really have been quite happy in the island of Jamaica in the reign of King Charles II. One must not prejudge the case against the prisoners, of course, and there is no need to take every word a Boer says for gospel. Yet, after all, charges of this character are not brought by such an astute person as Mr. Kruger unless he supposes they will look credible. Besides, we know that things have happened in South Africa which bore a very close family likeness to Sir Henry Morgan's famous raid on Panama, in their spirit and purpose at least, though not in their success. The race of the buccaneers is not extinct, though it no longer haunts the Spanish Main. Given a fair opening, or what only looked like one, horses and guns, and how long would it be before the riders would present themselves? That is what Mr. Kruger and his councillors know, and that is why they feel as if they held a wolf by the ears.

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Meanwhile there is a little confidence in the permanency of peace in other parts of South Africa, as in the Transvaal. If this were not so, the Cape Parliament, in which, be it observed, the Afrikander Bund has a majority, would not have passed a unanimous vote in aid of the British Navy. This action, on which Mr. Goschen dwelt very naturally at great length when he spoke at the South African dinner, deserved all the attention he gave it. The point is not only that the Cape has first, and so far alone among British colonies, contributed to the support of the Navy in by far the most practical and acceptable way, name'y, by a direct grant of money to the Admiralty to be spent as it thinks fit. This is very much, and one trusts that the other colonies will do the same. If they do not, then they may, perhaps, as well do nothing. At any rate, we do not want any more arrangements on the Australian model, which may very well have the effect of tying a number of ships down where they might never be needed. The great and encouraging merit of the South African offer is that it is dicta'ed by such a thoroughly intelligent understanding of the conditions on which a navy can be successfully used. Mr. Schreiner's words, quoted by Mr. Goschen, show that he has thoroughly mastered the conditions of the problem. It is, he said, not only the coast parts of Africa, but inland regions, which profit by the Navy, and it is not necessary that the ships should be actually in African waters to be a useful defence. Wherever the Navy acts effectively against the common enemy, it acts for the general good. That is really all the law and all the prophets, and it is much to be hoped that the other colonies will accept Mr. Schreiner's teaching. If it induces them to give money, so much the better; but even if they do not go so far as to put their hands in their pockets, a sound understanding of the general doctrine will cause them to abstain from clamouring for local protection by the Navy at a time when our ships are none too many for the work they are called upon to overtake.

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There was what was really a very extraordinary little conversation in the House of Lords on Monday, the 15th, between the Earl of Wemyss and Lord Lansdowne. The sum and substance of it was this. The Earl of Wemyss complained, on behalf of the volunteers, that their sergeant-instructors were sent off on recruiting duty so as to interfere with the duties which they have to perform for the corps. The answer of the Minister of War amounted pretty much to this, that the said sergeant-instructors were better employed in getting recruits than in drilling volunteers. Of course that was not how he put it, but it is the true inwardness of his meaning all the same. It seems that 135 instructors secured 36 recruits among them, and the War Office does not think this enough. Therefore they must exert themselves to better purpose. Now what this means is that in country parts a sergeant must keep on the move among the villagers on the look-out for men to take the Queen's shilling, and therefore cannot be at the place where he ought to be drilling his volunteers. There are official rights and wrongs and mysteries here as in so many other parts of our Military organisation, but is it not an absurdity that the teaching of the volunteers should be combined with incompatible duties? If the volunteers are a necessary part of our armed forces, nothing ought to be allowed to get in the way of teaching them their business. If they are not, then it is absurd to spend public money on them at all. No doubt the Army must be recruited, and that obligation should go before everything else. But then men should be told off for that duty alone. Whether voluntary enlistment will give us the number of men who are now becoming necessary is another question—and a very much bigger one. But what an absurdity it is that men should be assigned to drill the volunteers when the first duty they are expected to perform is another and a quite different? It would seem that we have not yet got to the point of not playing with the volunteers.

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Perhaps our rulers agree with Mr. Goschen that "the tight little island" theory is exploded, and draw the deduction that defensive forces are not wanted here, but on our American, African, and Asiatic frontiers, where the British volunteer is of no use and the British soldier is. There is a good deal to be said for that point of view, but then it leads directly to a deduction which is not commonly made—to wit—that there ought to be a very great deal more of the British soldier. If Mr. Goschen is right, and it would be difficult to prove him wrong, the Army ought to be doubled at least.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 28, 1672.—Battle of Solebay, between a combined British and French fleet, under the Duke of York, and a Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter. The allies were surprised at anchor at 3 a.m., but got out, and were able to hold their own after a fight lasting all day, and beat the Dutch off. The brunt of the fighting fell on the British—who lost among others the Earl of Sandwich, blown up in his line.

May 29, 1758.—Capture of the French "Raisonable," 64, by the "Dorsetshire," 70, in the Channel.

May 30, 1695.—Taking of a French privateer, by a Poole fishing smack, Master William Thomson; manned by the master, one man, and a boy. The three, with a swivel gun and muskets beat the privateer off, followed her and took her, with her crew of sixteen hands. The Admiralty gave Thompson a gold medal and chain, and gold medals to the mate and the boy.

May 31, 1809.—Brilliant cutting-out affair at Demata, on the coast of Albania, by the boats of the "Topaze" frigate. Nine vessels, including two gun-boats and three armed xebecs, were captured close under the guns of the fortress of Sta. Maura.

June 1, 1794.—Lord Howe's great victory over the French Brest fleet, known as the "Glorious First of June." Six French ships were taken. As the first fleet battle of the Revolutionary War, the moral effect of the victory was immense, and on the return of the fleet to Spithead, George III., with the Queen and Royal family, visited Lord Howe on his flag-ship, and presented him with a diamond-hilted sword, valued at 1,000 guineas.

June 2, 1653.—Action off Lowestoft, between Monk, Deane (killed), and Tromp. The fighting lasted from noon to 6 p.m., when the Dutch withdrew, followed by the British fleet to renew the battle next day, when, Blake and a reinforcement having joined, a decisive issue resulted, eleven Dutch ships being taken, six sunk, and three blown up.

June 3, 1665.—Battle between the Duke of York's fleet and the Dutch, under Opdam van Wassanaer. The fighting was severe and undecided, until suddenly Opdam's flag-ship blew up, whereupon the Dutch broke and fled in confusion, losing twenty-four ships captured, burnt, and sunk.

MAY 28, 1824.—The stockades of Joamoany carried in the first Burmese War by the troops under Sir Archibald Campbell.

May 31, 1779.—Stoney Point surrendered to the troops under Sir Henry Clinton in the American War of Independence.

June 2, 1782.—Defeat of Hyder and M. Lally, near Arnee, in Southern India, by Sir Eyre Coote. On this occasion the grenadiers of the 73rd Highlanders and the Madras European regiment dispersed the corps of Europeans raised by Lally, 400 strong, and captured one gun and eleven tumbrils. 1813.—Cavalry action at Morales, in Spain, in which Colonel Grant's Brigade defeated a considerable body of French cavalry, and regularly chased them for many miles, making 210 prisoners. As soon as the French and English cavalry came in sight of each other, the 10th Hussars charged, and soon routed their antagonists; the 15th and 18th were in support, but all the fighting fell to the 10th. One of the French regiments routed on this occasion was the 16th Dragoons, which four years previously had been defeated by the 10th at Sahagun.

June 3, 1813.—The Americans defeated at Chambly, by Major Taylor and a force consisting of the 100th Regiment and some Canadian Militia.

OUR COLONIAL FORCES.

EVERY other week for some time past a pictorial paper on our Colonial Forces has appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, the subject of the last six or seven articles being the New South Wales Forces, those which preceded these dealing with the Canadian Army. Within the next few weeks a new series, descriptive of the New Zealand Forces, will begin. From this colony photographs have been received representing every regiment and corps, both regulars or volunteers, and a more complete pictorial account of these forces than will here be given has never been presented to the British public. The interest which has been taken in these articles on the Colonial Troops is so full and gratifying, as shown by many letters, from all parts of the world, acknowledging their merit and excellence, that no pains will be spared to make the series complete as an illustrated description of the Brothers in Arms of the British Empire.

The Naval Pigeon-Post.

By JAMES WILSON.

THE value of the pigeon as a messenger, whether in times of peace or war, has often been proved, and, therefore, it must be admitted that the money which the Government are now spending upon the training of these birds for this object is being devoted to a good and useful purpose. The whole amount is only a few thousand pounds, and, if the birds turn out to be as valuable adjuncts to Naval warfare as is promised, it will be returned three-fold, and prove as good an investment as any which the Admiralty has undertaken. But the training of the birds will have to be thorough, or the money, small as the amount is, will have been wasted, for France, Germany, Russia, and other foreign Powers are all exerting themselves to obtain the best service of messenger pigeons it is possible to get. In furtherance of this object they are spending money freely, and in other ways leaving no stone unturned to attain the desired end.

Although foreign Naval and Military authorities have made use of pigeons to carry Government despatches backwards and forwards from one Naval or Military station to another for many years past, it is only within the last eighteen months that the British Admiralty has done so, while, as for the War Office authorities, they are still unbelievers in the usefulness of the pigeon as a messenger of war.

The training of pigeons for this purpose was at first only the hobby of a few Naval officers, headed by Commander Lionel Tufnell. These gentlemen, who were attached to the Signalling School at Whale Island, demonstrated, at their own expense, the unwisdom of the authorities at Whitehall in not making more use of these little birds. Experiments were carried out, the birds taught to fly for considerable distances from ships at sea back to the pigeon-cote these officers had erected, and so successful were the results of their efforts, that my Lords were at last obliged to notice the work of Commander Tufnell and his associates, and extended their official patronage to the pigeons, thus acknowledging that they were most important auxiliaries to the methods in use at the time for transmitting information.

The first step taken by the Intelligence Department was to place the control of the pigeon-service in the hands of Commander Tufnell, and he in turn at once took steps to have erected at the various seaport towns commodious lofts or cotes.

Much trouble and care is taken in the building of the houses in which the birds are confined. They are fitted with living and sleeping apartments for the birds, and, in addition, have a "sick bay," where pigeons who have gone sick are isolated. It is clear that the great care taken to prevent any but healthy birds breeding is an important part of the business, for weak birds would certainly not be able to fly for long distances against a head wind, and the time might come when a great deal would depend upon one of these birds bringing its message safely home. These cotes have been built under the personal supervision of Commander Tufnell, and every care is taken to keep out stray birds, who are naturally only too ready to enter such a well-kept home, should the chance offer.

The lofts are not particularly handsome, being painted a glaring red and white, in order that they will be easily recognised by home-coming birds. Like other pigeon-houses, they are built of wood, the foundations being made of brick. The cotes are about 20-ft. wide and about three times as long. A register, be it mentioned, is kept at each loft, in which a record is kept of the birds' pedigrees and performances.

The manner in which the pigeons are taught to fly long distances is a very simple one. The young birds, usually about four months old, are generally allowed to fly about in the neighbourhood of the cote, until they thoroughly know the place. Then one of the men in charge takes some of the birds a mile or so away and releases them. Probably a few do not reach home at all, but in this case they are not troubled about. Some get enticed into private lofts, some are shot. Now and then, however, a bird will remain away for days, and perhaps weeks, and then return home. As an instance, it may be mentioned that some little time ago one of the men who have the training of the pigeons in hand took some of them four or five miles away from head-quarters. Among the birds liberated was a valuable young hen, and the wind happening to be blowing away from the cote, she travelled with it, and found herself out at sea. After flying some twenty-three miles, the bird saw a ship lying at anchor, and

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her instinct of self-preservation being strong enough to tell her that here was a refuge, she alighted on the vessel. The seamen fed and watered the bird, which made herself quite at home, and at the end of this time she was released, and a label attached to her leg with the names and addresses of the men who had attended to her written on it. Two days later she made her appearance at her old home, looking very little the worse for her sea trip. She afterwards proved a most valuable bird, and has been liberated as far as eighty miles from land, and flown direct for home.

But to continue the method of training. With those birds who have successfully reached home, after being thrown up a mile or so away from the cote, the distance is increased, and presently they are taken to sea in torpedo-boats or outgoing cruisers or battle-ships, and released when about ten or twelve miles from land. The birds at first do not like the salt water, and, in fact, only get used to it gradually, and by being taught to continually fly over it. Besides this, efforts are being made, and with a considerable amount of success, to teach the birds to fly from one post to another, as has been done in Italy, where we are told there are regular pigeon-posts between the various Naval stations.

But it will be as a means of communication between ship and shore that the pigeon will be found most valuable in war time, as far as the Navy is concerned; and the time will probably come when each of our battle-ships and cruisers will carry a pigeon cote. Means have already been found whereby the services for which the birds are trained can be utilised, for during the trials of the first-class cruiser "Terrible," and the third-class cruiser "Pelorus," pigeons were taken out for the purpose of sending them back with messages, and in this manner the results of the trials were known on shore long before the vessel returned to port. The pigeons taken out swiftly carried the news of the result of the trials to those on shore, although once a considerable haze hung over the Channel, thus proving that in a dense atmosphere the pigeons are not likely to lose themselves, the special training they undergo teaching them to return almost blindfold. Occasionally they have been released in a fog, but have risen above it, and thus been able to easily find their way home. Another use to which one of the birds was put some time ago was on the occasion of a visit the Queen made to France, when a bird was taken out in the Royal yacht. As the vessel neared the shores of France the pigeon was released, with a message from Her Majesty to Princess Henry of Battenberg at Cowes, and succeeded in reaching England in remarkably quick time.

Receiving a Message at Whale Island.

As I have mentioned before, Commander Tufnell has personally supervised the erection of most of the pigeon-houses, and he has taken great care to make that part of the cotes where the breeding goes on warm and comfortable. The married couples are allowed a two-roomed cote, and none of the trainers are allowed to make pets, for Service discipline will not admit of favouritism. Strong healthy birds are chosen, with good lung-power, and suitably paired off, for the birds have their mates chosen for them, for odd as it may seem they have no voice in the matter. The trainers have to be both skilful and patient when the breeding season is on. Nearly two days after the first egg is laid a second one follows, and the proud father and mother take turns in sitting on them, although, it should be mentioned, the hen bird often passes from eighteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four on the nest, while the male bird will only give his assistance for a few hours in the morning. When, finally, the eggs are hatched—and, curiously enough, the second egg is always hatched first—the hen and the male bird take turns in feeding the young pigeon with the white liquid secreted in their crop. It sometimes happens during this time that the cock bird is taken to sea and sent up with a message, and the alacrity with which he returns is wonderful. He appears quite anxious to have the message removed from his leg, and to be allowed to return to his family. But should both birds be sent on a message at the same time, its delivery is not nearly so speedy, for they dawdle along, and coo and talk to each other—on family and household affairs, probably—and apparently think of everything but their duty to my Lords of the Admiralty.

This leads me to speak of the speed at which these birds can and do travel, and the great distances they can cover. Private racing birds have, of course, accomplished some wonderful performances, and it is on record that one of them flew 500 miles, from Thurso in Scotland to London, at the rate of 1,500 yards a minute. This record has not been touched by the birds who are under training for Naval purposes; but the service has not yet been brought to anything like perfection, and 200 miles is about the farthest flown by any Government bird. The American Government pigeons are a little more experienced, and a bird which was recently released from the flag-ship "New York," 350 miles out at sea, reached the Navy yard at that city in seven hours. Instances of pigeons owned by European Powers who have often eclipsed this performance could be given, but for information on the pigeons owned by foreign Governments I must refer the reader to an article which appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED on October 1, 1898.

Naval pigeon-cotes have been erected at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Sheerness, which places, in time of war, would be important Naval bases. At the first-mentioned place the cote has been erected on Rat Island, which is said to be an ideal spot for the purpose. At Devonport the loft has been erected on Mount Wise, in the near vicinity of the residence of the admiral commanding at that port. Mount Wise makes an excellent landmark for the birds when returning with a message, for it commands a wide view of the Hamoaze, the waterway where most of the war-ships visiting Devonport cast anchor, and it also overlooks Plymouth Sound and the breakwater. At Sheerness the pigeon-post has only been in existence a year or so, the loft being erected on the Naval Recreation Ground, pictures of which have often appeared in this paper. But the lofts which are in use at present are not those originally erected for private purposes. The birds, too, which were taken over and installed in the new houses could not be liberated, or they would at once fly back to their own homes, and therefore had to be kept close prisoners. Their cotes, however, are light and airy, so that this imprisonment is not a very great hardship. At what may be termed the courting season the birds' attention is taken up with their young, and at other times they apparently have no desire to leave their comfortable new homes.

About 1,000 birds are now under training, and nearly all of them are capable of carrying messages from 100 to 150 miles. Evidence that the authorities at Whitehall are now taking an interest in the training of the birds is afforded by the fact that Mr. Barrett, the officer in charge of the Portsmouth home, was recently congratulated by my Lords on the success which had attended his efforts in the rearing and training of the pigeons. A second warrant officer has just been appointed to assist Mr. Barrett. In a few months' time the authorities at Whitehall will own nearly 1,000 highly-trained birds able to carry messages all distances up to 150 miles. Compared with the thousands of messenger pigeons owned by France, Germany, and one or two other Powers, the number is not very large. France, for example, has more than 1,000 birds at Toulon alone, while at each of the towns of Cherbourg, Brest, Rochefort, and Paris from 500 to 600 birds are kept under training. The distances the British birds can fly are short compared with those covered by some foreign pigeons. In Germany 300 and 500 miles are often flown by the Government pigeons. There may be some British Naval pigeons capable of flying this distance, but so little information is allowed to transpire about them that nothing very definite is known The efficiency of the pigeon-service for Naval war purposes must in any case keep us abreast of the progress made in this direction by our foreign rivals, and in the manœuvres which are to take place in July an excellent opportunity offers for demonstrating the value of the birds as messengers for use in times of war.

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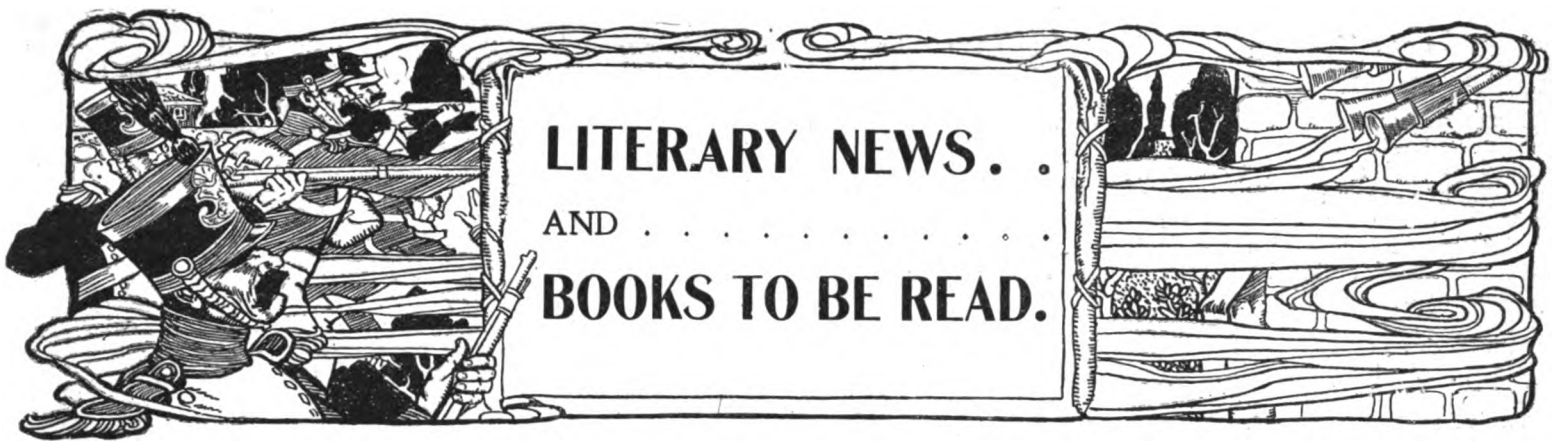

THE high hopes which were entertained of the future of Cyprus, when we undertook the administration of the island in 1878, were foredoomed to some disappointment. Too much was expected by many. We do not want a new Malta, and there is no necessity for a large garrison. On the other hand, more rapid commercial development might have been expected, but the improvement of harbours and the making of railways are necessary to any great expansion. Colonel Fyler, late commanding the 50th (Queen's Own) Regiment, has just written a useful volume upon "The Development of Cyprus" (Percy Lund and Co.). He is at some pains to show that it would be folly on our part to abandon the island, but his fears on that head appear to be groundless. We are not likely to leave an island which enjoys peace under our rule to evolve its potentialities as a new Crete. The uncertainty as to our tenure of the island, however, certainly does seem to have repelled capital and hindered commercial progress. Colonel Fyler shows that the benefit resulting from the occupation and guaranteeing of Cyprus has been mutual. If Cyprus has been greatly relieved by our grant in aid, we have secured the payment out of the Cyprus revenues of the 1885 guaranteed loan, which Turkey could not have paid. The author of this book is of the opinion that it would be an advantage to this country to pay off the guaranteed Turkish loan and acquire Cyprus absolutely. I am glad to see that he does not advocate any great amount of fortification, though he takes account of raids being made upon the island. If "from any cause" our fleet should temporarily lose command of the Mediterranean, it is hard to see how Cyprus could be defended. Colonel Fyler thinks it our soundest policy to concentrate our efforts on Famagusta Bay, making the fort there thoroughly efficient, and supplying it with ordnance stores, etc., for the whole island, and then for the Government to retire to a stronghold to be established in the neighbourhood of the Carpus Range. Such a policy could, of course, avail only in a temporary emergency, and we need contemplate no more. As to the commercial possibilities of the island there need be no question, and the construction of railways has long occupied the attention of the island Government and of those interested in Cyprus. Famagusta is capable of being made, though at considerable cost, an excellent harbour, much safer than Larnaca or Limasol, but Mr. Ormiston's report upon its capabilities is nearly twenty years old. Decidedly in Cyprus progress has been slow, and I commend Colonel Fyler's intelligent and well-informed account of the island to those interested in its commercial and general development.

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A new edition has been called for of Messrs. George Philip and Son's "Merchant Shipper's and Ocean Traveller's Atlas" (30s.), which has appeared revised and enlarged. In the ordinary atlas the land is the chief consideration, and seas and oceans are cut up, irrespective of their natural boundaries, in order that the land may be better delineated. In this atlas, on the other hand, they are the principal consideration, and in place of maps of continent we have maps of oceans, and in place of those of countries we have maps of seas. Thus greater prominence is given to ocean highways and ports, and to their connection by trade routes with inland markets. The special matters which are brought out in this fine series of large maps are submarine cables, steam and sailing-ship routes, distances between ports, canals, the 100-fathom line, light-houses, coaling stations, and main lines of railway. Such an atlas has evidently great utility, as is proved by the appearance of the new edition, in which not only have the plates been revised, but an entirely new map of North China and Japan has been added. Everything that is essential in the maps is very good. I have remarked some misspelling of Breton names and a little displacement of a few of our inland towns, but these are trifling blemishes where so much is very good.

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"The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen" are now accessible in a form which all must pronounce eminently satisfactory (12s.). Messrs. George Newnes are the publishers, and the volume, well printed, handsomely bound, and, above all, appropriately illustrated, is unrivalled in its style. Extraordinary is the attraction these stories have for children, and vast is the pleasure they have given to millions of youthful readers. There is something in them fundamentally adapted to the budding intelligence and imagination of the child. They are akin to the old heroic stories that belong to the child-time of races; they have the glamour and mystery, the romance and attraction that go straight to the hearts of children; they have the force and persuasiveness that make them convincing even in their idealism. To illustrate Andersen appropriately has been a task too difficult for many, but Helen Stratton's illustrations, upwards of 400 in number, in this volume are just what they should be. They, too, are of the class to stimulate imagination and love of beauty in children. The drawing is excellent, and they have just the archaic and unreal touch which belongs so appropriately to the stories, and are decorative in the best sense of the word. Experience shows that this is the kind of work that appeals to children. That which is decorative they like; but that which is frankly pictorial, appreciate it as they may, does not convey to them the impressions it presents to their elders. In every way Miss Stratton's illustrations are excellent.

"Little Gerda then repeated the Lord's Prayer."
From "The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen" (Newnes).

* * * *

The "Report of the Adjutant-General of Missouri," which has lately been sent to me, comes like an echo of the war. It is packed with names, figures, and details, but some facts in it are interesting. The Adjutant-General remarks with pride that no State in the Union showed more patriotism or responded more promptly to the President's call for volunteers when war was declared than did "grand old Missouri." Without noise, confusion, or friction, and without any special appropriation, the State sent to the front 7,893 infantry and 177 artillery, a total of 8,070 soldiers, and, notwithstanding many difficulties, the relations with the War Department continued pleasant through months of perplexities and embarrassments. The Adjutant-General points out that the year 1898 was an excellent illustration of the need of being prepared for emergencies. It must, one would think, be particularly so in regard to the health and victualling of troops in the field. The Missouri troops, like many others, suffered severely at Chickamauga Park and other camps, and the Governor was not satisfied with the treatment they received. So serious was the case that the sick men were no longer to be left in the conditions the War Department created for them, and, after a good deal of difficulty, General Bell brought home to St. Louis a large number of sick men he collected from Falls Church and other camps in Virginia and Chicamauga Park, Georgia. On the other hand, the physique of the State troops was generally of the best, and although the weather was oppressive, they did not greatly suffer from the heat. Their discipline, also, was excellent, and "the observance of military courtesies, both among officers and men, was very good."

* * * *

The new vigour imparted to the *Household Brigade Magazine* is very evident in the May number, which is both instructive and lively, the spirit of fun largely pervading it in the shorter pieces. The frontispiece is a good portrait of Colonel Mildmay Willson Willson, commanding 1st Battalion Scots Guards. The Brigade intelligence is very good, and there is an abundance of useful information for Guardsmen. An account of the Guards in Egypt and the Soudan, 1882-98, is most excellent, and is accompanied by three admirable folding maps, supplied by Messrs. Black. The series of articles on "The Guards in Action," to which this chapter belongs, has now traced their military history since the formation under Cromwell and Charles II. to the present time. "From the Delaware to the Scheldt; from the Rhine to the Maine and the Danube; from the Tagus to the Ebro; from the day when 12,000 French cavalry charged them near Hougoumont to the day when they stood the desperate onset of Moslem fanaticism at Omdurman, their discipline has never failed them; their cold courage has never flinched; whether they were wounded and starved in trenches before Burgos, or in trenches before Sebastopol, they never murmured."

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Pacification of Crete.

THERE is an old proverb which says that no news is good news, and, from the dearth of despatches from Crete lately, it may be taken for granted that at last order has been restored in the island. The troops of the four great Powers quartered there have lately had a quiet time, and might as far as service is concerned almost be in an ordinary Military station. Indeed, we must go back to last September for the latest piece of active service on the part of the British troops. To understand the change in the aspect of affairs, we must glance at recent events for a moment. It will be remembered that on September 6, the Mahommedan refugees in Candia broke out into open violence, and nearly a hundred men of the Highland Light Infantry were killed and wounded during the outbreak. The town was set on fire and the British Vice-Consul was burned in his house. Our ships of war then bombarded the place. The Turkish troops not only did nothing to assist our men, but joined in the pillage. This incident led to a request from the admirals for reinforcements, and to a communication to the Porte demanding the withdrawal of the Turkish troops. Admiral Noel also sent an ultimatum to Edhem Pasha demanding the delivery of the ringleaders of the outbreak. Seven Mahommedan prisoners, convicted of the murder of two privates of the Highland Light Infantry, were hanged in public at Candia, and this salutary act of justice had a tremendous effect upon the mind of the populace. It took some time to complete the evacuation of the island by the Turkish troops, but in the end, by dint of assistance by Bluejackets, who brought all the Turkish guns down to the coast, and a display of force, the last of the Turkish troops were embarked, the Turkish flag was hauled down, and the new Cretan flag run up in its stead. Since then great strides have been made. An European gendarmerie has been established, Prince George of Greece has been appointed governor, and a Commission has been appointed to draw up a Constitution, with the effect that a National Assembly has been elected. Confidence seems to be restored, and the inhabitants are beginning to feel the benefit of the new régime, Christians and Mahommedans alike remaining peaceful.

THE CAMP OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE AT ST. MIRON.

The Highland Light Infantry, who, under Colonel F. M. Reid, were mentioned with high praise by Major-General Sir Herbert Chermside, G.C.M.G., commanding the British troops in Crete, in his recently published despatch, have returned home. The British troops left in Crete are the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, under Lieutenant C. G. C. Money, C.B., and the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel C. T. E. Metcalfe. Our illustrations are all from photographs taken at St. Miron, the capital of Malvezi (once famous for its wine). This district is part of the province of Candia, the administration of which has since November been carried out by British officers. The province is divided into six districts, and at the capital of each detachments of troops are quartered. Two officers, holding the appointments of District Commissioner and Chief of the Police, respectively, carry out the civil administration of each district. One of our illustrations shows the camp of the detachment of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade at St. Miron. It is situated just outside the town on the top of a ridge of hills, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. From the camp the town (or perhaps we should say village) presents a picturesque appearance, and Mount Ida, with the neighbouring mountains, forms a grand prospect. Another illustration shows a man in Cretan dress and a little fellow in ordinary mufti. The former was captain of the St. Miron company in the Insurgent Army, and still has much influence in the neighbourhood. The little man is employed as interpreter to the Chief of Police. He is a Greek by birth, and for fifteen years served as a seaman in the British Merchant Service. His English is quaint and full of nautical slang. The group shown in one of the illustrations is that of a few of the local gendarmes enrolled by the Chief of Police. They are clad in khaki jackets and are armed with Martini-Henry

ST. MIRON FROM THE VALLEY.

TWO CRETAN NOTABLES.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

A FEW OF THE LOCAL GENDARMES.

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rifles. The sergeant on the left of the group has served as a sergeant in the Greek Army. He is a general favourite, and talks French glibly. The men all fought in the Insurgent Army, and are a very serviceable looking body.

At present each of the four Powers police a province, Great Britain taking Candia. That province is practically divided into six districts, that is to say, the five districts, Malavezi, Temenos, Pediada, Monofatsi, Kennurio, and the town of Candia itself, which has its own body of police. Another of our illustrations represents the gendarmerie of one of these districts, and another shows a squad of recruits at physical drill. These illustrations show what is being done to try to restore good feeling between Christians and Moslems, for the large group contains members of both creeds. When the regular Government is formed, the gendarmerie of the whole island is to be under Italian officers.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

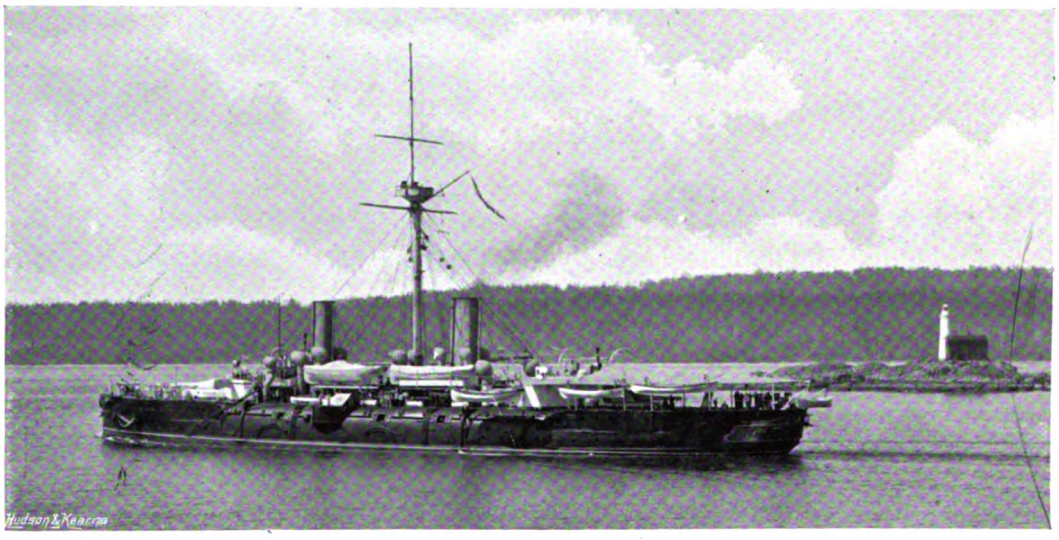
CRETAN GENDARMERIE—MOSLEMS AND CHRISTIANS.

The Pacific Station.

THE command of the Pacific Station, as our readers will recollect, is just changing hands. Some account was recently given in these pages of the new flag-ship and her officers, and a glance at the picture of the "Imperieuse," now homeward bound, indicates at once that a description of one ship will readily serve for both, for they are as like as two peas.

Rear-Admiral Henry St. L. B. Palliser, who appears in the group of officers, has held the command for over three years, and now returns to enjoy a well-earned "spell off." Captain C. H. Adair, who is seated on the admiral's right, has also, together with a considerable number of the officers, served the whole commission. It is the practice nowadays to relieve ships on distant stations very promptly, but in former times the Pacific was noted for long commissions, frequent instances occurring of vessels remaining considerably over four years, and making a long sailing passage home, thus giving some colour to the conjecture that the authorities had forgotten all about them.

The Pacific Station, as has been remarked before, is of vast extent, but by far the most interesting portion is to the northward, about British Columbia. There the climate is somewhat similar to that of Scotland, only, we are told



THE "IMPERIEUSE."

From Photos. by a Naval Officer. Copyright.

THE ADMIRAL AND OFFICERS OF THE FLAG-SHIP.

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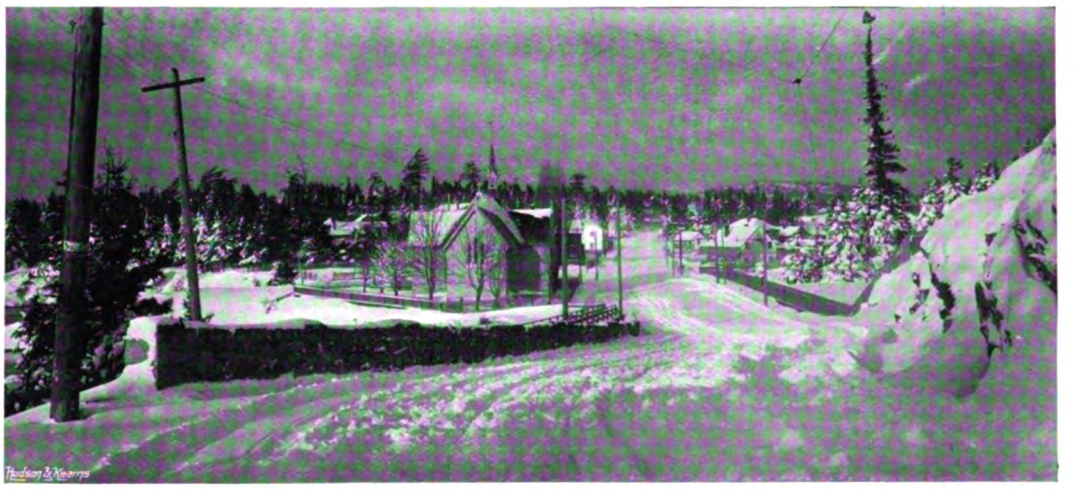
by some authorities, "more rainy." This sounds bad, for the Land o' Cakes has not a satisfactory reputation in this respect, but, making allowance for all drawbacks, a climate where there is a regular winter and summer appeals more to the tastes of the British tar than perpetually sweltering in the tropics, and one of them is said, on finding himself enjoying the delights of a thundering south-wester in the chops of the Channel, to have exclaimed in ecstasy, "Ah, this is something like! None of your d——d blue skies here!"

The picture of the village of Esquimault sufficiently indicates the possibility of very "Scotch" weather existing at certain seasons; the summer, on the other hand, is somewhat warmer than what we are used to at home, and does not present such a large variety of "samples" from year to year.

There is a small dockyard at Esquimault, and by the exertions of the admiral, with but little assistance from headquarters, a rifle range has been constructed near the village of Comox, with convenient quarters for officers and men—golf links and a cricket ground providing healthy recreation. The officers and Bluejackets who have devised and constructed the range, etc., are naturally proud of their success, which is complete and entire, and one of our illustrations shows a group taken round a square stone pedestal, placed as a record of their skill, and inscribed with the legend, "This is the range that Jack built." The little gun which surmounts the pedestal is not described, but it has the appearance of a bronze signal gun, such as is used on board merchant vessels, and is probably "the gun that Jack found" on some wreck.

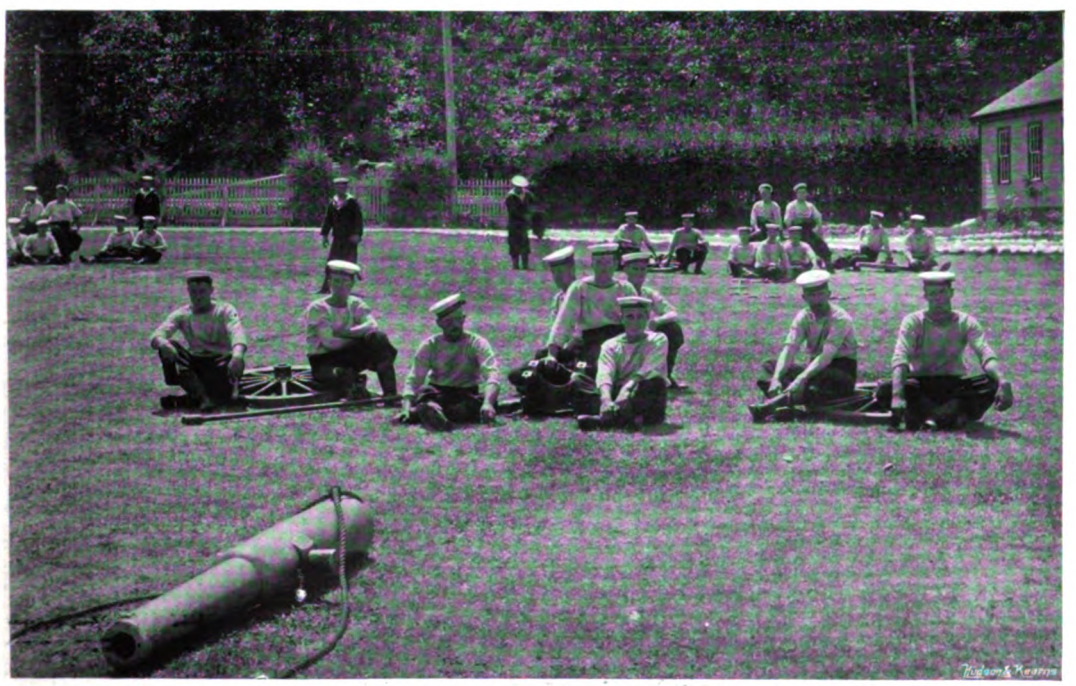
JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE.

The making of a rifle range by Bluejackets on a foreign station is no new thing. Many years ago there was one on an island in the upper part of Halifax Harbour, and a wooden shanty there erected was labelled, "Hail to the house that Jack built"; this range has, however, been superseded by one on McNab's Island, as described some time since in these pages.



ESQUIMAULT IN WINTER.

The northern part of the station is, of course, best suited for landing small-arm battalions and field guns, and another picture shows a field day with the latter, the guns from all the ships present being landed for exercise. The moment selected for the picture is that at which the guns' crews, having dismounted the guns, are seated comfortably on the wreck, awaiting the order to remount. The gun—a 9-pounder of obsolete pattern—lies on the ground, hopelessly detached, apparently, from its carriage; but at the word of command it could be mounted, loaded, and fired in something under a minute, the *modus operandi* being to hoist it up on its muzzle, where it is steadied for a moment by the rope attached, while the carriage is run up, when the gun is dropped into it. Of course, some of the men are mounting the carriage on its wheels, while others are getting the gun perpendicular, and the men in the rear at the same time replace the "limber" on its wheels.



Photos. Johns. *AWAITING THE ORDER, "REMOUNT."* Copyright.

Those who have witnessed the work of the detachment from the "Excellent" at the Royal Military Tournament will have a lively recollection of the dexterity with which Jack handles a piece of ordnance very much more cumbersome than the guns ordinarily used in the sister Service. Indeed, the operation has been described as something akin to a conjuring trick, so featly and neatly is it carried out.

In this picture it is evidently a pretty hot summer day, for the men are in white cap covers and stripped to their flannels, field gun drill being well calculated to promote the circulation and open the pores of the skin.

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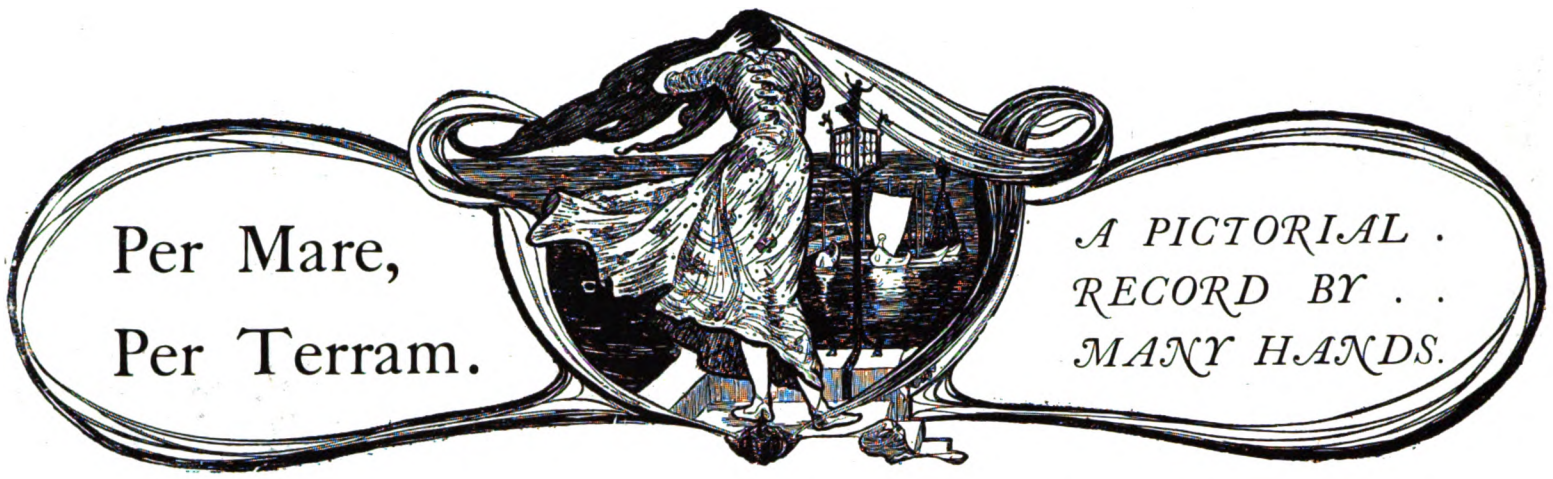

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. G. MARTYR, D.S.O.—for, though only a regimental major in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, he has the local rank of lieutenant-colonel in Africa—is at the head of that little band that is now pushing forward through Uganda to touch hands with those forces that have recently restored to civilisation the Soudan and the upper reaches of the Nile. His war service is an exceptionally fine record and entirely Egyptian. He was in the 1882 campaign with his regiment, and present at all the work from El Magfar to Tel-el-Kebir. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 he served with the Mounted Infantry, and was present at Abu Klea and El Gubat, in the reconnaissance to Metammeh, and in the engagement at Abu Klea Wells on February 16 and 17. In 1888 he was at Gemaizah, earning the 4th Class of the Medjidie, and in 1889 at Toski. In 1891 he served at Tokar and received the 4th Class of the Osmanieh. In the campaign just concluded he saw the first phases, having been A.A.G. to the Dongola Expeditionary Force. He was present at Firket and Hafir, was mentioned in despatches, received the D.S.O., and was nominated to the 3rd Class of the Medjidie. Since then he has been adding to his laurels in Uganda.

Photo. Bell.
LIEUT.-COL. C. G. MARTYR, D.S.O.

COLONEL FRANK WILLIAM RHODES, D.S.O., is the elder brother of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, having been born in 1851. From Eton to the Army was his choice, and since he joined the 1st Royal Dragoons, as a subaltern of eighteen, his life has been a fairly eventful one. He took part in the Eastern Soudan Campaign of 1884, seeing hard fighting both at El Teb and Tamai. At the end of the same year he was serving with the late Sir Herbert Stewart, who has left on record about him that he was "the best aide-de-camp a general was ever fortunate enough to have." He was at both Abu Klea and El Gubat, and at the latter had a horse shot under him. In 1888 he was employed at Suakin, and was present at the fight at Gemaizah. Then, like Colonel Martyr did later, he turned his attention to Uganda, going to that country as chief of the staff with Sir Gerald Portal's mission, and there very nearly died from "black" water poisoning. Since leaving the Service he has acted for Dr. Jameson as administrator in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and also represented his brother's interests at Johannesburg as one of the managing directors of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa. Of late he has acted as war correspondent for the *Times*, and in that capacity was severely wounded at Omdurman.

Photo. Lekegian.
COLONEL FRANK RHODES, D.S.O.

THE annual sports of the Royal Naval Engineering College at Keyham are always a big social function with the good folk of "the Three Towns," and their popularity is invariably shown by a very large attendance, in which this year there was certainly no falling off. At the close of the sports the prizes were distributed by Lady Fremantle, and our illustration depicts this ceremony.

Grouped in front of the enclosure are all the winners of the day. The attractive nurse in the centre of the picture received from Lady Fremantle's hands the silver cigarette case that represents the 1st prize (presented by Chief Inspector of Machinery W. Canter), for fancy dress costumes. When not disguised he is known as Engineer-Cadet C. Samson. His lady friend is Engineer-Cadet C. L. Warren, who took the second prize, of a cutlery case, for his clever impersonation of "a lady of the period." Lady Fremantle is in the centre of the group at the back, with, on her left, Sir E. Fremantle, the Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, and on her right Com. H. Talbot, the Commandant of the Royal Naval Engineering College.

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

WINNERS AT THE NAVAL ENGINEER STUDENTS' SPORTS.

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Photos. Cluett. GUERNSEY MILITIA BAND, AS IN 1873.

Copyright. GUERNSEY MILITIA BAND, AS IN 1899.

A MUTINY in a regiment of the British Army is happily an almost unheard-of incident, though, unfortunately, what verges perilously near to it has occurred in a Militia regiment in Guernsey. Guernsey possesses four regiments of Militia — one of artillery and three of light infantry—known as the east, north, and south regiments. It is in the 2nd, or North Guernsey Militia, that the *emeute* has occurred. A body of over seventy refused to fall in for parade when ordered, hooted the adjutant, and left the parade ground without leave. Those who did remain on the ground drilled in a disorderly manner; the band, when ordered to play a march, struck up a waltz, and finally, on a second parade, 140 men refused to fall in. The Channel Islands Militia are raised under somewhat different conditions to the Militia of the United Kingdom. A sort of conscription is, in fact, in force, and service is compulsory Regiments are recruited by districts, in each of which is kept a register of all liable to serve. From the age of sixteen to fifty-nine men must appear under one or other of the following classifications: (1) Effectives and recruits. (2) 1st reserve, fit. (3) 1st reserve, unfit. (4) 2nd reserve, fit. (5) 2nd reserve, unfit. As typical of the Guernsey militiaman, a band of one of the regiments is shown as it was in 1873, before the old shako was discarded, and next as it is to-day. In none of the other regiments of Royal Guernsey Militia has there been any signs of disaffection, and our illustrations do not represent the band of the mutinous corps, but that of the 1st, or East Guernsey Light Infantry.

Photo, Banger. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT NORWICH Copyright.

DURING his recent tour of inspection of the Eastern District, the Commander-in-Chief passed Sunday in Norwich, and our first illustration is a snapshot of Lord Wolseley and party leaving the cathedral prior to a most interesting ceremonial. Under the command of Captain A. W. M. Atthill, the honorary secretary of the Norfolk Patriotic Association, a detachment of sixty old soldiers had attended the service, and after it, fell in in the cloisters, and were inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, who was accompanied by Major-General Kelly-Kenny, Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre, commanding the Eastern District, and other officers. His lordship spoke at some length to the assembled veterans, and urged on them that, as they themselves were examples of how intelligent and well-behaved men can get on in the Service, it was their duty to recommend respectable young men of their acquaintance to join the Army, and thereby do much good for the Service. Below this is a selected group of fourteen soldiers and sailors chosen from the "Norfolk Old Guard" as specially representative, and who were sent up to London on the occasion of the Prince of Wales inspecting a body of veterans at Chelsea Hospital. This detachment comprised time-expired men of the Navy, 3rd, 11th, and 15th Hussars, Royal Artillery, 5th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 30th, 72nd, and 73rd regiments. The medals they wear represent every campaign from China 1841 to the Soudan Campaigns, now finally, let us hope, ended. There is an old veteran of eighty-four, Robert Childs, who joined the Navy three years before

Photo Gavin. SOME NORFOLK VETERANS. Copyright.

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Her Gracious Majesty came to the throne. There is another there, William Elsegood, aged eighty, who as a young trooper rode in the ranks of the 3rd Light Dragoons in their wild charge at Moodkee in 1845. Take that stalwart hero in the centre of the standing row and note his six medals, two for Afghanistan, two for Egypt, the long service and good conduct, and, what comes next to the Victoria Cross, the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He is Colour-Sergeant Macdonald, late of the 72nd, and won his medal for gallantry in Afghanistan. The officer on the right of the picture is Captain Atthill.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Photos. E. Rennick. Copyright.

THE CADETS' DONKEY RACE.

LAST week, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst held their annual athletic sports. This is always one of the most popular social functions in connection with the college, and this year they went off with all their usual *eclat*. Our two illustrations represent the prize-giving and the competitors which took part in the donkey race. This last was, probably, the most sporting and amusing event of the meeting, and was over a half-mile course, owners up in fancy costume. The start was—well, what it is in a donkey race.

The mounts were all in the Stud Book, for we notice in the list such names as Stoppage of Leave, by Mess Bill out of Extravagance, Kicked, by St. Michael out of Heaven, Chucked, by Kitchener out of Khartoum, and Curry, by Mess Cook out of Rubbish. The prizes were given away by Lady Markham, the charming wife of the popular Commandant.

WHEN it comes to a tug-of-war competition at home, a Marine team is generally the invincible one. Up country in India, however, there are no Naval competitors, and so the competitions become "pure Army," and the combination from a Highland regiment generally proves an exceptionally powerful one. This year the tug-of-war competition at the Oudh District Military Tournament was won by the team here depicted—brawny Highlanders of the Old Black Watch, now stationed at Sitapur, some 70 miles from Lucknow, the station where the Oudh Tournament takes place.

Photo. J. Macintyre. Copyright.

A HIGHLAND TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

THE pretty decoration here illustrated, slung between the two great fighting masts of the big first-class cruiser, the "Terrible," denotes a delicate little compliment paid to Captain C. G. Robinson, of that ship, by his officers and crew. The gallant captain was recently married at St. Andrew's Church, West Kensington, to Miss Alice Halseberg. When

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A "TERRIBLE" GARLAND.

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the gallant captain was married, his ship, the "Terrible," was lying alongside the slip jetty at Portsmouth, and at the very moment, viz., 2 o'clock, that the ceremony was being performed in London, the garland, as here shown, was run up to its place on the "Terrible" at Portsmouth.

THIS page of "Per Mare, per Terram" is, in truth, entirely devoted to sport, for our next two illustrations depict incidents at the Royal Engineers' sports held the other day at Aldershot. In the picture in the first column we have

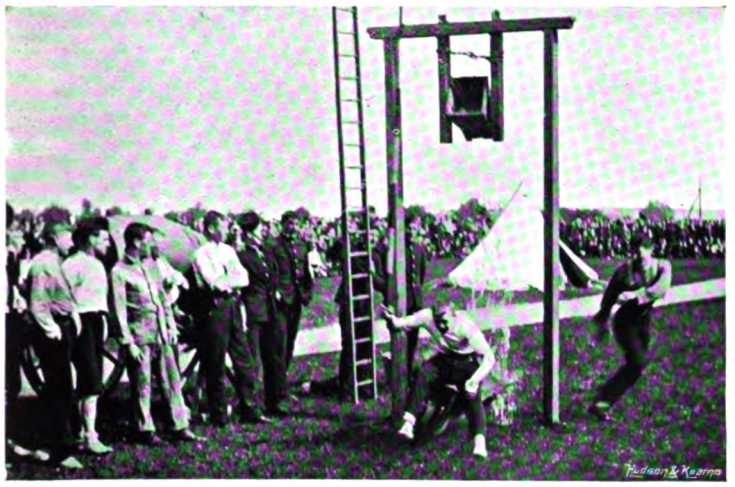

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

an episode in that always amusing sport of tilting at a bucket The steed, as represented by the man wheeling the barrow, has cleverly escaped discomfiture, but the rider, as represented by his comrade in the barrow, has received the douche fairly. Our other illustration represents the hurdle race, and very formidable hurdles they appear to be. The Bridging Battalion secured a fair portion of the honours of the day, for in the regimental tug-of-war they beat the Balloon Section, and in the open tug-of-war defeated the team of the Welsh Regiment, while in the jumping competition they beat the Telegraph Battalion. In the open competition, indeed, the sappers did well, for in the mile race open to the whole Aldershot district a sapper came in first, the second and third respectively being a sergeant of the Lancashire Fusiliers and a private of the Army Service Corps. This prize was carried off by Sapper Lessiter, who also won the half-mile and quarter-mile races restricted to men of his own corps. The sports, indeed, were,

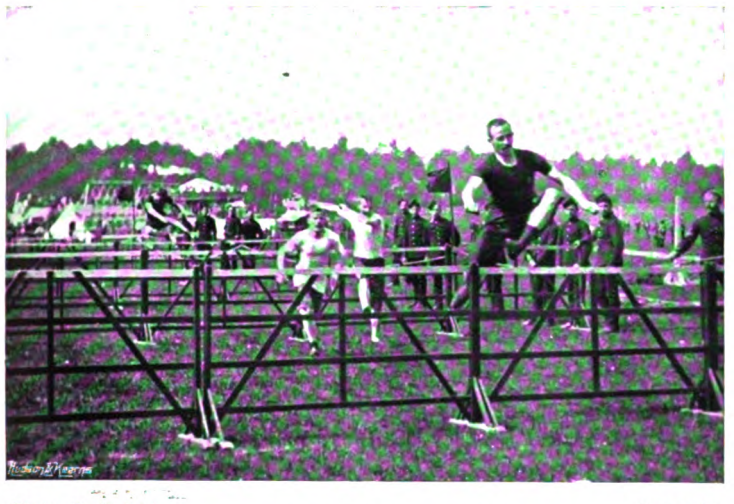

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

A SPRINT OVER HURDLES.

as they usually are, most successful, and the afternoon was rendered more enjoyable by the strains of the excellent Royal Engineer band, which had come over specially for the occasion from Chatham.

THE stalwart lads here illustrated are the winning team of the detachments that competed in the physical drill competition amongst the various ships of the district at the Western Tournament at Plymouth. They are from the training ship "Ganges," which lies at Falmouth, and great indeed was the joy on board the old "Gee" when it was known that the ship's team had been successful. And it was a good win also, for the competition was very, very keen, and no less than seven squads were in the field, and all of them good ones.

One has only to glance at the picture to see what magnificent stuff our Navy is composed of. If the training ships can produce material like this, the finished article must be of a character that will take a tremendous lot of beating. The indefatigable instructors of the team, Mr. W. R. Bidgood, the gunner of the "Ganges," and Sergeant Packer, of the Marine Light Infantry, who are in evidence at the back of the illustration, may well be proud of their team. The advantages of competitions of this kind cannot be overrated, for not only do they do so much to improve the lads physically, but they give also an impetus to that zeal and *esprit de corps* which is being inculcated at an age when youth is most impressionable. Note the two standards carried by the squad, the "Great Union" and the "White Ensign," the two flags under which the British Navy works and plays and fights all over the world. The old "Ganges" herself is an historic ship, for there was a "Ganges" with Nelson at Copenhagen in 1801, and at the same place with Gambier in 1807.

In truth, the "Ganges" is a name for the Danes to remember. The second "Ganges," *i.e.*, the present ship, also recalls the time when Bombay was a great Naval constructing yard, for she is an old teak-built two-decker there constructed between 1819-21. She has been pretty well all over the world before coming to her last moorings in the picturesque

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

"CUBS OF THE LION."

Cornish harbour. She was at Jamaica in 1823-24, then flagship at Rio from 1826 to 1829, and guard-ship for a couple of years at Portsmouth. She had a spell of nine years in the Mediterranean, coming home to do guard-ship at Sheerness, and then returning to the Mediterranean for four years. Her last turn of foreign service was from 1857 to 1861, during which she acted as flag-ship on the Pacific station. Now she is a home for the "cubs of the Lion."

THE team which has this season won the Association Football Challenge Cup of the Western District is that of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, now stationed at Fort Tregantle, in Devonport. This team forms the last of our illustrations, and a fine picture they make, for they are a muscular, hard-bit looking lot of fellows, and evidently trained to perfection. The captain is seated in the centre of the picture, and has on his right Colonel C. C. Hayford Thorold, who commands the battalion, and on his left the adjutant of the battalion, Lieutenant W. G. Braithwaite.

In the figure just behind and to the right of the captain, the "Red Dragon" badge of the regiment comes out well on the man's shirt. This is the one of the three regimental badges that the football team patronises. This, perhaps, is

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

WINNERS OF THE WESTERN DISTRICT CHALLENGE CUP.

for the reason that, though, of course, on the regimental colour, it scarcely figures at all on the appointments, being, as a matter of fact, only seen on the ball of the grenade that is worn as an ornament in the forage caps.

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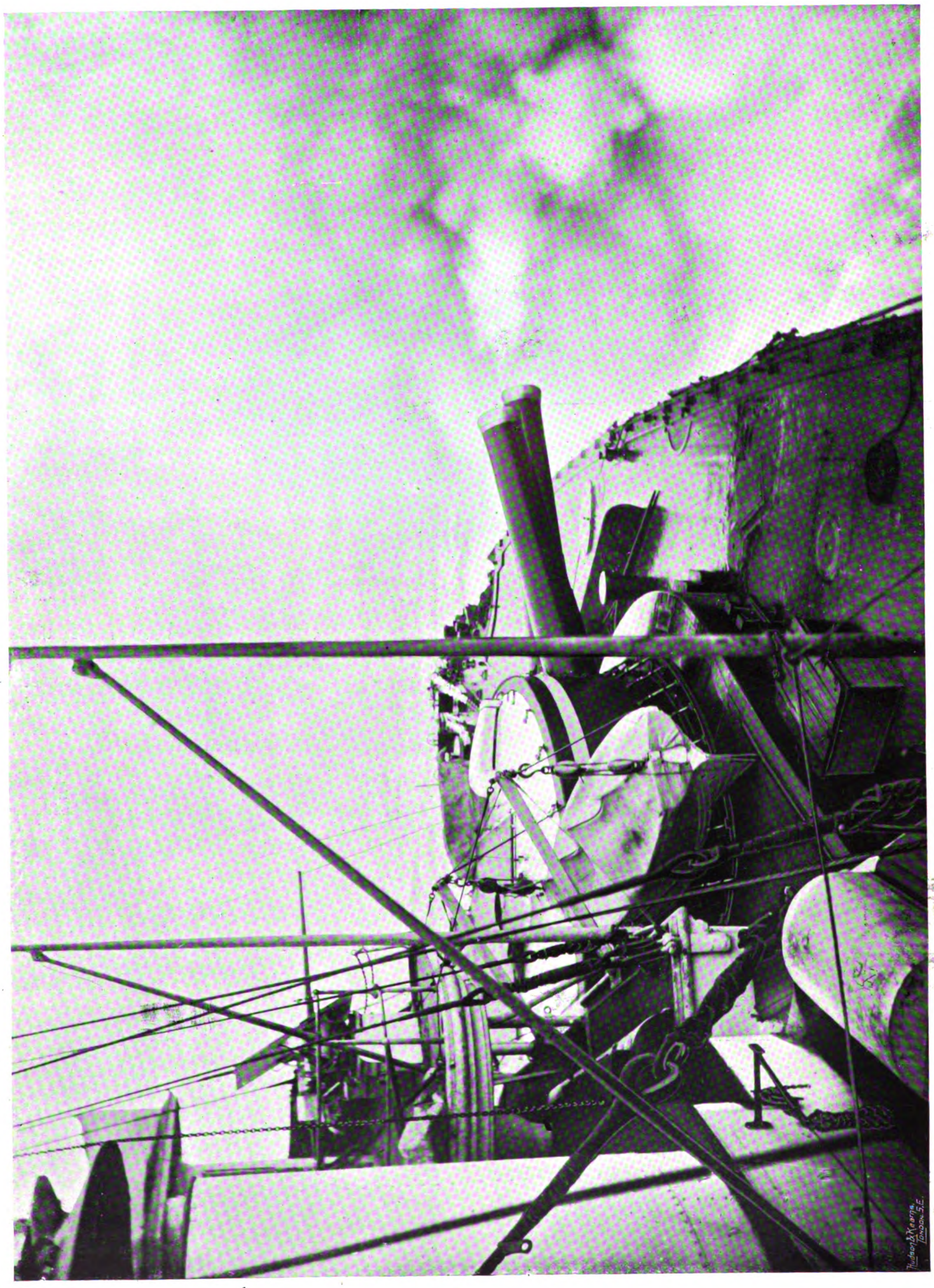

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PRIZE-FIRING IN THE NAVY.

Photo. Gregory.

"Everything having been cleared off the deck, the guns are loaded and laid for the target. The concussion is not much felt as long as the gun is turned away; and inside the turret there is but little inconvenience experienced."

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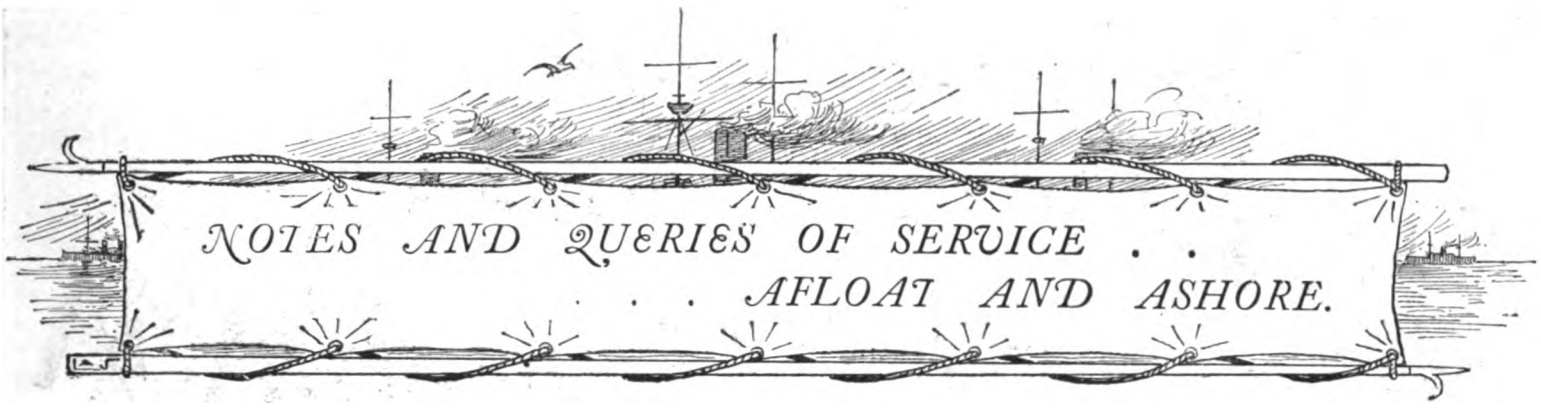

THE picture on page 232 gives a capital idea of the appearance of the deck of a battle-ship during action or target practice. Everything is cleared away which could possibly interfere with the fire of the guns, and the deck is absolutely deserted, at least at the fore end, where the turret is. The "Sans Pareil," on board of which the picture was taken, is one of the only two vessels which carry the 110-ton gun, the other being the "Benbow," and no more guns of this size are being made at present. They are 43-ft. in length, and the bore is large enough for an ordinary man to crawl into, being 16½-in. in diameter. With regard to the picture, the most interesting facts are the weight of the charge and shell, the former being 960-lb., and the latter 1,800-lb. The tremendous concussion caused by the explosion of so huge a charge may well be imagined, but from the after bridge, as long as the gun is not being fired in that direction, a very good view may be obtained without inconvenience. The left gun is in the act of being discharged, while the other is being placed in the loading position, and the disadvantage of the smoky powder is well illustrated, for an impenetrable cloud hangs about, and obscures everything until the wind disperses it. With a charge of cordite this would be entirely obviated.

* * * *

AN "Old Colonial" asks me if I can tell him the origin of the badge worn by the New South Wales Lancers. It is the crest of Lord Carrington, who was Governor of New South Wales when the corps was organised, coupled with the "lance" emblem that denotes the arm of cavalry to which they belong. And the New South Wales Lancers pride themselves on being cavalry and not mounted infantry. Heraldically described, it is "an elephant's head erased or, eared gu., charged on the neck with three fleurs-de-lis, two and one, az." The wreath worn underneath the badge represents the "waratah," a plant indigenous to New South Wales, and I believe throughout the greater part of the Australian continent.

* * * *

I CORDIALLY thank my Light Infantry correspondent at Umballa for his letter, which shows a strong *esprit de corps* that does him credit. The facts of the case are these: During the Seven Years' War there were several "light" corps among the numbered Line regiments, and two, the 85th (Royal Volunteers) Light Infantry and the 90th (Irish) Light Infantry, were specially designated "light infantry." Both were disbanded in 1763. During the American War, light companies were added to most Line regiments, and in 1794 to the Foot Guards, four being organised in the 1st Guards, and two in each of the other. In the same year, the 90th (Perthshire Volunteers), now 2nd Scottish Rifles, were raised as a Light Infantry Corps, and trained as such from the day they were raised. A "Jager" battalion was added to the 60th, then an ordinary Line regiment, in 1797. The present Rifle Brigade was raised as a "Corps of Riflemen" in 1800, and became the 95th (Rifles) Regiment of Foot in 1802. This corps was in 1803 brigaded with the 52nd and 43rd, and trained as light infantry by Sir John Moore.

* * * *

IN answer to "D. T.," there is in many senses a marked difference between the Household Cavalry and the Cavalry of the Line. The former primarily exists for the protection of the Sovereign, and consequently is quartered in London or Windsor, except if engaged in manœuvres or if on active service. The Cavalry of the Line may be sent anywhere in time of peace, although until recently certain regiments served only in the British Isles. Enlistment for the Household Cavalry is for twelve years; in the Cavalry of the Line the term of service is seven years. In the Household Cavalry there are certain ranks unknown in the Cavalry of the Line. Among these are regimental corporal-major, who wears a crown like a regimental sergeant-major in the Cavalry of the Line, and corporal of the horse, who wears three chevrons inverted, and corresponds to the rank of sergeant. In full dress the cuirass is worn by the Household Cavalry. Light Infantry battalions were formerly, as their name implies, light troops, used for skirmishing and such duty. Now, however, they are armed and drilled like other regiments of the Line.

* * * *

BOY OFFICERS.—Yes; up to the beginning of the present century boys and even children often held commissions in the Army. It is even said that they in a fashion received commissions before they were born, inasmuch as a promise has been made in some cases that if the expected addition to the family should prove a boy, he should be at once appointed ensign or cornet. There is the old story that a visitor paying an afternoon call heard a terrible outcry, and that the lady of the house, enquiring from the servant what was the matter, was told that it was "only the major grating for his porridge." This anecdote is probably only a joke, but there was some foundation for the pleasantry. The children to whom commissions were given remained in the nursery or at school till they were 16 or 15, sometimes only 14, when they joined their regiments, their promotion having meantime gone on.

* * * *

AMONG some of our best-known officers may be mentioned the following: John Campbell, commonly called the great Duke of Argyll, was, when 15½ years of age, appointed by William III. colonel of a Scotch regiment. He, however, did not join, but continued his studies for some time longer. An almost equally gross case was that of the Earl of Albemarle, who in 1717 was gazetted captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream Guards. Coming down to later years, we find a Mr. Slayter Smitham ensign at the age of 13; Sir Charles Napier obtained an ensigncy in the 33rd when only 12 years of age; he, however, remained at school for two years longer. His brother, Sir William, was gazetted second lieutenant, Royal Irish Artillery, at the age of 15. Sir John Moore received his first commission when only 14. The Lord Londonderry of Peninsular fame became ensign, 108th Regiment, at the same age. Lord Hardinge joined his regiment at 15; as did also Lord Clyde, who was present at Vimiera before he was 16. The late Sir William Gomm was an ensign when but 9 years old, became lieutenant a year later, and took part at the battle of Bergen, where he was slightly wounded, when just 15. In 1811 the Duke of York fixed the minimum age for a commission at 16, but for some years subsequently the rule was occasionally violated. Among the exceptions were the late Colonel Holden, who became ensign, 51st Regiment, at 15, and Lieutenant-General Dunham Massey, who was ensign in the 19th at 15, and was wounded at the assault on the Redan before he had completed his 16th year.

* * * *

W. APPLEBY.—You could not join a regiment of Bengal Infantry as a private. These regiments are composed of natives, like all other Indian regiments. You might possibly join the Canadian Dragoons or the infantry portion of the permanent forces of Canada, but neither Canada nor any other of our colonies can boast of a large standing army like ours in India, although there is a large force of active militia in Canada and a volunteer force in Australia. There are several corps in South Africa which you might join, but to do so it is advisable to go to the colony. You will find full particulars with regard to the Cape Mounted Rifles in my answer to F. Wilson, in No. 120 of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. You would do well to enquire at the offices of the agents-general or other officials. Most of those are situated in Victoria Street, Westminster, but I fear there is seldom a demand for recruits in England, except before some crisis or after an expedition in which the forces have suffered great loss. New South Wales has a very small permanent force, of which we have already given some particulars, but you could not enlist for it without going to Australia. The Canadian Police, whose duties are such as to recommend them to anyone who is fond of an out-door life, are from time to time open for recruits in Canada.

* * * *

IN answer to "Clericus Militaris," on the subject of military chaplains, chaplains from the earliest beginnings of a standing army were appointed to regiments. In the first list of Monk's Regiment, afterwards the Coldstream Guards, a chaplain is mentioned, and a chaplain was borne on the establishment of every regiment till 1796. In Ireland the custom during the eighteenth century was for colonels to appoint their own chaplains by warrant. In England chaplains were appointed by a Royal Commission. In both cases they held the position of officers. There is, indeed, an instance of a chaplain who held the double commission of chaplain and captain, receiving the pay of each. In 1690, however, his pay as chaplain was stopped. The chaplains, in many cases, bought their appointments, and, when leaving, sold them. Frequently they absented themselves from the regiment for considerable periods, appointing deputies for the time they were absent. The idea of including chaplains on the establishment of a regiment was that by precept and example they should improve the morals of the men and officers. It was found, however, that instead of the chaplain improving the officers, the latter corrupted the chaplains. Indeed, we read of the chaplain of Bland's Dragoons—now the 3rd Hussars—fighting a duel with an officer of the regiment. Eventually, in 1796, regimental chaplains were abolished, and a chaplain-general appointed. It was directed that a chaplain should be employed in the proportion of one to each brigade, or every three or four regiments. In 1805 the Duke of York represented the spiritual destitution of the Army, pointing out that Sir James Craig had gone on active service with 4,000 men and one chaplain, that Lord Cathcart had embarked with 14,000 men and one chaplain, and that Sir David Baird had sailed with 4,600 men and no chaplain. After the war the number of chaplains was reduced, and in 1829 the office of chaplain-general was abolished, to be restored in 1846.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask "Why do sailors have grog, and why rum in preference to other liquor?" His question is a trifle mixed—appropriately enough—for "grog" is spirit diluted with water, the special form of alcohol issued in the Navy being rum. Beer was the drink issued to the Navy from time immemorial, and a most infamous concoction it was, even down to comparatively lately. Moreover, to stow beer on board for more than a few weeks' consumption demanded space that could not be given. If beer ran short, rum was issued in lieu, and for this reason—it was not only cheap and wholesome, but a spirit produced in large quantities, and for which we had not to go outside our own territories, as we would have had to do for brandy or hollands—whiskey was but sparsely manufactured; and so, just before Her Majesty came to the throne, the issue of beer ceased, and rum took its place. The origin of the word "grog" goes back to 1740, when Admiral Vernon, whose nickname was "Old Grog," on account of a grogram coat he used to wear in dirty weather, instituted the practice of watering the rum before its issue.

THE EDITOR.

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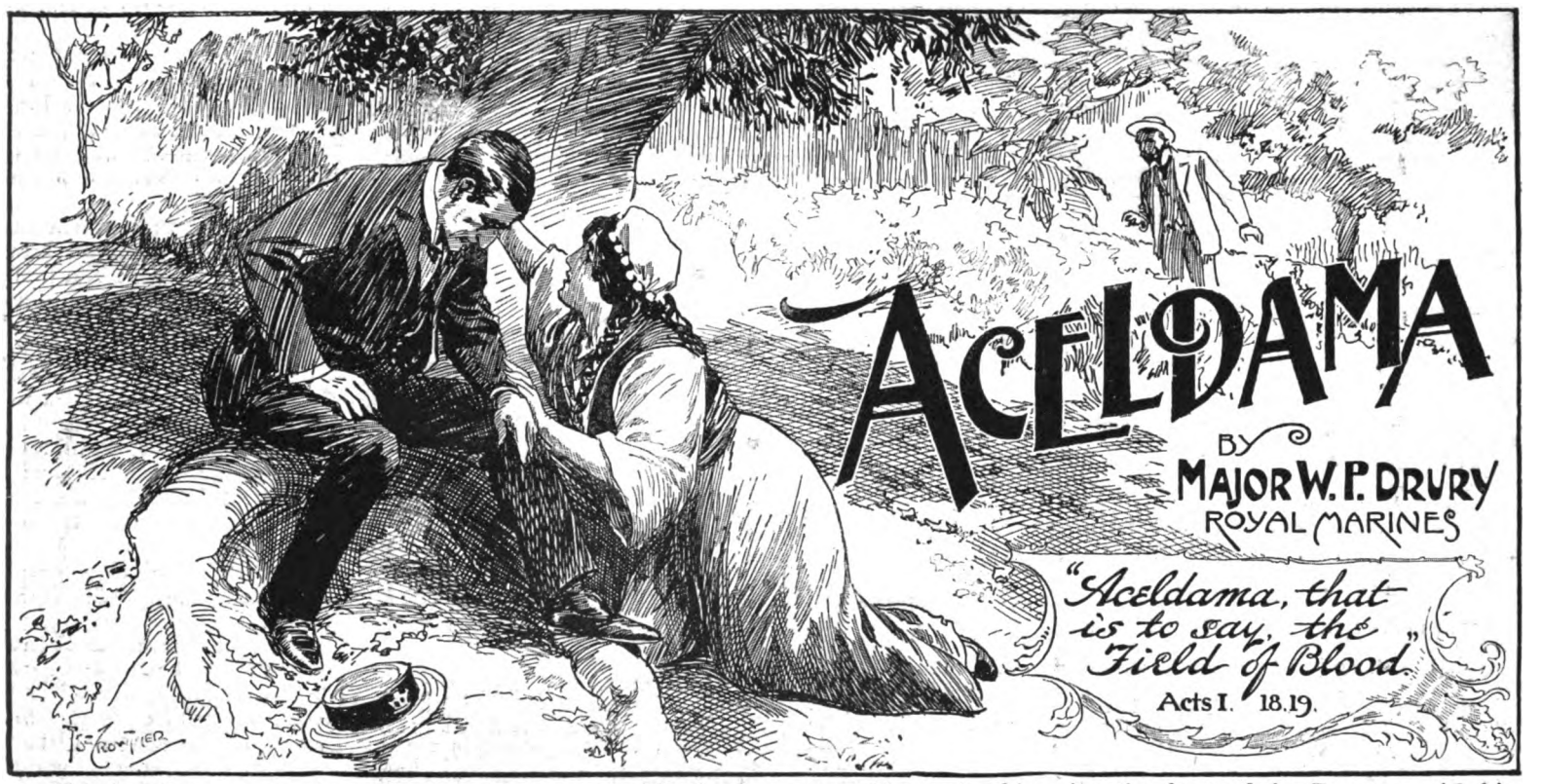

IT is barely ten years since his name first appeared in the Navy List as that of a "Britannia" cadet. In the blue-covered, anchor-stamped issue of the current month you will find it under the heading in small capitals of LIEUTENANTS. "This," in playbill jargon, "is positively the last appearance." The mummer has made his bow, danced his ten minutes (or years—what matter?) across the stage, and vanished for ever behind the great Back Cloth. In appropriate black-letter above the small capitals—how petty seems the rank beneath its shadow!—stands the grim word OBITUARY.

In the eyes of the gentle women in the Devonshire vicarage, who tearfully marked his linen and packed his sea chest, their idol was second only to the immortal Boy who more than a century before had set out from a Norfolk rectory on a similar errand. He was to be the other Nelson, the twentieth century saviour of his country in her hour of need. Alack, alack! One can but hope that the manner of his latter days and of his end was mercifully kept from the knowledge of the heartbroken womenfolk. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity!

In fairness to the sinner it must be admitted that from the beginning he had been unfairly dealt with by Nature in the matter of a nose. It was of the most aggressively Hebraic cast. By those familiar with Service prejudices the severity of this handicap will be perfectly appreciated. In sheer wantonness, too, had the Jade played this prank; for—on the testimony of a messmate, who once spent his leave at the vicarage—neither the nose of the reverend vicar nor that of the vicaress was aquiline, while those of the sinner's sisters, indeed, were charmingly *retroussés*.

In so mongrel a race as the great Anglo-Saxon this eccentricity might well have passed without comment. But when—on the sworn evidence of the same snake in the grass—it transpired that o' Sundays the sinner was wont to carry the moneybag at his father's church, the putting together of two and two was inevitable. Outside the covers of the Navy List and the vicarage walls he was thenceforward Judas Iscariot the Second.

I have before had occasion to remark that in the bestowal of nicknames they who go down to the sea in warships are, as a rule, far more prodigal than apt. This name, which stuck to its victim with the pertinacity of a Maltese beggar long after he had passed out of the "Britannia," was, as you will have observed, based on the flimsiest of pretexts. Nevertheless, by a series of extraordinary coincidences which the youthful godfathers could not possibly have foreseen, the dreadful end completely justified the christening.

His messmates in the gunroom of his first seagoing ship knew as little of his antecedents as they did of the man in the moon's—or of each other's. But, his nickname having accompanied him thither as surely as though it had been painted in white letters upon his sea chest, he presently suffered many stripes from the dirk scabbard for the alleged crime of being a Jew. As a middy he was repeatedly tried by mock courts-martial on the same grave charge, and condemned to eat, in the presence of the righteously indignant members, more Navy pork than was entirely good for his digestion. On the occasion of a cruise along the Syrian coast he had obtained forty-eight hours' leave to visit Jerusalem—for the purpose, it was whispered, of keeping the feast of the Passover with his brother Shylocks. By this time he had become the senior sub., and correction, either by dirk scabbard or by flesh of the unclean pig, was out of the question. Nevertheless, so effectually did the young Gentiles contrive to assert their Gentility, it was indeed a red letter day for the unhappy Judas when he presently attained his second stripe and entered the wardroom a full fledged lieutenant.

In the senior mess the crude hostilities of the gunroom were of course impossible. Yet Judas was not long in discovering that at the back of their minds the old prejudice against him existed among the elders also. Why this should have been I know not. He was generally admitted to be a good officer and the most inoffensive of messmates; he was the possessor of many virtues; as far as one could see, he had no vices. It was, in point of fact, the old, old story of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him.

Now, in the beginning Judas Iscariot the Second had taken these badgerings very greatly to heart. In his hammock on board the Dartmouth training-ship he had wept over them. As a midshipman—and Man of the World—in the Mediterranean he had sworn at them. As a sub-lieutenant—and latter-day Gallio—he had learned to care for none of these things.

For, truth to tell, long before he had ceased to be an infant in the eye of the Law, he had made the Great Discovery. He had found, as he fondly imagined, the panacea for all worry, the sovereign remedy for every conceivable trouble to which mankind is heir. It was true that the joys derived therefrom were not wholly unalloyed. Nausea, reaction, remorse were ever the secondary effects of this Great Discovery. But as for the primary—Well, after all it is, as the saying goes, a matter of fancy waistcoats. In their dark hour some men are wont to turn for consolation to Woman; others to Work; others, again, to Drink. The prescription affected by Judas Iscariot the Second was—Drink.

You are not to suppose that the antagonism of his fellows was the sole cause of the sinner's downfall. When a youth of eighteen summers turns to alcohol for solace as naturally as a duckling seeks the water, men wag their heads and whisper of heredity. It would appear that the silver-haired clergyman of the Devon coombe had ever been the most saintly and temperate of men. Yet there were rumours—how they arose none knew—of a rakehell grandfather of the Regency, whose dying request had been for a gun to shoot a crimson rat upon his bedpost. It was, in short, the not unusual case of the sins of the fathers skipping one generation to be visited with redoubled vigour upon the children of the third. Nevertheless, although the fatal seed may have been sown before his birth, one cannot but fear that the dreadful reaping was hastened by those who might altogether have averted it.

The pace adown that easy cinder track to black Avernus grew swifter day by day. It is true that, in accordance with the Regulations, several successive captains had testified on flimsy paper to Judas' sobriety. Which, as all men know, meant neither more nor less than that he had never been conspicuously intemperate. It is also true that neither in gunroom nor in wardroom had his monthly wine bill ever exceeded the prescribed limits. Yet there are more ways of killing a dog than by hanging him, and other methods of procuring liquor exist besides that of the day-book and the wine steward.

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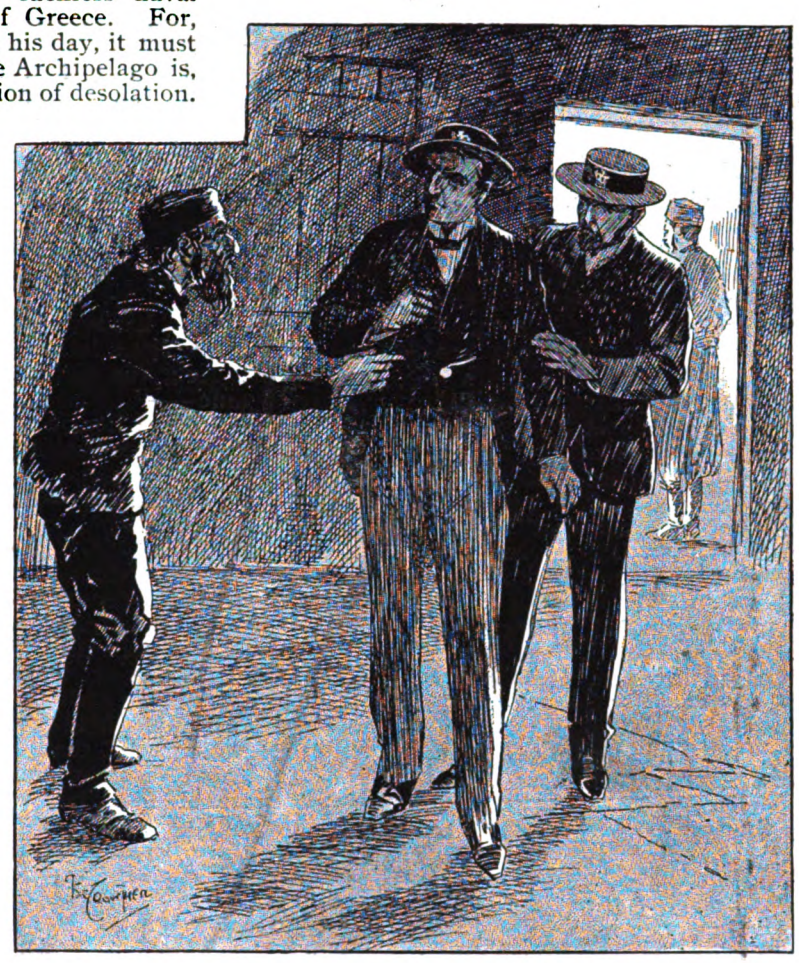
In harbour there were rumours of strange returnings from the shore in the middle and early morning watches. At sea there were whisperings concerning certain bottles of "photographic chemicals" on his cabin shelves. With these murmurs there presently mingled *sotto voce* talk of a court-martial; for it became plainer every day that Judas Iscariot the Second had betaken himself to the last and most pernicious of all the vices. I mean, the continual nipping of strong waters in secret.

And then, lo! a miracle. At the eleventh hour, and perilously near the end of the cinder track, the scorcher put on the brake, and—for the moment, at least—cheated the Devil of his due. The photographic bottles with their lying labels were one by one pitched through the cabin scuttle into the sea; and from that day forward (until the beginning of the dreadful end) neither in public nor in secret did a single drop of alcohol pass the Betrayer's lips.

Now, when a confirmed and hereditary dipsomaniac compasses so miraculous a feat, it is obvious that magic is at work somewhere. What this magic was, and who the wizard, was a problem which for many days exercised men's brains. And this is the point where I come into the story. For I it was, who by the merest accident happened upon the key to the riddle.

It so befell that the ship had lain for a season in a certain unfrequented harbour of the Ægean Sea. Many hard things have been said of Byron by luckless naval officers exiled to the Isles of Greece. For, whatever it may have been in his day, it must be confessed that in ours the Archipelago is, for the most part, the abomination of desolation. But the particular isle of which I speak is yet unmarred by the fire and axe of wanton men and the cropping of greedy goats. It still stands as its Creator designed that it should—an emerald set in a sapphire sea. It is full of sweet legends; it possesses Delectable Mountains; it is, in short, an enchanted isle whose every prospect pleases. Even the poet's cynical exception does not apply here. For, all the island folk are kinsmen, and what man could be vile who was the father, or the brother, or even the sixth cousin twice removed of the Lady Daphne?

One drowsy summer's afternoon I chanced to be wandering with sketch-book and colours through the glades of this magic isle. The air was filled with the scent of the pines and the matchless music of Nature. For him who had ears to hear there were the sighing chant in the tree tops, the tuneful twitter of bird talk, the bagpipe drone of a bee, the harpsichord tinkle of water deep in the green of the woods. From the invisible beach came the ripple of soft sea-laughter; from a neighbouring castle-farmhouse the silvery chime of goat bells. A sweet chord of half-a-dozen notes at least. And then, from a thicket before me my ear caught the Dominant Seventh—the murmuring voices of lovers.



"The most illustrious, I perceive, still possesses one little coin."

One knew that they were lovers, even before one saw them. Ah me! One hesitates even to whisper of this idyll in the heart of the summer woods. For instinctively one divined that no vulgar *liaison* was here; and that other way of a man with a maid should not be written of lightly.

My first glimpse of her through the great sheltering leaves of a fig tree almost took my breath away. In the beginning, we are told, gods walked with men. From all that one knows of their characters one cannot but think that they neglected few opportunities of walking with women also. And well assured am I that the Lady Daphne was a nineteenth century result of one of those godly strolls. The gnarled and knotted olive tree against which she was leaning, and which must have been bearing fruit in the days when Christ walked the earth, served as an admirable foil to her youth and divine beauty. To attempt a catalogue of her charms would be little short of sacrilege. Never before had I seen, never again can I hope to see, so exquisite a specimen of the Creator's masterpiece.

Half seated on one of the tree roots, half kneeling at her feet, was a man; and the man was Judas Iscariot the Second. Here, then, was the magic, here the witch who had lured him from the claws of Hereditary Vice. Of a truth had poor Judas made the greater discovery—nay, the greatest and most blessed discovery a man may make in the whole course of his life.

"Daphne—*carissima*," he was saying, and the tears stood in his eyes as he spoke, "you can have no conception how hard a thing it is! Oh! my dear, my dear. When I can look into your sweet face, when I can touch you"—he was clinging to her as a child clings to its mother's skirts—"I am safe. But when I am away from you, when I can no longer hear your dear voice—oh! my God." He buried his face in his hands, and his body shook with a tempest of sobs.

After a moment's hesitation the girl stood upright and hastily unclasped a fine gold chain which lay about her neck. Then from the bosom of her dress she drew forth a small coin or token to which the chain was attached, and thrust it into her lover's hands.

"See, sweetheart!" said she with a pretty gesture, and I perceived that her eyes also were filled with tears, "already I give you a part of myself."

Never before had my robust mother-tongue seemed so musical as when it tinkled from the lips of this daughter of the old Greek gods. "This charm," she went on, "was hung round my neck as I lay in my cradle, and it has preserved me from evil ever since. In my family it has been for hundreds and hundreds of years — how many hundreds who can say?—and no harm has ever befallen him who wore it. Take it, my lord, my life; never for one moment allow it to pass out of thy keeping until thy hands chain it once more around my neck. And thus, oh! my love, shalt thou surely prevail in thy dark hour against the Tempter."

She knelt beside him under the ancient tree, and, folding her arms about him, drew his head downward until it rested upon her bosom. Then she kissed him softly upon the forehead.

And I, perceiving that the place whereon I stood was holy ground, noiselessly retraced my steps through the dim summer woods.

* * * *

One evening a month later Judas and I chanced to pass the open door of a gambling casino at Smyrna. The chink of coin arrested our footsteps, and, much against my inclination, we presently allowed ourselves to be enticed within. For some time we were content to merely watch the play; but in an evil moment Judas staked a coin on the zero. It turned up; and as he cleared the cloth of his winnings I happened to glance at his face. Upon it was stamped the unmistakeable expression of the born gambler.

Ever since our visit to the enchanted isle, and greatly to the wonderment of all in the ship but myself, not once had Judas looked upon the wine—either when it was red or any other colour of the rainbow. Yet now it seemed as though that erring sheep had but conquered one vice to fall an easy victim to another. Again the baneful fire inherited from the Regency rakehell glowed in his veins; again astride the wheel of destiny he started down the facile cinder track. As with his love-making and his wonderful reformation, so with this new vice Judas knew no half measures. By midnight he had lost, not only his winnings, but every other penny in his pockets together with all that he could succeed in borrowing from me.

In spite of every effort on my part to prevent it, the following night the green cloth drew him out of the ship like

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a magnet; and, after some hours of varying luck, he left the casino completely cleaned out of all his available capital.

Now, throughout the evening I had been irritably conscious that we were a source of special interest to a certain evil-looking night-hawk peering in at the doorway. No sooner were we outside than this man accosted us. He was evidently one of those Spanish Jews who infest the Levantine littoral, and in his hands he softly chinked a greasy bag of coins.

"The señor has been unfortunate," he cringingly purred in his native tongue, "yet—how say the noble English?—'while there is life there is hope.' The most illustrious, I perceive, still possesses one little coin."

Most naval officers have a smattering of Spanish. In spite of his aversion Judas instinctively ran his fingers through his pockets.

"I'm damned if he has," he rejoined in hearty Anglo-Saxon.

The hawk shot out a yellow talon and touched a trinket on my comrade's watch chain.

"It is, of course, quite worthless," he croaked, though the glitter in his beady eyes betrayed the lie, "yet to help a noble Englishman win back his money from those Greek dogs, I would advance——"

"Oh! go to blazes out of it," shouted Judas, roughly thrusting the creature from his path; and we walked on towards our boat.

But the Jew still stuck to our heels, and presently from behind our backs there came the rustle of a note.

"After so long a run of ill luck," whispered the Tempter, "with five English pounds the señor might win a fortune!"

The pace of the victim insensibly slackened. At length he halted and turned about.

"Make it ten," he said irresolutely in Spanish.

A swift look of triumph came into the eyes of the Jew as he softly rubbed his dirty palms together.

"It would be robbery," he whined, "cruel robbery! Nevertheless, to oblige one of the illustrious protectors of my poor race I will—how say you, señor?—'split the difference.' With seven and a half pounds sterling your excellency will or a certainty break the bank."

With trembling fingers Judas hurriedly disengaged the thin, twisted chain of gold from his waistcoat buttonhole. The watch, to which it had originally been attached, had already gone the way of most gamblers' watches; and when I perceived that the token was about to follow, I resolved to make an effort to save it. For I knew that it was no other than the charm sweet Daphne had given him beneath the ancient olive tree, and my soul revolted at the sacrilege.

"Let me look at it for a moment," I said, and Judas placed it in my hands. Then, under a lamp upon the deserted quay, and with the sobbing of the waves in my ears, I examined this talisman that had preserved for so many centuries man and maid from evil.

Worn and battered as it was, it still bore signs of exquisite workmanship. Upon the obverse were clearly visible the outlines of a head of rare and tender beauty. The straight nose and long waving hair gave the face an almost womanly expression. Yet there was a look of manly will, of majesty, of infinite benevolence that entirely redeemed it from effeminacy. The "BAZ—" in ancient Greek characters—the only decipherable portion of the legend on the reverse—showed plainly that the coin had borne the image and superscription of some king. Who was this king of the divine countenance who looked at one out of the distant past?

I returned the token to its owner. "For Christ's sake," I said, surprised at my own earnestness, "don't do this thing."

Astonishment, resentment, obstinacy were expressed in turn in the eyes of my companion, and the Jew was quick to note it. Swiftly counting out the money from the greasy bag, he thrust it into Judas' hands. "It is but a trifling loan," he muttered, "which the illustrious señor will doubtless soon be able to pay back—with the usual interest—out of his winnings. This trinket, rest assured"—he took it deftly from the gambler's fingers—"will not long remain in my possession." And with a cunning leer the reptile vanished into the night.

A few minutes later Judas was back again at the tables. But this time he neither lost nor won. The Jew had paid him in crowns; for the cartwheel is ever an unpopular coin with foreigners, who seek to rid themselves of it on the first opportunity. The bank, for the same reason, paid him back his winnings in his own coin; and, when the casino closed, Judas still retained his thirty pieces of silver.

Then of a sudden there fell upon him an exceeding great remorse, so that he presently raved in my ear like a madman. He had lost what was of more value than life itself! He had broken faith with the sweetest woman on God's earth! At all costs he would find that accursed Jew and, having recovered the token, wring his scraggy neck! All night long he dragged me up and down the empty, evil-smelling streets of Smyrna, until the red dawn found us still engaged upon our fruitless quest.

The following day I was unable to leave the ship, and the nearly frantic Judas continued the hopeless search alone. Alas! it would seem that Jew and priceless talisman alike had vanished in thin air. That night, for the first time in many weeks, Judas Iscariot the Second was drunk. It was the beginning of the dreadful end. For when, after a month or so, we again dropped anchor in the harbour of the enchanted isle, he was on the borderland of delirium tremens.

A mail was awaiting us, and before long everyone in the wardroom was absorbed in his letters and papers. Presently a deep groan from Judas startled us. With pitifully trembling fingers he drew my attention to a certain paragraph in the *Times*. It was the description of a remarkable gold coin which had been recently presented to the British Museum by a noted collector, who had purchased it at the ridiculously low figure of £80 from a Spanish Jew in Smyrna. "For it is considered by expert numismatists," continued the paragraph, "to be absolutely unique. It is, in all probability, one of the secret tokens used by the early Christians; and from the three decipherable characters upon the reverse it is conjectured that the original inscription in ancient Greek was 'King of the Jews.' In short, there is every reason to suppose that this priceless coin not only dates back to the time of Christ, but that it bears a contemporary and authentic likeness of Our Lord Himself."

At that moment the local contractor entered the wardroom, and, seizing the opportunity to divert the thoughts of the unhappy Judas into pleasanter channels, I asked the island news.

The visitor hesitated. "There is none," he said at length, —"at least, none that would interest any of you. As for us" —here he sighed—"well, we have no heart for news of any kind."

"What's up?" asked someone carelessly, deep in last week's *Punch*.

"The island has suffered an irreparable loss. To most of us it will never again be the same enchanted spot. For, our beautiful queen, the daughter of the Lord proprietor, the Lady Daphne——"

"Yes?" The hoarse whisper came from Judas. His shaking fingers were beating a horrible devil's tattoo upon the *Times*.

"The Lady Daphne—is dead."

* * * *

That the sweet-sounding name of the dead girl should be upon the lips of the shouting maniac the livelong night was a matter of wonderment to the wakeful wardroom mess. Nevertheless it marvelled in silence. For, when a man is delirious, as like as not a woman's name goes trippingly upon his tongue: and they who chance to hear it, if they be gentlemen, will ever after hold their peace.

But when anon that dreadful voice from the sentry-guarded cabin raved of the betrayal of the Most High for thirty pieces of silver, their wonderment found words. "See," said they, "how D.T. turns a man's brain to porridge! Judas Iscariot the Second, poor devil! imagines himself to be—Judas Iscariot the First." For they knew not what I knew—oh! the pity of it, the pity of it!

Among the water-colour sketches in my portfolio is one which I never look upon without a gripping at the throat and a dimness about the eyes. It is a study of solemn cypress trees faintly illumined by the newly-risen moon. Between the sombre foliage one catches the last red gleam of the dying day; beneath it lie the green resting-places of men and women departed. Above the newest of these stands a gleaming marble cross, on which is cut in clear Greek capitals the simple legend DAPHNE.

Although this sketch of mine is little more than an impression, it is, in one respect, pre-Raphaelite. For, scattered up and down the moonlit foreground are many cumbrous coins of shining silver, and he who takes the trouble will discover that the tale thereof is thirty. Who is the wanton that has sown among the graves these thirty bits of silver?

Look at yon tree beneath whose shadow sleeps the dear maid of yesterday's sweet idyll. Its branches are splashed as though with blood by blossom of deepest crimson. It is the flowering Judas tree of eastern lands, and from its lowest bough hangs the dim outline of a human form.

How he contrived to leave the ship unseen none knew. Yet, so we found him; and presently, with funeral volleys and mournful bugle-wail of *The Last Post*, we laid him beside his love—the peerless daughter of the ancient gods of Greece.

Though few know the wherefore, that cypress-shadowed field of sleep at the foot of the Delectable Mountains is known to many British seamen as ACELDAMA.

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The "Warspite."

THERE is a certain interest attached to the name of "Warspite," as it has figured in the British Navy for over three hundred years, and is associated with many a hard sea-fight, the latest being Hawke's victory over the French in Quiberon Bay, in 1759. The last vessel bearing the name was a wooden line-of-battle ship, lent, in her declining years, to the Marine Society as a training ship, but now sold and broken up.

The present "Warspite" is an armoured cruiser of a somewhat peculiar type, having one sister vessel, the "Imperieuse," which she is now on her way to relieve as flag-ship on the Pacific Station. She was launched in 1884, and has a belt of 10-in. compound armour, and two bulkheads of 9-in. The disposition of her armament is unusual; she carries four 9·2-in. guns—one forward, one aft, and one on either side on a projecting sponson, giving a very large angle of training;

Photo. J. Moll. Copyright.

THE "CABINET" OF THE "WARSPITE."

COMMANDER A. H. G. WILLIAMS. CAPTAIN T. P. WALKER. LIEUTENANT E. H. F. HEATON-ELLIS.

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THE SIGNALLING STAFF.

THE TORPEDO STAFF.

Photos. J. Moll. THE GUNNERY STAFF. Copyright.

seventeen quick-firing guns are also carried, besides machine guns. Her speed is 17 knots, and she is altogether a powerful vessel, having the appearance, as will be noticed in the picture, more of a battle-ship than a cruiser.

These two sister vessels were originally brig-rigged, with the idea that they would sometimes make a long passage partially under sail; but the edict against all such "top-hamper" speedily went forth, and the military mast alone survives, with a little "jack staff" forward.

Rear-Admiral Lewis A. Beaumont, whose services were noticed a short time since, goes out as the new chief of the station, and Captain Thomas P. Walker is the flag captain. He was engaged, as midshipman, in the operations against the Malays in 1875-76, for which he wears the medal and clasp, and has recently served in the Naval Intelligence Department; he is also an authority on "up-to-date" seamanship, having compiled examination questions for the training-squadron, and edited the revised edition of Alston's "Seamanship." His portrait is given, together with those of Commander Aylmer H. G. Williams, and Lieutenant Edward H. F. Heaton-Ellis, Captain Walker appearing in the gold aiguillette which he is entitled to wear in his capacity as flag-captain.

The signalmen are grouped with their accustomed paraphernalia of flags, lanterns, and spy-glasses; the two bright discs which flank them are heliographs, a most excellent and effective signalling apparatus for long distances, when the sun is shining, which it does a good deal more persistently on the Pacific Station than in England, where the heliograph is somewhat at a discount. The Pacific flagship does not require so large a signal staff as her opposite number in the Channel, as the limits of the station are so wide that there is but little opportunity of practising fleet evolutions, the vessels, as a rule, being scattered about singly, hundreds of miles apart.

This is, indeed, the station on which the old-fashioned seamanship died the most lingering death, and there was much pleasant cruising to be done in the trade winds, with the screw hoisted, and no particu'ar hurry about anything; the last sailing line-of-battle ship in commission was flagship there.

The torpedo officer — Lieutenant H. G. Glennie—proudly surveys his staff of experts, with all their pretty litt e toys spread out; very complicated toys, the various uses of which it would occupy pages to explain, their practical application being quite an education in itself.

One man rests his hand affectionately on the conical steel head of a Whitehead torpedo, another, on the left, holds the dainty but deadly little battery used for firing boat torpedoes, any mistake in the handling of which may "hoist" himself and his shipmates instead of the enemy.

Fortunately such mistakes are rare, every precaution being taken, both in the mechanism and the training of the men, to prevent them; and it will all be needed when it comes to the heat of action.

The gunner and his assistants cannot show so many pretty things, but there is a good variety; rifle, cutlass, fencing swords and masks, Indian clubs, a Nordenfelt gun, a hydraulic jack, and, last not least, the big 9·2-in. gun as a suitable background.

The group of the ship's company

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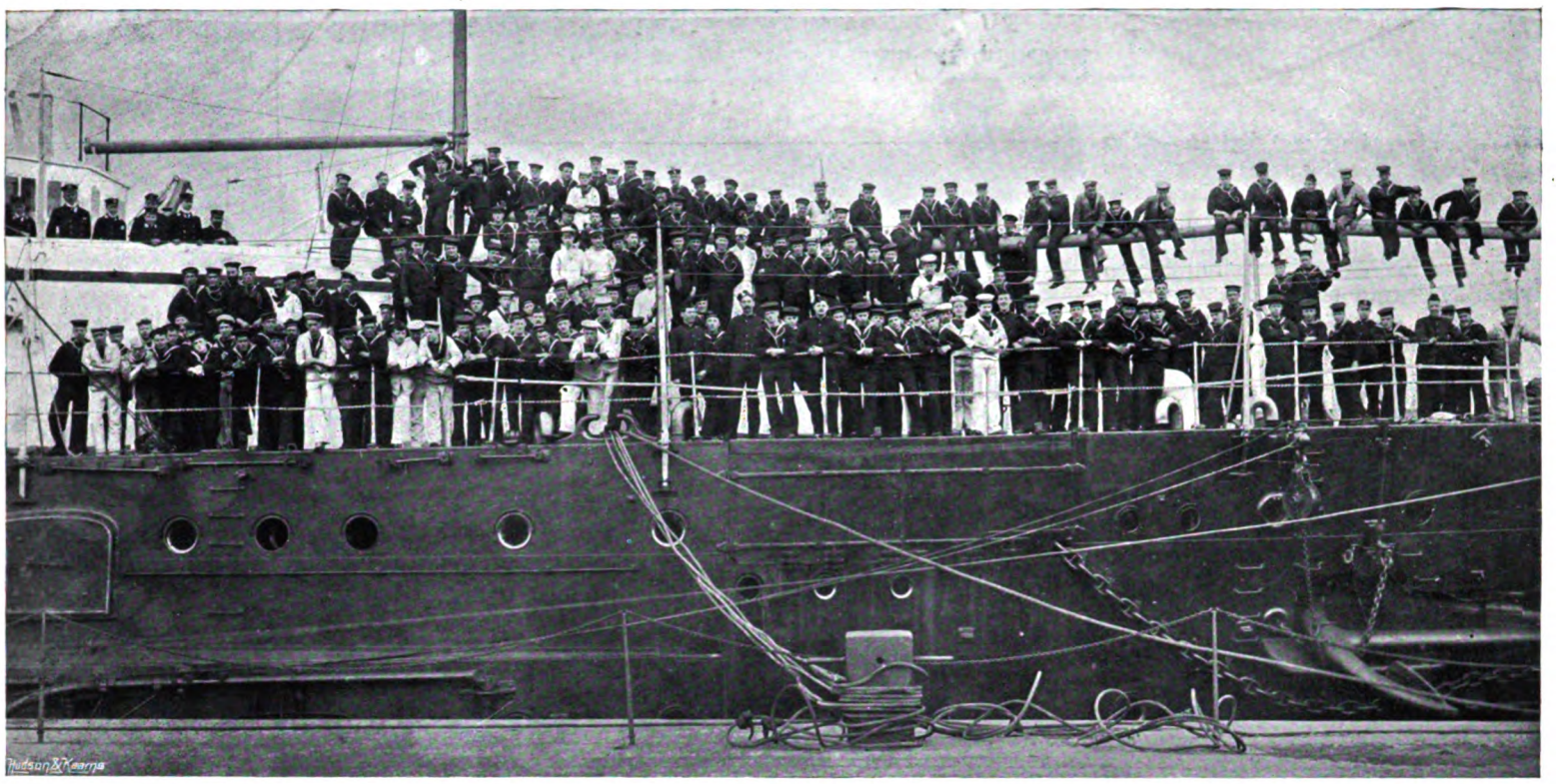
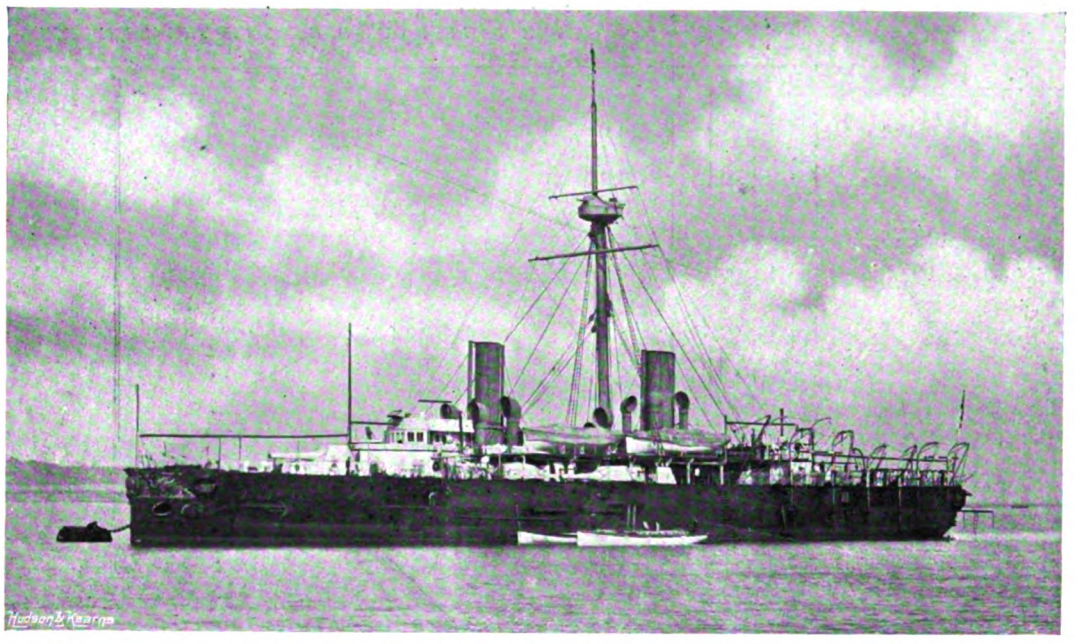


THE COMPANY OF THE "WARSPITE."

has been taken from the jetty; an arrangement which has the merit, at least, of avoiding the invidious distinctions consequent upon the laws of perspective, and the men's faces come out with wonderful distinctness. A good many are sitting or "riding" on the awning spar, which was scarcely intended for such uses, and bends considerably under the strain.

The group of officers includes Admiral Beaumont, who looks quite the father of them all, though he is by no means old for his rank, being only fifty-two, having occupied rather less than the usual time in getting up the ladder. The midshipmen, being young and supple, are seated like tailors, a fatiguing attitude for those who are older and stiffer. The "Warspite" carries some forty-five officers in her total complement of 527, and they are nearly all present.



THE NEW FLAGSHIP IN THE PACIFIC.

Photos J. Moll. Copyright.

THE ADMIRAL, HIS STAFF, AND OFFICERS OF THE "WARSPITE."

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Lucknow at Islington.

LAST year the great feature of the Military Tournament was "Shoulder to Shoulder," the object being to commemorate some of the occasions on which the sister Services have fought "shoulder to shoulder" and added fresh glories to their country's records. We were then shown "Cadiz, 1596," "Gibraltar, 1704," "Alexandria, 1801," and "El Teb, 1884." This year, in "Warriors of Britain," we have "The Wars of the Roses, 1455-85," "Newbury, 1843," "Lucknow, 1857-58," and "Khartoum, 1898." Probably the third is the one of most interest, for it represents not only one of the hardest fought and most trying campaigns the British Army has ever had to win, but also one that perhaps more redounds to its honour than any other on which it has ever been engaged.

The heroic defence of Lucknow by the 32nd, now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry—a weak battalion scarce 500 all told—and the few loyal natives who stood true to the gallant Sir Henry Lawrence, is one of those stories that Englishmen never recall without a feeling of pride.

"Handful of men as we were, we were
English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to
command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the
garrison hung but on him.

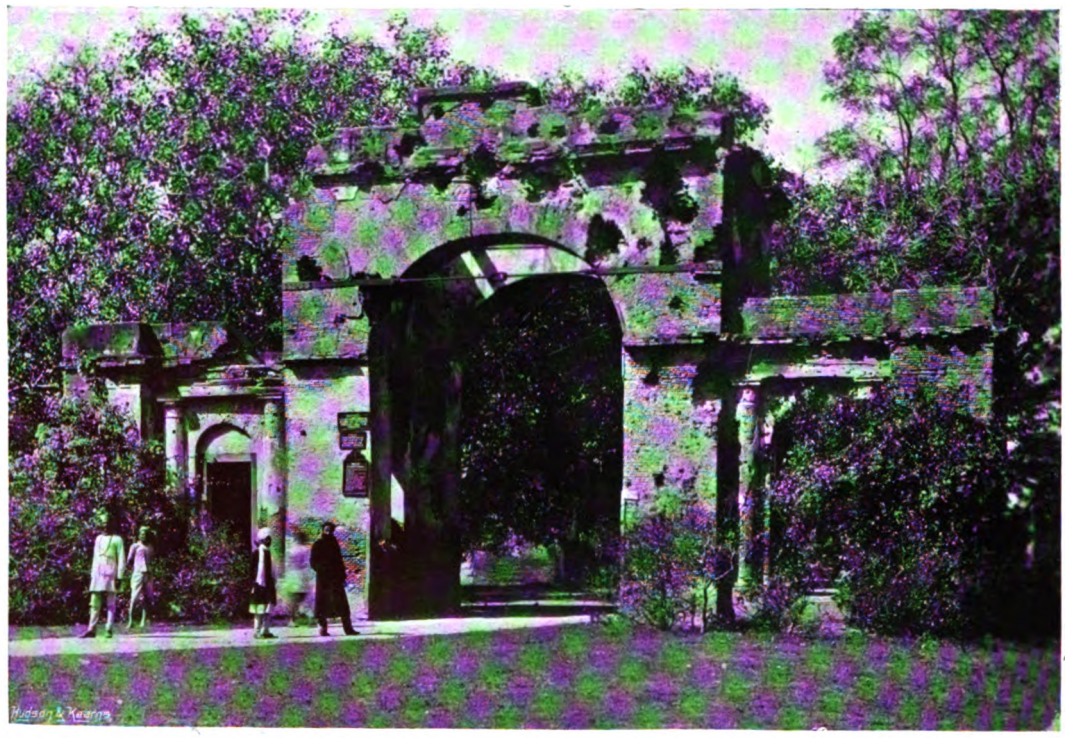
* * * *

"Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the
dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and
drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our
banner in India blew."

The views here given illustrate some of the most historic spots of the Mutiny. The first is the Baillie Guard Gate of the Residency, the most harassed and stubbornly held point of the defence. The second is a view just inside the Gate, showing the hospital on the right, the Residency in the centre, and the memorial cross erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence and the garrison on the left. The third is the Martinière College, founded by General Claude Martin, one of the positions held by the enemy and captured in the relief, and in which lies "all that is mortal" of the gallant Hodson of whom Lord Roberts writes, in his "Forty-one Years in India," "As a soldier I had a very great admiration for him, and in common with the whole Army I mourned his early death."

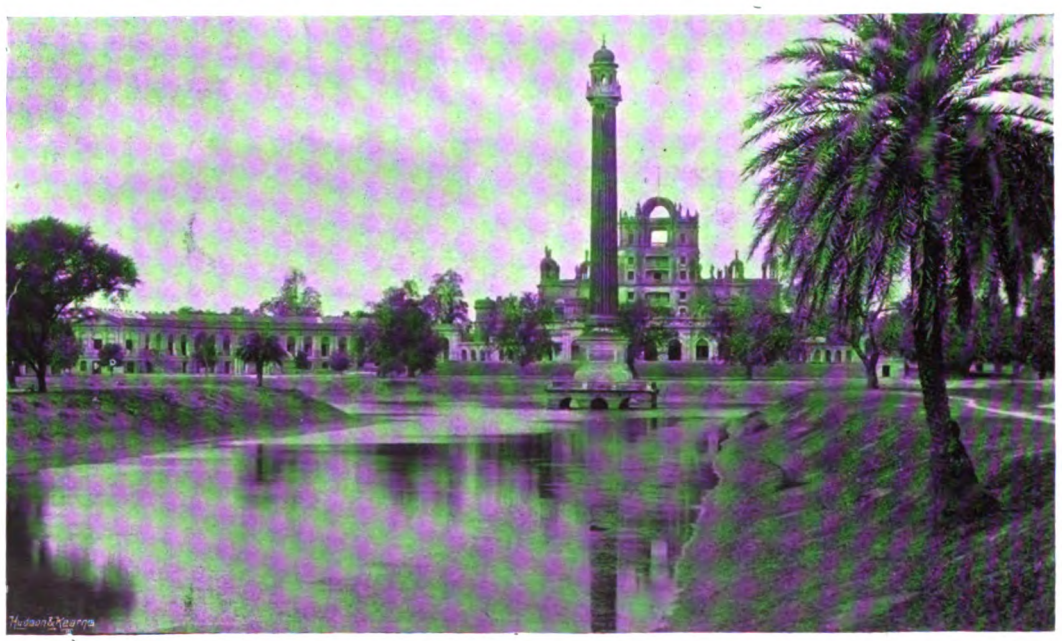
No historic episodes of the Mutiny are more widely known, and have around them greater human interest than those events which even the mere mention of the word Lucknow recall.

Grand as is the story of the siege and capture of Delhi, there is not about it the glamour of romance that appertains to Lucknow. Who that lived in those days will ever forget the anxiety that pervaded the country until they knew that the garrison, with its women and children, were safe. What more living personality of the period was there than the hero whose epitaph sums up his career, "Here lies Henry Lawence, who tried to do his duty."



THE BAILLIE GUARD GATE OF THE RESIDENCY.

VIEW INSIDE GATE, SHOWING HOSPITAL, RESIDENCY, AND MEMORIAL CROSS.



From Photos. THE MARTINIÈRE COLLEGE. By a Military Officer

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 122.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1899.*

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CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE "VICTORY" FIRING THE BIRTHDAY SALUTE.

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The Queen's Birthday Celebrations.

FROM THE ANTIPODES TO ALDERSHOT.

Photo. Russell & Sons Copyright.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT SOUTHSEA.

THE poor old Sun must have rather a trying, if interesting, time of it on our Queen's Birthday. Apart from the fine courtesy which prompts him, in the great majority of cases where honour to Her Majesty is concerned, to shine more vigorously than usual, it must be rather a little monotonous for the great Emperor of the Firmament to be looking at little else but Birthday celebrations all day long. As the earth on May 24 spins slowly round before him, revealing in turn its every meridian from Peru to China, from China to Peru, throughout the whole twenty-four hours, the Sun's gaze is chiefly fixed on great masses of humanity assembled in honour of the Birthday of the Earth's greatest Sovereign. One might go further, and say that for the whole of that long day the Sun-God's ears have dinned into them the joyful roar of ships' guns fired in Royal salute, the merry crackle of the *feu de joie*, the happy blare of countless bands all playing the same old strains which make so many millions of the world's inhabitants akin. Poor tired old Sun! We sympathise with him in his weariness, but assuredly not with any admixture of regret for its cause!

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

BIRTHDAY LANDING PARTY AT DEVONPORT—THE "LION'S" "CUBS."

For it means so much to us Britons, this all-round-the-worldedness (which is surely a much better word than "universality," or anything cold and classical of that sort) of the manner in which we wish our Gracious Sovereign "happy returns of the day." Englishmen here and there are fond of pretending that their ideas do not stretch further than the verge of the little island on which they live. But the solemn truth is, that every day as we grow older and wiser we grow more and more truly Imperialistic in our national ideas, and that to ninety-nine out of a hundred Britons the Empire is to-day, in relation to the Mother Country, what now and then a wife is to her husband, a "better half." If it were not so, we should not flock in our hundreds of thousands to welcome a small contingent of colonial soldiery, we should not scan with such eagerness the daily telegrams from places so far asunder as Canada, South Africa, and Hong Kong, and the circulation of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED would not be what it is.

When to the Imperial idea we link utter and loving loyalty to a Monarch, we arrive at a combination which simply represents the true secret of England's present greatness. Federation in itself is great. Of that we have a superb example in the United States. Monarchy in itself is grand. Of that fact we have a tremendous illustration in the personal power wielded by the Great White Czar. But the President of the United States can never hope to evoke the same enthusiasm which bubbles out, sometimes even explodes, when the Queen of England comes into personal touch with any section of her innumerable subjects. It will be many long years, too, before Russia's colonial system, notable as it is, is bound together by

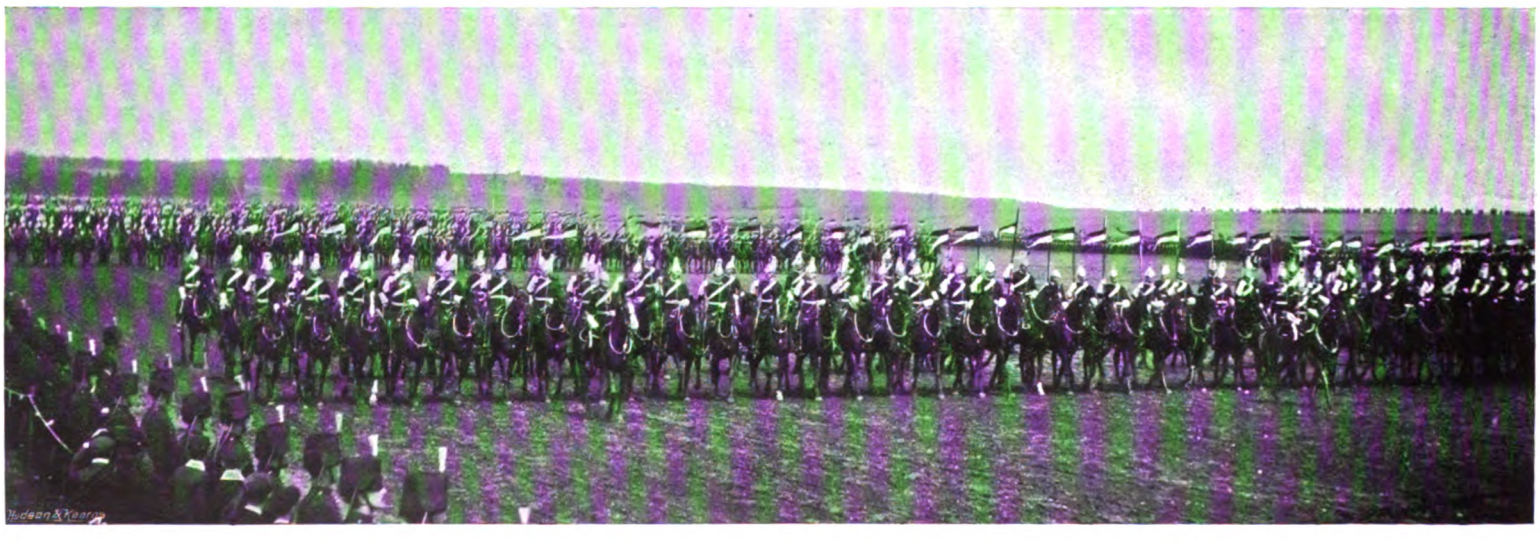

Photo. Cummings. Copyright.

AT ALDERSHOT—THE CARABINIERS.

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anything like the same ties as those which hallow our Imperial watchword, "One flag, one fleet, one throne!"

Of the soundness of such sentiments as those we have enunicated it would be difficult to find more convincing proof than is provided by the striking series of illustrations

Photo. Lusher. Copyright.

AT BERMUDA—THE TERROR" SALUTING.

here assembled. Geographically speaking, we ought, perhaps, to commence with the picture of the cruiser off Fiji firing a Birthday salute, that being the most distant portion of the area covered by our baker's dozen of pictures. We need hardly say that this particular salute was not fired last Wednesday week. When science has progressed a little further, such feats as that would have involved may be possible, but for the present it is enough to say that the cruiser in question, the "Royalist," *is* firing a Birthday salute, and in Fijian waters. Another similar picture is that of the floating battery, known as the "Terror," firing a salute at Bermuda, that delectable collection of islands the three years' routine of military service on which used to consist, the first

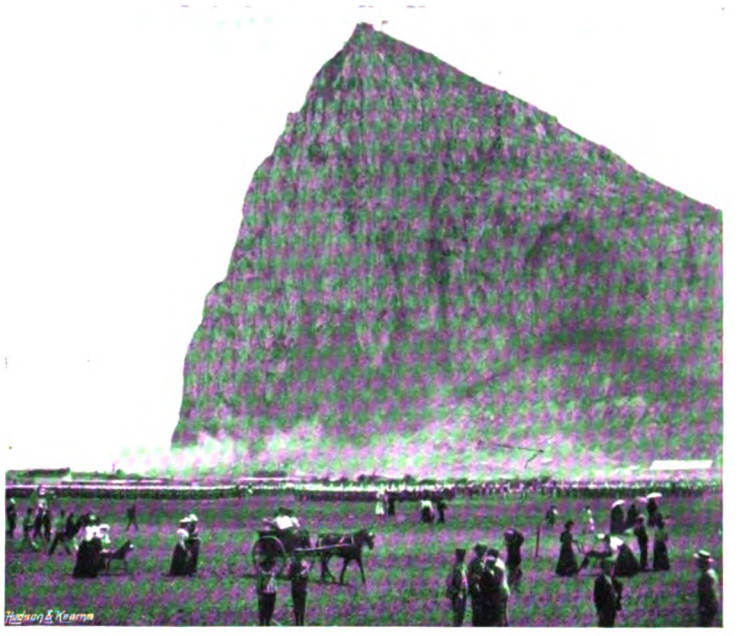

Photo. Hall. Copyright.

BIRTHDAY PARADE AT "GIB."

Kong Harbour we see the combined British and foreign fleets doing honour to the day, while an Indian picture shows an Artillery Birthday salute in active progress. An interesting illustration is one showing how the Birthday was kept by a couple of companies of the Burma Regiment at a little outpost called Haka, in the Chin Hills. Coming nearer home, we have the Trooping of the Colour in Cairo, and the

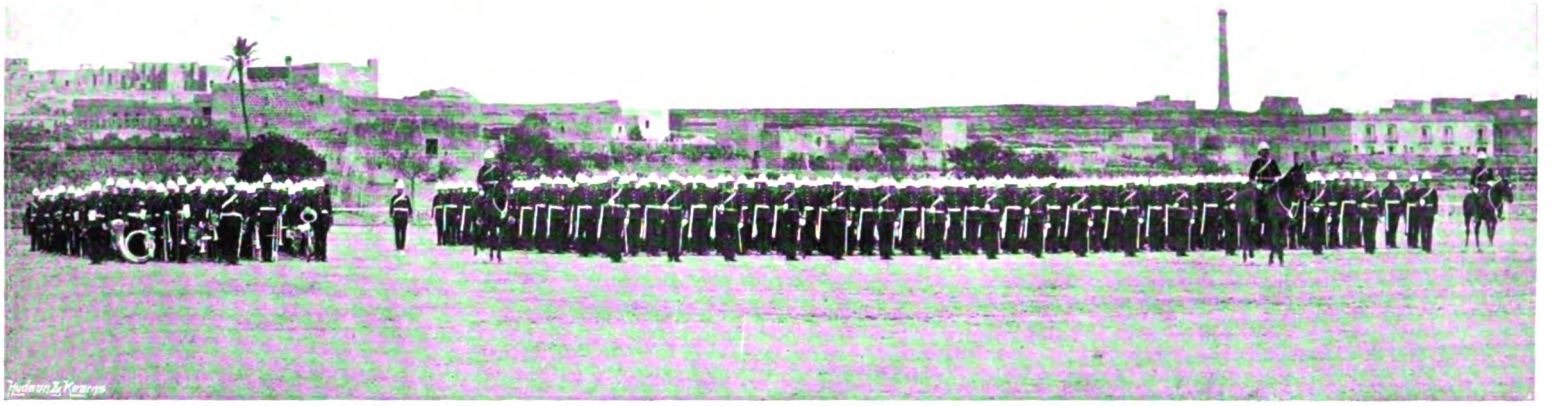

Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MALTA—THE ROYAL MALTA REGIMENT OF MILITIA.

year of catching fish, the second of catching butterflies, the third of going mad for want of something better to do. In Hong

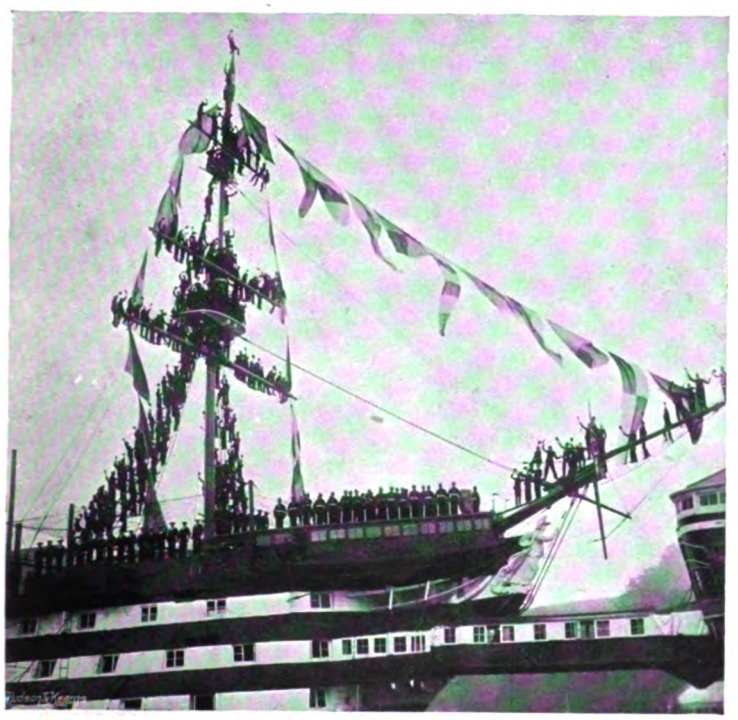

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY IN THE "BRITANNIA."

Queen's Birthday parades of the Royal Malta Regiment of Militia and of the Gibraltar garrison respectively.

Our home pictures are equally self-explanatory. The dear old "Victory" speaks for itself, the Birthday celebrations by the "Britannia" cadets and the "Lion's" "cubs" are, practically speaking, companion pictures. The Artillery on Southsea Common and the Carabiniers at Aldershot

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

AT THE ANTIPODES—THE "ROYALIST" SALUTING.

complete a series which for many-sided attractiveness would be "bad to beat."

It has been finely said by Shakespeare that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the manifold responsibilities which surround our own beloved Ruler must necessarily involve many such anxieties as no ordinary mortal could support. But in the worst of those awful moments, when the Sovereign of a world-wide Empire sees her people threatened with this or that terrible visitation of war, or pestilence, or famine, next to her own trust in Divine

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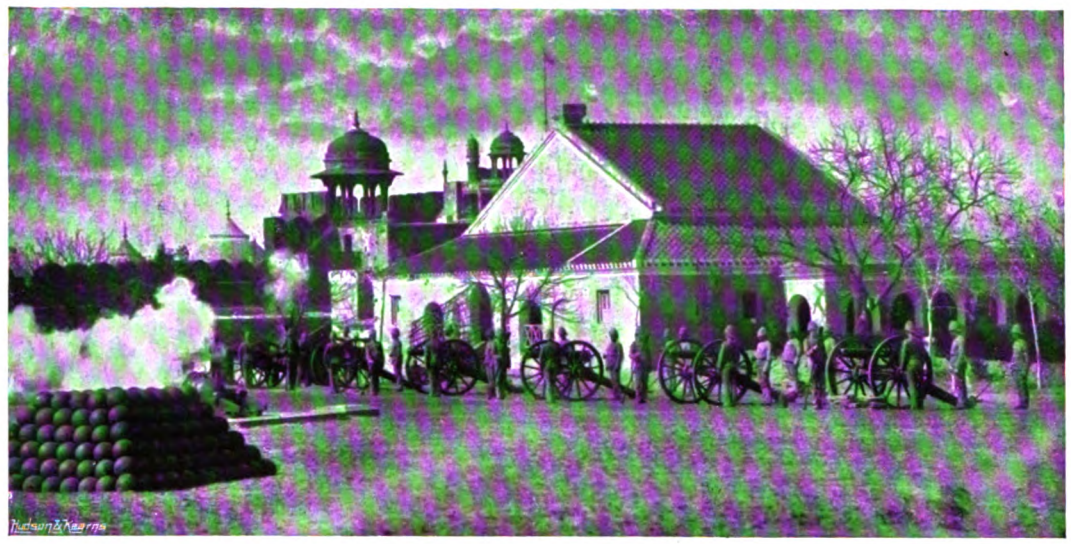

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN INDIA—AN ARTILLERY SALUTE.

guidance there is always present with our Queen the abiding consolation of her people's love and confidence, as evidenced in a thousand happily convincing ways Of these last, not the least is the genuine enthusiasm which surrounds the Birthday celebrations quite apart from their official brightness or impressiveness. If you watch a sailor or a soldier cheering for the Queen you see something which a library of regulations and orders would altogether fail to produce. For that brief space rank and everything else is suspended—except one thing. That one thing is the memory, the idea, the overwhelming conviction that the individual concerned is the happy servant of the Queen; that it is the Queen who is to be cheered; our Queen, his

Photo. Murray. Copyright.

TROOPING THE COLOUR AT CAIRO.

Queen. Then off comes his helmet or cap, as the case may be, and he lets himself go—"Three cheers for the Queen! Hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" What band, what guns, what *feu de joie* can equal that cheer when Jack Tar or Tommy Atkins or Jack Sepoy lets himself go in order to "raise the echoes" on May 24?

It gives those connected with this journal the greater pleasure to emphasise the significance of such celebrations as those depicted here, because the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is so frankly and closely associated with the idea upon which these celebrations are based. Looking back to the date on which our first number appeared, we find the interval represented by a steady advance in the application of the great principles of Imperial Defence; and to that advance this journal may fairly claim to have contributed in no inconsiderable degree. In the early days of our career the prestige of the British Navy and Army was hardly what it is to-day. As a Power we were unmistakably isolated, and though it was comforting to call that isolation "splendid," the single fact was not particularly satisfactory, more especially as it was mainly supported by national ignorance as to the national resources. That ignorance the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has done much to remove, and thereby both instilled greater confidence in the strong points of our system and called timely attention to weak ones. Incidentally, too, we have not only taught our own countrymen what the British Navy and Army are, but have conveyed, as we have reason to know, some useful lessons on the subject to foreign countries. Finally, we can claim, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that we have done almost more than we ever hoped to do in the direction of strengthening the bond which links us with our colonial fellow-subjects of the Queen. In these pages there appear constantly pictures and letterpress illustrative of colonial Naval and Military developments, to which, before the advent of this journal, little or no serious attention was ever paid.

Photo. Newland. Copyr'ght.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN BURMA.

But the interest awakened has been reciprocal, and every week we send a great many thousand copies of the paper to regular colonial subscribers who want to know exactly how things Naval and Military are being done in the Mother Country. That is our contribution towards both Imperial Federation and the propagation of those sentiments generally which make a Queen's Birthday a veritable "Empire Day." And of this contribution no one connected with the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, from the editor to the casual correspondent, has, we think, any reason to be otherwise than reasonably proud.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN SHIPS DECORATED AT HONG KONG.

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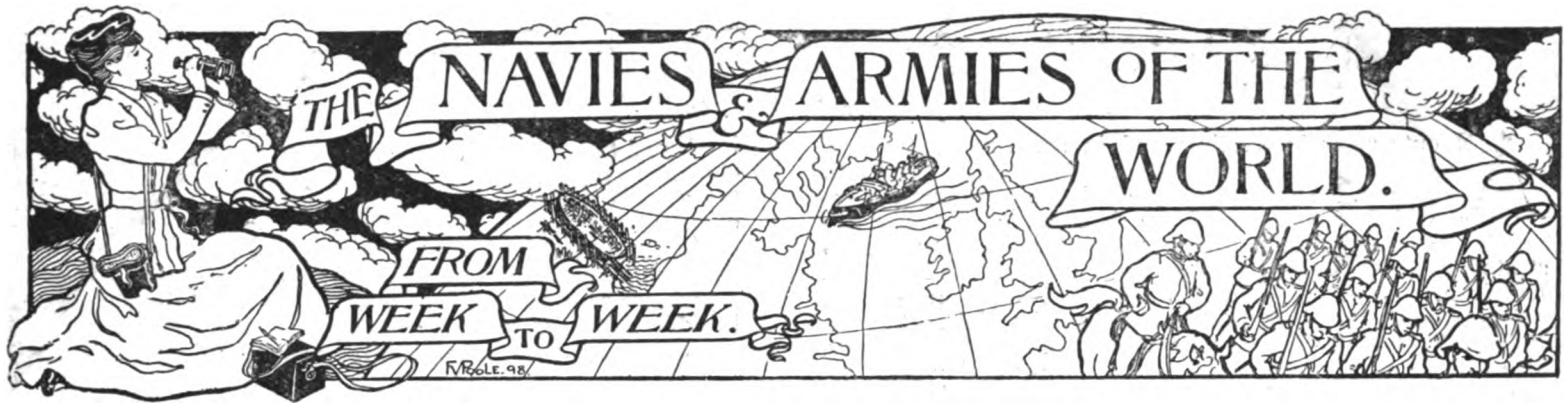

THE Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" lays down a very fair rule when he says:

"Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking."

So we need not be angry with the author of a pamphlet which has just appeared in Paris on the subject of "Submarine Boats and War with England," simply because he shows how much he wishes that his countrymen were in a position to do us a damage. We are too fond of treating France as a certain enemy, and of making a parade of the harm we believe we can inflict to be entitled to complain of his tone. It is more to the purpose to look at what the author has to say. I form my opinion not from the treatise itself, but from what appears to be a full and fair analysis by M. V. Guilloux in the *Yacht* for May 21. The author who signs with the *nom de guerre* of "D'Armor" is plainly one of those people who go in with bag and baggage for every new invention. He is enthusiastic for the submergible boat, and is firmly convinced of all the wonderful things it will achieve, and seems to begin by laying it down as an uncontrovertible proposition that the "Morse" and the "Zédé" are quite perfect (*completement mis au point*) and capable of rendering the greatest services in the course of a war. He has not the slightest doubt as to what these services are. No human power, it appears, could prevent a light squadron of submergible boats from quitting Brest, Cherbourg, Dunkerque, or Le Havre, and turning up some fine morning in front of the English ports of war and "annihilating the armourclads in which our neighbours put so much of their trust." What defence, he asks, could a battle-ship engaged in coaling, or taking in its powder, or waiting orders at anchor, make against a submarine boat which should emerge all at once inside the line of torpedoes and of the forts which protect Portsmouth? This being so, what can be more obvious than that the French Government should set about building submarine boats by the fifty? And all this confidence is because the "Zédé" did rather well in a kind of duck pond on a nice calm afternoon, when all parties were concerned in making the experiment a success.

* * * *

The American Government is said to be going to make a proposal to the Peace Conference which will flutter the dovecots at the House in the Wood pretty considerably. If it is accepted, which is eminently improbable, the officers and men of the United States Navy will have no particular reason to be obliged to their Government. The motion which the American delegates are to make is that private property should be exempt from seizure and confiscation in war. Nothing is more consistent with their action in the past than that the United States should make this proposal. They made it before, and it was because it was not accepted that the States refused to join with other Powers in giving up the right to use privateers. They said that as they had a large merchant shipping, and a small Navy (which was then the case), they would be at the mercy of an aggressive neighbour if they resigned the right of employing privateers, while their own trading vessels were left liable to capture. It was a very good argument, but we imagine that something like it will be used against the States themselves. Nations which have little shipping, but do possess a Navy, will be most unwilling to part with the best means they have of injuring America or Great Britain. And then, from another point of view, the abolition of capture at sea would deprive us of the best weapon of coercion we have against most of the European nations. Supposing the almost incredible to happen, and that we had a war with Sweden—suppose also that we had bound ourselves not to capture private property at sea, what could we do to the Swedes? They have no colonies, and an invasion of their country would require 100,000 men. With her commerce protected by this rule Sweden could sit and laugh at us. It is true, of course, that the immunity of trading and food carrying ships in war time would be in a way a fine thing for us, but that will not be the least of the reasons why the humane wishes of the States will be ill received.

There can be no sort of doubt that war would become a much more humane business if all prize taking were abolished. As regards land war a good deal has been done to approach that ideal. It is long, at any rate, since we have heard of the sacking of towns, and, though heavy war indemnities have been extorted, they have been kept by the conquering State in its own coffers and have not been divided. Requisitions are still made, but only to support the invading troops, and not to enrich them. Time was when that was very far from being the case. The old belief that an army which had stormed a town was entitled to pillage it for three days lingered on till very modern times. It was likely enough in the Peninsular War to be one of the main reasons for the sacking of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and San Sebastian. The sea never had anything quite answering to the worst kinds of Military plunder in scale. Sailors have rarely taken towns. Drake's raids to the West Indies, the capture of Carthagena by the Frenchman Pointis, and of Rio Janeiro by Duguay-Trouin, were combined operations of a rather buccaneering nature. As a rule, the Navy man and the privateer have had to be satisfied with capturing ships. In favourable circumstances this was eminently lucrative, and our Naval heroes had a marked preference for "a rich war." Even in circumstances which did not look very promising comfortable sums of money were made by active commanders. Sir William Hoste, for instance, made £60,000 when commanding in the Adriatic. Sir William Napier comments rather tartly on Hoste's uncivil remarks on the plundering tendencies of Napoleon's marshals. He says that moral talk of this kind came badly from a man who had grown rich by plundering unlucky Venetian and Dalmatian coasting skippers of all they had in the world. Hoste might have answered, if he had ever seen Napier's criticism, that there is a great difference between taking what you have a right to according to the law of your own Government and extorting bribes from the terrified inhabitants of a country you are invading, which was what the French marshals were accused of doing.

* * * *

It is not quite easy to say whether the comic or the tragic element is most conspicuous in the recent rather unintelligible disorders of the 2nd Regiment of the Guernsey Militia. The proceedings seem to have been highly mutinous, which of course is tragic. On the other hand, they were rather theatrical, and not at all sanguinary, so that from this point of view they are comic. When a Channel Islander is aggrieved he is understood to have the right to put himself in the middle of the highway, and shout "Haro," which has been more or less plausibly explained to be an appeal to the pious and immortal memory of Rolf the Ganger. Meanwhile, the incident seems to show that Military affairs are in a strange condition in this last remaining fragment of the Duchy of Normandy. The Islands have taken their share in fighting in old days. If they had done more than contribute the family of Saumarez to the British Navy they would have no insignificant record. But they have done a good deal more than that. There was the occasion in 1779 when they, under the command of Major Pierson, compelled a French invading force to capitulate in Jersey. One of the leaders of the islanders on that occasion was a Mr. Pipon, an ancestor of the Captain Pipon who died the other day. But perhaps the chief services of the Channel Islanders have been rendered in the privateers. The Islands were very often the headquarters of a channel privateering business carried on in small vessels. There were people who did not rank the value of the work done for the Empire very high. They used to say that the line which divided the Channel Island privateer from a smuggler was invisible to the naked eye, and that it sometimes required attention to discover exactly what distinguished him from a pirate. But the Channel Islander was probably no worse in that respect than other privateers, who were always liable to take to promiscuous plunder when their legitimate prey ran short. Of late generations the Islanders have been eminently peaceful and prosperous, but it would seem that the old Adam lives.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Quick-firers v. Torpedo-boats.

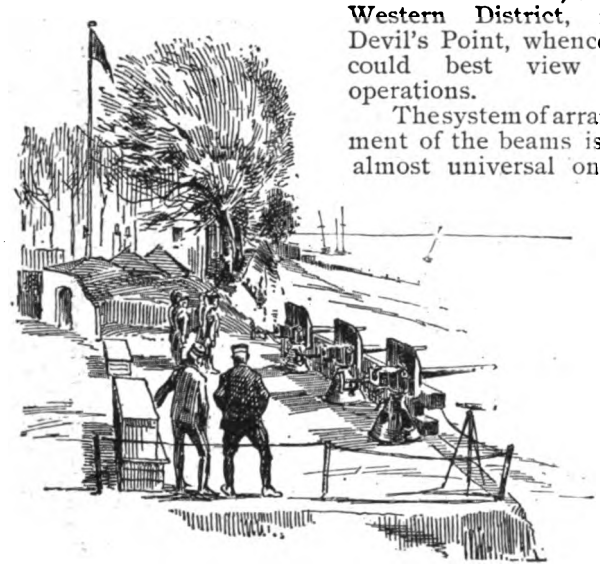
By A. F. U. G.

AN extremely interesting, and in some respects novel, experiment was recently carried out in Plymouth Sound. Under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief, the value of the defences of the harbour against torpedo-boat attack was successfully demonstrated. Lord Wolseley, who was, with General Sir Frederick Harrison, I.G.F., making his annual inspection of the defences in the Western District, witnessed a night attack on Plymouth Harbour by various vessels of the Royal Navy. The attacking force consisted of the gun-vessel "Curlew," the gun-boat "Sharpshooter," seven destroyers, and three torpedo-boats; this force was to act entirely independent of the defenders, though the "general idea" was made known to both sides, the object of the attack being to test the efficiency of the defence against a sudden rush of torpedo-boats.

All the heavy batteries, from Bovisand to Pier Cellars in Cawsand, were manned by the Royal Artillery, the search-lights and fixed beams were manned, and also the newly-erected quick-firing batteries, whose *rôle*, above all others, is to destroy attacking torpedo-boats.

At one hour before sunset the attacking force steamed out to a point about four miles outside the Plymouth breakwater; at 9,30 the electric lights came into action, and the Commander-in-Chief took up his position with Sir F. W. E. Forrestier-Walker, G.O.C. Western District, near Devil's Point, whence he could best view the operations.

The system of arrangement of the beams is the almost universal one of



THE QUICK-FIRING BATTERY AT SHORBURYNESS.

having sentry-beams at the entrance of any channel; these cross one another from opposite sides, and give warning of the approach of any vessel; they may be supplemented by search-lights to pick up and follow targets through the dark areas. In full view of the guns and in front of obstacles, in this case the breakwater, also on mine-fields, are the illuminated areas in which targets are under fire. This breakwater is armed with quick-firers, and its two entrances are carefully illuminated and under heavy fire.

At nearly 10 p.m. a rocket from Bovisand announced the approach of hostile craft; search-lights began to play, and distant quick-firing guns came into action. Shortly afterwards three destroyers entered the lighted area, and, using their own lights and quick-firing guns, attempted to force an entrance, but had to own themselves beaten, the signal of defeat being given by rocket.

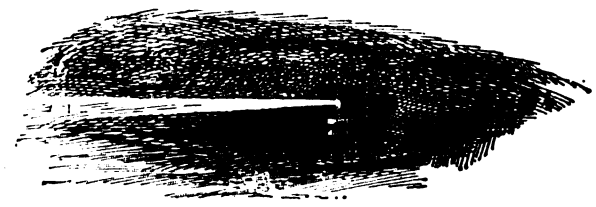
Two boats then crossed the bridge of rock between Drake's Island and Mount Edgcumbe and attempted to creep in, but were seen and destroyed, as were also the four that followed them; during these latter attacks the "Curlew" and "Sharpshooter" manœuvred outside, apparently with the intention of distracting attention from the attack.

All witnesses were agreed as to the admirable handling of the boats, but little doubt remained as to the impregnability of the harbour to torpedo-boat attack.

A somewhat similar experiment was carried out on the preceding Monday, when the Thames electric lights were tested. On this occasion the realism attending the Plymouth attack was wanting, and the defence was not considered to such an extent as the efficiency of the lights. Here three destroyers and two tugs ran past the lighted areas, and the difference between the target offered by a boat lit up from the near side or the opposite side was strikingly illustrated, the latter being quite distinct, and looking like a silver boat against a black background, and the former being always more or less undefined.

To train men to fight these quick-firing guns, so extensively used in the defence of our ports, the authorities have instituted an entirely novel series of courses at the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, in which officers and men of the Garrison Artillery get a practically individual training. The courses last three weeks, and are to go on during the greater part of the year until detachments from all Garrison Companies have been efficiently trained; the men who undergo the course are carefully selected, and are given certain advantages in their after-service if they qualify.

Shoeburyness is ideally suited for instruction of this kind,



KEEPING THE SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE TARGET.

having a unique combination of advantages. Here night firing can be carried out with a minimum of risk and difficulty, as there are many thousands of yards of sand over which firing can take place at low water; this sand, though wet and treacherous looking, is quite firm, and heavy waggons and horses can move freely on it, and on its surface runs a target towed by a steel rope at any speed up to that attained by the fastest of torpedo-boats; here also all the gear and appliances are on the spot, to say nothing of the necessary instructors, which is not the case in all Garrison Artillery stations.

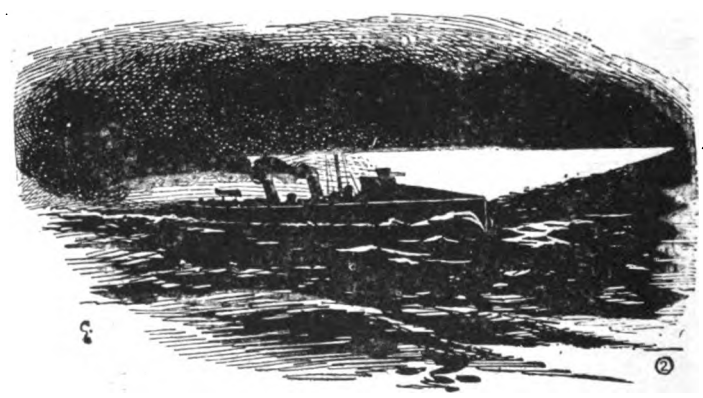
The night practice is the most important part of the whole course, this being the only form of attack probable in war time, as no torpedo-boats could be so foolhardy as to attempt to run past quick-firing guns in daylight.

The system on which the course is conducted is as follows: The men are instructed by lectures in the theory of attack and defence of ports; they are then made thoroughly acquainted with the guns, mountings, and fittings used against torpedo-boats, and then they go on to practice with small ammunition fired from rifles inserted in the guns; and finally, to service practice by day and night, at running and standing targets.

The guns used are the 6-pounder Hotchkiss or Nordenfelt, the 12-pounder quick-firer, and the Maxim machine gun. The 6-pounder fires fixed ammunition, *i.e.*, projectile, fuse, charge, and means of ignition loaded in one piece. The 12-pounder is loaded in two pieces, and is fired by electricity, though percussion firing may be resorted to on emergency.

Electric sights are provided for night firing, and on high site batteries automatic sights are fitted which dispense with ranging and sight-setting, and give marvellous results in accuracy and rapidity.

A fairly recent development in the drill is the introduction of independent fire as the normal rate. In this fire the layer at each gun fires as fast as possible, the sight-setter observing the effect and making corrections as he thinks fit.



A TORPEDO-BOAT UNDER RAYS OF SEARCH-LIGHT.

The Maxims are ranged by the "fire-hose" method, adopted in the Soudan in the recent campaigns.

In the night-work the circumstances are approximated to those which obtain on active service. All men but one per gun fall out; this man keeps a steady look-out and reports any target; on the command of the officer in charge he fires his gun, and the remainder of the detachment take post when the first gun is fired. This unceasing vigilance is a fearful strain on the nerves, and the tension would be terrible on active service, as this watching would take place all night for, may be, weeks, and is one of the points most carefully attended to on the course.

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Some Army Papers.

By An ex-Editor.

MOST folks know that, in addition to the representative Service journals, there are a number of papers and periodicals supported by individual corps, and sometimes produced, from first to last, by regimental enterprise. Some of these publications are conducted with marked ability, and have a very considerable circulation. Others are of distinctly puny growth, and are only kept alive by an application of *esprit de corps*, which, though pleasing and meritorious, does not necessarily command journalistic success. In point of fact, the average regimental paper, outside the circle of the corps to which it appeals, is not a very exhilarating production, and even in the regiment itself has to be regarded with a certain amount of good-natured indulgence.

The first and great backsliding is usually in the matter of punctuality of appearance and regularity of production. Some regimental papers do conscientiously turn up once a month, but others are curiously casual, being published at most irregular intervals, sometimes two, sometimes even six months elapsing between issues, to the obvious detriment of the matter from a newsy point of view. Of course, every excuse must be made for special circumstances. When a regiment is about to embark for foreign service, or the editor's company is undergoing field training, or some other equally absorbing interruption occurs, it is absurd to expect that the regimental paper will be issued with the same clockwork precision as is, say, the Navy and Army Illustrated. Still, one cannot help thinking that conductors of corps journals allow themselves far too great latitude in the all-important matter of dates. They do not seem to realise—like the light-hearted subalterns they frequently are—that even a regimental record which comes out twice in one year, and ten times in another, loses half its interest and value from that circumstance alone, and is a severe tax upon the indulgence of subscribers. Where matter is hard to collect, and funds are low, surely it is better to issue a paper quarterly than to make it a monthly for half the year, and then let it degenerate into a bi-annual issue.

As to contributions, the editor of a regimental paper has almost invariably a hard lot, and is very seldom able to rise altogether superior to it. Not only is his list of writers a sparse and untrustworthy one, but in nine cases out of ten the variety of tastes he has to consult on the part of readers is something appalling. For example, he is bound to cater (1) for the average officer; (2) for the average private; (3) for those who are still serving; (4) for those who have left the corps, and believe that the period of their own service in it represented the zenith of the regiment's career; (5) for those who do not care what the paper contains so long as such-and-such a shooting, cricket, or football match is fully reported; (6) for those who must, at any price, have the history of the regiment; (7) for those who greatly prefer funny stories; (8) for those who insist upon prize competitions—and so on. "Taking one consideration with another," the public to which a regimental paper appeals is far more uncertain, coy, and hard to please than that to which an everyday civilian editor addresses himself.

As for continuity of policy, that is wildly imposible in most cases. A successful and hard-working editor goes, perhaps, to the depôt, or, on promotion, to the other battalion, and his place is reluctantly taken by someone else, who has views of his own, and who kicks at inserting even such respectable *pabulum* as the good old regimental history, or the personal memoirs of Major Oldtimes (retired). From being something in the nature of a parish magazine, the regimental organ now tends to emulate the "Pink Un," or *vice versâ*, and the subscribers are aggrieved or delighted according to their respective notions.

It is a touching tribute to the soundness of *esprit de corps* as an abiding principle that, in the face of such obstacles as those indicated above, a fair proportion of regimental journals should continue, year after year, not only to exist, but to do excellent work in the promotion of good feeling, as well as in the matter of chronicling the not very lurid events which ordinarily constitute the day-to-day life of the British officer and his men.

My own pleasantest, as well as most entertaining, experiences in connection with Army papers were with two productions of a somewhat different character from the foregoing. One of these was a troop-ship, the other a camp journal, both, of course, very ephemeral affairs, but both, though I say it who shouldn't, distinctly successful from every point of view, except possibly that of a fastidious literary critic. Of course, in the case of both ship and camp papers, an editor is often much more happily placed than if he is "running" a regimental organ. His public is not so exacting, and he is much more likely to get useful assistance. At any rate, that was my experience, one of which, after the lapse of a goodish few years, and a pretty intimate and peculiar acquaintance with other and less specialised forms of journalism, I still cherish some happy recollections.

The origin of my troopship paper was as follows:—I was coming home from India at the end of the trooping season in the dear old "Malabar"—somewhere in the reign of Henry VIII., I think it must have been—and the majority of the military passengers were invalids. When I tell you that in the four weeks of our voyage we had seven deaths, you can imagine that we wanted something to keep up our spirits. This something was found in the *Malabar Gazette*, a Nautico-Military Journalistic Extravaganza, of which, I daresay, there are still a few copies in existence. Never was there a more audacious publication; never one that was more warmly snpported, or, by its victims, more kindly tolerated. We published four numbers—one in the Indian Ocean, one in the Red Sea, one in the Mediterranean, and one in the Channel. I was the responsible "Master," and I had a staff of eight or nine captains and subalterns, to keep whom in order and good temper was a work of considerable labour, and, judging from the size of my mess-bill, some expense. The freedom indulged in was extraordinary, but as almost everyone in the ship, including the staff, was studiously and impartially libelled, no offence was taken, and at the end of the voyage the captain of the ship was good enough to pay the *Gazette* a high compliment on the manner in which it had performed its self-appointed task.

The *modus operandi* of the *Malabar Gazette* was as follows: All contributions were written on foolscap, and the MS. sheets, secured in stout covers, were first handed to the captain of the ship, passed on by him, after careful perusal, to the officer commanding the troops, and then circulated throughout the upper deck. At the end of the voyage the *Gazette* was published by subscription, and formed a very compact and amusing record.

The humour of the *Malabar Gazette* would sound very feeble to an outsider, but I venture to reproduce one recorded incident which may cause an incidental smile. Our adjutant was a very large Seaforth Highlander, usually attired, of course, as to his nether man, in trews. We had also on board a very small midshipmite, who was being taken home on sick leave, and whose apparently innocent thirst for military information was a permanent source of diversion. You can imagine the laugh that ensued when this young monkey strolled up to the lofty Highlander and anxiously enquired, "Oh, Mr. Adjutant, would you *please* tell me why it is you are allowed to wear such *very* loud-patterned trousers?"

The *Strensall Camp Gazette*, which ran for ten weeks during the camping season of 1888, was a much more ambitious and proportionately more successful venture. Those were the days when it was hoped that Strensall, which lies about six miles out of York, would become a Northern Aldershot, and in that particular year, under the auspices of the late General Daniell, a really heroic effort was made in that direction. The number of troops encamped enabled divisional parades to be held, and the little *Camp Gazette*, price one penny, actually attained a weekly sale of over 4,000 during the last few weeks of its career. It was printed and published from a York newspaper office, and I think I am right in saying that the money taken for advertisements during the ten weeks of its career amounted to nearly £100. At any rate, it paid its way, and was immensely popular.

Among the "yarns" in the *Strensall Camp Gazette* was one with reference to a gallant officer, since deceased, who made a point of taking his tub in the open just outside his tent. *A propos* of this airy custom, a solemn citizen of York is represented as saying to his wife: "What do you think, my dear? It is said that those officers out at Strensall are actually to be seen taking their baths in the open *in puris naturalibus!*" "Yes," tartly replies his wife, who does not like "those officers" referred to, "and some of 'em, I dessay, *not even in that!*"

I cannot close this slight sketch without some allusion to a class of Army paper with which I unfortunately have *not* been connected, the journal, I mean, that is actually produced on active service. That there have been such productions I can aver, because I once possessed a copy of the "Pantomime Number" of the "*Kandahar News*," which described a pantomime performed during the Siege of Kandahar in the Afghan War. The number was produced with the aid of a hectograph, and, though necessarily rather crude, was brightly illustrated, and otherwise a most humorous publication. I gave it away in a fit of generosity, which I am not ashamed to say I have since greatly regretted.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 4, 1794.—Port-au-Prince, in San Domingo, reduced by Brigadier-General Whyte and a body of regular troops, assisted by Royal Marines and a Naval brigade.

June 6, 1858.—Sir Colin Campbell utterly defeated the rebels at Bareilly.

June 7, 1759.—The stronghold of the French in Belle Isle surrendered to Brigadier-General Hodgson and Commodore Keppel. The siege had begun on April 22, and there had been six weeks of open trenches. The garrison was commanded by M. de St. Croix, and made a most gallant resistance. The besiegers experienced great difficulty, owing to having been obliged to drag their cannon over five or six miles of broken road. 1855.—The quarries at Sebastopol captured by assault, and retained, notwithstanding repeated and desperate efforts on the part of the Russians to retake it during the following night. The 2nd and light divisions contributed detachments for the assault, and the 62nd supported. Our loss was 671 men. Colonel Shirley commanded the whole, but Colonel Campbell, of the 90th, commanded the actual stormers, and in the work Lord Wolseley, then a lieutenant of the 90th, and assistant Engineer, greatly distinguished himself on this occasion.

June 9, 1762.—British advanced guard of Lord Albemarle's army—employed in the reduction of Havannah—defeated, under the leadership of Colonel Carleton, a superior body of Spanish troops close to the Castle of the Moro.

June 10, 1793.—Commencement of the Siege of Valenciennes, by a body of troops under Lieutenant-General Abercromby, the general in chief command of the operations being the Duke of York. The Governor of Valenciennes was the French veteran, General Ferraud. 1824.—The stockades of Kemmendine—three miles from Rangoon—captured by assault, during the first Burmese War, by the troops under Sir Archibald Campbell.

JUNE 4, 1673.—Drawn battle off the banks of Flanders, between Prince Rupert, at the head of a combined Anglo-French fleet, and a Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter. The battle, after five hours' general cannonade, ended indecisively, neither side having lost a ship.

June 5, 1758.—Lord Howe, commodore at the head of a small squadron, attacked and silenced the French batteries in Cancale Bay, to cover the landing of an expeditionary force of soldiers. The military part of the expedition, however, proved a failure, as the French were forewarned, and had troops in superior force at hand. Howe's broad pennant was in the "Essex," 64, a very famous fighting ship—a name recently restored to the Navy List, after an absence of exactly 100 years.

June 6, 1755.—Capture of the French "Alcide" and "Lys," 64's, by Lord Howe, with the "Dunkirk" and "Torbay," off the Gulf of St. Lawrence. War had not been actually declared by either France or England, but the demeanour of the French squadron, to which the two ships belonged, was so hostile as to justify the taking of offensive action on our part. The capture of the "Alcide" and "Lys" directly brought on the long series of hostilities known as the Seven Years' War.

June 7, 1761.—Surrender of the Island of Belleisle, in the Bay of Biscay, to Commodore Keppel's squadron, assisted by a strong land force as an expeditionary army, which was landed, and after sharp fighting made themselves masters of the French fortified positions in the islands.

June 8, 1796.—Capture of the French 36-gun frigates "Tribune" and "Tamise" (formerly the British "Thames") by the British 36-gun frigates "Unicorn" and "Sta. Margeritta," to westward of Scilly. The "Tamise" was brought to action and retaken in twenty minutes by the "Sta. Margeritta." The "Tribune" was chased for nine hours by the "Unicorn," and taken after a forty minutes' close fight.

June 9, 1801.—The 18-gun brig "Kangaroo," and 14-gun brig "Speedy," made an attack, under Lord Cochrane, on a Spanish convoy lying under a 12-gun battery at Oreposa, and escorted by two xebecs of 20 and 12-guns, and five gunboats. After five hours' fighting, the xebecs, and three of the gun-boats were sunk, the battery was silenced, and the convoy was carried off as prizes.

June 10, 1800.—Cutting out of a convoy of stores for the Brest Fleet in the harbour of St. Croix, coast of Brittany, by the boats of the "Renown" and "Defence," 74's, with those of the "Fisgard" and "Unicorn" frigates. After rowing all night, the attack was delivered in broad daylight, in the face of a heavy gun battery, three armed vessels and gun-boats, and by troops, with musketry, on shore, and resulted in the taking of one gun-boat, two armed vessels, and eight store ships, the remainder of the convoy being forced to run on the rocks.

Some Remarkable Horses.

By EQUES.

IT is not intended here to describe the celebrated chargers which have so often been represented both by pen and pencil, but to take a rapid glance at a few other horses which are not unworthy of mention. The chief characteristics of all the best horses which have been immortalised in story or in song, from Bucephalus to Black Bess, are endurance, undaunted courage, and self-sacrificing devotion to their masters' interests.

When a horse gallops for his rider's pleasure, or for his safety, till he drops down dead, it is difficult not to pronounce him the nobler animal of the two. We are unable to pardon FitzJames for riding a willing horse to the death, until, "touched with pity and remorse," he cries:

> "Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
> That cost thy life, my gallant grey."

Another grey whose end was not so tragic, but whose quality was just as good, if Burns is to be believed, was that of Tam o' Shanter. The poet says of her "a better never lifted leg," and when Tam and she were pursued by the witches from Alloway Kirk, he adds:

> "Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
> But left behind her ain grey tail."

Meg was, however, running for her own life as well as for Tam's, and so there is nothing very heroic in her feat; but she is at least worthy of credit for her speed and cleverness in circumstances of stress and trial of which few earthly horses have had any experience.

In the matter of courage it would not be easy to excel the charger ridden and described by Marbot, a distinguished French general, whose life was recently written. This horse, if roused, would attack a soldier of the enemy, with or without leave, using teeth and feet in the most ferocious manner, literally tearing him to pieces, and finally trampling him under foot. Such fierce and undisciplined courage on the part of a horse may bring the rider to signal grief, and is far inferior to the obedient and fearless confidence placed in their masters by well-trained and well-ridden horses.

This is aptly exemplified by a case mentioned in "Modern Practical Farriery," wherein good horsemanship, the unflinching courage of the horse, and his confidence in his rider, were happily combined. It came about thus: General Sir Robert Gillespie, on a small grey Arab, happened to be present at a large gathering of natives on the race-course of Calcutta, when a tiger escaped from confinement, and spread terror around him. The general got hold of a boar-spear, and both he and his horse went straight for the tiger without delay or hesitation. "The tiger was probably confounded by the crowd, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert he crouched to spring at him. At that very instant the gallant soldier on his gallant steed leapt right over him, Sir Robert striking the spear through the animal's spine."

A story is told by Chateaubriand of an Arab warrior who was taken prisoner with some of his tribe, near Acre, after having looted a caravan from Damascus. The victorious troops encamped for the night, their prisoners being bound, and the captured horses being picketed in the open. Such was the love of the chief for his horse that he crept, although with great pain and difficulty, to where he was picketed, and succeeded in setting him free. But the noble steed seemed to understand that his master was bound and unable to mount; he would not accept freedom to return alone to his home. so with his teeth he caught up the chief by his leathern girdle and galloped away The long and difficult journey was accomplished, but at the cost of the horse's life. The chief was safely deposited at the feet of his astonished wife and family, but the effort had been too much for his preserver, who having finished his task lay down and died. It is quite possible to believe this tale. Whatever they may do now, the Turks, we are told, taught their horses to pick up objects from the ground; and even if not altogether correct, the story has probably a good foundation in fact.

It is not always that the horse dies and the rider lives; the converse sometimes takes place. In the Russian War a messenger carried the news of the repulse of the Russians from Silistria to Varna, a distance of ninety miles, and he is reported to have done so without stopping, and to have died in consequence, while the horse he rode suffered no injury. This horse was the property of Omar Pasha, the Turkish general, and was presented by him to Sir Richard Airey. He was afterwards purchased by Earl Spencer, and was known far and wide by the name of his former master, Omar Pasha.

We owe an enormous debt of gratitude to the Arab blood, with which that of our own race of horses has been mingled, and we would do well to take a leaf out of the Arab book, which teaches invariable quietness and friendliness in dealing with the horse.

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At Sea with the Channel Squadron.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

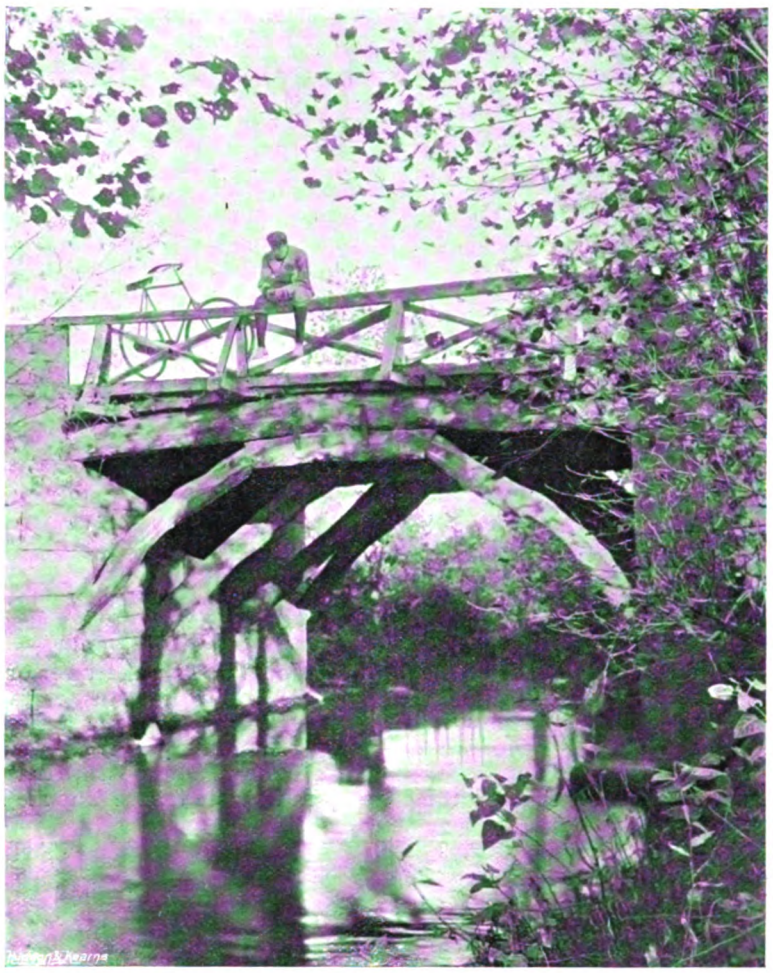
VIGO, SPAIN, FREQUENTLY VISITED BY THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

THE illustration of Vigo, with which I head this letter, hardly does justice to the picturesque town which lies so snugly amongst hills and waters that would put many of our Scotch lochs to the blush. Of late years, Vigo has grown and prospered considerably, as the fine buildings in the modern town testify; no change, of course, can be expected in the old portion, where the offal and smell of centuries has accumulated round the fish market, and in the narrow, dirty alleys of the human rabbit-warren round about it.

Yet, be it said, that most of the dirt, at any rate, seems to be outside the houses, and not in them, if one may judge from passing glances into these sanctums of Spanish private life. No apology, however, need be made for the smells which are ubiquitous and terrible: as the Spaniard is "to the manner born" he would probably feel a sense of loss were he deprived of them.

The town is not of great interest, neither are its productions, if we except the crude yellow and blue pottery known as Vigo ware, and which is sufficiently artistic in design and colour to find favour in the eyes of the female folk at home.

However, if town life is found lacking in interest, take your bicycle out upon any of the splendid high roads so common in Spain, and ride through the fertile country round, where streams and rivers run through well-cultivated valleys, and past quaint old-time villages and towns, where a man in his journeyings will meet unfailing courtesy, and may live like a prince upon 3s. or 4s. a day. At this time of year, especially, it is an enchanted country, full of colour and life. The hedge-rows are thick with wild flowers—primroses, violets, gorse and broom, and the roads near the towns gay with small parties of bare-footed, straight-backed Spanish peasant women on their way to and from market, dressed in bright dresses and red or yellow handkerchiefs, their baskets of farm produce poised deftly upon their handsome heads. It is only regrettable that the laughing jests they loose off at you as you pass are quite too often untranslatable.



A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE NAVAL FLY-FISHER.

Vigo is not a good place for fly-fishing, but the patient angler may get a few small ones, and the old bridge I illustrate is a well-known rendezvous of both cyclists and fishermen.

Next we see the squadron under way, and engaged in steam tactics, at 12 knots speed.

Some day I hope to present in these pages a good set of illustrations showing the squadron manœuvring, but such illustrations are difficult to obtain. The one reproduced here seems to show a confusion that is far from existing in reality, another two or three minutes would have

Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

TACTICAL EVOLUTIONS AT 12-KNOT SPEED.

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shown not six ships but two only, the other four being then "in station," and hidden behind their nearer sisters.

There are few more fascinating things to watch than steam tactics at high speed in a well-drilled squadron; it is a fascination akin to that of watching an express train—respect for its tremendous power and admiration for the master minds that design and control it.

My last picture illustrates the gun practice from boats. On the signal "Man and arm boats" being made, all the boats are lowered and armed. The largest pulling boats—that is the launch and pinnace—carry a 12-pounder gun in the bow, and a Maxim machine-gun astern, the cutters carry a Maxim apiece, and the steam boats have a 3-pounder Hotchkiss and a Maxim. The illustration shows the boats formed up into line abreast, firing away at a target which has been laid out 500 or 600 yards to seaward.

Photo. A Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

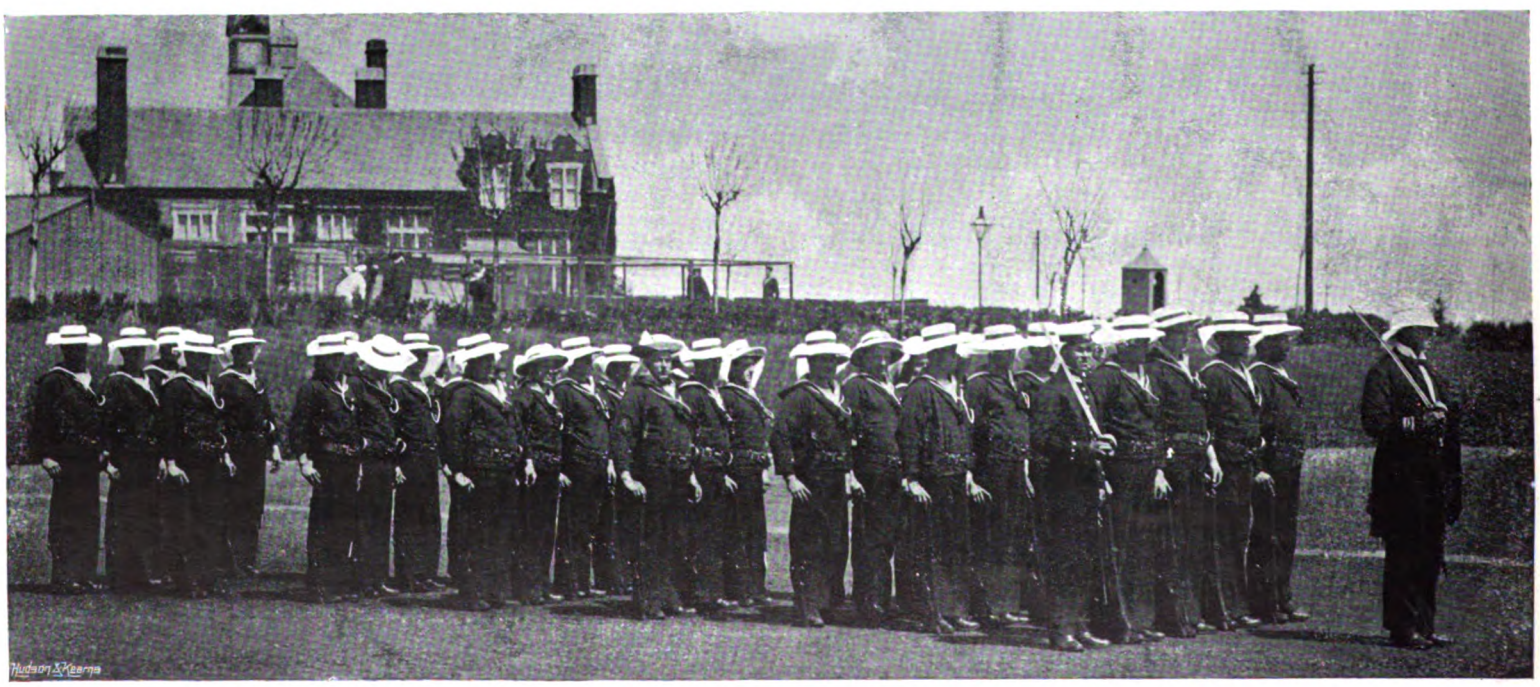
THE BOATS OF THE SQADRON AT GUN PRACTICE.

The Royal Military Tournament.

"WARRIORS OF BRITAIN."

THE "COMMODORE" AT ISLINGTON.

CAN anyone imagine the London season without that popular function the Royal Military Tournament at Islington? As a social function it boasts the patronage of every leader of Society from Royalty downwards. To the man in the street it offers the most stirring and exciting spectacle that he could possibly witness. And he enjoys it with all his soul—and the Military charities benefit hugely thereby. The Naval detachment, which as usual comes from the great Naval gunnery school at Whale Island—lads of the "Excellent," as they are borne on the Navy List—is under the command of Lieutenant Philip Franclin, whose portrait figures as the introduction to these notes. The "commodore" at Islington is a young Naval officer who has barely completed four years' service as a lieutenant, and who entered the Service as a cadet from the "Britannia" in the year of the Queen's first Jubilee. It is this young officer who has come up from Whale Island in charge of the detachment whose part in the great programme at Islington is daily driving home to the spectator the big share that our Navy plays even when the warfare is purely land fighting. Our illustrations show the Naval Brigade taking part in the "Lucknow" portion of the historical pageant, and also the 24-pounder brass gun of the "Shannon" that Peel's brigade dragged from Bengal to Oude, and that did such magnificent work at the relief of Lucknow. As Sir James Outram said, "Almost the first white faces I saw when the lamented Havelock and I rushed out of prison to greet Sir Colin Campbell, at the head of our deliverers, were the hearty, jolly, and smiling faces of you "Shannon" men, who were pounding away with two big guns at the palace, and I then, for the first time in my life, had the opportunity of seeing and admiring the coolness of British sailors under fire. There you were, working in the open plain, without cover or screen or rampart of any kind, your guns within musket range of the enemy, as coolly as if you were practising at a target." To such a hot fire, in truth, was the old 24-pounder, that now rumbles around the arena at Islington, exposed, that no less than three officers of Outram's staff were knocked over by the enemy's musketry



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PEEL'S BRIGADE.

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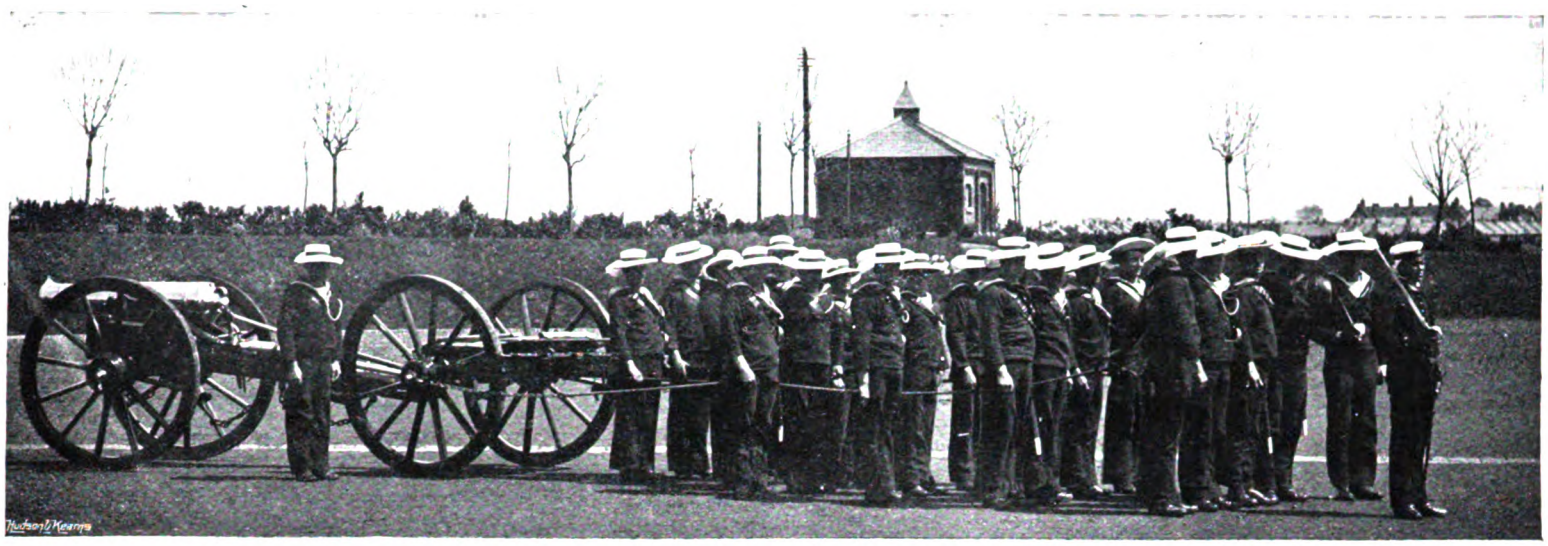

Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

THE GUN OF THE "SHANNON'S" BRIGADE.

fire before they reached the rear of the guns of which the "Bayard of India" was speaking. And two of these officers were Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, and young Havelock, the Sir H. Havelock-Allen, V.C., whose sad death in the last Frontier Campaign is still fresh in our memories. Never will India and the Empire forget the services of "Peel's Brigade." The hero who commanded it did not live to receive the rewards he had earned, but his memory is reverenced, not only by the Service he adorned, but by the Army he aided. Peel has left a mark on the Service unique in its way, for not one of the many Naval Brigades that has since landed in all parts of the world but has had the memory of Peel's performance before them, and with all it has been their ambition to live up to the glorious reputation that the exploits of the "Shannon's" men earned for them. The ship that licked the "Chesapeake" in fair duel, the ship that sent Peel's men into the heart of India, has glorified a name that must never drop out of the "Navy List."

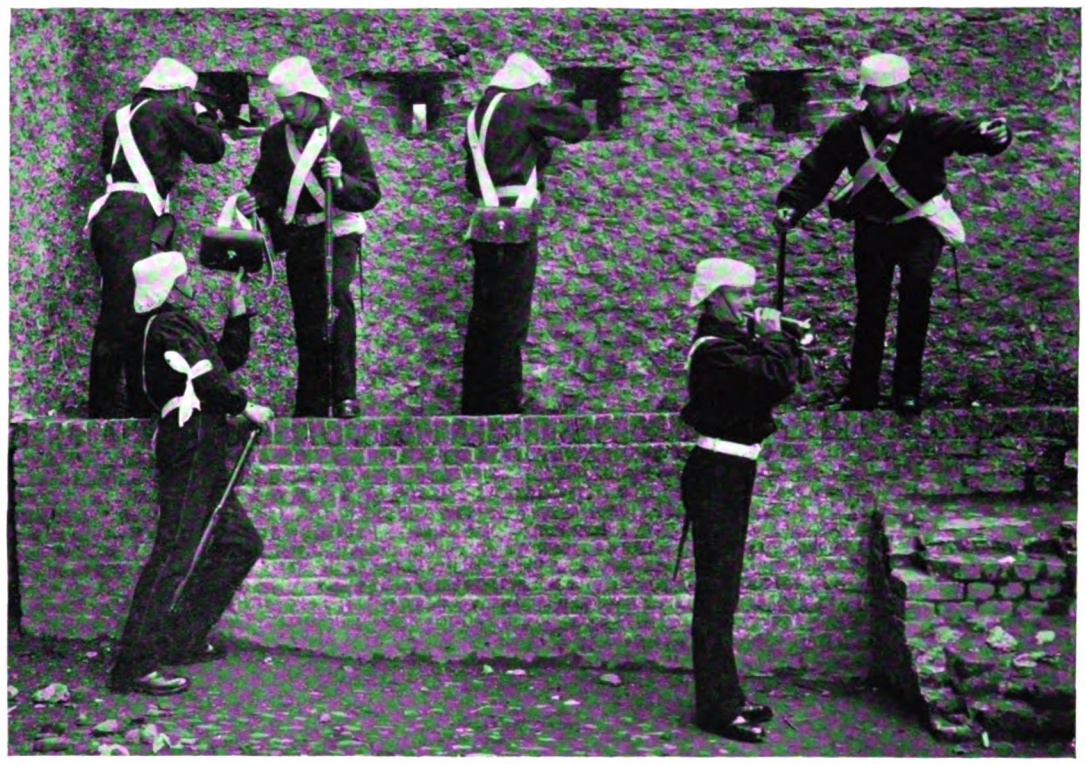

Photo. J. Thomson, Fermoy.

THE "DIRTY SHIRTS AT DELHI.

Our next picture shows a squad of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, both of whose battalions served throughout the Mutiny. The first battalion was then the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, afterwards brought into the line as the 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers; the second was then the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, afterwards brought into the line as the 104th Bengal Fusiliers. Both battalions did yeomen's service at Delhi. The first, now the 1st Munster Fusiliers, was at Lahore when the ball opened, and marched at once for Umballa, making a march of sixty miles in thirty-eight hours. At Delhi they covered themselves with glory, and won their nickname of the "Dirty shirts" from always being in the thickest of the fighting, and generally in their shirt sleeves. During the Mutiny the regiment won no less than five Victoria Crosses, and two of these were won in the advance on Lucknow, and one is one of the finest stories in the glorious annals of the Cross. Look at the picture and you will see the Fusiliers are holding a loopholed position. This was the kind of fighting our men had to do. Position after position had to be captured by a much inferior force by sheer dash and pluck. Then held—as that in our picture is depicted—against a fresh attack by a much superior force. And so on, time after time, we won through the suburbs and buildings that surrounded one of the largest cities in India.

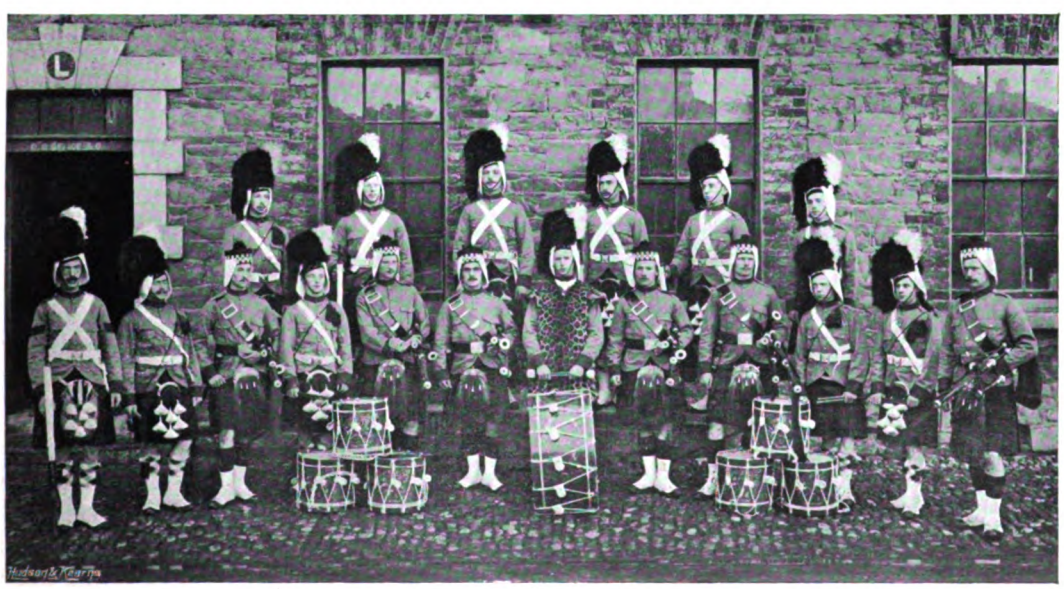

Photo. Lafayette. Copyright.

SIR COLIN'S "THIN RED LINE."

Our next picture is of the old 93rd Foot, or Sutherland Highlanders, who fought in the advance

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under Sir Colin Campbell for the second relief of Lucknow. Touch your hat to them as they pass you in the arena, for they are the only infantry regiment in the Service that shares with the cavalry of the Heavy and Light Brigades the honour of enscrolling "Balaclava" amidst their long roll of war honours.

The men in the next picture are well representive of the sapper heroes who blew up the Cashmere Gate at Delhi. The 2nd Dragoon Guards, the Queen's Bays, who figure in our next illustration, have but a single war honour, and that is "Lucknow." Their deeds speak for themselves, for the corps can boast three Victoria Crosses won in the Mutiny.

Our last picture shows the 6th Dragoon Guards and the New South Wales Lancers in that most picturesque and dramatic episode that has been before alluded to in our columns. The "Carabiniers" are also a Mutiny corps and a historic one, for they were the regiment that was stationed at Meerut when the first fully-organised, and, for the time being, successful outbreak of the Mutiny took place at that cantonment. To even imagine such a thing to-day is difficult, but it is not difficult to imagine the New South Wales lancer and the carabinier fightingside by side against a common foe anywhere in the world. As the great pageant sweeps by, all of us are stirred. The warriors of the struggle between the two Roses, the tough Cromwellians and the gay Cavaliers recalling thrilling historic memories. The heroes of Omdurman arouse anew the enthusiasm that all felt but a few months back. But "Lucknow" will leave the deepest impression, for all will feel that it recalls the grit and pluck by which a handful of our fellow-countrymen held for England the brightest jewel in her Imperial diadem.

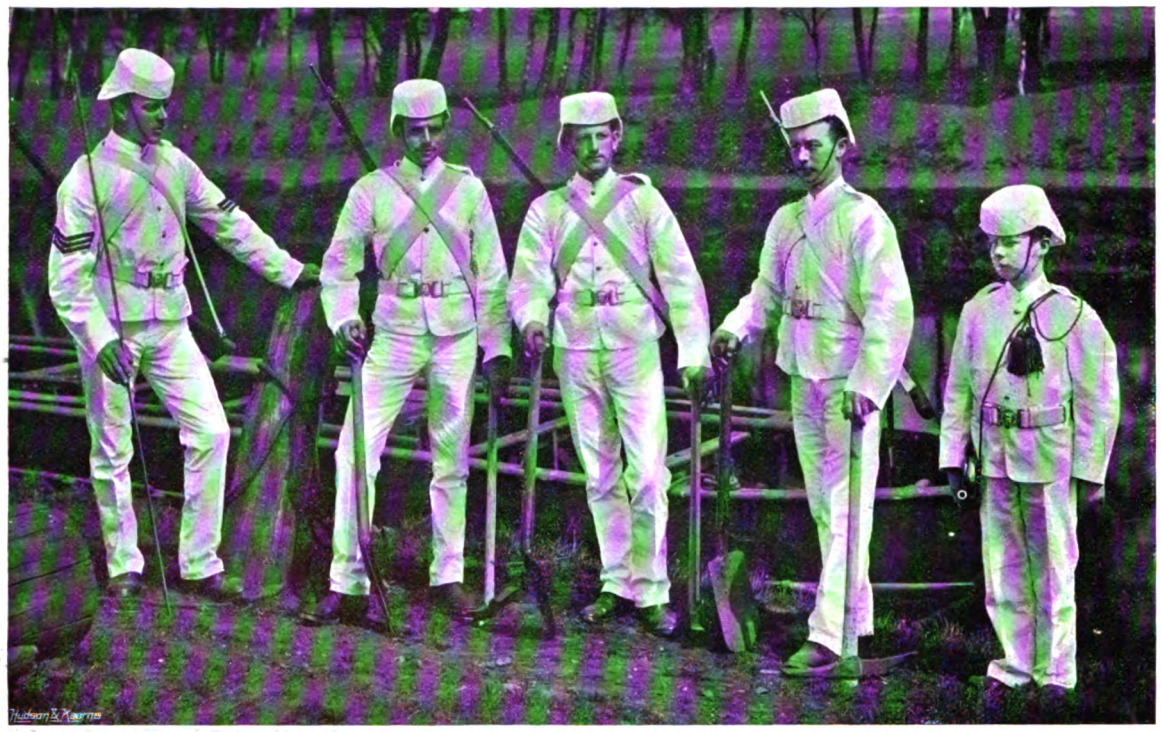

Photo. C. Knight. *HER MAJESTY'S SAPPERS AT DELHI.* Copyright.

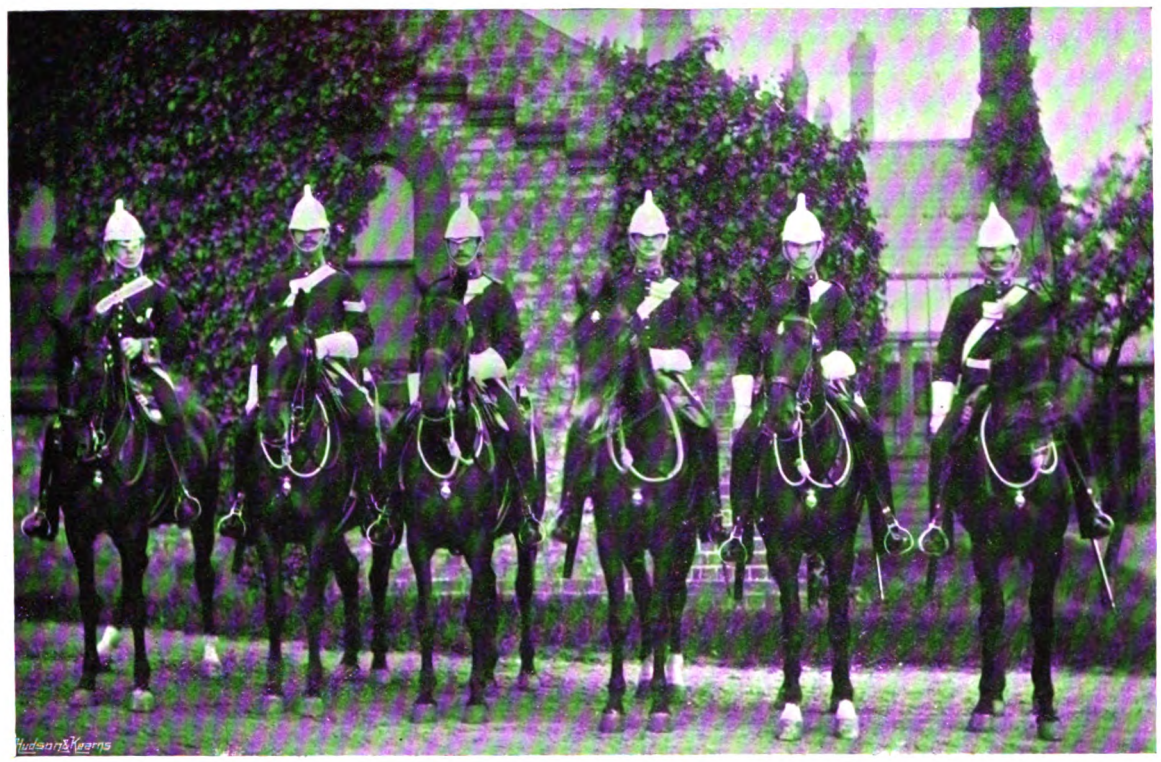

Photo. Cunliffe. *THE QUEEN'S BAYS.* Copyright.

Photo. C. Knight *"COME THE WHOLE WORLD IN ARMS."* Copyright.

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TWO well-known and widely-respected officers, one of the United States, and the other of the British Navy, are here illustrated. Admirals Sampson and Sir John Fisher were photographed together on the deck of the "New York" the other day, when several vessels of the American North Atlantic Squadron, under the former's command, visited Bermuda. In "Per Mare, per Terram," of April 22, Sir John Fisher's services were briefly told, and it is unnecessary to here recapitulate them. In his selection for the important position he is now holding, as Naval adviser to the British representatives at the conference on disarmament, now going on at the Hague, a man has been chosen who is exceptionally well fitted for the task he is undertaking.

No officer could have been selected with a wider experience of his profession, or better capable of judging the effect the proposals, on which he will be called to express an opinion, will have on the future of this Empire and of the world. No man will approach the subject more coolly and dispassionately, with greater tact, and with more keen insight than Sir John Fisher. And if Admiral Sampson had been selected as the American representative, every word that has been said of Sir John Fisher would be equally applicable in his case. By his able command of the American Fleet in Western Atlantic waters during the Spanish-American War, Admiral Sampson's name has become almost as familiar in this country as it is on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Promotion is slow in the American Navy, and so, when the condition of things to which Spanish misrule had brought her American colonies forced a conflict between the two Powers, Admiral Sampson, though with over forty years' service, was still but a captain, commanding the "Iowa," the latest and most powerful battleship then in the North Atlantic Squadron. It was not his first experience of war, for he had entered the Navy as a cadet from the State of New York as far back as 1857, and had seen service in the great struggle between the North and South. He was promoted lieutenant in 1862, lieutenant-commander in 1866, commander in 1874, and captain in 1889. He was the senior captain of the fleet, and when, hostilities being imminent, and the the declaration of war only a question of days, Rear-Admiral Sicard broke down in health, and had to give up command of the squadron, Captain Sampson was appointed to succeed him. That he was not superseded by an officer from the commodores' or rear-admirals' lists was due to the fact that the brilliant reputation he had earned for himself was fully recognised by the authorities in Washington, and they knew that in him there was to hand by far the best man for the position. Out of his forty-one years' service but one had been passed unemployed, and he had only quite recently completed a most successful tenure of office at the Navy Department, where for nearly five years he had been Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. To tell of Sampson's work during the war would be to repeat an oft-told tale. That the opposition his fleet met with was futile to a degree was due, of course, mainly to Spanish unpreparedness and incompetency, but none the less was it due in a measure to Admiral Sampson's able dispositions. It is well indeed to see such representatives of the respective Nations' Navies standing side by side, and but one more proof of the attachment, daily growing deeper, that has sprung into being between the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

Photo. W. Fox. Copyright.

TWO ANGLO-SAXON ADMIRALS.

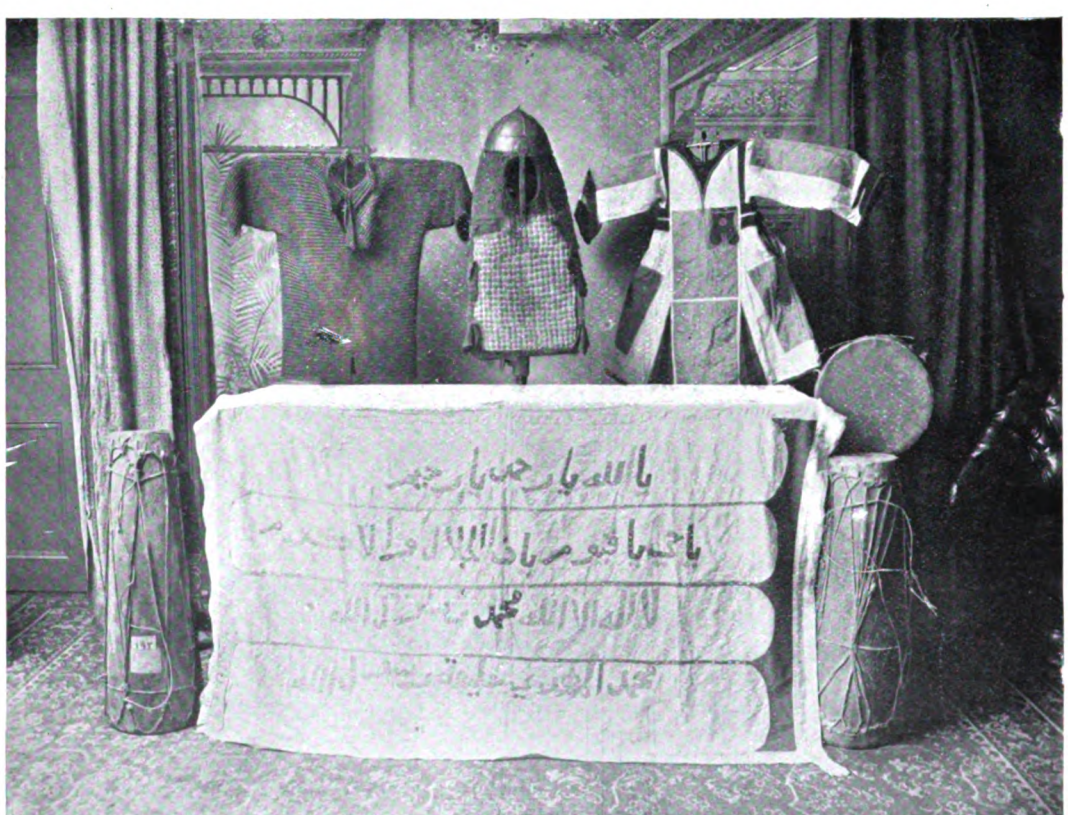

Photo. J. Munro. Copyright.

MACDONALD'S PRESENT TO DINGWALL.

A VERY unique collection of Omdurman relics are those here depicted. In the foreground is one of the huge banners, with its Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, around which the adherents of the Khalifa fought so valorously. Flanking the banner, on either sides,

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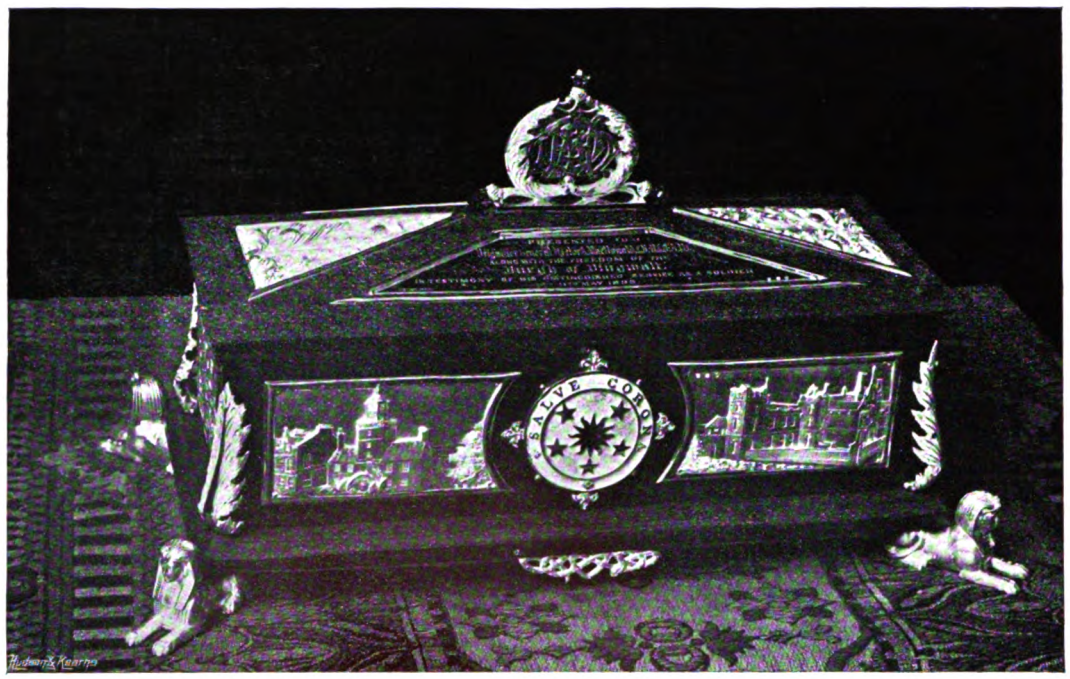

Photo. J. Munro. *DINGWALL'S PRESENT TO MACDONALD.* Copyright.

are types of the various war drums which supplied the barbaric music of the Dervish hordes.

Behind the banner is one of the crusader-like helmets worn by the Emirs, and on either side of it a coat of mail, and a very typical Dervish "jibbah." These are the Omdurman relics that an Omdurman Hero has just presented to the Burgh of Dingwall. For Hector Macdonald is a Ross-shire man, though a Gordon Highlander, and, in truth, his reception, both at Dingwall and Tain, may be fairly described as royal. At Dingwall he was presented, on behalf of the people of the county, with an address of welcome and a sword of honour, and had besides the high distinction conferred on him of being made a Freeman of the Royal Burgh that lies nestled at the head of the Cromarty Firth. The freedom of the Burgh was presented to him in the exquisitely-designed casket we also illustrate.

Photo. West & Son. *CAPT. BURGES WATSON, R.N., C.V.O.*

NO more successful launch has ever taken place at Pembroke Dockyard than that of the new Royal yacht, the third "Victoria and Albert" to fly the Royal Standard. And no small share of the success is due to the Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, Captain Burges Watson, of whom we here give a portrait. Captain Burges Watson is one of the senior captains in the Navy, and the post he holds is among the more important, although he is still a comparatively young man, for he is but little over fifty; and though he has no war service to his record, none the less has his career been marked by great professional ability, and his services have earned for him the honour of being made a Naval aide-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen. In recognition of his work as Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, and more especially in reference to the launch now successfully accomplished, Captain Burges Watson has now had conferred on him the distinction of being appointed a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

The second of our illustrations depicts the new yacht as she appeared just after the launch, and, as will be seen, she presents a very graceful appearance, and does infinite credit to her able designer, Sir William White, the Director of Naval Construction. She is, in fact, an immense improvement on her predecessor, the old "Victoria and Albert," which was launched from the same yard as far back as January, 1855. And though that is getting close on to the half century there were yet in the yard some two or three veteran employées who had assisted at the launch of the predecessor of the present ship.

It is little to be wondered at that the new yacht is a long way ahead of the old "Victoria and Albert" when we remember that the cost of the latter ship was only a little over £135,000, as against the more than £350,000 that the present ship will have cost when completed. The accommodation provided for Her Majesty in the new yacht will be considerably larger than in her predecessor, and she will, moreover, be better adapted for long voyages. As will be seen from our illustration, she was, when launched, in a considerably advanced stage of construction.

The putting together of the stately craft has been under the immediate supervision of Mr. Henry Cock, of the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors, and for his services in respect to her he has been created a Member of the Victorian Order.

Photo. Banger. *THE OLD SOLDIERS' FRIEND.*

IN a recent issue we alluded to the visit of the Commander-in-Chief to Norwich, and his inspection there of a band of old veterans of both Services. We also mentioned that the honorary secretary of the Norfolk Patriotic Association was Captain A. W. M. Atthill, and this officer's portrait is here reproduced. The care and attention that Captain Atthill gives to the old soldiers of Norwich it would be hard to over-estimate. He is the founder of the Norfolk Veterans' Association, and it is to him that the Norfolk Veterans owe the institution of the annual dinner now given by citizens of Norwich to old soldiers and sailors. And it must be remembered that his was the pioneer effort in this direction, and has been widely followed throughout the country. Moreover, he has been instrumental in obtaining for the widows and orphans of many deceased veterans monetary grants, or other substantial and sorely-needed relief.

Recently Captain Atthill was presented with his portrait in oils, subscribed for by 266 old soldiers

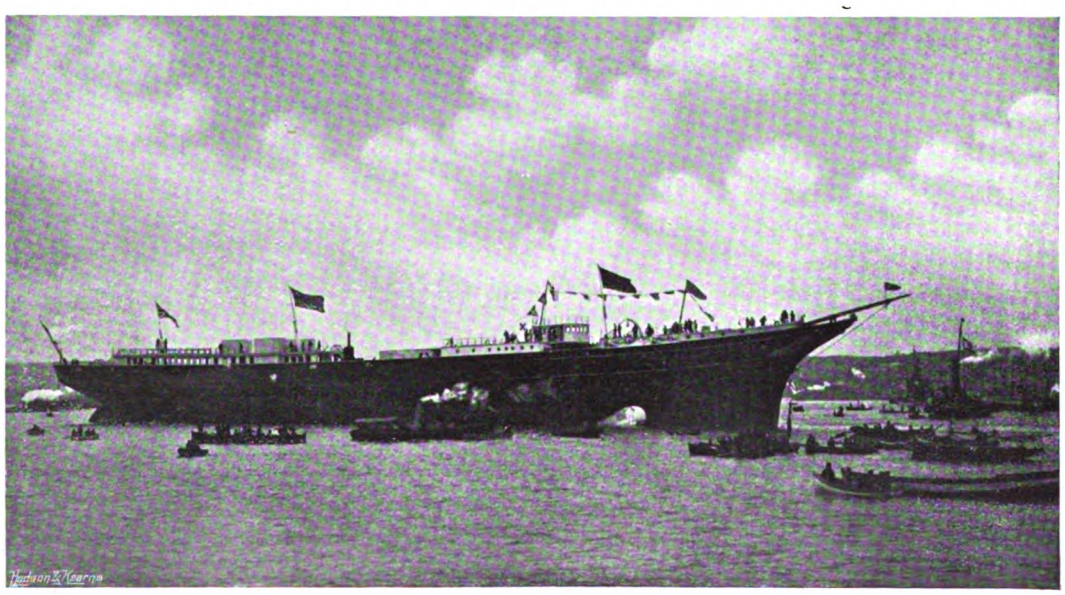

Photo. Easden *THE NEW "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."* Copyright.

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and sailors of Norfolk, as a mark of their grateful appreciation of the services he has rendered them. He has, indeed, worthily earned for himself the title by which he is affectionately known in East Anglia, "The Old Soldiers' Friend."

Photo, Copyright. H. & K.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN.

IN his recent visit to the Eastern District, Lord Wolseley, accompanied by General Sir W. Gatacre, who commanded the British division at Omdurman, and is now Commander of the Eastern District, inspected the garrison at Yarmouth, including the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and his inspection of this regiment is the subject of the above picture. In spite of very unfavourable weather then prevailing, a strong wind, with heavy showers at intervals, the corps turned out in splendid form, and the Commander-in-Chief expressed high approval. This is only living up to their reputation, for the corps are recognised as one of the smartest Militia regiments in the Service. Their honorary colonel is the Prince of Wales, and from him they derive their title of Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery Militia. After the inspection the Commander-in-Chief was entertained at lunch by Colonel Viscount Coke and the officers of the regiment. Lord Coke, the colonel of the regiment, has brought his corps to a very high state of efficiency. He himself put in his regular service in the Scots Guards, in which he soldiered for many years. He has also seen considerable war service, having served through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and been present both at Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir. He served also in the operations around Suakim in 1885.

IN "Per Mare, per Terram" of April 1 we gave some particulars of the work done by Captain Burr, of the "Intrepid," in conjunction with Captain Symons, of the United States gun-boat, "Marietta," in protecting British interests at Bluefields during the troubles at Nicaragua. Affairs there would now seem to be again growing critical, for we hear that the "Proserpine," Captain T. L. Marx, has just been ordered there. Captain Burr did not return; he is now bringing home his ship, the "Intrepid," she being relieved on the station by a sister cruiser, the "Tribune."

In the centre illustration we have one more proof of the close *entente cordiale* that exists between the two nations, for it represents Captains Burr and Symonds surrounded by those Bluejackets of the "Intrepid" and American seamen from the "Marietta" who formed the combined Naval brigade landed at Bluefields the other day. Captain J. Leslie Burr, whose portrait is here given, is a young man, being only a little over fifty, and has seen much service. He was through the Ashanti War, 1873-74, present at all the engagements on the coast, attacking towns, etc., being twice mentioned in despatches. He commanded the "Pioneer" up the Oil Rivers, and received for his services the thanks of the Foreign Office and of the Admiralty. In 1879 he earned the thanks of the Governor of Sierra Leone for his service in the Scarcies River. In the same year he was again thanked—this time by the Governor of the Gold Coast and the Foreign Office—for taking the "Pioneer" 700 miles up the Niger with Imperial and Colonial presents for the Emir of Nupi. The rebel town of Ouitsha was destroyed, disputes settled, and trade reopened, and Captain Burr well earned the testimonial of plate presented him by the African Company. For services rendered at the wreck of the "Bokhara," when Captain Burr commanded the "Porpoise," he was also given a service of plate by the P. and. O. Company. Captain Burr, in truth, is an excellent sample of the British Naval officer. The "Tribune" has now left England to relieve the "Intrepid," which vessel is on her way home to pay off. The third illustration gives two officers of the "Intrepid" having a quiet smoke, but, as will be seen, they are, though unemployed, not wasting their time, for they are deeply immersed in the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Photo. J. se Anjo.

WELL-SPENT LEISURE.

Photo. L. Sequeira Copyright.

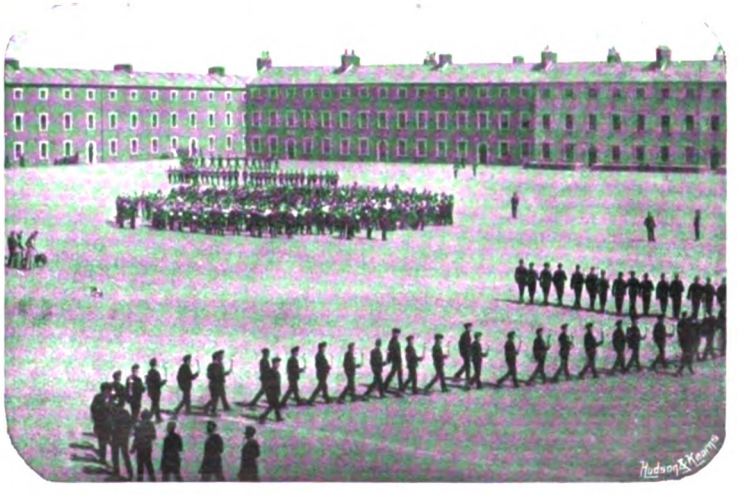
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

Photo. Wint'er

CAPTAIN J. LESLIE BURR, R.N

AVERY imposing torchlight tattoo took place at Cork the other day, in aid of the various local hospitals, and a rehearsal of the torchlight march is here reproduced, and makes a pretty picture. The single file of men, each one carrying a torch in his hand, gives the effect at night of a brilliantly-illuminated snake. No less than nine massed bands officiated, belonging to the 17th Lancers, the 2nd Norfolk, 2nd East Yorkshire, 1st Royal Irish, 2nd Cheshire, 2nd Hampshire, 1st South Staffordshire, 4th King's Royal Rifles, and 1st Munster Fusiliers.

IN 1857, when the great storm-cloud burst over India, the old 32nd—now the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry—a weak battalion scarce 500 all told, formed the bulk of the European garrison of Lucknow. To recall the defence of the Residency is to recall one of the most glorious and deeply-pathetic stories in our war-annals. Not only were the



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REHEARSING A TORCHLIGHT TATTOO.

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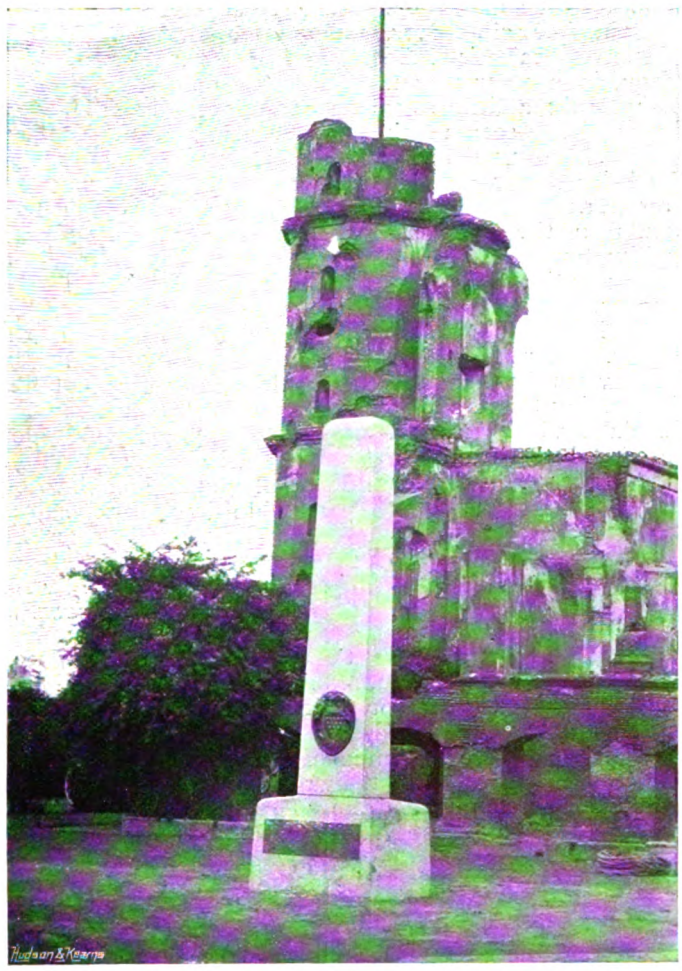


From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

THE XXXIInd. MEMORIAL AT LUCKNOW.

weak and incomplete defences held by a handful of men for eighty-seven days against the practically unceasing assaults of an enemy overwhelmingly superior in strength, but they also had to suffer from bitter privation and disease of every kind.

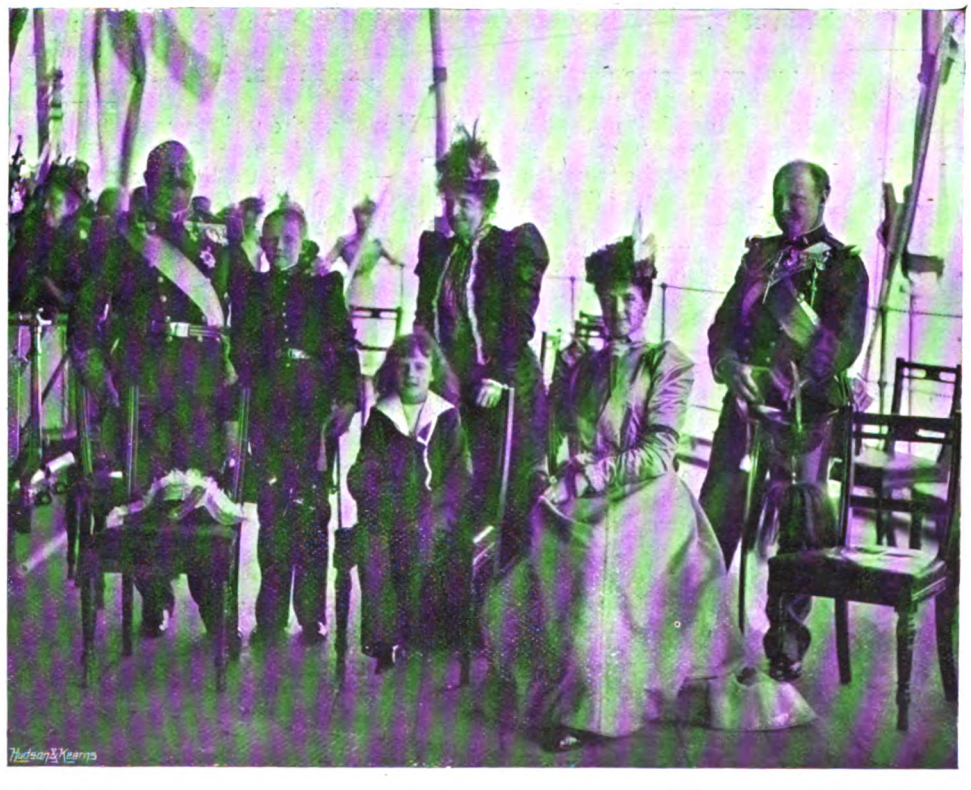
To-day, after more than forty years have passed, the 32nd find themselves once more garrisoning Lucknow, and to commemorate the heroism of their predecessors, and the memory of the officers, men, women, and children of the regiment who perished during the Mutiny, this superb monument has been erected, on the scene of their glorious heroism, by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. Our illustration shows the obelisk itself, with, as a background, the Residency, and the memorial could not have a more suitable setting, both as regards historic association and picturesqueness. What makes the occasion so specially interesting is that the ceremony of unveiling was performed by Lady Inglis, whose husband, Sir John Inglis, was colonel of the old 32nd at Lucknow, and who succeeded to the command on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. She herself was all through the siege with her husband, and many other survivors of the garrison were present, including four ladies.

THE above is not an illustration of "the Man in the Iron Mask," but of a carpenters' mate of the Royal Navy, wearing that useful invention, a smoke respirator. The one used in the Navy is that known as Loeb's Patent, and is, like a great many other things used in this country, "made in Germany." It is made of tin, and the main barrel is filled on the right-hand side (as looked at in the illustration) with a sponge soaked in glycerine and water, on the other side with granulated charcoal. The air passes through each in turn, and then along a small pipe under the main barrel to the centre part, from which it is breathed purified. Over the eyes are glass air-tight goggles, secured by a strap round the head. Over the nose is placed a pair of nippers made of tin, lined with India-rubber tubing on the edges. The black ball-looking instrument is a pneumatic whistle, and he carries 50-ft. of life-line. The respirator here shown was used the other day in a steamer on fire at Vigo.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

NOT THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

THE Channel Squadron on a cruise generally has a good time, but on that from which it has just now returned it has both been *fêted* by, and entertained, two royal sovereigns and their consorts. The accompanying illustration represents he King and Queen of Portugal with others of the Royal Family. In our picture the King is on the left, and has his arm thrown over the shoulder of his eldest son, the little Louis Philippe, Duke of Braganza, who has just passed his twelfth birthday, and next to him is his second son Manuel, near ten years old. Behind him is the King's mother, a daughter of the late Victor Emmanuel, and next to her the Queen. His Highness the Duke of Oporto, the King's brother, is on the right. Our picture was taken on the occasion of the Royal Family visiting the "Majestic" to lunch with Sir Harry Rawson.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE PORTUGUESE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC."

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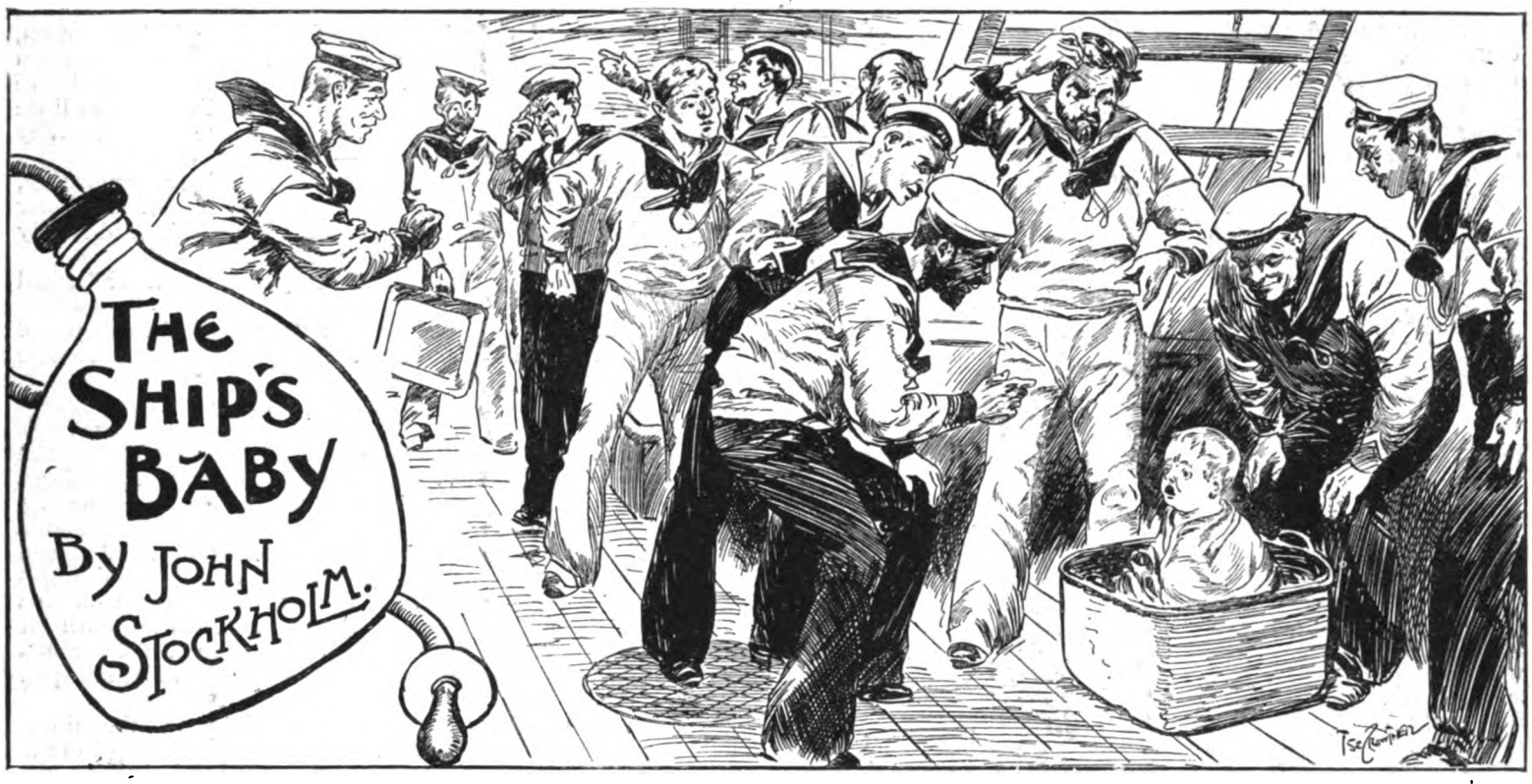

"SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, and never be brought to mind?" chorused the ladies and gentlemen—markedly the ladies—on the hurrah-boat, while the squeegee band of the "Thrasyonicus" tenderly replied that, "Let the night be ever so dark, or the day be ever so windy," they, nevertheless, would "still come back to their own true loves, the girls they left behind them."

They were going home to pay off were the Thrasies, after a commission on the Australian Station, and the townspeople of Fremantle, their last place of call, had paid them a farewell visit.

After spending an hour on board, the visitors stood off in their steamer while the "Thrasyonicus" got under way, and musical honours were accorded on each side as above described.

It was a touching scene, and many an honest Bluejacket inwardly resolved that evening to "chuck Andrew Miller" and return to the colony at the expiration of his first period, to marry and settle down there, on a little farm.

As the "Thrasyonicus" moved slowly off and headed for the harbour mouth, the ensigns were dipped on each side, and the steamer gave three cheers and one buster. It is this tendency to cheer that earns for visiting steamers all the world over the nickname of hurrah-boats. The puny attempts at cheering of a crowd, mainly composed of females, are particularly funny to a Bluejacket, but on this occasion the smile and the tear mingled in his eye as they do in Erin's, according to Tom Moore.

Once fairly started, the gun-vessel, which was comparatively modern and fast, settled down to her "economical speed" of nine knots, and began to drop the land fast. The work of securing the anchor and boats, and "snugging down" generally, took a considerable time, and Fremantle was hull down before the welcome pipe to supper was heard, and the men went below to their well-earned meal.

Tables and stools were lowered from overhead, tea was drawn in mess kettles from the capacious galley coppers, and, in less time than it takes to write it, the noise of preparation had settled down to a subdued hum, while the simple fare provided by their lordships was rapidly "shifted."

This comparative calm was broken by a sound all unusual in that place; a faint, whimpering cry that mounted gradually—while all eating ceased—and terminated at length in a prolonged and unmistakable *baby's scream*.

The first thought was that this was an imitation of the real thing done by the funny man, and there was a roar of laughter at the climax, and cries of "That's old Tubby Thomson!" "Well done, Tubs!" "Do it again, boy," etc. There were also suggestions that the said Tubby must have "been there," to be able to perpetrate so life-like a reproduction.

A second and louder scream, however, led to a rush towards the place from whence the sound proceeded—a recess under the ladder. There they found, in a mess tub, a little writhing roll, which a closer inspection proved to be a flannel petticoat, from the folds of which protruded a baby's purple and tear-stained face.

"Well, I'm considerably blanked," said Tubby; "if this don't knock me bandy. Does anybody own this 'ere orphin?" he continued, looking round. But no claimant to the find was forthcoming—in fact, a marked disinclination to approach too closely manifested itself, and the ring widened sensibly.

"Take 'im up, Tubby," said the able-bodied seaman known as Bleeder; "'e cawn't bite."

"Not me," said Tubby; "dead off it. I don't want it christened 'Young Tubby.' Where the blazes has it come from?"

"It's dropped like an angel from above," said Toff Truefitt, the bunting-tosser (signalman), who was known to keep a book of poetry in his ditty-box.

"Wot abaht that fing it's wropped in?" queried Bleeder. "Did that drop wiv 'im? It dropped from that bleedin' oorah-boat, that's where it dropped from."

"Well, the immediate question is," said Toff, "who's going to pick it up? I move that, at the word 'march,' all the married men take two paces forward."

"And I'll second it," said Tubby, "and give the order, too. At the word 'march,'" he continued, "the 'ole of those men that's joined together in 'oly matter-o-money takes two paces forward, steppin' off smartly with the left foot, thumbs in line with the seams of the trouses, the 'ole to act as one—march!"

The only effect of this harangue, the last word of which was shot out with the force and noise of a 6in. projectile, was to frighten the baby into fresh vocal efforts. It had been eyeing the group in silence with calm enquiring gaze, but it now opened its mouth, as Tubby said, "like a small carpet bag," and emitted a series of ear-piercing screams.

"Where's ole Bendy?" said Bleeder. "'E's married, I know. I've 'eared 'im spin the cuff 'ow 'e got 'itched up one Sat'day to Monday at Sheerness."

"He's on deck; quartermaster of the watch," said Truefitt. "Somebody nip up and relieve him."

This being done, the brawny and bearded Bendigo arrived on the scene, and cautiously approached the tub. He was a diver, and in the course of a long and varied career had seen many strange sights, but this appeared to be not the least among them. After gazing stolidly at the baby for a while, he nodded once or twice, encouragingly, a broad smile beaming through his bushy whiskers like a sunset through the trees.

The baby regarded this with calm indifference, and Bendy, taking courage from such a negative result, at length gingerly lifted the petticoat and its burden from the tub with his finger and thumb. This also provoking no outbreak, he nestled the little one against his broad breast, and beamed down upon it with pride at having won its confidence.

"There y'are," said Bleeder; "the bloomin' kid loves 'im like a fawther olready." And sure enough the baby smiled back at Bendy, and putting up a chubby hand tugged at his whiskers till the tears came in his eyes. But he grinned with delight. "Darn my old picter," he said, excitedly, "if 'e aint skylarkin'. As sure's a gun, we're skylarkin', me and 'im;" and his great frame shook with suppressed laughter.

The bystanders, also, were hugely delighted at the little thing's display of good temper, and pressed affectionately round—Tubby foremost.

"Well, I'm condemned to Hades if it aint a bloomin' knock-aht," said Bleeder, "to see the wye the little rotter 'as cottoned to 'im."

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Bendy turned angrily, and said, "That's enough of that convasation. I wonder you aint got better manners. Talkin' like that before a child like this. It shows yer ignorance."

Tubby also plainly stated that if the language was repeated he would feel it his duty to go into training, with a view to chastising the offender.

"That child wants something to eat," said Truefitt, dexterously diverting attention to more peaceful matters.

"The first thing to do," said Bendy, his Service training asserting itself, "is to take 'im to the officer of the watch, and report 'e's come aboard."

"That's it; you take 'im up," said Tubby, "and say that all of us is willin' for 'im to be put on the ship's books; and we'll look after 'im, and take 'is ration of rum till 'e reaches the proper Navy size."

This met with general approval, and Bendy fell in on the quarter-deck with his charge, and reported the circumstances. He dwelt with minute detail upon the "skylarkin'" incident, and concluded by saying that the men were willing to adopt this new pet, the mongoose having unfortunately died a few days previously.

"Not even a simple Coronet"

The commander was brought out, and then the doctor, who pronounced the baby to be a fine boy of more than twelve months. No mark of any kind was found on the wrappings, not even a simple coronet. A consultation was held, with manifest signs of vexation on the commander's part, and of amusement on the doctor's. "It's all very well to laugh, professor," said the former, "but what's to be done with the bally thing? We shall have to go back again, that's all about it, and a nice exhibition it'll be, besides losing a day. 'H.M.S. "Thrasyonicus" unexpectedly returned yesterday, her voyage having been interrupted by a singular incident,' etc., etc. I know it'll be in all the Service papers at home, very likely illustrated by photos of the thing and its nurse. Look at him now. By Gad! we shall be the laughing-stock of the fleet." And Commander the Hon. Geo. S. McCauley-Flower, who was of an excitable temperament, dropped his monocle and put his watch to his eye. "Dem the thing," he said; "I believe some of those fellows have got it on board on purpose, because I didn't give leave last night."

"I hope," said the doctor, "it's no brought the measles or other infection with it. Let's see what Nursa Major has to say further aboot it;" and they returned to where Bendy still stood nursing his charge with great content.

"Well, Bendigo! what's to be done with this—derelict?" said the commander.

"We'll take charge of 'im, sir, and see's 'e don't get up to no tricks," replied Bendy, looking down on the now sleeping child with tender solicitude. "Me and Tubb—me and Thomson will take 'im on watch and watch, sir. 'E'll be all right."

"That's all very well," said the commander testily, "but what's to become of the—of it, when we reach England? We can't return it to the dockyard with the stores. Somebody'll have to take it."

"That'll be all right, sir," said Bendy. "Of course we can't all 'ave him; and to prevent any ill-feelin' the best way'll be to draw lots."

"You don't mean to say that anybody will actually take the—a—child, and keep it?"

"Why, yes, sir. By the time we reaches 'ome they'll all be that fond of it, there'll be more row 'bout 'avin' 'im than what there was about the Pom-one's goat. When I was in the last ship we 'ad a——"

"There, that'll do," hastily interrupted the commander. "Well, if you'll make yourself responsible for the—the disposal of it, I'll not interfere. Of course I don't want to go back with it; but if anything happens, mind, it'll be manslaughter. How are you going to feed it?"

"Condensed milk, sir—plenty in the canteen. A little oatmeal now and then, and a bit of 'ard tack to 'elp 'im on with 'is teeth. An old leg bone of a fowl, with the meat on, is a very good thing, too, sir, if you ever 'ave any aft as you don't know what to do with. And p'raps the doctor will give 'im a ration of magneesher now and then. I've got two little nippers of my own at 'ome, sir. I knows the routine. Why my little Johnny, when 'e was——"

"Very well, then, that's settled. I'll see it every morning, myself, at divisions. If anything goes wrong, Dr. McAlister will advise you, no doubt. Left turn. Dismiss." And Bendy returned triumphantly to the expectant lower deck.

"Well! what do the 'orrible George say about it?" asked Tubby, anxiously.

"It's all right," replied Bendy; "we're goin' to keep 'im. Me and you is told off for leadin' 'ands, and to be answerable for 'im."

A minatory notice was at once given to the canteen manager that no further issues of condensed milk were to be made to the messes, the whole stock to be reserved for the baby's use. Ten yards of flannel were drawn from the ship's steward, and a candle box was fitted up as a cradle. The first meal was at once prepared, and administered by means of a spoon; but this was found to be unsatisfactory, and appeal was made to the ward-room—which was then dining—to provide a feeding tube. A little trouble ensued on this point—the dinner being delayed meanwhile—until it was settled by a gift of rubber piping from a lieutenant's bicycle pump, and a teat from the paymaster's fountain-pen filler

After this, things settled down quietly for the night, Bendy taking the first watch, and Tubby promising to look out in the middle.

The first watch passed off all right, Bendy administering food at intervals with perfect satisfaction to himself and to the youngster. In the middle watch, however, the stillness of the night was broken by piercing screams, and Tubby ran on deck and implored Bendigo to come down at the double, "as the nipper 'ad choked 'is self." Tubby had made the slight mistake of putting the teat end of the tubing in the basin of milk, and the other and small end in the child's mouth. It had swallowed about two inches of it, and when Bendy arrived was black in the face. "Nip aft for Dr. McAlister," he said. "Look slippy;" and, after removing the tubing, he laid the child on its back, and proceeded to pump its arms up and down in the manner recommended for restoring the apparently drowned.

Tubby knocked loudly at the doctor's door—thereby awaking all the other inmates of the ward-room cabins—and shouted excitedly, "Will you come for'ad, sir, please, and never mind yer things. The baby's chock-a-block and claspin' for breath."

"Tamn the baby, and yersel', too," said the doctor snappishly. "I wish you were claspin', too, instead of makin' the night heejous wi' such clackin'."

Requests were also preferred, with much emphasis from other cabins, that this disturber of the peace would betake himself with speed to a considerable distance. Some even indicated the precise locality to which they wished him to proceed, while others were indifferent as to this, desiring only that he would "get away out of that."

The ship's baby.

The doctor, nevertheless, with many groans, turned out and went forward in his pyjamas, only to find the patient sitting up in his candle-box, the centre of a night-shirted crowd, with the faithful Bendigo on his knees beside him, enticing him to "skylark."

"It's all right now, sir. 'E nearly swallered the toob; but 'e won't do it again now I've lashed this yer bit of stick across it. 'E soon come round when I pulled it out of 'is neck, and I finished 'im off like the appears-to-be-drownded."

"Vera gude," said the doctor. "Bring him to the sick-bay in the morning; and mind ye'll not be calling me out again the night wi' ye're tam fulery," and he retired wrathfully.

The remainder of the night passed off without further misadventure, although several volunteers stood by all the time "in case of a 'mergency."

The next morning an interesting scene was witnessed,

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when Bendy undertook the task of preparing the baby for presentation at "divisions." He gave him his bath in a mess-tub—the ship's cook had been threatened with many horrible forms of death if he failed to have ready at all times a plentiful supply of warm water for this purpose—and used soft soap as being "more purer for the skin." The tiny body was then wrapped in fold after fold of flannel, till it looked like a little mummy. A ribbon, with the name of the ship, was tied neatly round its neck, and finally all was kept secure by a marine's pipe-clayed belt, the brass buckle of which shone with dazzling lustre.

He was taken to "divisions" thus arrayed, and behaved himself very well, on the whole, though his presence caused the officers some trouble in getting their orders attended to. The commander inspected him on going round, at arm's length, and with his gloves on, and was pleased to say he thought the turn-out rather neat. The bow of the ribbon he thought should be brought more in line with the left ear, and the waist was, perhaps, a trifle too near the heels; but on the whole it reflected credit on its coxswain.

This agreeable first impression, however, the baby somewhat marred a little later by crying persistently while the commander was reading prayers. The comparative quiet, and the single droning voice probably imbued it with the idea that it was being scolded; and Bendy, after vainly trying to mollify it by giving it a tarry finger to suck, eventually took it below, whence, however, its sobs were still heard ascending fitfully through the ventilator.

The incident somewhat distracted the attention of the crew from their devotions, and completely disconcerted the commander, who soon after concluded his recital abruptly, and, ordering the men to replace their caps, dismissed them to their various duties.

This absorbing interest on the part of the crew in every movement of the baby was the most annoying feature of the affair, for every operation during the day was modified by consideration of the baby's comfort. All hatches and ports in his immediate vicinity were kept closed, in spite of frequent orders to the contrary, and of the fact that the temperature of the lower deck became thereby like that of an oven. If he was awake, everybody was gathered round his box, to the neglect of all duties. If he was asleep, every effort was made to maintain quiet, and an unfortunate wretch who let a sponge and rammer fall just overhead was greeted with a concentrated "'Ssh!" that nearly took the ship aback.

The Inspection.

During the forenoon, Tubby, who was clever with the needle, commenced "knockin' up a set of togs" for the boy.

"'Ow yer goin' to fit 'im aht, Tubs?" said Bleeder. "Chennel Fleet fash? bit saucy over the instep?"

"The circumstances will hardly admit of trousers, will they?" said Toff. "If you like, I'll drape his lower extremities with a Union Jack."

"I've bin thinkin' about the trouses," said Tubby, "an' I don't see as they'll be what you might call a-plicable. The best rig'll be a sort of a-maphrodite brig, half-and-half. A cap and jumper for'ad, and as regards the after part, a sort of 'atchway-cover arrangement, with a bit of ribbon at the mizen."

"Well done, Tubs," said Toff. "That design ought to be registered. "I'll see what it looks like on paper," and he rapidly sketched a little figure on the back of an envelope, and passed it round for inspection. The general verdict was that it "looked a treat," and Tubby got out his sewing-machine and set to work.

A diversion was caused here by the appearance of the officer of the watch, who wanted to know where all the mizen-top-men were, as the patent log had not been hauled in. It was "getting a bit too thick," he remarked, this constant absence of the men from their duties, and something would have to be done about it. He glanced indignantly at the innocent cause of these derelictions; but happening to catch it's eye, was drawn magnetically to the box, and was soon engaged in amusing the child with his watch and chain, all unmindful of the patent log.

He was interrupted in this pursuit by a peremptory message from the commander, ordering him to return to his post. He found the latter on the quarterdeck, informing all and sundry that he wouldn't put up with it much longer. The bally ship was going to the dogs, and if this sort of thing was going to last all the voyage, he should arrive in England a raving lunatic.

The officer of the watch said that he had just popped down to hunt up those rascally mizentop-men. All they seemed to think about was playing with the baby. It was with the greatest difficulty he could get any work done, and the fore-hatch was covered again.

The commander said that the very next time it occurred, he would put the helm up and return to Fremantle. He wouldn't have his ship turned into a bally incubator.

Things went on quietly for a time after this explosion, until the startling rumour flew round that Bendy was tatooing the boy. In less than two minutes there wasn't a man on the upper deck except the helmsman, and he was steering so erratically that the ship left a wake behind her like a sea-serpent.

It turned out to be a false alarm, too, for Bendy was discovered to be merely practising with a black lead pencil, writing the letters of the ship's name on the boy's arm. He had got THRASYONI round one arm like a bracelet, and, having completed the circuit with those letters, had been compelled to write C U S on the other arm.

"It's on'y a trial trip," he explained. "I'm just seein' 'ow to fit the name in. It's a bit long for one arm."

"You're not going to do it, really, are you, Bendy?" queried Truefitt. "Poor little chap. Besides there's another S in cuss."

"I'm not goin' to—not yet. But he'll 'ave to be done before we pay off. I took it off the ribbon; but I thought that left arm looked strange. The best plan'll be to leave out all but 'Thrasy.' That'd be a good name for 'im, too. Hullo!" and Bendy made a vain grab at the baby as it fell off his knee and under the mess-table, on which he was sitting, head first into a kettle of flour.

It was resurrected, with all its features obliterated, except a wide slit, from which issued a series of penetrating screams, "like a syreen doin' Morse," as Tubby afterwards described it.

"Where's the sucker? quick!" said Bendy, dusting off the flour with his silk handkerchief. "'E'll 'ave a appletic fit in a minit. There, then; did they try and make a pot-mess of 'im? Never mind, then; oopeei! creepy crawley." But the baby refused to be soothed by any of these endearments, and Bendy perspired with agitation.

"Tip 'im a stave, Tubby," he said. "P'raps that'll pacify 'im. Somethin' soft and touchin'."

"What shall I give 'im?" said Tubby. "In old Madrid, I lost a quid?"

"That's no good, you bally chump," said Bendy. "Sing 'im somethin' silly, can't yer? 'Ooshy bye' or 'Twinkle, twinkle.'"

"I don't know the words of them," said Tubby. "I'll try 'Rollin' 'Ome' on 'im," and he began vociferously to sing—

"Pipe all 'ands to man the capstan,
See the cable is all clear,
And when we have weighed our anchor
For Old England we will steer."

By the time he had reached the end of the verse, the familiar tune had infected the bystanders, and they were joining lustily in, the baby adding his quota to the *ensemble*. They were just entering on the chorus when a bugle in the rear of them sounded the "still," and turning, they beheld the commander, purple with rage, and waving his arms like a semaphore.

"On deck, everybody!" he shouted. "Clear lower deck! I'll put a stop to this infernal nonsense. There's not a

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condemned soul on deck. The sanguinary ship is going home by herself. She's not a man-o'-war, she's a profusely qualified Barnum's. And you're the cause of it"—this to Bendy—"you—you snipe-headed, unmitigated idiot, you and that puking ridiculous infant of yours—not yours? don't answer me back, sir, you doomed impertinent ruffian. I'll go back to Fremantle and land the unspeakable pair of you." He was prayerfully appealing to Heaven that his reason might be spared, when Truefitt returned to report a vessel in sight, wishing to communicate, and he bounded up the ladder three steps at a time.

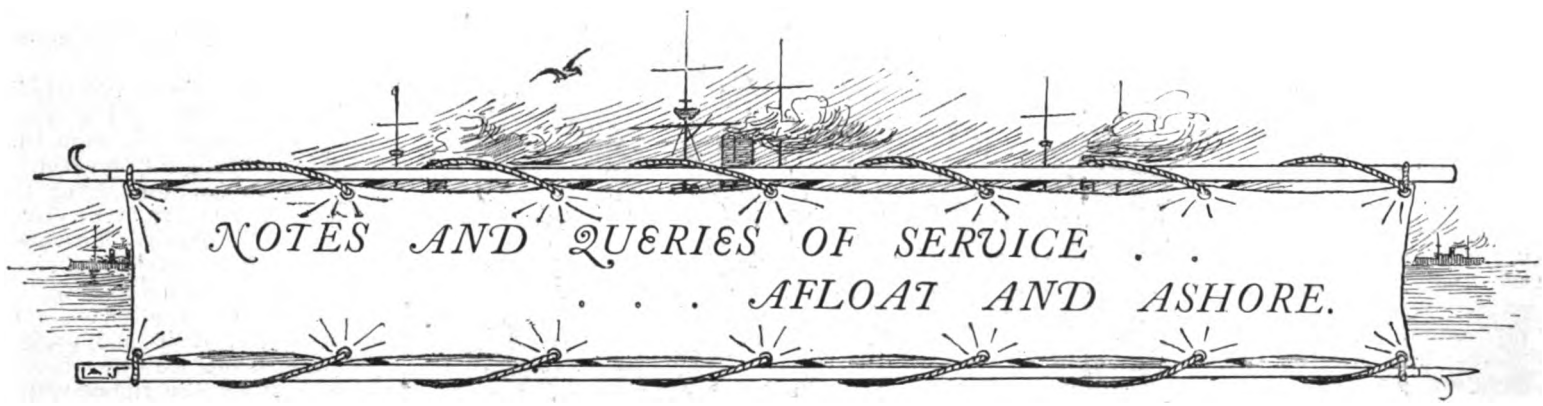
The vessel proved to be a trading barque, the captain of which had been so unfortunate as to let his chronometer run down. He came alongside soon after with it slung in a red pocket-handkerchief, and asked if they would kindly tell him where he was and what was the time. The chronometer had run down a week before, and he had been fixing by dead reckoning ever since. He was bound for Fremantle.

Here was the commander's opportunity, miraculously sent, as he afterwards averred, in answer to his humble petition. He explained to the captain that, by an unfortunate mistake, a child, a dear little child, had been unaccountably left on board his ship by its parents, who were no doubt distracted at its loss. Would he kindly undertake to convey it to them, at Fremantle. For himself, he was under urgent orders to proceed, and delay might have serious consequences.

The captain enquired, somewhat dubiously, "Who are its parents?" to which the commander replied that just at the moment he could not call to mind the name, but that no doubt they would come on board immediately on the captain's arrival. The captain remarked, still more dubiously, "that he didn't care much 'bout the job. Es fur's 'e could see, they was tryin' to shove this yer kid on to *'im*, and 'e didn't 'ave no use for it." The commander on this became more firm, and indicated that a reciprocity of favours was necessary for mutual satisfaction. That it would be far better for the captain to arrive at Fremantle, even accompanied by a baby, than never to arrive at all. That in the very unlikely event of the parents not turning up, the child might be left with the superintendent of police, to whom, if the captain wished, he would write a note.

The captain, seeing that his prospects of getting the chronometer rated were very remote, unless he acceded, at length said gloomily, "All right. Fetch'n up, bless it."

The baby was brought on deck in its box, together with a case of preserved milk, and set down in the gangway. It was wrapped in the flannel petticoat, and had attached to its arm, by a piece of spun yarn, a label bearing the letters THRASY. It was attended to up to the last by the faithful Bendy, who showed signs of great emotion. When it went over the side it was followed by the sorrowful eyes of the entire crew, and left behind it a feeling of gloom that an extra ration of rum, distributed by the wily commander, only partly dissipated. In fact, the boy's loss continued to be mourned till the ship's arrival at Aden, when a monkey was smuggled on board, to the further distraction of the commander. But this is another tale.



"L. A. B."—No officer is allowed to leave the United Kingdom without special leave, but in order to visit Europe or America he need not, as formerly, apply to the War Office. It is now sufficient that he obtains leave from the general officer commanding. If, however, he desires to visit any other country, his application must be forwarded to the War Office. The application must state for how long leave is required, and what countries the officer in question intends to visit; and it is distinctly stated in the regulations that leave of this nature is only to be granted to officers proposing to visit countries where war is not imminent. The expedition organised by Dr. Jameson, in which an Imperial officer then on leave in South Africa joined, has been the cause of stricter rules regarding leave being enforced. It is now distinctly laid down that officers travelling abroad are forbidden to offer their services for employment with any military expedition, or to take part in such; and in order that an officer's movements may be the more easily controlled, he must, if he sojourns for a longer period than a fortnight in any country where there is a British military attaché, keep that official informed of his whereabouts.

* * * *

"C. O. S." wants to know how much a subaltern would need besides his pay to live in an infantry battalion at home. This is a question which admits of a dozen different answers. So much depends upon the battalion, the place where it is stationed, and the spending capacity of the youngster. Assuming that the corps is a quiet one, that it is not quartered at an expensive centre, and that the subaltern, besides being well equipped with clothes and so forth, is of a fairly careful disposition, he might be able to get along with a private allowance of, say, £5 a month. To send a lad into a battalion serving at home with less than that would be to expose him to very possible humiliation, or to the risk of running into debt. Some months he might not need to spend his allowance, but less than £60 a year ought not to be thought of. In some stations £100 a year is positively necessary, and, of course, there are even infantry battalions—outside the Guards—where a lad wants at least £200 besides his pay to enable him to keep pace decently with his comrades. It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule, but a safe average allowance for a subaltern in an infantry regiment at home is £100 a year.

* * * *

"J. B. C."—Perhaps the most novel and successful ruse in which what seemed like certain defeat was turned into victory, is to be found recorded in such an unlikely place as the sixth volume of Jardine's Naturalist's Library, which deals with bees: "A small privateer with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley, manned by 500 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury, while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies, sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance."

This device was worthy of the great Dundonald, whose fighting career contains several instances of apparently overwhelming odds being overcome by the fertility of a resourceful mind, or, as Kinglake puts it, he saw his way to victory with a prevision which was almost Satanic. The most familiar instance of this was the occasion when he took a great Spanish ship with the little gun-boat "Speedy," by dressing his men as devils, and so adding to the effect of his impetuous attack on the superstitious minds of the Spaniards. The influence of noise is well understood, and is practised in what is sometimes called the "Wolseley Charge," where a position is rushed to the accompaniment of music and shouting. Skobeloff made effective use of this method in a night attack when he captured an Asiatic town with a few hundred men. Its utility in another direction is exemplified in a story of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular War. Riding forward to observe the French Army, the Duke was loudly cheered by the British soldiers as he passed. "Soult," the Duke observed to his staff, "is a cautious man. He will delay his attack to find out what these cheers mean, and so give time for the Sixth division to arrive, and I shall beat him." The event bore out the prophesy.

* * * *

Trooper.—Horses in cavalry regiments are not known by name, but by numbers, and are numbered on the fore feet by squadrons. The tails are cut to reach about 6-in. above the hock, and this point is always noted by general officers when making their inspections. The commanding officer inspects all horses, including the sick able to leave their stables, with stripped saddles, once a week at horse parade during winter and at any convenient time, but not less than once a week, during the drill season. The purpose of these parades is to inspect the fitting of saddlery, and to ascertain that the horses are sound and properly shod. The veterinary surgeon is always present on such occasions. A horse is allowed 12-lb. of hay and 10-lb. of oats per day. In the morning, from 6 to 7.30, according to the season, 3-lb. of oats per horse is given; at midday 6-lb. of hay and 3-lb. of oats; and in the evening 6-lb. of hay and 4-lb. of oats. On Saturday night a bran mash may be given instead of oats. A horse is allowed 8-lbs. of straw a day for bedding, and the regulations recommend that 1-lb. of this with 1-lb. of hay should be cut up into chaff, and a portion given with each feed. Horses are watered before feeding at least four times a day, and not under any circumstances until some time after feeding.

* * * *

The following is an old anecdote concerning prize money, which was recently sent to me, but I am tempted to reproduce it here, since some of my readers may never have come across it. In the height of an engagement a lieutenant caught a man in such a position that it was at once evident that the man was skulking. "You are funking," said the lieutenant, "No, sir," said the man, "I am praying." "Praying," said the lieutenant; "and what the devil are you praying for?" The reply was prompt, "Oh, sir, I was praying that the bullets may be whacked out like the prize money." The retort was a happy one, since the prize money obtained by the men in former days was altogether insignificant in comparison with the share of the officers.

The Editor.

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—VI.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE FACTORY.

THIS Cinderella of the Arsenal was founded in 1664, and, as may be imagined, consisted at first of a few carpenters' shops. Prior to this date anything required in the gun-carriage department was made at Deptford. Like its sister factories, its history has been one of steady increase since the year 1835, which has been before shown to have been the most inefficient period of our constructional history. For instance, at that time ninety-five men were employed at an annual cost of about £4,700, whilst in 1898 2,900 men were constantly at work, and to pay them a *weekly* sum of £6,000 was required. The increase is a startling one, and yet it is very readily to be understood. Prior to 1835 for centuries the pattern of the gun-carriages required by the Navy and Army had been but little altered. Wood was the chief material employed, and hence there was scanty opening for highly-skilled labour. The carriages which support the guns in Nelson's glorious old flag-ship, "The Victory," vary to a very slight extent from those employed in the "King Harry" of Henry VIII., and exactly resemble the tiny gun-carriages that boys carve to support their toy cannon.

Photo. Dickinson.

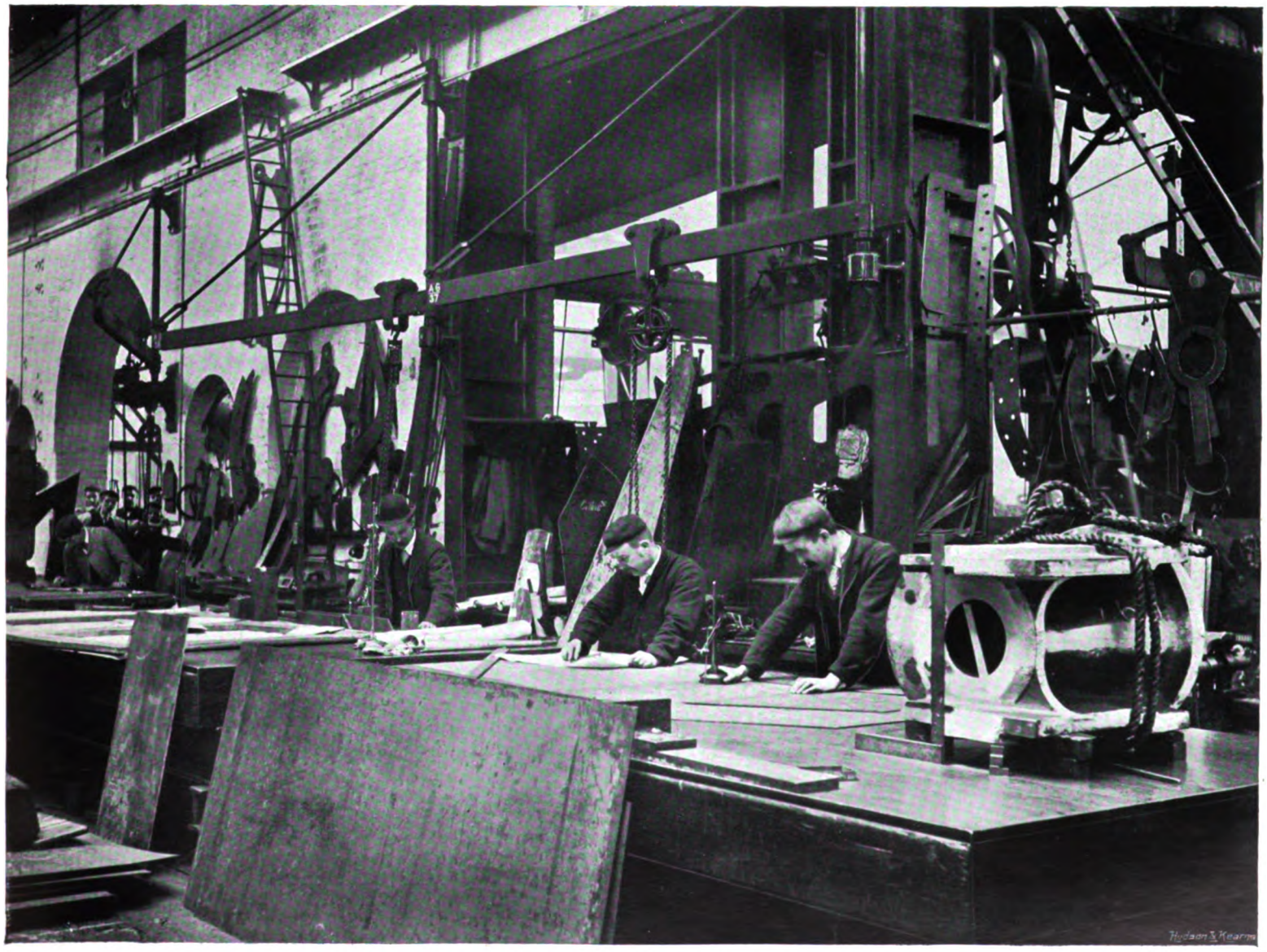
SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE, K.C.M.G., R.E., F.R.S.

Field and horse artillery were supplied with carriages of wood, which perforce were obliged to be made much more clumsy than their modern successors. War was conducted in a far more leisurely manner than at present, and the rate of fire of artillery was infinitely below the slowest battery of to-day, and hence the wear and tear of the carriages was much less than at present. Carts, ammunition waggons, and all forms of transport, if it existed at all in the old days, was apt to be improvised by the forcible requisitioning of vehicles at the seat of war. To spend money by providing these necessary details of war in peace time was not thought, even in those days, to be a wise expenditure, and hence incalculable suffering was often inflicted upon the troops. With the general introduction of iron as a substitute for wood the whole department underwent a gradual change. With heavier guns and with improved machinery it became imperative and also feasible to make all gun-carriages stronger and lighter. As the battle between guns and ships' armour progressed it became necessary to build veritable iron forts for the protection of the massive ordnance used on shipboard. These turrets grew more and more complicated, until at last, in 1899, they are marvels of engineering skill.

All branches of artillery felt the stimulating influence of the introduction of the stronger metal, and siege and garrison guns were enabled to be made far more serviceable as a result of the great improvement in their carriages.

The name of Royal Carriage Factory is, in fact, a misnomer, for in reality it is an engineering establishment of the most complete character. The old rule of thumb has given way to the scientific designing which is a necessity of all such works, and the visitor may watch, if he have the time, the elaborate and exact drawings being made for the most complicated machinery.

Like Kipling's Royal Marine, the work of the factory is never done, and has no limits. It comprises the designing and manufacture of gun-carriages of all kinds, the provision of military transport of the most varied description, and the supply of an enormous number of miscellaneous warlike stores. It is only necessary to notice the output of this great



THE NORTH ERECTING SHOP.

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THE SOUTH ERECTING SHOP.

factory to realise its importance to the Services. To start with, its multifarious activities comprise the manufacture of such diverse articles as a £5,000 Naval gun-mounting and a horse-collar. Can the admirers of any American establishment say that that record can be eclipsed?

The completed work of last year included 209 gun-carriages and 280 Naval gun-mountings of every size and shape, varying from the machine gun-carriage to the complicated gun-mounting shown in the illustration. Besides these, 678 limbers, waggons, and carts were turned out, without including 150,000 smaller articles, too numerous, in fact, to specify. The annual value of this huge output amounted in 1898 to over £500,000, and is, of course, included in the total for the whole Arsenal given in Part I.

The technical work of the department is organised in three great branches:

(*a*) The engineer branch, under Mr. G. G. Banister, which includes the drawing office of about sixty members. This branch is responsible for the repair and maintenance of the valuable plant.

(*b*) The metal trades, under Mr. F. Tatton. As only the felloes and spokes of the wheels of the carriages are made of wood, this department is of supreme importance, and can bear comparison with any similar branch in the kingdom, bar none.

AN AMMUNITION TRAIN.

(*c*) The wood-workers and collar-makers, under Mr. J. Clarke. Under this heading may be grouped a goodly proportion of the 150,000 articles mentioned above, including, as this branch does, harness-making, etc.

Under the excellent system of decentralisation that prevails throughout, there is a principal foreman of each important trade, and foremen or assistant-foremen in charge

THE WOOD STACKS.

of each of the numerous shops. It may be imagined that such an organisation deals with a vast amount of official correspondence, and this last year totalled up to 13,000 papers. Mr. W. T. Hailes, who was appointed a staff-officer to the department in 1892, manages this necessary headquarter business.

A most admirable spirit prevails in the Royal Carriage Factory as regards its loyalty to and respect for its superintendent officer, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., R.E., F.R.S. The writer, whilst endeavouring to collect the necessary information for this article from some of the staff,

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THE STAFF OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE FACTORY.

discovered that they were more ready to exalt their chief than to give the required facts. On Sir George's side it was found impossible to obtain from him a photograph of himself except on the condition that his staff, who did the work, were also taken. The average photographic group affords but little satisfaction save to those who form part of it, but this one may be excepted as an instance of the good feeling existing between all grades. The superintendent, who was appointed in July, 1894, has probably had a greater experience of his subject than any man in this country. He was instructor in machine drawing at the Royal Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, and in this connection wrote several books on scientific subjects. In 1882 he was selected to proceed to Alexandria immediately after the bombardment to report on its effects upon the armaments and works, and his paper was a monumental one. Unfortunately for him, being strictly confidential, this report, which has had a marked effect upon subsequent fortifications, brought him no acknowledgment of any sort. It was asked for in the House, but publication was refused, although in all probability other nations had easily procured copies of it. In his official capacity Sir George Clarke has been sent to most European countries to make an official study of gun-mountings, and even the United States has been visited by him for this purpose.

His great book, "Fortifications," was published in 1890, and has had a far-reaching influence, extending to Japan. In it Naval mountings and the Naval aspect of the attack on coast defences were particularly referred to, and for the purposes of exactly studying these and other questions Sir George has gone through six Naval manœuvres. His interest in the Navy is well known, and from 1884 he has been an indefatigable writer on the great questions affecting the welfare of the Senior Service. Our great forts at Malta, Halifax, Gibraltar, and Bermuda have all been carefully surveyed by him, and hence he may be said to have made an exhaustive study of every question connected with modern warfare. In 1882 he he served in the Egyptian Campaign, and in that of the Soudan in 1885, and was fortunate enough to take part in the actions of Hasheen, Tamai, and Thakhool. He is "in fact" an indefatigable inventor of warlike implements, whilst "in theory" he is a powerful and persuasive writer on the necessity for a cessation in the world's armaments.

When the work of providing new material has been dealt with, it must not be overlooked that the Royal Carriage Factory is the headquarters of the "tinkering" industry. An immense number of damaged carts, limbers, and transport vehicles are constantly being received for repairs, whilst the array of smaller military details that require renewing is beyond count.

We are apt, when we read of the much-advertised feats of Krupp's vast establishment, to forget that we also can perform wonders if necessary. To take a case in point, the mere narration of which should make one proud of the national Arsenal. In 1898 the Royal Carriage Factory turned out, in addition to its other work, seven complete field-batteries. To understand the meaning of this feat read the table here appended and wonder:

6 guns	× by 7	=	42.
18 waggons	× by 7	=	126.
106 sets of harness	× by 7	=	742.
32 saddles and bridles	× by 7	=	224.

A BUSY HIVE.

[Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 2, May 6, and May 20. The next will appear on June 17.]

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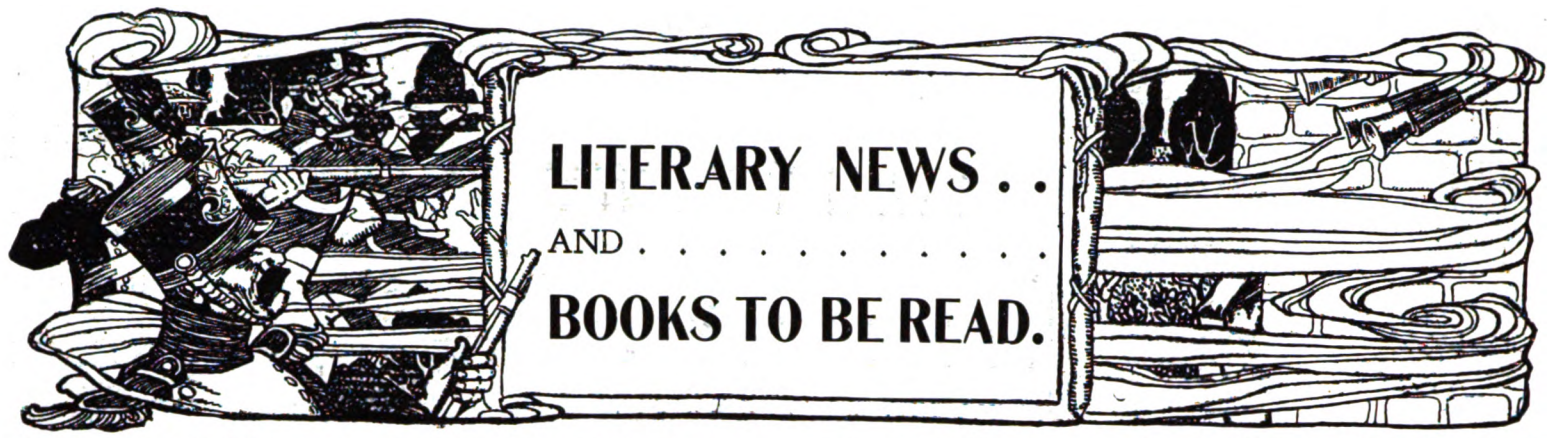

AT this latter end of the century we are not likely to lack volumes surveying its achievements. It is always a good thing to look back upon a period accomplished, in order that it may be made the basis of a further advance; and truly this nineteenth century has been a period of profound change, and the contrast between its beginning and its end is very striking. The Stage holding the mirror up to Nature reveals this contrast, and a retrospect of a century in the buskins discloses how strangely the ideals and characters of life have changed. Such a survey is given us in "Actors of the Century; a Play-lover's Gleaning from Theatrical Annals," by Frederic Whyte (Bell, 21s.), a very beautiful volume most delightfully penned. How very charming is the character of the illustrations the one reproduced here will suggest. There are scores of them, drawn from all manner of sources—all interesting, some curious, and many very beautiful. The collotypes, especially, are a marvel. Mr. Whyte is a modest writer, an excellent gossiper, and a shrewd thinker and observer. From the magnificence and majesty of the Kemble school he passes on rapidly to the vividness, poignancy, and intensity of Kean, recalling the huge enthusiasm those performances awoke, but with the suggestion that they might be out of date, even with a touch of absurdity, now. But the Stage of those times was not wholly centred in the Kembles and Kean. There were only five theatres in London at the very beginning of the century; but one of them was Sadler's Wells, famous under the management of Dibdin as the "Aquatic Theatre," for the patriotic nautical dramas which owed something to the victories of Nelson, and a good deal to the genius and the happy, hearty, harum-scarum, salt-sea impersonations of T. P. Cooke. I suppose the readers of this paper would have liked to hear more of this popular actor than Mr. Whyte finds space to give us. I observe, moreover, that the index-maker has confused T. P. Cooke with that bibulous but brilliant Shakespearean actor, G. F. Cooke. Mr. Whyte hastens on from the tragedians and comedians of the time to the triumphs of Macready, who did so much for the resurrection of the drama. The protective system, confining the performance of Shakespeare and the serious drama generally to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and to the Haymarket during the summer, was abolished in 1843, and the development of the drama was rapid and brilliant. Quite delightful chapters does Mr. Whyte give us upon the drama of the fifties and sixties, telling us much of Phelps and Charles Kean, of Tom Robertson, of Charles Mathews, of Mrs. Stirling, the Bancrofts, Toole, and many more. Then we reach the "Era of Irving"—a "pigeon hole for the memory," whose spirit and tendency are difficult to catch, and how different from the ideals of Kemble and Kean! How shall this be epitomised—the triumphs and genius of Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, of Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and Mr. Forbes Robertson, of Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and many more—the problem play, the fantastic play, the topical melodrama? Mr. Whyte has found out the way. He suggests and describes with many a delightful appreciation, and carries on his reader with unflagging interest to the close. His is a very charming book both in form and substance, and will be valued by every play-lover and theatre-goer who is so fortunate as to possess it.

Alfred Ellis. *MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.* Copyright.
From "Actors of the Century."

* * * *

The position and the future of women are questions always with us, and it was certainly a happy idea of Mrs. Aubrey Richardson's to compile a volume upon "Famous Ladies of the English Court" (Hutchinson, 12s.). She has done it for the honour of her sex, as a record of experience, and evidently as a warning rather than as a pattern for the future. "The cloud of Man's lawless Authority," she says to her sisters, "no longer hangs closely over us." Time was, and this book describes it, when woman, excluded from the majority of intellectual and beneficent pursuits, concentrated her energies upon the service of the emotions, and somewhat unblushingly climbed the heights of personal distinction by the ladder of men's passions—a period fortunately closed, though still woman finds her fullest ambition curbed, while "her thirst for power is unquenched," and she plays hard in the game of intrigue. The first of these great ladies is much-married "Bess of Hardwick," in whose person we have the refutation of the belief that the "new woman" is really new. Unquestionably Bess bears out Mrs. Richardson's view as to how women rose in those days—though without any reflection in this case upon her virtue—for she rose through the wealth and position of successive husbands, so well managed, as Walpole says,

> "That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,
> He left the widow every shilling."

Mrs. Richardson, by the way, does not seem to be aware that Elizabeth was at great pains to reconcile Bess with her last husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury. The manners of the "wiked wyfe, tyteling in her Majestie's ere," are described by John Manners of Haddon, whose correspondence perhaps she has not seen. She takes a rather different view of some great Court ladies from that adopted by historians, notably of Penelope Lady Rich, Anne Countess of Sunderland, and Henrietta Countess of Suffolk. Her treatment of the life of fair Penelope Devereux is characteristic of the view she generally takes of woman's frailty. Penelope's shame has been insisted on over and over again, but "her forced and unhappy marriage with Robert, Lord Rich, her sweet forbidding of Sir Philip Sidney's too persistent admiration, her early love, and its constancy through long years, for Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy, are points rarely emphasised." Mrs. Richardson writes with knowledge and right appreciation of Lady Mary Sidney, and of Mary Countess of Pembroke, "the subject of all verse," and of many other noble ladies of later times. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough has, of course, a notable place in the book, without being reckoned "a well-bred woman." Her masterful character, her greed for power, and her spirit of intrigue, are dwelt upon at great length, but we should have liked to see the relations of Sarah to her husband, the great Duke, given a larger place in the book. Of Sarah's meanness we have heard a good deal, through the sarcasms of Pope, Walpole, and others, as well as of her friendship with Anne, and there was an opportunity here of saying something more of her influence over her husband, which appears to have been considerable. However, Mrs. Richardson's volume is very interesting and informing, and she has written with knowledge and effect. The book is copiously illustrated with admirable portraits, nearly a hundred in number.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 123.] SATURDAY, JUNE 10th, 1899.

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CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON.

THE DRUMMER AND DRUM-HORSE OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

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Celebrating the Queen's Birthday in London.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.

THE picturesque and most popular ceremony of trooping the colour in honour of the Queen's Birthday was duly carried out on the Horse Guards' Parade on June 3, the troops taking part being two companies of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, two companies of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, two companies of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, one company of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and two companies of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards. The parade commenced at 10 o'clock, and, as usual, attracted a large and distinguished crowd of spectators.

THE LIFE GUARDS ON PARADE.

Occurring as it does at the height of the London season, this beautiful spectacle is justly regarded as a very special "fixture" indeed, and, though 10 a.m. is an hour at which a large section of Society is not, as a rule, properly awake, the available accommodation for witnessing the Birthday Parade of the Guards, whatever the weather, is always eagerly taken advantage of. Among the onlookers, indeed, the beauty, intellect, wit, and fashion of London are often represented as fully here as they are at any single function during the entire season.

Photos. R. Thiele. TROOPING THE COLOUR. Copyright.

The process of trooping the colour is too familiar to require any detailed description, but it may be briefly said that the stately pomp observed throughout the ceremony has a meaning quite apart from the endeavour to produce a picturesque effect. It is typical—nay, it is the ideal expression of those high honours which the Queen's Regulations so strictly enjoin shall be paid at all times to the colours, those emblems at once of all that is best and brightest in the history of a regiment, and also of the bond of loving servitude which links the regiment in utter fealty to its Sovereign. At all times the colours are treated with marked respect. When removed from, or taken to, the place where they are usually kept, an escort invariably accompanies them and pays them the customary

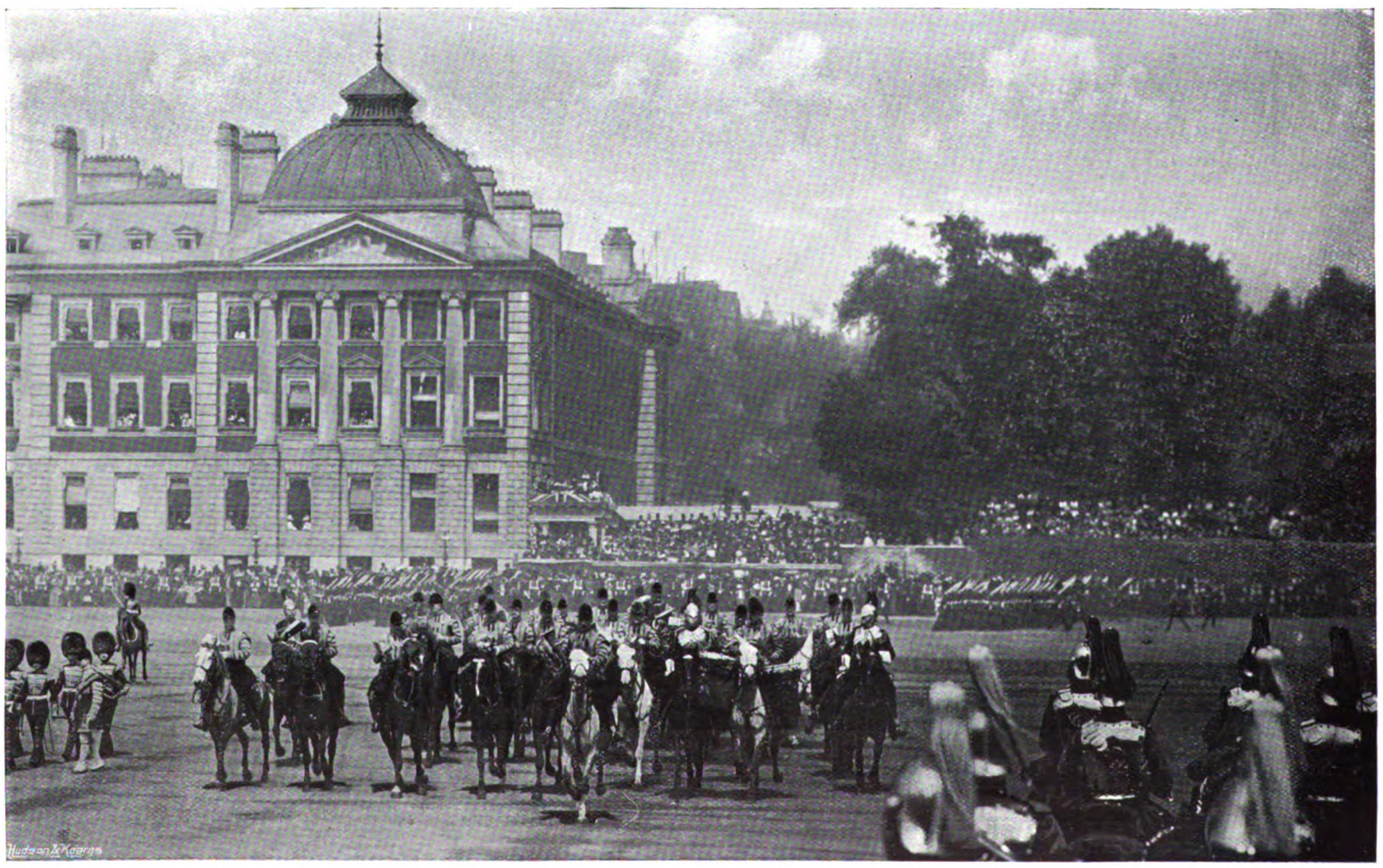

Photo. Gregory. THE BAND OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. Copyright.

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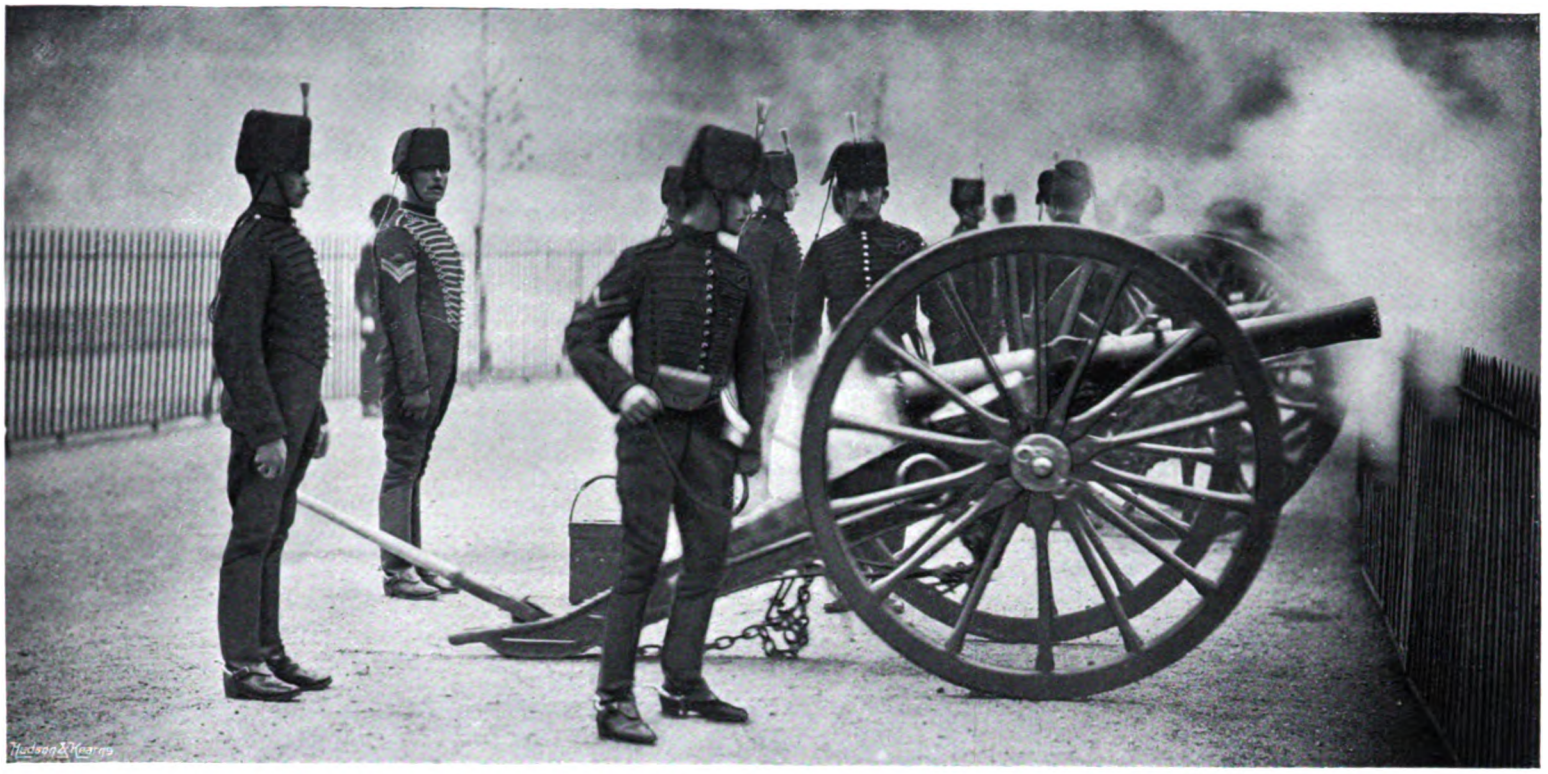

Photo. Gregory. THE GUNS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK. Copyright.

honours, and they are never uncased without being saluted, arms being presented, trumpets or bugles sounding a flourish, and drums beating a ruffle. In trooping, the honours are carried yet further, and whole corps engage in treating their beloved emblems with a deference which is interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

Our pictures illustrate several prominent familiar objects and scenes of the Queen's Birthday Parade of the Guards, and give an impressive idea of the singular brightness, coupled with amazing precision, which are the leading characteristics of this popular function. The pictures do not require any detailed description, but are certainly not the less attractive because they embody what is familiar to the average Londoner. It is a pleasant thought that these displays would lose half their significance did we not know that the Guards are as good at fighting as they are in what the drill-book calls "ceremonial."

With a Cruiser in the Far East.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE recent troubles in Crete, and the incident of the "Hazard," have demonstrated the usefulness of keeping the crews of our men-of-war well drilled in the evolution of landing all available men and guns at short notice for the protection of communities on shore, and it is now not an unusual thing for the senior officer at a port to order the sudden and immediate disembarkation of every hand that can be spared from the ships present with him. Not long ago the rear-admiral in command of the squadron at Hong Kong ordered, without any previous notice whatever, an immediate landing party. The order was given on a Saturday morning, when all ships were busy scrubbing decks and cleaning up generally, but in less than an hour a large battalion of Blue-jackets and Marines, with their arms, ammunition, and

Photo. H. Sharpe. THE CURIO DEALERS. Copyright.

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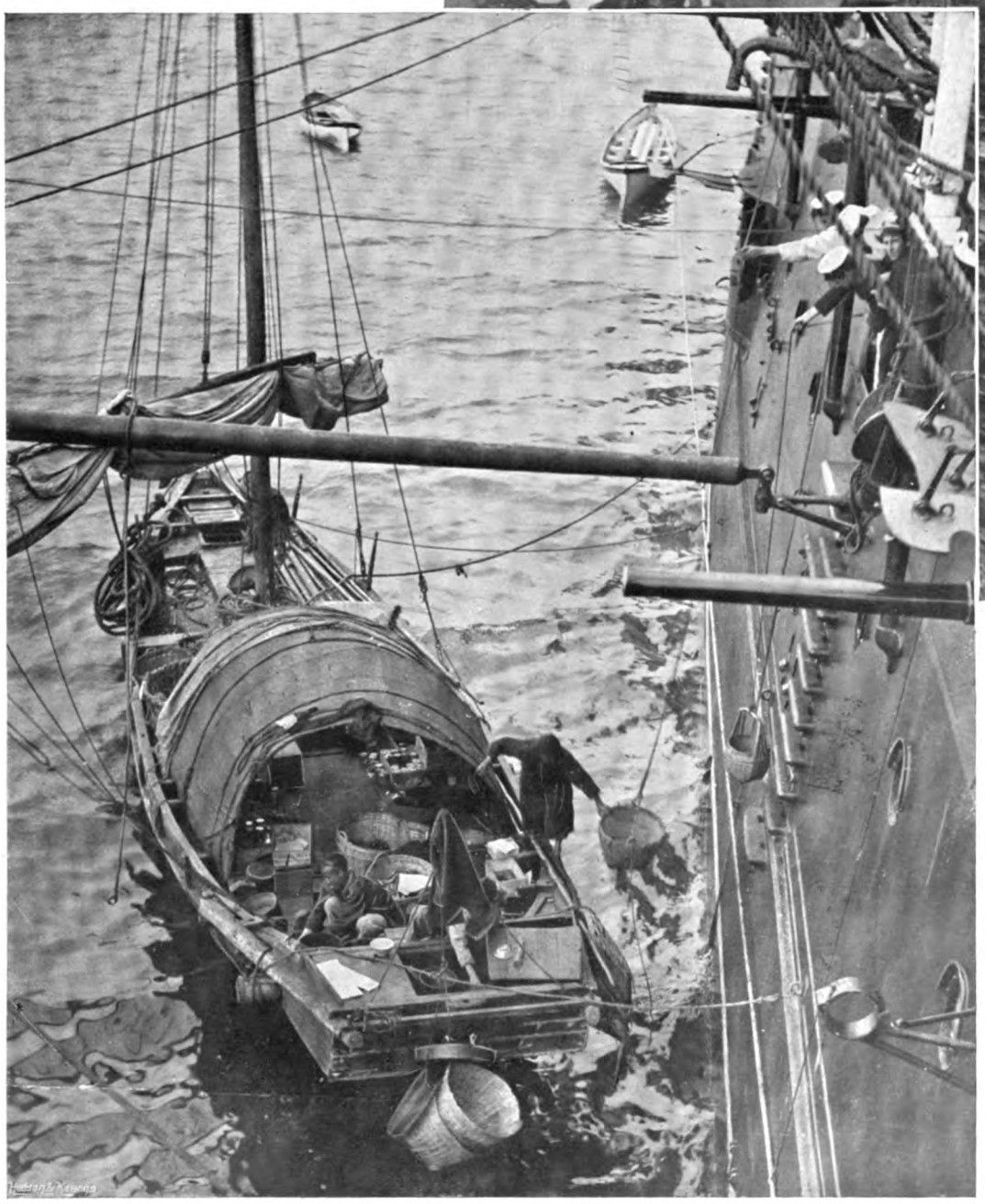
accoutrements, two days' allowance of provisions each, a blanket to every officer and man, the field guns and their equipment and ammunition, were paraded on shore, and were marching through the streets to the strains of the ships' bands, while the stations on board at fire quarters, guns, and magazines were taken by such of the stokers and other ratings as were not required to land. Thus a large party of men was sent on shore for purposes of rescue or protection, whilst the ships were kept ready on board to cover the operations of the landing party with their heavy guns, or to repel an attack upon themselves.

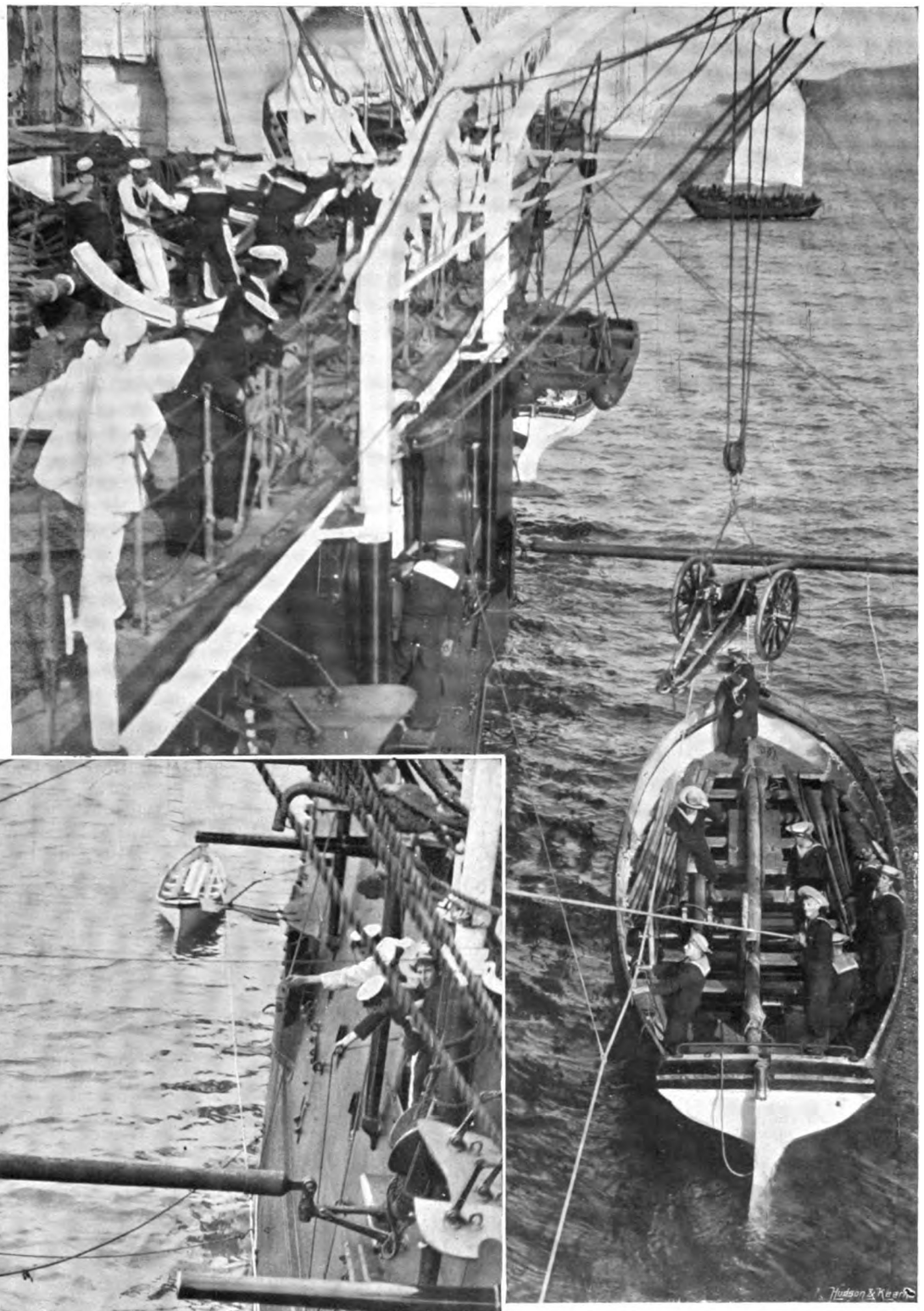
On arrival of a man-of-war in harbour, and during her stay there, the creature comforts of the men are ministered to by a crowd of traders from the shore, who sell them all kinds of articles, from

"Soft tommy and succulent chops,
Or scissors and razors and knives,"
To ribbons and laces that set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives."

Principal among these traders is the bumboat-man, whose boat, laden with a miscellaneous mixture of everything, lies alongside the ship at early morn, at the hour of noon, and again at supper time, and the ladders and sides of the ship are then crowded with Bluejackets and Marines purchasing what is required, either for themselves or for their messmates.



Photos. H. Sharpe. THE BUMBOAT-MAN IN THE CHINA SEAS. Copyright.



HOISTING OUT A FIELD GUN.

A goodly profit is made by the bumboat-man, and the competition for the billet upon the arrival of a new ship on a station is very keen indeed. It is occasionally too rough to keep the ladders shipped, or to let the bumboat lie close alongside; the traffic is then carried on by means of baskets lowered and hoisted over the side, as may be seen in our illustration. In addition to the bumboat-man, numbers of itinerant traders, selling curios and small articles of attire, are admitted on board during the dinner-hour, and a kind of open market is established upon the upper deck, the curio dealers squatting along in a line and displaying their wares in the most tempting manner, all the time a brisk and lively chaffering and bargaining going on. It is in this way that most of the curios which "Jack" brings home from sea are obtained.

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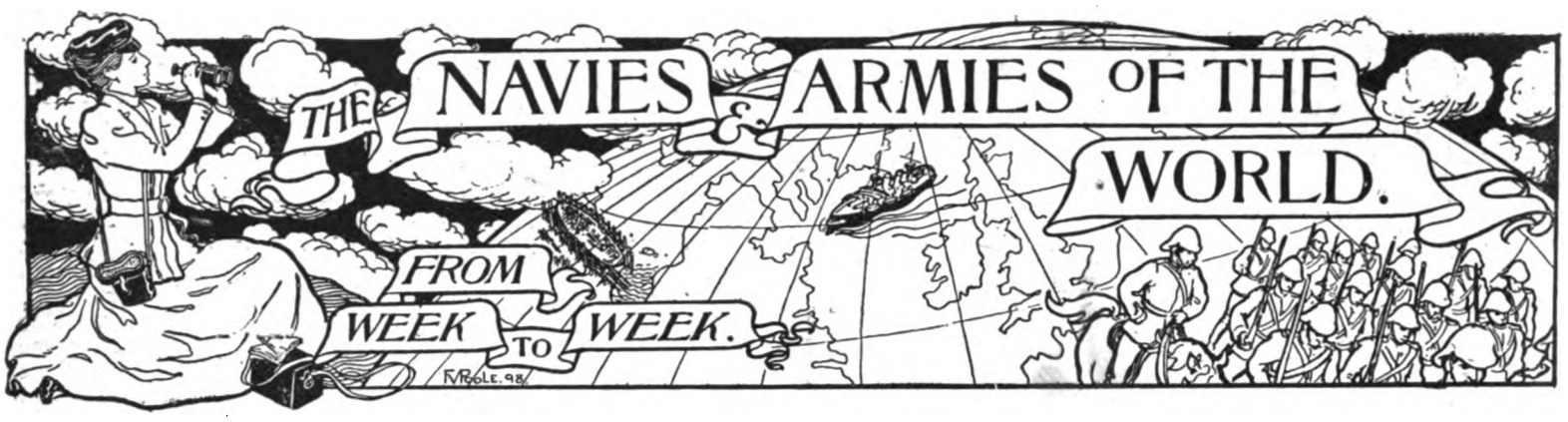

LITTLE details of historical information are always turning up in unexpected quarters. We have to thank the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* and Mr. Stephen Gwynn for supplying us with one which helps to give us a picture of a part of one transaction which was more instructive than glorious. It comes in the shape of a letter from Samuel Northcote to his brother James, the painter, which was written to explain why there was some risk in sending pictures home by sea in the autumn of 1779. The reason was, indeed, excellent. It was nothing less than this, that an allied French and Spanish fleet of sixty-six sail was cruising in the Channel, our own fleet was not strong enough to give battle, the Naval administration had been reduced to sixes and sevens by the Keppel court-martial, and Plymouth, from which Samuel Northcote wrote, was totally incapable of making a serious defence. It cannot be said that the letter throws light on the Naval movements, which were already sufficiently well known, while some of his statements are of dubious accuracy; what it does do, is to give a very lively picture of the panic which prevailed in Plymouth. It is all ancient history now, and no great harm came of the cruise of the great allied fleet. The only prize taken by the French and Spaniards, the "Ardent," 64, was retaken by Rodney in the battle of Dominica. So we are now free to laugh at what was then a very serious matter. Northcote says that "a few people" were frightened to death in the town. Everybody who could run away did, or, at least, made ready for flight. The Commissioner of the Dockyard "was in the utmost fright and confusion, that his blustering was stopped, and he even wept, crying that he should be ruined, for he doubted the destruction of the docks, and that he sent away his movables in the country." The friends of the commissioner said he wept for his country, but Mr. Samuel Northcote, who was clearly of a cynical turn, said that this is the kind of thing to say afterwards, but "when a man is much frightened he thinks very little about national indignities." Yet the commissioner had good ground to be disturbed, for, although there were guns at Plymouth, there was nobody to work them. The Mayor raised two volunteer corps at sixpence a day per man, but the unsparing Northcote's comment on his zeal is that if the enemy had landed the said volunteers would have been "of the utmost disservice."

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When the history of the "Luck of England," which has been portentous, comes to be written, this Naval campaign of the allies in 1779 will supply the materials for an interesting chapter. Three times in the later seventeenth and in the eighteenth century was this country in imminent danger of invasion. The first was after the Four Days' Battle of 1666, the Annus Mirabilis; the second was when Tourville was in the Channel in 1692; the third was in this year of 1779. On the first occasion no invasion came, because the Dutch had only a very small army, of which the prevailing Lowenstein party was very jealous. Their reluctant ally, Louis XIV., had plenty of soldiers, but he would not send them because it did not suit his policy to engage in a war *à outrance* with his cousin, King Charles II. On the second occasion his hands were so full in the Low Countries, on the Rhine, and in Ireland that he had no troops to spare. These are simple cases. There was no invasion because there was no invading army available. But the events of 1779 are not so simple. An invading army was ready, and it could have been brought over. When we look into the causes of the failure, we have to confess that it was due to no merit of ours, but to complicated inefficiencies among our foes. Part of the allied fleet consisted of Spaniards who were not only very clumsy but were in wretched health. They brought the plague with them, and it carried off 4,000 of the French sailors. Among those who died was the only son of the French admiral, D'Orvilliers. He was himself an old man brought up in a formal school, which made a point of avoiding risks. Then he was ill-directed from headquarters, and this folly among his masters was a part of the general moral and intellectual decadence of the old French monarchy, which was nearing its final collapse in 1789, ten years later. But all this was our good fortune, not our merit; for after all it was not we who made the Spaniards incapable and corrupted the French monarchy. There is no absurdity in supposing that the fleet of King Charles III. of Spain might have been at least decently efficient, while the Government of Louis XVI. was fairly intelligent, and its fleet under the command of an officer of the stamp of Suffren, who fought for France in this very war. Had that quite possible combination of circumstances occurred we could not have escaped a frightful disaster. Admiral Hardy thought himself very lucky in being able to slip between the French fleet and get into Spithead. He could have been blocked there, and then 30,000 French troops might have been passed over; and as we were denuded of soldiers for America, there would have been nothing to make head against them. Plymouth must have been the scene of something like the late Spanish disaster at Santiago. But our fortune stood us in good stead, and our enemy fought our battles.

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The moral of the story of 1779 is worth drawing. Some, the partisans of land defences, stationary or mobile, and those who believe in the intermediate stage, may argue that the lesson to be learnt from it is that our towns should be fortified and a strong home army kept always ready for such a crisis. But that is at best an inferior resource. The true doctrine is that we must keep our fleet on such a footing and use it with such spirit that the enemy will be unable to get into the Channel. Considering what the population of Great Britain then was, it would probably have been beyond our power to make our Naval forces much more numerous than those of France and Spain united when their Governments were resolved to build to the extent of their power, both being countries with a large seaboard and a considerable Naval population. But we could have posted the forces we had so as to make the concentration of the French and Spaniards extremely hazardous to them. Had our fleet been cruising off Brest, Admiral D'Orvilliers would probably not have come out, or if he did we had a sufficiently good chance of beating him. D'Orvilliers, as a matter of fact, did not sail from Brest till June 4. We might have been off the port before that, while it is pretty certain that the Spaniards, who were not all ready till the end of July, would not have come north at the risk of having to fight our fleet single-handed. Admiral Hardy might well have been far stronger than he was if we had not scattered our forces all over the world, and had understood the sufficiently simple proposition that the most effectual way of keeping the French and Spaniards out of the West Indies was to keep them shut up in their own ports.

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Poor Jack's father, who is far from being the least life-like figure Marryat drew, always had an ambition to be able to put his foot on a piece of land he could call his own. It would seem as if nations were occasionally possessed by the same ambition to an inordinate extent. If that were not the case, why should Germany pay one million sterling, or thereabouts, for the scattered remnant of Spain's colonial Empire in the Pacific? Even in these days of low interest this means £25,000 at the worst. Now Germany will never get that sum, or anything like it, out of all the bits of islands she has bought. What is most absurd in the bargain is that the Americans have already secured Guam, which is the most desirable of them, for a coaling station. As for Spain, one sees well enough what she gains. It would have paid her to give somebody something for taking the islands off her hands. How much more then must it suit her to be paid for parting with a useless responsibility. Germany, one concludes, being rich, is prepared to employ the price of a battle-ship in order to secure the privilege of colouring a number of little spots on a map with her own colour. It looks like a waste of money, pretty much in fact on a level with the thrifty Dutchman's extravagance in tulips. To be sure it seems to have pleased the Germans, and as the money comes out of their pockets they are free to choose. Meanwhile their Naval strength will not be a jot the greater.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 11, 1808.—Boats of the "Euryalus," 36, and the "Cruiser," 18, in the Great Belt, cut out a Danish gun-boat, and destroyed two large vessels fitted as troop-ships, moored under a battery, and supported by troops on shore.

June 12, 1685.—Boats of the "Lark," "Greyhound," and "Bonaventure," cut out two Sallee privateers of 36 and 26-guns, in the Mamora River, under a hot fire from the shore batteries and shipping.

June 13, 1796.—Action between the British "Dryad," 36, and French "Proserpine," 36, off the South of Ireland. After an eight hours' chase the "Dryad" got alongside the "Proserpine," and engaged at close quarters for three-quarters of an hour, when the "Proserpine" struck.

June 14, 1814.—Boats of the "Superb," 74, and "Primrose," 18, proceeded up Buzzard's Bay, Connecticut, U.S.A., a toilsome and intricate navigation, and destroyed 2,522 tons of American shipping, at the town of Wareham, at the head of the bay.

June 15, 1780.—Action between the "Apollo," 32, and "Stanislaus," 26, French privateer off the Coast of Holland. After an hour's fight—in which Captain Pownall, of the "Apollo," was killed—the "Stanislaus" was forced ashore. Lieutenant Edward Pellew—afterwards Lord Exmouth—continued the fight, took the "Stanislaus," and floated her off. She was renamed "Proselyte," and bought into the British Navy.

June 16, 1778.—The famous fight of the "Saucy 'Arethusa,'" and "Belle Poule," off the coast of Brittany. The "Arethusa," detached from the Channel Fleet, summoned the "Belle Poule" to wait on her admiral to explain certain suspicious movements of hers, war not having been declared. A refusal was met by a gun to heave-to, on which the French fired a broadside, and the battle began. After two hours' it ended in both ships being disabled.

June 17, 1796.—Cornwallis's retreat with a detachment of five ships of the Channel Fleet, successfully keeping at bay the French Brest Fleet, of twenty-nine of the line, during a whole day. The moral effect of the operation was immense, as Cornwallis was entirely unsupported, and was only saved by his bold front.

JUNE 11, 1762.—Moro Fort, Havannah, Cuba, captured from the Spaniards, after a forty days' siege. The Earl of Albemarle commanded the British forces.

June 13, 1817.—Defeat of the Mysoreans and their French contingent at Cuddalore. Major-General Stewart commanded the British forces.

June 15, 1745.—Louisbourg surrendered to a body of 4,000 New England Volunteers, under a trader called Colonel Pepperell. He had received no previous Military training, but evinced great courage and natural capacity. He was reinforced by 1,000 Bluejackets and Marines, and a squadron under Commodore Warren co-operated. The French garrison numbered 1,200 men, provided with 149 guns—some of them of large calibre—and ten mortars. They capitulated—thus surrendering the whole of Cape Breton, after forty-nine days of open trenches, and a loss in killed and wounded of 240 men. The British casualties amounted to 100.

June 16, 1743.—The allies, under George II., utterly defeated, at Dettingen, the French Army, commanded by Marshal Noailles. This battle is noteworthy as being the last in which a King of England has taken part. 1815.—The Duke of Wellington successfully resisted at Quatre Bras Marshal Ney's attack.

June 17, 1775.—Battle of Bunker's Hill, near Boston, won by General Gage, the American volunteers, after a gallant resistance, were driven out of their position with the loss of five out of six guns and thirty wounded men captured. The numbers engaged, and their total casualties, are not known. The British lost 1,024 of all ranks, including an unusually large proportion of officers.

THE practice now in vogue of subsidising merchant vessels to take part in the defence of the Empire, should emergency arise, is of by no means modern origin, but dates back to the early part of the fifteenth century. Henry IV., being at odds with his immediate neighbours the Scotch and the French, issued instructions to various seaport and other towns for each to build a ship to form an adequate Royal Navy. The House of Commons, however, resented such a use of the prerogative, and induced the King to cancel his orders. As an alternative, he entered into contract with merchants and shipowners for the defence of the sea. The experiment did not prove satisfactory, the vessels supplied having neither the structural strength nor their crews the discipline essential to the service for which they were temporarily appropriated.

Quaint Military Uniforms.

By PERCY SUMNER.

FOR many years military dress has been subject to strict regulation, but even at the present day peculiarities of costume are permitted to certain regiments. In the past, however, much greater latitude has been allowed, especially in the case of foreign corps enlisting *en masse* in the service of another country. The time of the Seven Years' War was fruitful in producing free companies, who were dressed pretty much as the taste of the chief dictated, and the various foreign corps in our own and other countries' service during the Napoleonic wars frequently rejoiced in strange and picturesque uniforms.

Till within recent years, also, it was universally the custom to dress military musicians in extraordinary costumes, very often invented by the commanding officer of the regiment. If the corps happened to possess some negro bandsmen they were always dressed in the richest and most gorgeous fashion.

An ingenious attempt to combine the dress of the British soldier with the native Indian costume resulted in the quaint uniform worn by the Sepoys of the Honourable East India Company a century ago. The turban was worn cocked up at the left side to keep it out of the way of the musket. It appears that this head-dress was chiefly composed of iron hoops in concentric circles, joined by solid bars and lightly covered with painted linen. A kummerbund or sash was worn, made "of parallel lines or cordons covered with blue linen to the number of a dozen," and a white linen cross added, on the centre of which some regiments wore a teeka or diamond-shaped piece of cloth. The poor Sepoys were not doomed to wear these uncomfortable garments all the year round, for during the hot season light linen dresses were allowed.

It will be seen that the Sepoy wears a necklace of three rows of beads, tied at the back with tassels. The turban was covered with blue linen, and the coat was of scarlet with yellow facings and white lace; loose white drawers and slippers were worn.

On the front of the turban is the turah, or brass plate, bearing the number of the battalion, and above it the usual badge of light infantry, the bugle-horn. Native officers wore tight breeches and Hessian boots, which they found exceedingly uncomfortable, poor fellows!

At the time of the German struggle for liberty against Napoleon many regiments of volunteers were formed specially for service during the campaign. The love of the Fatherland was strong in the breasts of the German people, and there was no lack of recruits for the free corps.

FRANCE.— HUSSARDS DE NEMOURS. SOUBISE'S — 1758. RUSSIA.— PRUSSIAN REG'T. — 1898. ARCHIVES.— "BOHEMIA" INFANTRY. 1752.

In some of the regiments the volunteers paid for their own uniforms and equipment, and as there was no regulation in the matter of dress, various unusual costumes were adopted. The wide-skirted lithewka (a kind of tunic) was worn by several regiments, notably the Jägers of Lützow's Corps, and the cavalry of the Bremen contingent. In both these cases the colour was black, but in the East Prussian National Cavalry

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Regiment the lithewka was of blue cloth, with scarlet facings and laced *à la Hussarde* on the breast. Blue overalls and black leather pouch-belts were also worn, and the head-dress was a shako, except for the *Compagnie d'élite*, who had the colback or busby. Although dressed as hussars, the principal weapon of the corps was the lance, the pennon of which was white above and a distinguishing colour below, such as red, green, or blue, according to the squadron.

Probably the best known of these free corps are those of Schill and Lützow, but the National Cavalry Regiment did its duty as nobly as any of these gallant bands. In the year of its formation (1813) the corps distinguished itself in many fights, notably at the Katzbach and at Leipzig, making captures of several cannon, while the following year, at Coulommier, a French Eagle fell to its share.

After Waterloo many of these volunteer corps served to furnish new regiments for the regular Prussian Army, and to the National Cavalry Regiment the present Hussars of the Guard (Garde-Husaren) and the 4th Uhlan Regiment owe their formation.

One of the most distinguished regiments of the Russian Army is Paul's Grenadiers (Pavlovsky) of the Imperial Guard. Created under Catherine II., it was originally named the Moscow Grenadier Regiment, but on the division of the regiment into two sections by Paul I. two new corps were formed, one of which took the name of Paul's Regiment of Grenadiers.

One great peculiarity is common to all Russian military tunics—there are no buttons down the front, but the fastening is contrived by means of hooks and eyes. The uniform of the Pavlovsky Regiment consists of the usual dark green tunic and knickerbockers, but there is a curious romance connected with the head-dress. By an Imperial ukase of the Emperor Alexander I., dated 1818, it was ordered that the regiment should retain their grenadier caps "in the exact state they were in at the conclusion of the campaign," in recognition of the bravery of the corps in the wars against Napoleon in 1806-7. Thus at the present day the regiment is possessed of 532 grenadier caps, dating from the commencement of the century, and almost all bearing traces of having been under fire. On the large brass plate in front of each cap is engraved the name of the soldier who wore it at the battles of Eylau and Friedland. The Imperial Eagle and the Star of St. Andrew are also borne on the cap-plate with the motto "God with us," and the words "Gorny-Doubniak, 12th October, 1877," the latter being an engagement in which the regiment distinguished itself during the last Russo-Turkish War. It may be mentioned here that it is a custom in the Russian Army to bear battle-honours on the head-dress.

In order to people the devastated provinces taken from the Turks towards the end of the seventeenth century, colonists were allowed to settle in Croatia and Servia, and in return for religious liberty and freedom from taxes these men undertook the arduous duties of frontier guards (Grenztruppen). Thus originated the Karlstadt, Warasdin, and Banal military districts in the year 1699, and three years later the Slavonian district was added. For more than two centuries these military frontiers have been the scenes of heroic self-sacrifice in defence of king and country. It is to the frontier troops that Austro-Hungary owes her defence from Turkish depredations, and in all their country's battles they have borne their part. These military organisations were finally abolished by an Imperial Edict, dated July 15, 1881.

One illustration represents a "Liccaner" frontier guard, belonging to the Carlstadt military district, in the uniform worn at the time of the Seven Years' War. The dress is after the hussar fashion, the under jacket or dolman being bright green, and the pelisse and pantaloons scarlet. Sandals were worn by this regiment, though others had short boots; the hair was plaited on each side of the face in the manner affected by the hussars of this period. A very wide belt was worn over the left shoulder, attached to which was a large black cartridge-box. The cloak was carried slung at the back, in the same way as our infantry officers wear theirs, in marching order, at the present day.

The Hussars of Nassau-Saarbrück were raised in 1744 by the Prince of that name, and entered the service of France. In 1756 the strength of the corps was two squadrons of 150 men each, but in the next two years the establishment was doubled. These volunteers fought at Rossbach against the troops of Frederick the Great, and were especially active in the skirmishing that took place before the general engagement. In 1762 the regiment was enrolled in the regular cavalry of the French Army, as the 3rd Hussars, under the name of "Royal Nassau."

The uniform was very magnificent and picturesque, consisting of a dark blue dolman (or jacket) with orange facings and white lace, scarlet pelisse and dark blue scharawaden (or over-hose). These scharawaden were in general use by all hussars at this period, and were simply short unlined cloth hose drawn over the white leather breeches, so as to give a firm seat in the saddle. The name, it appears, is derived from the Russian word "scharivari," meaning pantaloons.

A black felt cap of the kind in vogue among hussars for many years, with a loose wing of cloth, formed the head-dress. Round the scarlet sabretasche, and bordering the wing of the cap, was a broad lace of orange and white, and the horses' tails were decked with red ribbons. The lacing on the pelisse (or hanging jacket) is of a very peculiar form, and the bridle will be noticed to consist of a single rein.

The hussars of Frederick the Great's Army at this period wore a similar uniform, but with marked peculiarity about the boots — the heels were simply semi-circular pieces of iron, forming a sort of rim. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the long struggle of the Christian Powers against the Ottoman invasion had at length been concluded, the Sultan made presents of complete bands of Turkish musicians to several European princes. From time to time a vacancy occurred in the band, owing to death or desertion, and, as Turks could not be procured, the place was filled by a negro. In a short time it became quite the correct thing to engage negroes as military bandsmen, and various extraordinary dresses were devised for their benefit. As late as 1843 we find mention of negro cymbal-players in the British Army, though they seem to have finally disappeared shortly after.

The tunic worn by the French "cymbalier" is of a very quaint fashion, and was made of dark blue cloth, fantastically laced with white worsted. It will be noticed that an extra pair of sleeves is worn, depending from the shoulders. This was the usual rule for all drummers and trumpeters from about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was abolished in the British Army by the Royal Warrant of 1768. This peculiar custom appears to have originated in some leader of fashion appearing in public, very likely one hot summer day, with his coat loosely thrown over the back and the sleeves hanging down empty, in the same way as Marshal Ney is shown wearing his cloak in Meissonier's well-known picture of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The loose sleeves of the drummers' tunics were made of cloth of the same colour as the tunic itself, while the sleeves worn on the arms (representing those of the jerkin or vest) were of a different colour—in this case scarlet.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century it was the usual fashion to loop up the hanging sleeves to the waist-belt, and the lacing on the sleeves seems to have originated the lace stripes worn on the back seams of drummers' tunics at the present day (see Walton's "British Standing Army."). The pantaloons were scarlet, with curious white lacing down the seams, and a scarlet sash, entwined with rows of silver beads, added to the general effect. But the most noticeable feature of the costume is the preposterous head-dress, than which a more absurd and unsuitable hat has never been invented. The base was red laced with white, and surmounted by a pillar-like construction covered with light blue cloth, and plentifully bedecked with feathers of red, white, and blue.

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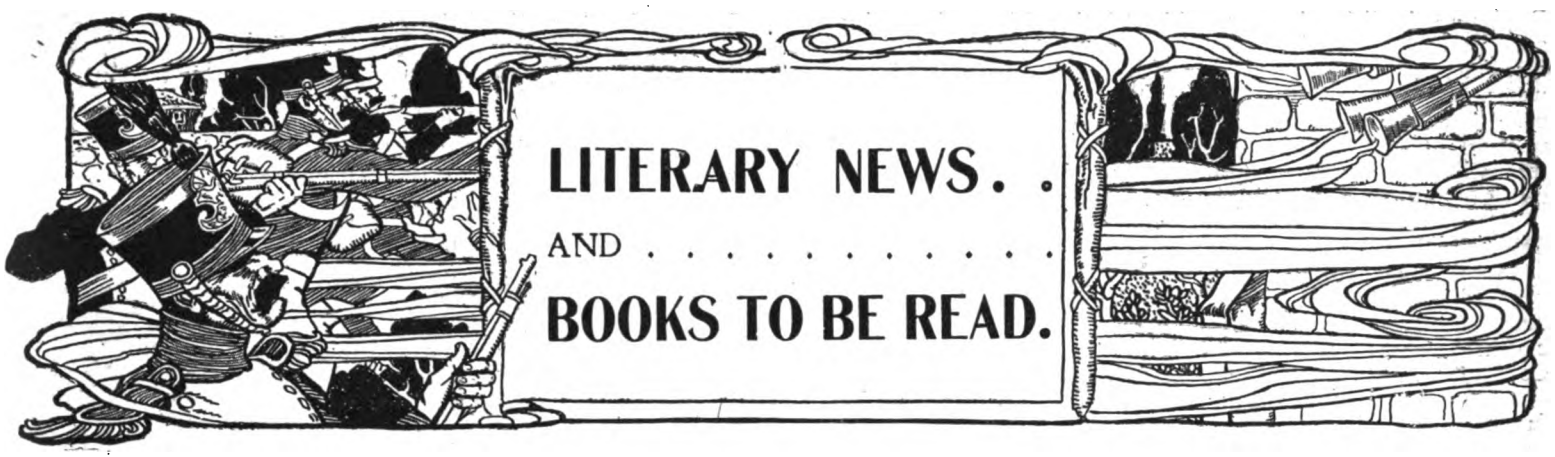

RARELY has Naval history been treated with so much Naval competence as in "From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors" (Lawrence and Bullen), which Professor Laughton has edited as a companion volume to "From Cromwell to Wellington," the book of soldier-biographies. With the exceptions of the editor himself and Captain Montagu Burrows—both most sagacious historians—every biography in the book is by a flag officer, and the idea has been "to show how the work and methods of the great sailors of the past strike the sailors of the present." Of course it was not to be supposed that many new facts would be advanced, though the twelve lives are by no means lacking in freshness. Professor Laughton's "Armada Papers" contain most of the materials for his fine appreciation of the services of Howard, in which, perhaps, the most notable point is the bringing out of the great seaman's sense of the high importance of "seeking out and fighting the Spaniards at home." Sir Frederick Bedford's "Drake" and Captain Montagu Burrows's "Blake" are chiefly narrative. Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald very effectually defends Rooke against the carping of Bishop Burnet, and sets his splendid service in a proper light, establishing him as the greatest seaman of his age. The admiral offers very just comments upon the evils of divided commands and of councils of war, which marred some of Rooke's operations, and points out that to engage in parallel lines was the high-water mark of tactics in Rooke's time, and that it is not fair to judge an officer in command by the light of a later standard. Vice-Admiral Markham has done very excellent work in his account of Anson. He points out that the great circumnavigator's work was largely administrative, that he did very much to improve the construction of men-of-war, and that, during his seventeen years at the Admiralty, he forged the weapons that Hawke and Boscawen wielded so well. The lives of both these great officers are treated by Sir Edmund Fremantle, who incidentally gives an excellent picture of the sea-life of their times. None will dissent from the view that Hawke was the highest type of Naval officer, and all will be interested to learn the opinion that cool courage, determination, decision, and other qualities, were so well blended in him that Sir Edmund doubts whether any other officer has possessed in the same degree all the elements of character necessary to ensure success in command. Boscawen was a fitting complement to Hawke, but the biographer ranks him lower—with Hood and perhaps Rodney. Sir Vesey Hamilton has treated the lives of the eminent officers last named in a very engaging and thoroughly interesting way. It would have been a pleasure to follow him in his survey. I notice that he does not altogether share Hood's unfavourable view of Rodney's failure to follow up the victory of April 12, 1782. It was not, however, Hood's view only, for there is good evidence that it was the view also of many of the captains. This is one of the most interesting controversies in our Naval history, for Rodney was a great officer, and it would be strange to find him displaying either lack of enterprise or professional incompetence. In passing judgment upon his action in April, 1782, it is necessary to remember that a great responsibility rested upon him—namely, that for the conduct of the whole subsequent campaign in West Indian waters. Howe is treated by Rear-Admiral T. Sturges Jackson, both as a victor and an organiser, and St. Vincent and Nelson are both from the most capable pen of Vice-Admiral Colomb. They are very fine biographies, and, though the subjects are well worn, the admiral throws a good deal of new light even upon the tactics of Trafalgar. But I have said enough to show that this is a very remarkable book, both in its character and its substance. I am glad to add that it is extremely readable. The portraits also are admirable, but why are not particulars of the artists and engravers given?

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One must be content to chronicle rather briefly here the appearance of the "Naval Annual" (Griffin, Portsmouth), that essential collection of facts and figures concerning the progress and position of the Navies of the Powers, and of our own Navy in particular, which has its great reputation all over the world. The interests of the book are so many and so various, that a whole column might have been devoted to it. Lord Brassey regards the existing situation with contentment in the introductory chapter, and the more detailed survey which the Hon. T. A. Brassey, the editor, makes in reviewing both progress and comparative strength is also satisfactory. A particularly valuable chapter is that on the United States Navy, being a thorough analysis of its administration, organisation, and strength, by Lieutenant-Commander Beehler, recently appointed Naval Attaché to the Court of Italy and other Governments of the Continent. In the midst of so much descriptive writing upon the Spanish-American War, Sir George Clarke's chapter, carefully deducing the essentials, is particularly valuable, and is certainly the best account of the operations that we have seen. He is evidently, and upon good grounds, in sympathy with gallant and unfortunate Admiral Cervera, controlled by foolish politicians, and has something of ridicule for the American Board of Strategy. Evidently the Spanish admiral had no course, short of absolute disobedience of orders, save that which he adopted. Like a good seaman he had foreseen and foretold the disastrous result of the mission on which he was sent, and the destruction of the ships at Santiago was but another illustration of the evils of divided command, and of direction from the shore. "Captain Mahan has laid great stress on the paralysing effect of inadequate coast defences, but the lesson of the war is of an opposite character." It is singular also to note that while popular clamour in the United States ridiculously exaggerated the danger of the seaboard, it recklessly demanded operations in Cuba before the Naval situation was made secure, thus extravagantly fearing sea power where it was weakest, and ignoring it where it was strongest. There is a capital anonymous and timely chapter on "British Fortifications"—what places we ought to fortify, and to what extent. The author has humour, and also a very just appreciation of circumstances, not decrying necessary fortification, but proclaiming aloud that fortification of any kind holds a very small, or even insignificant, place in any reasonable scheme of Imperial defence. Among other good features of the "Annual" is a chapter on the work of the Nile gun-boats. The tables of ships, for which Commander C. N. Robinson and Mr. John Leyland are responsible, are improved, as are also Mr. S. W. Barnaby's ship plans. Captain Orde Browne is again excellent in the chapter devoted to armour and ordnance. But it is impossible to do more than suggest here what are the admirable features of "Brassey." Those who know the book—and there are few interested in the Navy who do not—will find the issue of 1899 equal in all respects to its predecessors, and greatly improved in many.

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It is time now to turn to some fiction that awaits comment, though it must be done with brevity. There is a great deal in "A Son of the Sea," by John Arthur Barry (Duckworth, 6s.), that the lover of adventure will relish. It is a very salt story of the sea, cast in the bad old times of the "gentleman-midshipman" and the cruel skipper, the poor wretch of a boy sent to sea in an ocean clipper, and turned into a sort of loblolly boy to rough old tarpaulins. Every discomfort, including the nursing of the skipper's baby, falls to the unfortunate's lot. But he escapes from his brutal surroundings, only, however, to enter upon a fresh career of adventure, which carries the reader on breathless to the close. A high-spirited hero thrown into such scenes by a skilful author, who draws strong character from the life, could not but attract us. Incident succeeds incident in dramatic style, and the book is well filled. It is no doubt a very good sea yarn.

* * * *

Let me commend, as a strong and virile story, "Oswald Steele," by Eibbon Berkley (John Long, 6s.). It is a book of character and purpose, well written and vigorous, though a little compression would have been of advantage. The pliant and worldly character of Oswald Steele himself is the main subject, and it is cleverly developed, though he is not the only strongly individualised personage of the story. I should add that the atmosphere is one of religion and politics, and that the purpose is serious, with an infusion of sociology and disillusionment. Of very pronounced character, of course, is "A Dead Man's Diary," by Coulson Kernahan (Ward, Lock, 6d.), now in its third edition—very distinctly a story with a purpose—and the same author's "God and the Ant" has been issued at the price of 1d. "Richard Bruce," by Charles M. Sheldon (same publishers), belongs to the same religious class. Sheldon's books have been an enormous success, and have sold in large numbers to particular classes, though they are not appreciated by all.

* * * *

Mr. Tom Gallon's new book is of an altogether different class. He takes us into a mysterious realm in his "Kingdom of Hate" (Hutchinson, 6s.). A hero who falls in love with an unknown beauty, enters a strange house at night for a wager, finds himself bound and blindfolded, carried into a room, where he discovers her as a bride, and is forcibly, if I may so put it, married to her, only to find her seized from his arms and utterly lost, is necessarily interesting. Of course, the lady is a princess, and her principality is in peril through foul machinations. How the enterprising hero is concerned in the strange business, what are the eventful happenings, and how all ends happily, I will leave the reader to discover. The book is not, perhaps, quite so good as Mr. Gallon's first story, but it is well written, readable, and thoroughly interesting, and we need ask no more. "The Amateur Cracksman" is a new novel by that successful writer, Mr. E. W. Hornung (Methuen, 6s.), full of episodes and adventures. It deals, of course, with the seamy side of life, and its "hero" is not impeccable. There is swing and character in the story, and it is thoroughly readable, though the atmosphere is not of the best.

* * * *

Mr. John Farmer, of Balliol College, Oxford, certainly deserves well of the Army. I suppose many readers of this paper know his volume entitled "Scarlet and Blue, or Songs for Soldiers and Sailors," published some time ago by Messrs. Cassell. "Gaudeamus" (for colleges) and "Dulce Domum" (for children) are other song-books of the same writer, but "Scarlet and Blue" is intended for the Services, and, in order to popularise our old national songs in the Army, Mr. Farmer has delivered many lectures to military audiences. The idea is excellent. Every person in the audience is provided with a copy of the words, and the concert-rooms of Chatham, Aldershot, and Woolwich have resounded, on the occasion of his lectures, with many a rollicking chorus sung by very enthusiastic voices. This is good work, and many will be glad to know of it.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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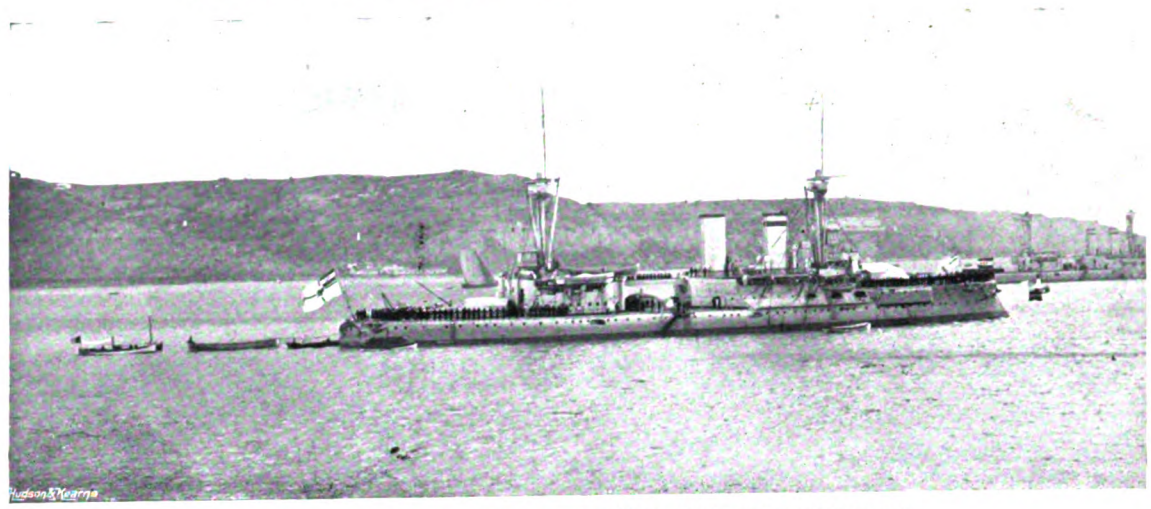
With the Channel Squadron—Festivities and a Regatta.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AFTER a rapid passage from Gibraltar we crossed the bar at the mouth of the Tagus, and made an effective and dignified passage up to the anchorage off Lisbon.

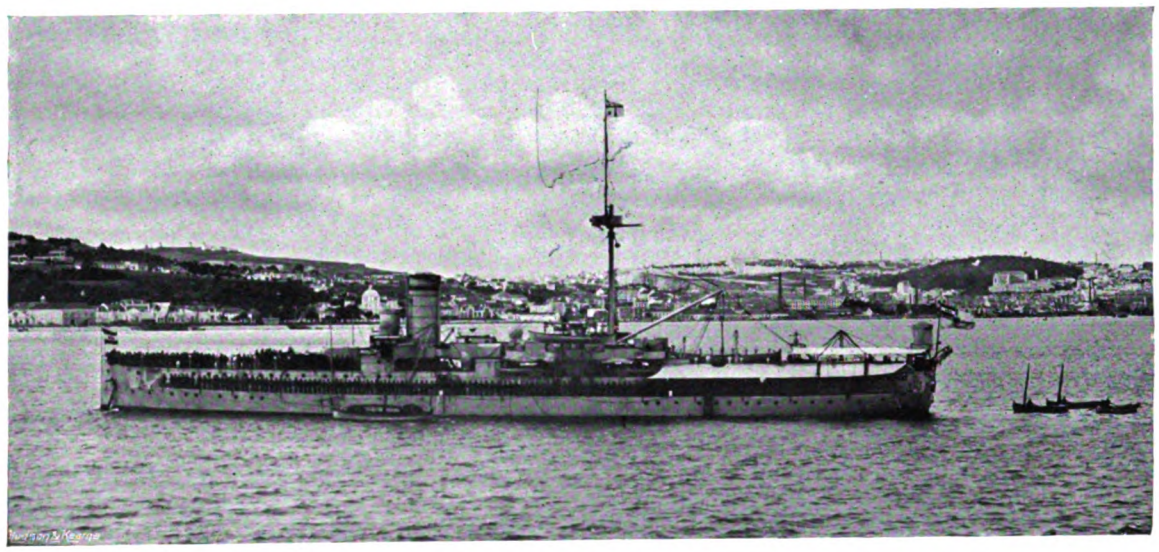
The ships, keeping perfect station, in two divisions, steamed up the river at 12 knots, and the speed was never eased until it was necessary to do so for anchoring; and when the time came every anchor went simultaneously and the ships brought up exactly in their assigned positions.



THE GERMAN FLAG-SHIP "KURFURST FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

It must have been a very fine spectacle, and the King and Queen, who were watching from the Palace windows, afterwards expressed their admiration of the great precision and order maintained through the performance.

Our stay at Lisbon was full of salutes, receptions, reviews, and dinners, even more so than at Aranci Bay. The first large function was a banquet at the Palace to the officers of the Squadron, and a large number attended; after dinner their Majesties, the Queen especially, had a word for almost every one of the English officers. It is said that Her Majesty has a great partiality for Englishmen, and if so the sentiment is much appreciated, for there are few women so charming and fascinating as the Queen of Portugal.



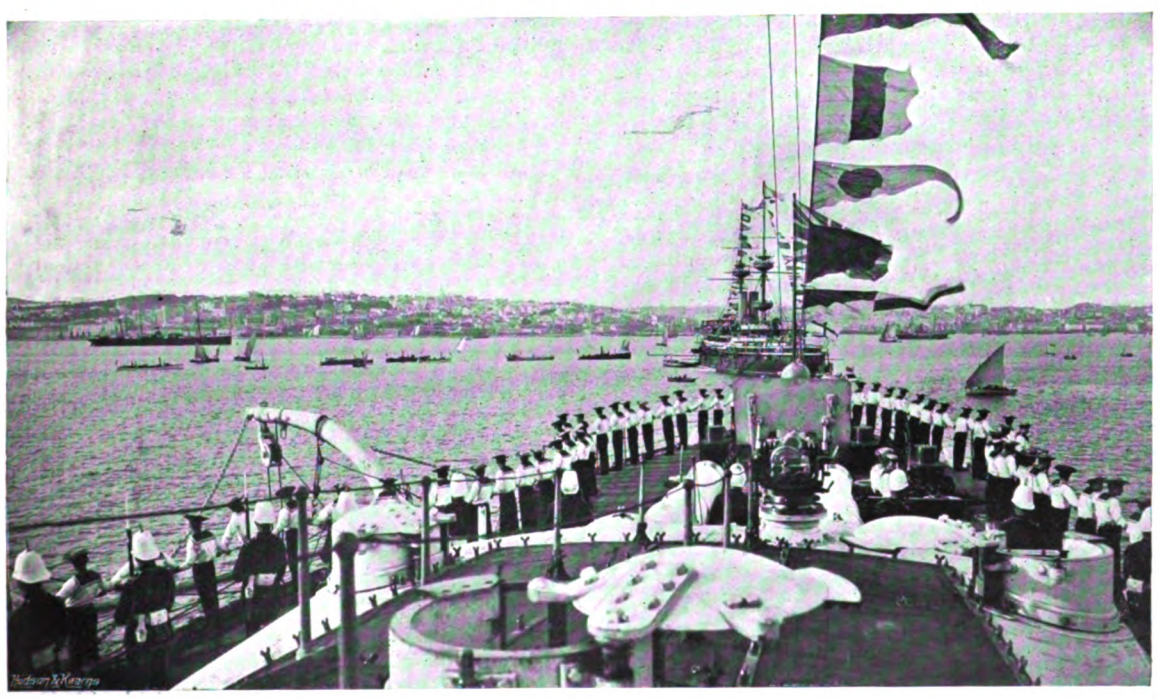
THE "BADEN," 2nd FLAG-SHIP.

Next day the fleet was dressed with flags, the Portuguese ensign being at the main, and at 12 o'clock Their Majesties came off to lunch on board the "Majestic," where they stayed for several hours. About 4 p.m. they re-embarked in the Royal Barge to review the Squadron. One of my pictures illustrate this, and shows the fo'c's'le "manned," with the Royal Flotilla in the distance passing ahead of the "Magnificent." The barge, with its twenty-four oarsmen, leads, towed by a steam-boat; close behind come the Court in another barge, the admirals, captains and other guests following in the different packet boats of the Squadron.

The German Squadron arrived on Friday evening, six battle-ships and three cruisers; they looked small beside our gigantic Squadron, and we were also pleased to think that their method of coming to an anchor could not have compared favourably with ours, for they straggled in a long way apart, and were a long time letting go their anchors.

We hope our exit was at least as impressive as our *début*, for after weighing anchor a Royal Salute was fired, and then, in single line ahead, the flag-ship leading, we steamed down the river almost at full speed, passing between the lines of the German Squadron as they lay at anchor off Belem. As our ships were less than 300-yds. apart, it must have been a magnificent spectacle. Both the Germans and ourselves manned ship as we approached. I was able to get the two accompanying illustrations as we raced past.

One shows the flag-ship "Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm" and a glimpse of her three sister ships "Brandenburg," "Weissenburg," and "Woerth"; the other illustration shows the second flag-ship the "Baden"; her sister ship, the "Bayer," is in the same line, together with the cruisers "Aigit," "Hela," and "Wacht." As the fleet passed down between the



Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL PASSING ROUND THE FLEET IN THE ROYAL BARGE.

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THE PULLING REGATTA—CUTTERS' RACE FOR DUTY CREWS IN PROGRESS.

lines, cheers broke from the German ships. Eight days at Arosa Bay, devoted to the annual regatta, completed the spring cruise of the Channel Squadron.

The weather was very favourable, and though there were many capsizes and such-like catastrophes, no one was any the worse nor any damage done.

For the pulling races the course was two miles long, and as will be seen from the illustrations the boats passed up between the lines, so that each ship had a chance of cheering her own boats on to victory. The honours of the day fairly lay with the "Hannibal," as she carried off no less than six "firsts," four "seconds," and three "thirds" out of the playing, and foghorns, bugles, banjos, bagpipes, all adding their quota to a most infernal discord. This is a time-honoured method of finishing up a pulling regatta, and makes the all-comers' race the most amusing item of the event.

The next day was devoted to sailing races for different classes of Service boats with Service rigs, the first midshipmen round to receive cups presented by the vice-admiral for double banked boats, and the rear-admiral for single banked boats. In the forenoon the officers' pulling races came off, the "Majestic" winning the commissioned officers' and thereby retaining the cup she has held so long, and the "Niobe" winning the subordinate officers' race easily.

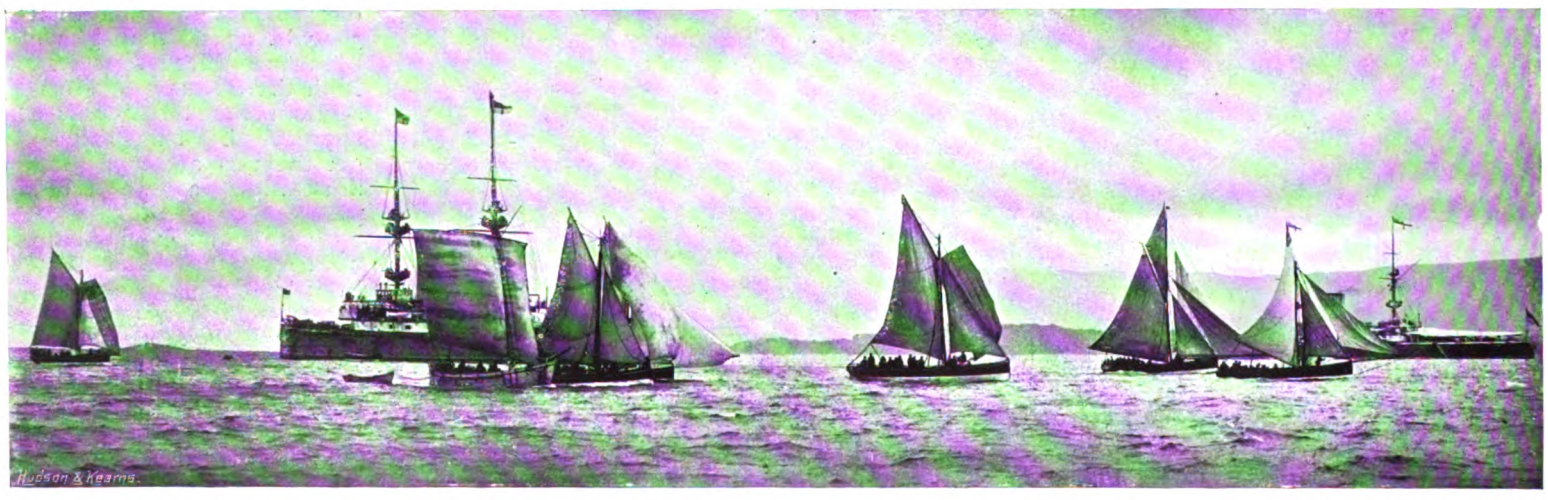
THE VETERAN OFFICERS' SKIFF RACE.

twenty-seven races; the rest of the races were pretty evenly divided amongst the other ships of the squadron. The day concluded with the "all-comers' race," any boat, any number of oars, and any number of men, the most interesting race of the day.

The "Majestic's" six-oared galley, pulling nine oars, won after a very good race from the "Hannibal's" galley, closely followed by "Arrogant's" galley. A very large number of boats were entered, amongst them being the launches crammed with men and carrying the ships' bands in the stern sheets. These did not do much serious racing except between themselves, and paraded down the lines with bands

The sailing programme commenced at 12.30, by which time it was blowing very hard, and the result was that there were five boats capsized and several others dismasted or disabled. However, as I have said, no one was any the worse, nor was the tale of accidents high, when it is remembered that at least 100 open boats were away racing in half a gale of wind. The midshipmen's cups were won by Mr. Grubb, of the "Jupiter," for double banked boats, and by Mr. Howard, of the "Mars," for single banked boats.

The two "cup" races, Admirals' Cup for Service rigs, and "Hornby" Challenge Cup for fancy rigs, were sailed on Saturday and Wednesday. Saturday was a lovely day, with a



Photos A Debenham, Hyde. Copyright.

THE "HORNBY" CUP—THE HEAVY DIVISION COMING DOWN.

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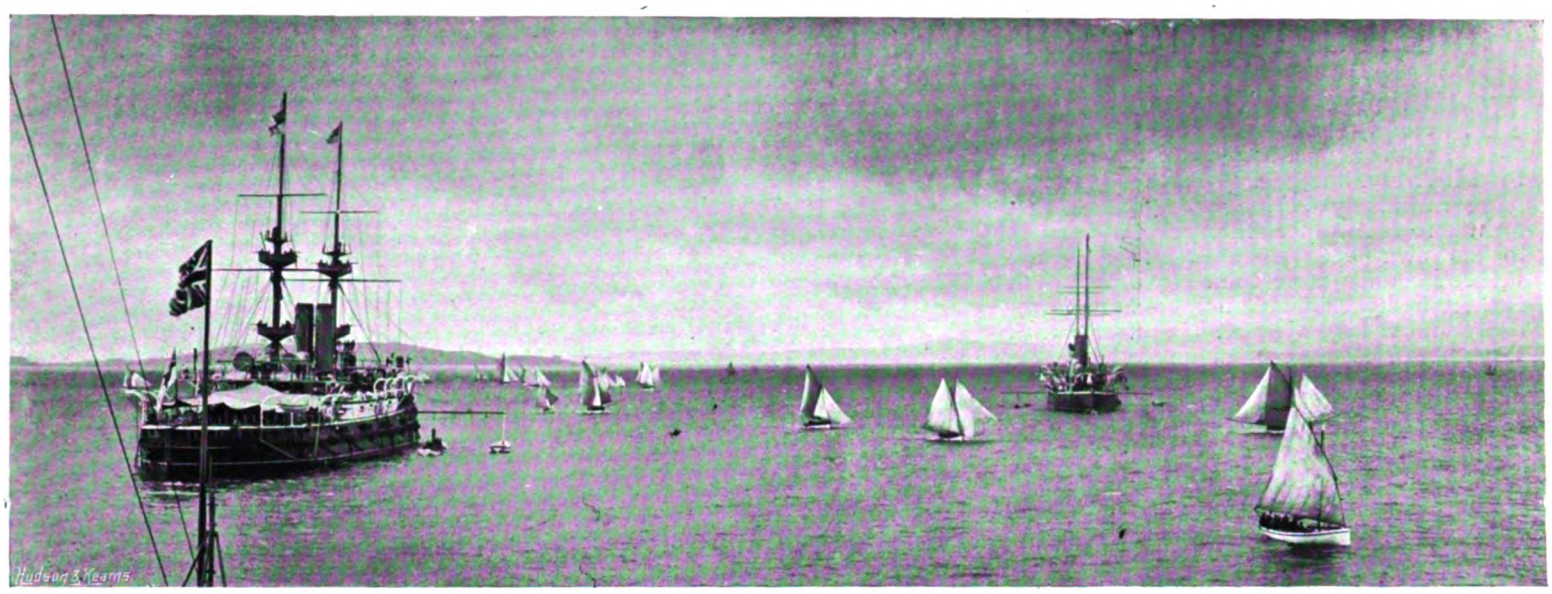
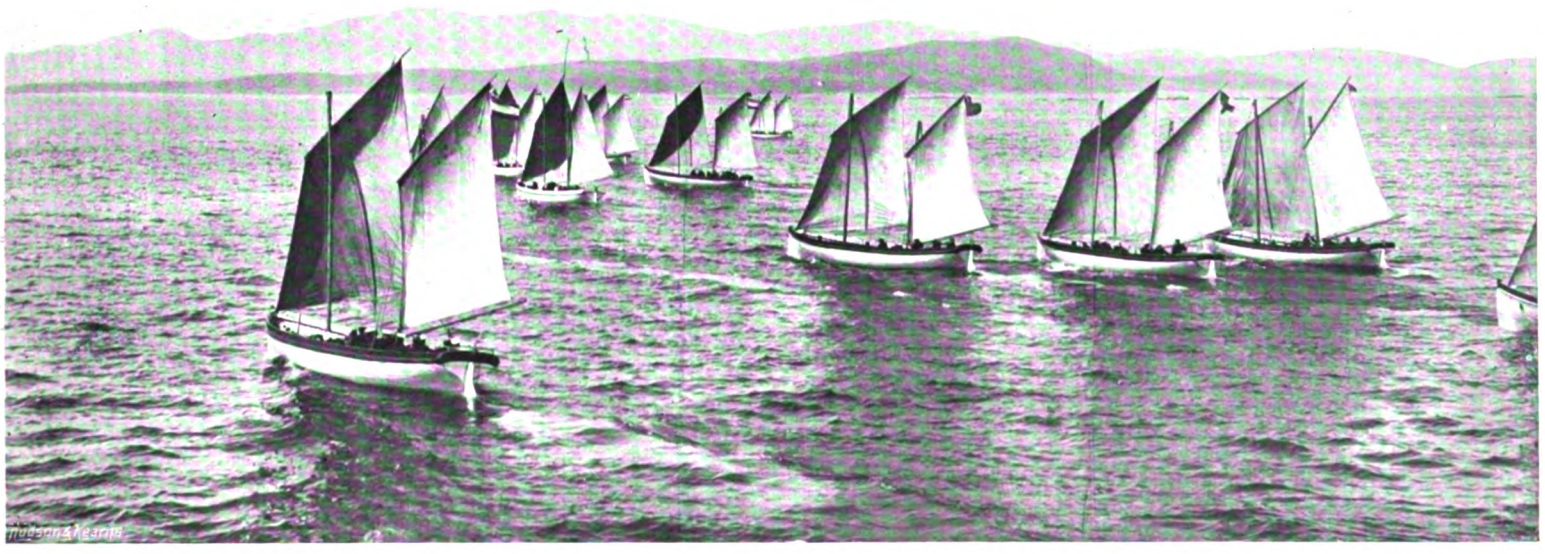


THE "HORNBY" CUP—THE TAIL OF THE PROCESSION.

good sailing breeze, and I was able to get the two illustrations of the boats, as they passed under our stern, just after starting; but as the boats are started in batches, according to length, round a four-mile course, it is impossible to get anything like a general view of the competitors. The race was won "hands down" by the "Pactolus's" galley, sailed by Captain Foley. The "Pactolus," by the way, had the most marvellous success. Her boats were undefeated in the sailing races. She won both the cups and several of the class races the day before. The same morning the veteran officers' skiff race came off, course half a mile. This really caused much amusement and excitement. My illustration shows the "Niobe's" skiff winning, with the "Diadem" and "Jupiter" as runners up for the second place. The great race of the whole regatta is the "Hornby" Cup for fancy rigs, which came off, as I said, on Wednesday. The morning broke in torrents of rain and mist, but towards 10 o'clock it cleared sufficiently to start the race in a good sailing breeze. The "Pactolus's" cutter won comfortably from the same ship's galley, that ship thus securing first and second places in the big race.

SERVICE RIGS—START OF THE GALLEYS AND CUTTERS.



Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

SERVICE RIGS—START OF THE 34-ft. BARGES.

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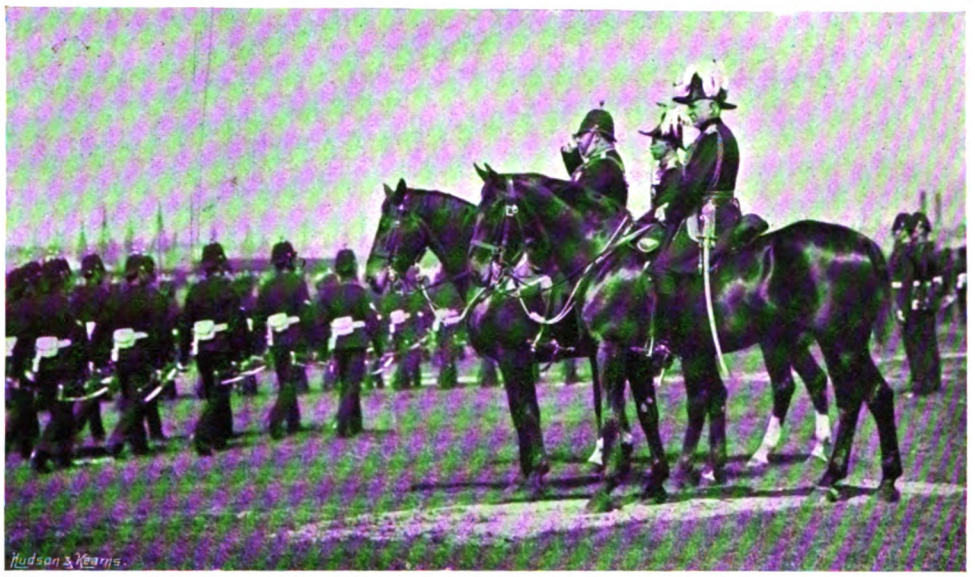
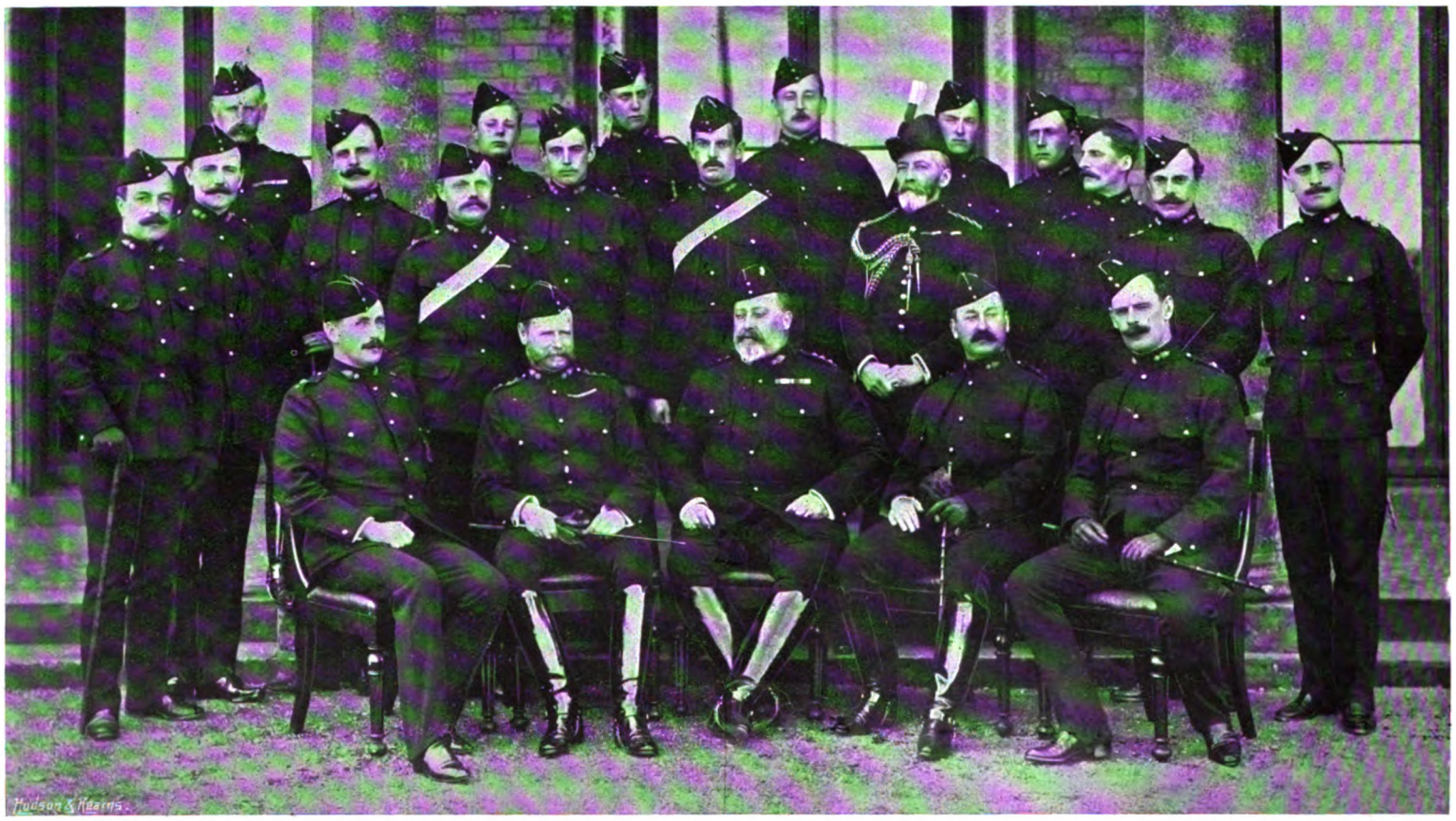
The Prince of Wales and the Norfolk Militia.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES is closely and personally connected with a good many corps in the British Army, but perhaps with none is he more intimately in touch than with that Militia regiment of Artillery which belongs to his own county—for Norfolk is the Prince's county more than any other, as it is there he has made his home—and he probably dons his "gunner" uniform with more *esprit de corps* than any other. He never fails to inspect the corps after the annual training; and some incidents of this year's inspection by His Royal Highness are here reproduced. In the first picture he is watching the gun drill, which, as is usual with this very smart regiment, was exceptionally good. The second shows the march past, the Prince wearing his gunner uniform as colonel-in-chief. In the third the Prince is surrounded by the officers of the regiment. At the parade both Norfolk and Suffolk Militia mustered largely, the entire force numbering some 2,000, the officer in command being Major-General Gatacre, who commanded the British Division at Omdurman, and who now is in command of the Eastern District. As evincing the keenness of the Prince in his pet Militia corps, it is worth noting that before the big review on the Friday the Prince had on the Thursday, the day on which he arrived, driven down to the South Battery at Yarmouth to see the gun practice at a floating target out at sea. Social functions were not neglected, for on the Thursday he dined with the officers of his regiment, and on the Friday evening attended the ball given by the officers at the Town Hall. Both functions, it is hardly necessary to say, were brilliantly successful. The Norfolk Artillery is commanded by Viscount Coke, the heir to the Earldom of Leicester, who joined the Scots Fusilier Guards, as they then were termed, just over thirty years ago, and saw service in both the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and in the Soudan in 1885. One of his brothers, the Hon. Edward Coke, is the last-joined subaltern in the regiment.

THE PRINCE INSPECTING A BATTERY.



THE PARADE BEFORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.



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THE OFFICERS OF THE NORFOLK MILITIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN UNDRESS UNIFORM AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.

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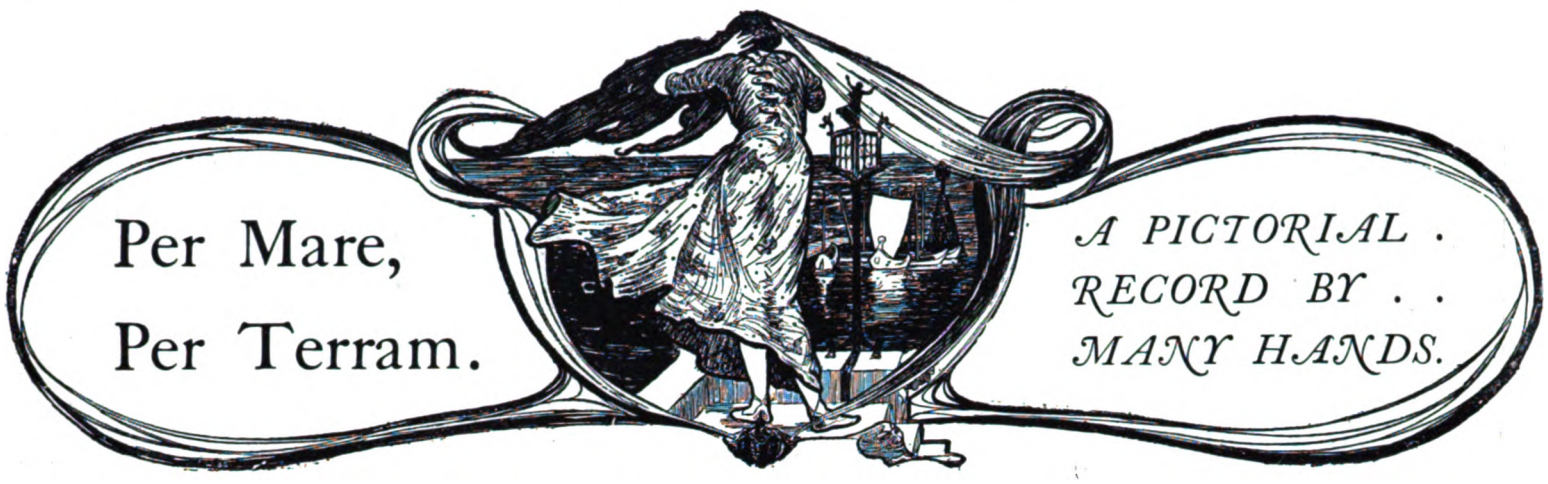

"LE roi est mort, vive le roi." And so the world wags not only as regards kingdoms, but in respect to every dockyard, ship, regiment, or battery that makes an unit in the Military forces of the Empire. And to-day the old adage holds good at Plymouth, for the able Naval officer who there occupies the position of Commander-in-Chief vacates his command to give place to another officer equally distinguished with himself. Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle vacates the command to be succeeded by Sir Henry Fairfax. As we write, the former celebrates his jubilee of Naval service, for he joined the Service as far back as June 9, 1849. And his has been an exceptionally brilliant career. He was a mid of the "Spartan" in the Burmese War of 1852-53, and served through the Ashanti Campaign, being severely wounded and earning his C.B. He also, in 1890, commanded in person the punitive expedition against the Sultan of Vitu in East Africa. Besides being a K.C.B. and C.M.G., he wears several foreign orders, was an A.D.C. to the Queen, has commanded East India and China stations, and was second in command of the Channel Squadron. Finally, he boasts both the Royal Humane and Shipwrecked Mariners' medals for saving life at sea. Admiral Fairfax, who succeeds, was promoted commander for gallantry in the capture of a piratical slaver, has seen service in the Arctic seas, and commanded the "Monarch" at the bombardment of Alexandria. He has commanded on the south-east coast of America—from which he was recalled to take command of the "Britannia" while the two Princes were there—on the Australasian station, and in the Channel Squadron. Sir Henry has a year's less service than Sir Edmund Fremantle, but is a year older than the latter, having been born in 1837.

Photo. Symonds.
ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B.

Photo. Russell
Admiral the Hon Sir E. R. FREMANTLE, K.C.B., C.M.G.

THE Netherlands is one of those kingdoms that do not indulge in the luxury of a Royal yacht, and it is in the picturesque craft here depicted that Royalty takes its pleasure afloat. In our illustration the Queen can be seen just entering the State barge, the crew standing to attention with their oars tossed, and, indeed, the white and gold barge, with her beautifully-carved prow, is a fit craft for the youthful little lady whose hospitality the delegates to the great Peace Conference are now enjoying. Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria is as yet not nineteen years old, she having been born on August 31, 1880. As Royalties, however, come of age earlier than common folk, she was formally inaugurated to the throne on September 6 last year, assuming the reins of government in lieu of her mother, the Queen-Dowager, who had been Regent since the death of her husband in 1890.

Photo. Schalekamp. Copyright.
THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND'S STATE BARGE.

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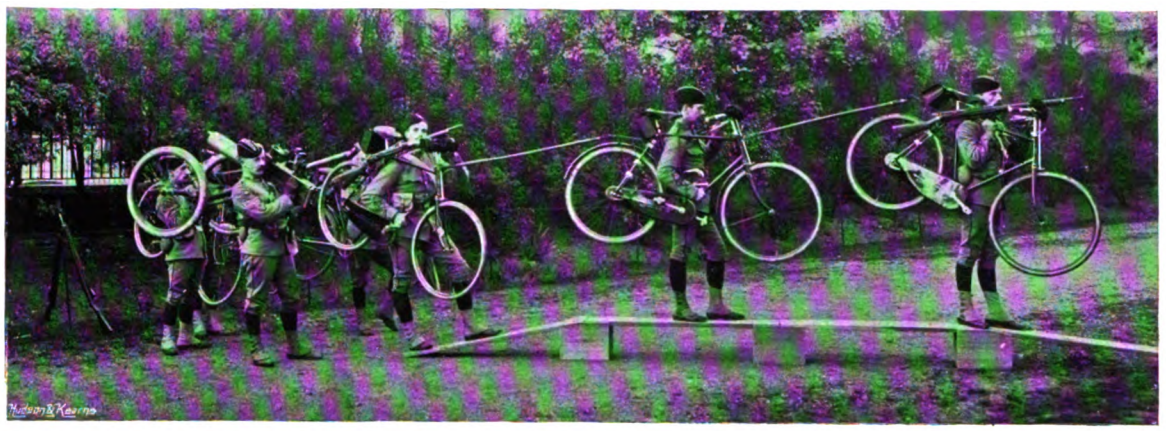

Photo. Thomas. Copyright.

THE CYCLISTS MAXIM GUN

AN extremely interesting display at Islington was that given by the 26th Middlesex (Cyclists) Volunteers, whose Maxim gun team is here illustrated. The picture well conveys the method in which the gun can easily be carried across a bridge, and all who saw the performance at Islington will fully recognise the great importance and value of cyclists for war purposes. How fully those in authority realise it is shown by the fact that the Military authorities have recently formed a cyclist company in connection with the mounted infantry detachment at Aldershot, and which was illustrated in "Per Mare, per Terram" of April 29. Many of the capabilities of a cyclist corps were well brought out in the graphic display at Islington, and on leaving the arena the cyclists wheel off, carrying their wounded on stretchers on their cycles.

WHETHER the Khalifa's forces will disintegrate by a process of natural decay, or whether a further and final attack on him will be made in the autumn, is one of those things that is still on the lap of the gods. However, if the latter is to be the case, British troops will certainly form some portion of the force employed, and one of those regiments selected will undoubtedly be that here depicted on parade, the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers now stationed in Egypt. That this may be the case is, of course, the wish of every soul in the old 87th, known in the Peninsular days as the Faugh-a-ballaghs, from their Irish war-cry of "Clear the way"; for the corps has been bitterly disappointed, as in all the recent campaigning they have remained in garrison in Upper Egypt, and seen regiment after regiment land and pass them to go to the front. This is a thing that no regiment in the Service likes, though, of course, the authorities had no doubt sufficient reason for their action.

This grand old corps was not, however, entirely out of the fun, for they were represented both at the Atbara and Omdurman, a strong detachment of the regiment having gone up with a Maxim battery. No regiment in the Service can look back to a better record than can the Irish Fusiliers. In one of the articles on regimental badges, which have appeared in these pages, the story has been told of how their valour at Barrosa won for them their proud badge of the "eagle" and the honour of being made the "Prince of Wales' Own Irish."

At the defence of Tarifa, also, this battalion greatly distinguished itself, and the able historian of the Peninsular War stirringly tells the story of how 500 of the 87th defended the open breach in the east front against the attack of four times their number of picked veterans. This event is commemorated by the open breach and regimental colour which form an "honourable augmentation" in the arms of the Gough family.

The Dervishes will have a bad time in the autumn if they have to meet the Irish boys of the Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers.

THE writer was fortunate in being present at the preliminary performance at the Agricultural Hall to an audience of children. The intense delight and wild enthusiasm of the youngsters was a sight to witness, and when the Bluejackets appeared their enthusiasm developed almost into frenzy.

I would venture to say that four out of every five boys in that vast audience left the hall with the firm intention of running away to sea at the first opportunity. And no wonder, for the performance is one of the finest in the whole programme. The smartness and alertness of the Bluejacket gunners is simply marvellous. That this is so is in the main due to the two chief petty officers whose portraits

Photo. Crlob. Copyright.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS AT ISLINGTON.

are here given, Gunnery Instructors A. Billington and E. Chiverton, the latter being the figure to the right as you look at the picture.

Unceasing effort and care must have been given to the training of the squad, and as the two instructors double out with their men they must feel a praiseworthy pride as the roar of applause falls on their ears.

Photo. E Barker. Copyright

THE "FAUGH-A-BALLAGHS' ON PARADE AT ALEXANDRIA.

THE Catch-Weight Tug-of-War Team shown in the accompanying illustration is that of the 3rd London Rifles. At the Royal Military Tournament on Saturday evening the men succeeded in pulling off the final, defeating the 19th Middlesex R.V.

The regiment has, for many years, figured honourably in tug-of-war competitions. As long ago as 1883 the catch-weight team defeated the East Kent Volunteers at Mystole Park, Canterbury, the residence of their commanding officer, and now honorary chief,

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Photo. E. L. Smith. Hammersmith.

THE CATCH-WEIGHT TEAM OF THE 3rd LONDON.

Colonel R. P. Laurie, C.B., V.D. In the following year, at the Royal Aquarium, they carried off the first prize, beating the 24th Middlesex R.V. and the 2nd Middlesex Artillery. In 1885, after a smart competition with the London Scottish, 25-a-side, the City corps was again successful. At the Royal Military Tournament in 1887, the team again carried off the first prize, defeating the 2nd Middlesex Artillery. In 1890, the successes included the Championship Cup for Volunteers, at the Royal Military Exhibition, Chelsea; the second prize at the Islington Tournament; and a victory over the 4th East Surrey R.V. at their own sports. The team lapsed until 1897, when it was revived by the exertions of Captain J. H. Montagu, assisted by Sergeant-Instructor Farmer and Colour-Sergeant Roskey, who figure in the group. The material was drawn from the two Western companies of the regiment, which have their headquarters at Hammersmith, and fresh honours were soon won.

That year the second prize at the Crystal Palace Volunteer Tournament, and the first prize at the Hotspur Club and Volunteer SportsatTottenham, were carried off. In 1898, the team secured the second prizes at the Royal Military Tournament, the Crystal Palace Volunteer Tournament, and the Army Temperance Sports. By way of keeping their hand in, they afterwards worsted two Police teams at local sports. Their recent crowning success at the Royal Military Tournament does them great credit, and is a fitting reward of plucky perseverance.

ON the 8th, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, visited Winchester for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the new barracks, which are to be built to supply accommodation for the depôts of the King's Royal Rifles and Rifle Brigade. Our illustration is of the old barracks, which our readers may remember were destroyed by fire in 1894.

The wrecked buildings have now been pulled down, and in their disappearance an old historic building has gone, for they were built by Wren as a palace for King Charles, and were formerly known as the King's House. The Hampshire cathedral town has always been a strong Military centre, for not only is it the depôt for the two battalions of its own county regiment, but it is also the depôt for the eight battalions which make up the two British Rifle Regiments.

Photo. Green. Copyright.

THE OLD RIFLE DEPOT BARRACKS AT WINCHESTER.

We say it advisedly, for though since the fire the Rifle Depôt has been at Gosport, this is only a temporary arrangement, and it will return to Winchester when the new barracks are finished. It is peculiarly appropriate that their Royal Highnesses should officiate at this ceremony, for the Prince of Wales was gazetted colonel-in-chief of the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1868, while the Duke of Connaught's association with the Rifle Brigade is for thirty years, and a close one, for he was both a subaltern and captain in the regiment before he left it to go to the 7th Hussars, and has been its colonel-in-chief since 1880.

Apart from its importance as the depôt of the Rifle regiments, it forms the nucleus for one of the oldest English regiments, the Hampshire, and our second picture represents the depôt sergeants of that stout old corps.

Photo. Green. Copyright.

THE SERGEANTS OF THE HAMPSHIRE DEPOT.

Col.-Sgt. Barton. L.-Sgt. Rooney. Sgt. Bevis. Col.-Sgt. Sillence. L.-Sgt. Scott. Col.-Sgt. Lewis. Sgt. Wells. Q.-M.-S. Boxall. S.-Maj. Cross. Q.-M.-S. (O.R.S.) Pantry. Col.-Sgt. Frampton.

AT every large Military function massed bands play an important part, whether it be a torchlight tattoo, a Queen's Birthday parade, or some other great celebration. Those here depicted represent those massed for the Queen's

Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

MASSED BANDS AT PORTSMOUTH.

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Birthday celebration at Portsmouth. The magnificent band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry is, of course, the chief, and Drum-Major Keene of that corps leads the line. The whole are under the direction of Mr. George Miller, the bandmaster of the Royal Marines' band. Lieutenant Miller is one of that group of bandmasters on whom the Queen has conferred the honour of a commission as second lieutenant. This honour was first bestowed on Dan Godfrey, late of the Grenadier Guards, at the Jubilee of 1887. In December of last year Bandmaster Miller, of the Royal Marines, Charles Godfrey, of the Royal Horse Guards, and Zavertal, of the Royal Artillery, were added to the list; and in February of this year Sommers, of the Royal Engineers, was also gazetted.

Photo. Lafayette.

MAJOR R. M. POORE, 7th Hussars.

MAJOR POORE, whose portrait, together with an illustration of some of his many trophies, is here given, is one of the finest all-round horsemen and swordsmen in the British Army.

The handsome shield in the centre of the picture is that conferred on the best man-at-arms (officers) in the Royal Military Tournament, and this Major Poore has once won—last year—with two firsts and two thirds, his aggregate being fifty-two points, the highest record yet made at Islington.

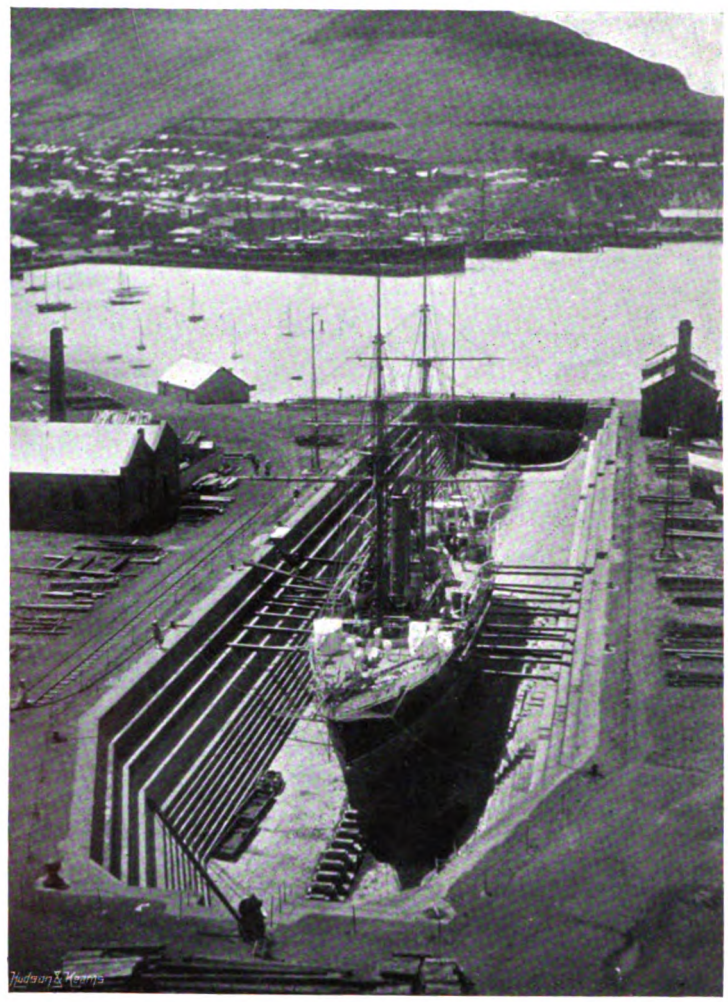
In 1893 the 7th Hussars also won this shield, Lieutenant and Riding-Master H. Dibble being the successful competitor. The cup on the right is for lemon cutting, that on the left for sword *v.* sword mounted. At the Bombay Assault-at-Arms, in 1893, Major Poore was also the winner of the best man-at-arms prize for officers. In 1895, at the Poona Assault-at-Arms, he won the dismounted single-sticks, sword *v.* sword mounted, and tent-pegging with swords. While in India the 7th Hussars won the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament both in 1891 and 1895, and Major Poore played in both teams.

From 1892 to 1894 Major Poore was A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay, then Lord Harris. His medal was won in Rhodesia in 1896, and he also earned his brevet

SOME OF MAJOR POORE'S TROPHIES.

majority in that campaign. The uniform he is wearing is the picturesque levée dress of his regiment.

THE smart little sloop here shown is the "Torch,' of the Australasian Squadron. Two ships are always kept stationed in New Zealand waters, and the stay of six months that they make is much looked forward to by both officers and men, for the station is very popular. The "Torch," however, had the luck to get a year there, which she has just completed, to the regret of all on board. Our illustration shows her lying in dry dock at Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch, the capital of the province of Canterbury, and one of the prettiest towns in the South Island. She



THE "TORCH" IN DRY DOCK AT LYTTELTON, N.Z.

belongs to one of the last classes of this craft added to the Navy, and has one sister, the "Alert," now on the North American station, and both have given every satisfaction.

BY the substitution of the "Devastation" in lieu of the "Rupert" as port guard-ship at Gibraltar, the Mediterranean station received a very material access of strength; and it has lost nothing, for the "Rupert" has not been removed from the station, but has been transferred, in the same capacity, to Alexandria. An old ship, the "Devastation," and ranking only as second-class in battleships, she is none the less an immensely powerful vessel, and one that many a Naval officer would rather take into action than some of a more modern type. She was laid down as far back as 1869, just thirty years ago; but only a few years since she was completely reconstructed, as far as engines and armament were concerned. Re-engined and re-boilered, she can now do 14 knots, while in each of her great turrets are a pair of what are perhaps the most useful class of gun in the Service, the 10-in. 29-ton breech-loaders. Her auxiliary armament is also of the most modern, and comprises six 6-pounder and eight 3-pounder quick-firers. Though her armour is not of the most modern, it is of great thickness, and magnificently distributed. She is, in fact, completely armoured all over. If the day comes, the old "Devy" will render a very good account of herself.

Photo. Gore Booth. Copyright.

THE GIBRALTAR GUARD-SHIP.

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"The Safety Valve of the First Lootenant"

"Yet mark how Providence arranges an automatic check! It is in the Navy that you hear the wildest and freest adjectives of any Service."—"A FLEET IN BEING."

"NORTH ROAD!"—"North Road!" The train stopped at the Plymouth station, and judging by the crowd on the platform I guessed that I should not be left much longer the sole occupant of the compartment. The minutes passed, however, without bringing me a companion, and I was congratulating myself on the prospect of further privacy, when, as the train was moving out of the station, there was a sudden scampering of feet, the door of my carriage was opened and slammed, a bundle in a red handkerchief shot through the window, a voice shouted "Good-bye, chum," and a breathless Bluejacket was seated opposite to me.

"No inconvenience, I hope, sir," he said, when he had regained his breath sufficiently to speak.

"None," I replied. "You nearly lost your train."

"Pretty nigh, sir," he responded, producing from the inside of his cap a clay pipe and some shreds of very black-looking tobacco.

"We only paid off at Devonport an hour since," he went on, "and I stopped talkin' to a chum till—— Beg pardon, sir, have you such a thing as a light about you?"

I had, and handed it to him, and he proceeded to light his pipe.

I had just been reading the "Fleet in Being," and I now realised how Mr. Kipling could have smelt the ship's tobacco, even though it was being smoked on board another ship. I let the window down three holes, and took up the book once more. Page after page I read with deep interest, for to me, as a landsman, the Navy, as it is, was being revealed in a very new light indeed. I had almost completed the article, at the end of the book, on the "Duties of the First Lieutenant," when my companion, who I felt, rather than saw, had been surveying me critically from time to time, coughed. I looked up. There was an expression on the clean-shaven face which told me he desired speech.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he began, "are you in anyways connected with the Service?" I shook my head, and he continued, "Wonderful book you have there, sir, to be written by a shore-goin' chap, meanin' no offence, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "and if half of it is true, I——"

"Half!" he exclaimed; "it's all true, sir. Why, you might take that for any ship afloat, so far as routine and drills goes."

"Indeed," I answered. "Well, I am just reading about the first lieutenant, and all I can say is, that I don't envy him his job."

The sunburnt face before me grew thoughtful, an enormous cloud of smoke spread itself over the compartment, nearly choking me, and the mariner replied, "That's accordin' to fancy, sir. Mind you, there's first lootenants *and* first lootenants." I nodded. "Some of 'em—*most*—as I've served with," he continued, "does *their* work, and gets work done, quiet; just a few words now and again what gives the men a shake up; and some—well, sir, why the way they carries on——"

He paused a moment, surveyed me again, and proceeded. "Likely enough, now, you never heard tell of what happened in the old 'Leviathan' two or three years back?"

I said I had not.

"Not over and above likely," he replied; "the skipper *he* kept it dark, naturally, and the orficers nor yet the ship's company didn't speak much of it, and of course bein' where we was at the time—— Beg pardon, have you another——"

I handed him a match, and he continued his narrative.

I may remark here that interruptions of this sort were frequent; perhaps he needed a breath of fresh air now and then. Possibly, also, I was firing his imagination.

"It began first, sir, when our new first lootenant come to the ship—'Number One,' we generally calls 'em, for short—a good orficer, as every one agreed, but he'd had fever on the West Coast bad, and it used to come on again sometimes. So long as all the drills went off well, well *and* good; but if there was a hitch anywheres it was a case of stand from under. Not so much, you'll understand, sir, what he done, but—well, the things he'd say, it took me fair aback often, and *I've* been in the Service sixteen year come the 17th of June."

A pause, he gazed out of the window for a minute, borrowed yet another light, and went on.

"The skipper had been in the ship all the commission and we knowed him pretty well. A smart orficer, and no mistake; clever, too, they say, him havin' been staff-orficer in the torpedo-ship. We did hear tell he suffered from a wound he'd had in the head, but it never made no difference with us—not at first, leastways. Most religious, too, he was, always carryin' on Church—us havin' no parson—with sermons, too, which he read out of a book; most particular about that he was, and one day, his cox'n havin' mislaid 'em, he reads us stations for 'Man and Arm Boats' instead.

"What he *did* have a down on, though, was us makin' use of what he calls vain oaths, and drop on us pretty smart he did, to be sure.

"Him and Number One hit it off all right at first; but one day a stoker come aft on the quarter-deck, leavin' foot-marks all about the place, and Number One comin' up the 'atch seen 'im.

"The sick-bay man had told us the night before as he'd had another go of fever, so I wasn't surprised to hear him swing off at that stoker chap *to* rights. I sympathised, mind you, with Number One, me bein' captain of the quarter-deck.

"In the middle, up comes the skipper. He listens for a minute, and then Number One turns round and sees him, and the skipper tells him he wants to speak to him in his cabin.

"Now I put it to you, sir, whether it aint better, when a man feels it comin' on, to out with what's on his mind and have done, instead of workin' it off in 'black list' next day? After that things gets worse and worse with Number One and the skipper, till at last one day the doctor, he says Number One must be invalided, and so we lands him to go home by the next steamer.

"It'd be about a fortnight later, one mornin' as I was seeing the quarter-deck swept for divisions, the skipper calls up the skylight, 'On deck there.' I goes to the skylight, and there was the skipper with a lot of sheets of paper, and compasses and rulers and such like. 'Tell the chief engineer to come to me at once,' he sings out.

"Off I goes, and presently aft come the chief. Happenin' to be by the skylight directly, I hear the skipper say, 'Mr. McRae,' that bein' the chief's name, 'I am determined to put a stop to the use of bad language in my ship.' 'Yes, sir,' says the chief. 'And as I don't know,' goes on the skipper, 'when we shall get a new first lootenant, or who he will be, I am going to have one made on board.'

"The chief stares at him for about a minute with his mouth open. 'I say,' repeats the skipper, 'I am going to make one on board. I have here the working drawings;

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there are a few minor details still to fill up, but you will get under way at once with every available artificer, and I shall tell the gunnery lootenant to send the chief armourer and torpedo instructor to assist.'

"The chief gasps, and edges round, casual-like, to the other side of the table, and I stands by on deck with a squeegee handle, ready to assist in case of a set-to.

"However, the skipper goes on quite solemn, 'As I make it out, Mr. McRae, it should take about three weeks, workin' all hands night and day, and be cheaper too, after initial expenses. You will take the drawings and look over them, and let me know.' With that he gives the chief the papers, and the chief he bolts.

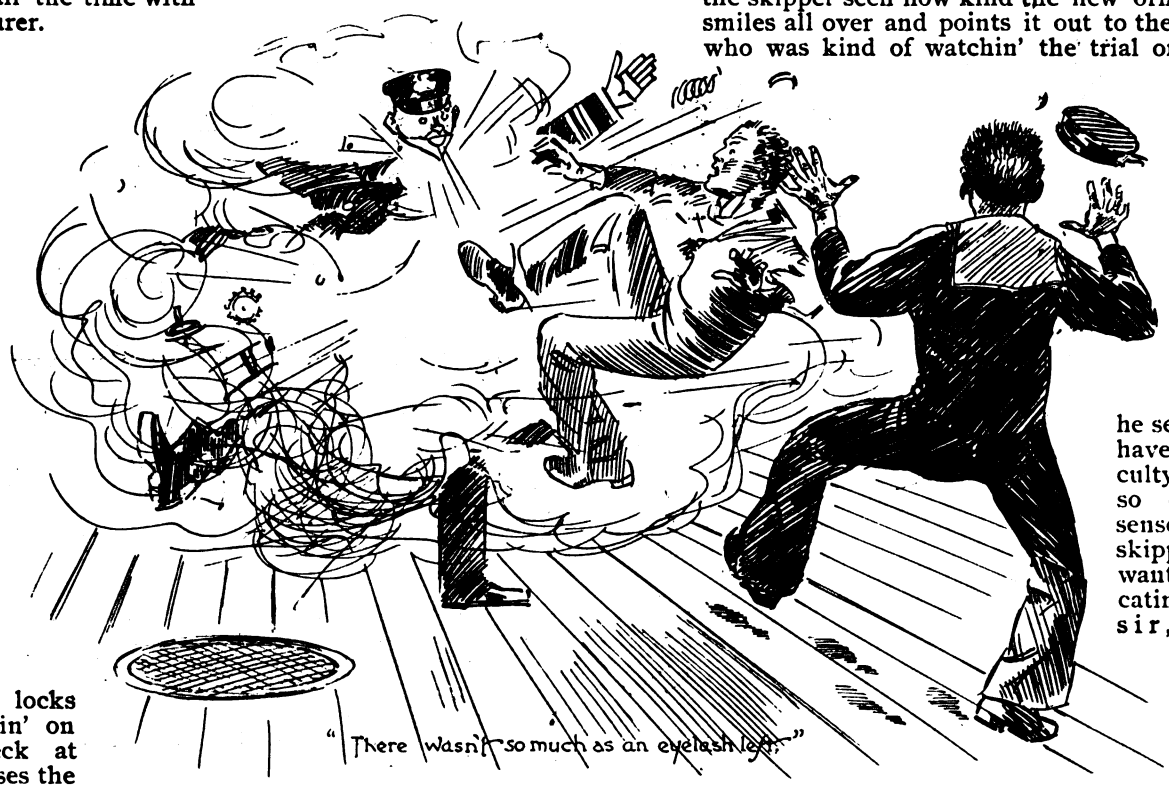
"Well, everything goes on much the same, the second lootenant carryin' on, but in the dinner hour I see in the orficers' smokin' place that they was lookin' pretty serious; however, the skipper comes and has a yarn with 'em, same as usual, and in the evenin' the chief comes aft and stops in the skipper's cabin about an hour and a-half."

Here my companion paused, and gazed thoughtfully at the flying landscape. I had my match-box ready in time, and mechanically handed it to him. A thousand questions presented themselves to my mind; but even if I had not been beyond speech, I had no time to ask one of them, for he turned to me again and went on.

"Next day all hands knew about it, and some of us was pretty well scared, for we knowed well enough, as orficers and men first has to do as they're told, and then complain after. We didn't get much out of the artificers, them bein' hard at work all the time with the chief armourer.

"The torpedo instructor, he works separate, behind a screen, and the skipper come and go pretty frequent, seein' as he was keepin' to correct dimensions, and such like.

"One day there arrives for the skipper one of them machines from England, what you hears talkin' and playin' bands in, and the skipper takes it aft to his cabin and locks the door. Bein' on the quarter-deck at the time, I raises the skylight a few inches, and presently I hear the skipper begin talkin', to hisself it seemed at first, but I listens again and then I tumbles to it.



"There wasn't so much as an eyelash left."

"If you'll believe me, sir"—a pause as he gazed at me—"he was a-sayin' all such things as he wanted his new Number One to say. Some of 'em was right enough, though it made a man smile to hear him reelin' it all off previous like; but some I didn't understand at the time, never havin' heard any livin' Number One speak so soothin'.

"After that, sir, you'll understand, I used to watch down the skylight pretty frequent, not as I could help it either, through feelin' it my duty to keep the other hands clear. One day the torpedo instructor comes aft with a big bundle wrapped up in waste, and the skipper takes it to his cabin and unwraps it, and there, as sure as I'm sittin' here, was the upper works of the new Number One.

"The skipper sets to work himself then and there, and in about two hours I hear the first trial. It knocked me fair of a heap, knowin' there was no one in the cabin but the skipper. He stands in the middle of the cabin, with half his Number One secured to the swingin' table, and says, 'A quarter to twelve, sir,' and then touches a little switch and back comes the answer, 'Sound off, cooks.'

"You'll hardly believe it, sir, but there wasn't a thing the skipper hadn't provided for, exceptin' in one way; and comin' to think of it after, I wondered whether he was afraid of tryin' him too high; but that's going ahead.

"Hope I'm not botherin' you, sir?"

I shook my head, feebly, and he continued.

"Next day—or no, I'm wrong, to be quite correct, the day after that; Tuesday it was, now I call it to mind—our new Number One was commissioned.

"We was clearin' up decks for divisions, and he walks out of the cabin, quite natural, and on to the quarter-deck, and a very good job they'd made of him between 'em, especially bein' new to the work. Presently the sentry come aft, tryin' hard not to grin one minute, and standin' by run the next, and salutes, reportin' 9 o'clock, as is the custom.

"Sure enough, Number One turns round and goes aft to where the skipper was waitin', up goes his hand to his cap, with a click, like easin' the spring of a rifle, and he says in a sort of motor-car voice, kind of buzzin' you'll understand, 'Ready for divisions, sir'; the skipper returns the salute, most polite, all hands watchin', and says, 'Sound off, please, Mr. Carr,' that bein' the name he'd give him.

"Then Number One turns round again, in three motions, same as the 'Excellent' teaches the seamen gunners, and tells the bugler to sound off. P'r'aps it was the bugler bein' took aback, and soundin' off kind of mournful, or the hands was wonderin' which way to look, but they was certainly slack fallin' in.

"The skipper was standin' by, and touches the first lootenant on his right elbow; there was a sort of a little click and a buzz, and Number One calls out, 'Still'; the bugle sounds, and he says, and it seemed to me, standin' close, as if he didn't talk quite so easy, 'Please to move aft a little more quickly, my lads—carry on.'

"Now if there was one thing as made our late Number One tear his hair, it was the hands comin' aft slack, and when the skipper seen how kind the new orficer takes it he smiles all over and points it out to the chief engineer, who was kind of watchin' the trial on behalf of the contractors, so to put it.

"'All right, eh, Mr. McRae?' says the skipper. 'Yes, sir,' says the chief, 'but I still think it would have been better to have fitted him with some sort of safety gear; he seemed to me to have a little difficulty in speaking so quiet.' 'Nonsense,' says the skipper, 'he only wants a little lubricating.' 'Very good, sir,' says the chief; 'I only thought, perhaps, under the circumstances, a little stronger expression might have impressed the men more, and have had a better effect.'

"The skipper gets quite angry, and tells the chief to mind his own business, and see Number One properly lubricated. After prayers the chief takes him down to the ward-room and has a salad-oil cocktail made and gives it to Number One, and when he come on deck again to tell the hands off he seemed to talk freer, or I should say easier, p'r'aps.

"Well, those were the rummest days I ever spent in any ship. The hands soon got accustomed to him, and hearin' him called Mr. Carr; the lamp trimmer, what wrote songs for the nigger-party, christened him 'Aughty Carr, through his stiff way of walkin', I suppose. When defaulters fell in, Number One would ask for witnesses all regular, and when the master-at-arms had got the hang of him, he used to whack out the scale all correct.

"I was up now and again, but through watchin' the skipper constant I knew the punishment switches—the left buttons of his coat mostly, though the skipper used to shift them about to prevent the hands tamperin' with 'em—and I could generally switch on 'cautioned' instead of 'leave stopped' when no one was lookin'.

"Well, after a bit, to get on, sir, it begun to be noticed by the ship's company that when things went adrift at drill and such times, as they will do, though one or other of the orficers was always handy with an oil feeder, Number One used to buzz more and more before passin' a suitable remark to the hands. The skipper he noticed it too, always watchin' careful, and I seen him take Number One to bits as much as three times a day, but it never really made much difference.

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"One day, when the second cutter was let go by the run, there was such a buzzin' that the skipper runs on deck and switches him off altogether, and has the bell tolled and makes him read prayers, to sort of ease him, as I take it.

"At last the end come, sir, in this way. I was with a party gettin' up the ashes from below, and I hear the chief engineer talkin' to his senior artificer, what had been, as you might say, foreman in the constructin'. 'Roberts,' he says, that bein' the artificer's name, 'we shall have a break down before long.' 'Engine-room department are you meanin', sir?' says Roberts. 'No,' says the chief; 'executive, senior executive, he's been gettin' his bearin's hotter and hotter lately, let him see some real dirty marks on the paintwork, and—well, I won't answer for what might happen.'

"Well, it so happens that a second class stoker chap hears it all. He'd got fourteen days 10 A that morning for skulkin', and I see him grin all over. When I got a chance after that I catches that stoker chap and says, 'Look here, my lad, none of your tricks with Mr. Carr,' I says, me bein' interested through knowing the punishment fittings, and I kept my eye on him pretty sharp accordin'.

"Next day I was about a job on the foc'sle, and turnin' aft I seen that stoker chap come up from below, and by his footmarks he must have come straight from a bunker, and aft he goes to the quarter-deck. Number One was going about half speed up and down the quarter-deck, all alone and unprotected as you might call it.

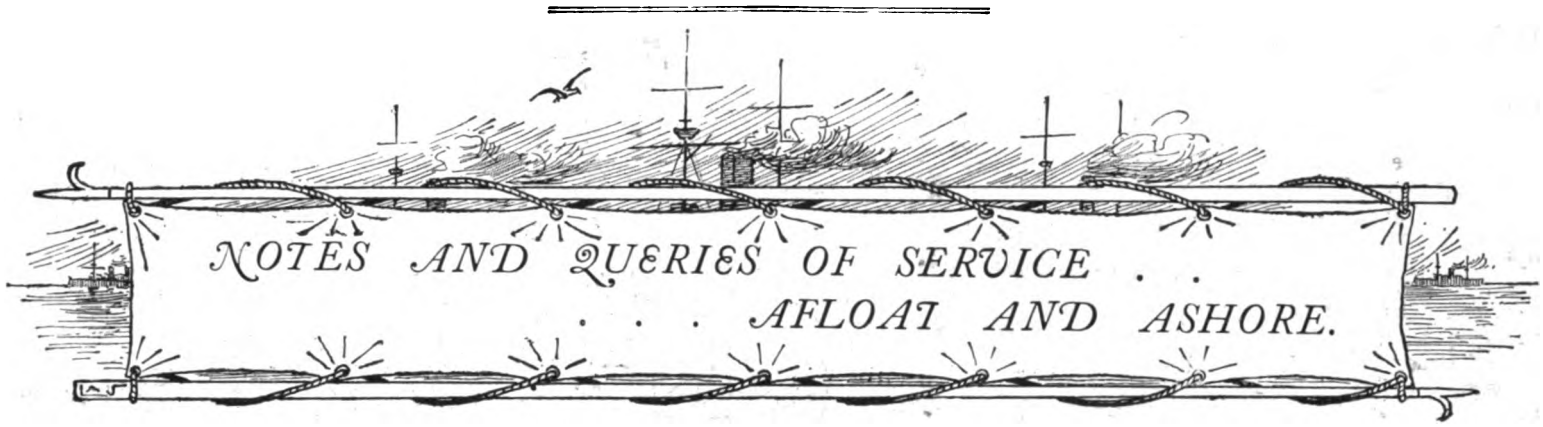
"It was just before 11, and he hadn't been lubricated, the orficers making a practice, as I heard from the ward-room steward, of givin' him his oil when they had their forenoon tots quite sociable, so it was his worst time for buzzin', you understand. I hurries aft to the rescue, but I come too late. The stoker chap makes a good dozen foot-marks right in the gangway, and as Number One turns round he knocks against him, casual and accidental like, but I just see he knew the switch, and at that moment up comes the skipper and chief.

"The skipper, I think, hoped to the last that Number One would hold out, though he'd always been careful about not lettin' him see too much at once; but the chief give a start forward, and I heard him say sort of to himself, 'Barely a sixty-fourth, and there's no safety valve.' Before any of us could get near, Number One stopped dead, there was an awful buzz for a second, and then—well, I can't tell what happened then, but when I come to in the sick-bay they told me the quarter-deck was in ruins, and there wasn't so much as an eye-lash left, not what you could identify Number One by. The stoker chap lost one eye, and serve him right.

"I did hear tell," my companion went on thoughtfully, "that in the next ship the skipper went to he——"

"Exeter!"—"Exeter!"

"Exeter!" said my friend, in surprise, "I gets out here," and collecting his bundle, and returning his pipe, which was out, to his cap, he alighted. "J."



"SIGNALLER."—Classes are formed three times a year at the School of Signalling, Aldershot, commencing about March 1, June 1, and September 1, for officers and non-commissioned officers of all branches except the Artillery These classes last for about twelve weeks. A class for officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery is formed about December 1, and lasts about six weeks. Applications have to be sent to the deputy-assistant adjutant-general for signalling, Aldershot, accompanied by a medical certificate showing that the work is not likely to affect the eyesight of the candidate prejudicially. A certificate from the commanding officer of the corps to which the candidate belongs must also be sent, stating that the latter can read ten words a minute off the small flag, and eight words a minute off the lamp, with a maximum of ten mistakes in either case. When a candidate joins the school he is tested, and, if he fails to come up to the required standard, he is at once sent back to his unit. Candidates must be steady, intelligent, and quick of apprehension. They must see and hear well, have no impediment in their speech, and be possessed of self-reliance.

* * * *

THERE is no want of scope for junior officers in the Army who are desirous of seeing service abroad. Formerly, most of the various forces abroad were only tacitly recognised by the War Office, but the authorities are now encouraging young officers to volunteer for service in various parts of Africa, and it is certainly a sign of the times that the names of "Officers in Colonial Military Employment" fill some half-dozen pages of the monthly Army List. The various forces in Africa to which British officers may be attached are—the West African Frontier Force (Lagos), the West African Regiment (Sierra Leone), Niger Coast Protectorate Force, Royal Niger Company's Force, Uganda Rifles, British Central Africa Protectorate, British East Africa Protectorate, and British South African Police. Subalterns and captains from three to ten years' service are eligible, but subalterns are most required. Officers may also be employed with the Australian Forces. The particulars as to pay, and the terms of employment, may be ascertained by applying to the Under-Secretary of State, War Office, London, S.W.

* * * *

"W. M."—The term "widows' men" was derived from a scheme for providing a fund for the relief of widows of the commissioned and warrant officers of the Royal Navy. To effect this object every commanding officer of Her Majesty's ships was authorised to enter on ships' books one or two fictitious names for every hundred of the complement, the produce of whose wages and the value of whose provisions were applied to the purpose aforesaid, without any deductions whatever. The exact proportion of widows' men per hundred was fixed by the clerk of the check, a dockyard officer, part of whose duty was to muster the companies of the ships lying at the port to which he was attached. The pensions granted under this scheme ranged from £25 to £120 per annum.

* * * *

"ARMIGER."—The gorget was the last survival of armour. When armour was worn—and it was not entirely left off till Queen Anne's reign—the gorget was worn over the breast-plate, in order to protect the lower part of the neck. After armour was discarded, the gorget continued to be worn by itself. It was a special indication of the wearer being on guard, or some other special duty such as guard. The gorget was discontinued in 1829. The sash has been worn by officers from the earliest times, and afterwards by sergeants. It was worn round the waist till the change in uniform during the Russian War. During the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the present century it was of strong net silk, and there was a general belief in the Service that besides being an ornament and a badge of rank, it was intended to be used to carry the wearer off the field when wounded. As a matter of fact it could be converted into a miniature hammock, and was therefore suitable for the purpose indicated.

* * * *

"O. C."—A "snow" was a vessel with three masts, of which two resembled the main and foremasts of a ship, while the third was placed just abaft the mainmast, and carried a sail called a trysail, similar to a ship's mizen. The foot of this third mast was fixed in a step upon the deck, the head being attached to the after-part of the maintop. Sloops of war were frequently rigged as "snows," and the term occurs constantly in Naval records. A "pink" was also a three-masted vessel, but very narrow in the stern; they carried lateen sails, and were usually vessels of burden.

* * * *

E. A. CAMPBELL.—The colour of the dress dirk belt of an officer of the Cameron Highlanders is dark blue, and it is largely covered over with gold ornamentation in which thistles with silver tops are conspicuous. It is not an easy matter to get a copy of the Dress Regulations of the Army between the years 1830 and 1840. It is possible that you might get one by advertising, but if you only wish to consult the Regulations, you might enquire at the Royal United Service Institution. The dress regulations are quoted in full in *Colbourn's United Service Journal*, which, of course, can be consulted at the British Museum or at the Royal United Service Institution, where the authorities are extremely assiduous in giving assistance to students of military history.

* * * *

IN answer to "C. W. P.," badges of rank are worn by officers of the Army on the shoulder-strap, and may be in metal or embroidery. As a rule, embroidered badges are worn in full dress, and metal badges in undress, but there would seem to exist no regulation to that effect. A second lieutenant wears no badge, and can only be recognised as an officer by his uniform. A lieutenant wears one star on each shoulder-strap until he is promoted to the rank of captain. When his name appears in the *London Gazette*, he at once adds a star to each shoulder-strap—by no means the only expense consequent on his receiving his company. The badge of a major is perhaps the most striking of all, and consists of a crown only on either shoulder-strap. When he attains the rank of lieutenant-colonel a star is placed under each crown. A colonel wears two stars below each crown, but if a brigadier-general, he wears a sword and baton crossed, or to be more strictly correct "in saltire." An officer holding the rank of major-general wears the same badge on either shoulder-strap with a star above it. A lieutenant-general adds above the sword and baton a crown, and a general wears a crown and star above the sword and baton. A field marshal cannot be mistaken for a general officer, for his badge is of a more gorgeous pattern, and consists of crossed batons on a wreath of laurel with a crown above. The same badges are in all cases worn on both shoulder-straps. Officers having brevet or honorary rank wear the badges of those ranks.

THE EDITOR.

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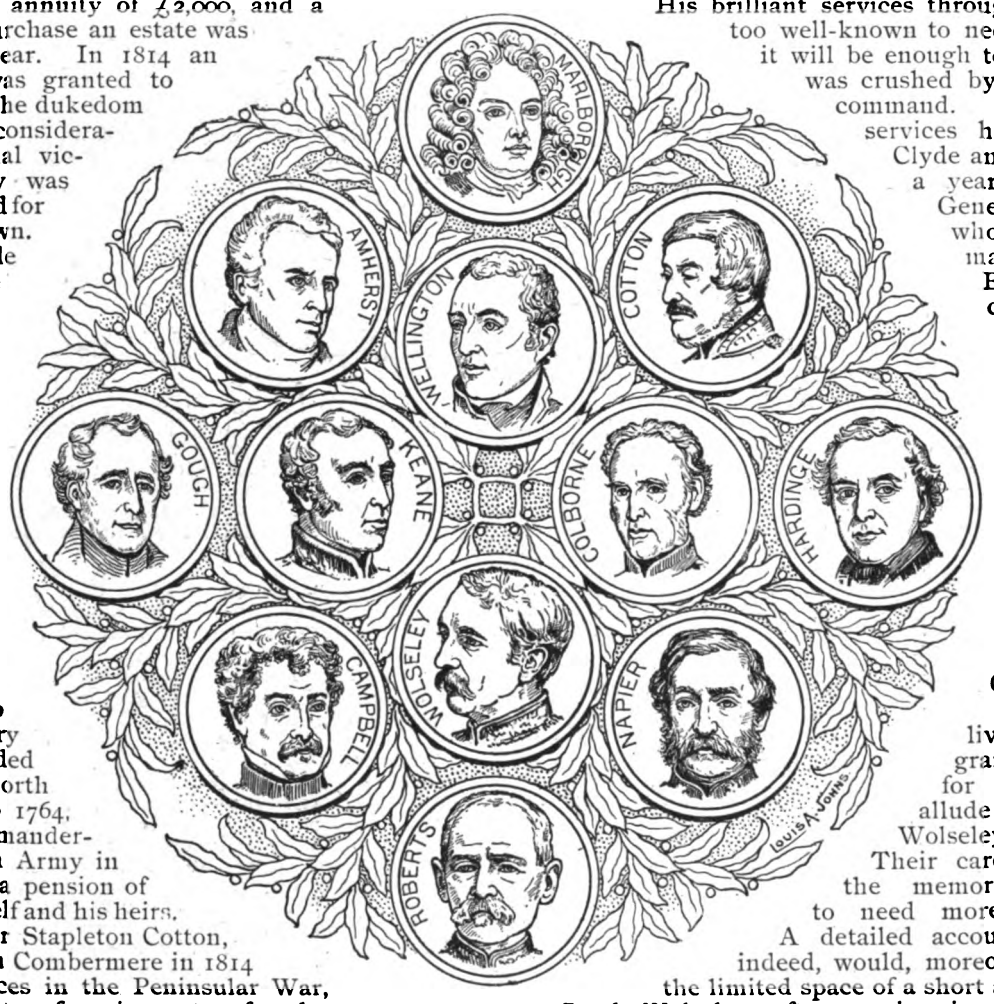
Grants to Successful Generals.

By A. B. Tucker.

In view of the proposed grant of £30,000 to Lord Kitchener for his brilliant success in the conduct of the recent Soudan Campaign, it may be of interest to recall the facts relating to national gifts to other successful generals.

The two best known names in the Military history of this country are, of course, Marlborough and Wellington. We will, therefore, first see what a grateful country did for these two great commanders, and then take some other examples of grants to successful generals in chronological order. For his splendid victory at Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough was granted to himself and his heirs the royal manor of Woodstock, where a princely palace, named after this great victory, was erected for him. A pension of £4,000 a year was also settled on himself and his posterity. This pension, it should be stated, was commuted in 1883. In estimating the value of the grants made in the case of Marlborough, and in those of successful generals of a later date, the value of money two centuries ago as compared with its value now must be taken into account. Coming to the other great name, we may safely say that no British military commander ever received such honours as were conferred upon Arthur Wellesley. The grants to the Duke of Wellington were the subject of six Acts of Parliament. For the battle of Talavera he received an annuity for himself and his two next heirs of £2,000. Two years later, in 1812, in consideration of further distinguished services, particularly at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, he received an additional annuity of £2,000, and a grant of £100,000 to purchase an estate was voted in the same year. In 1814 an annuity of £18,000 was granted to support the dignity of the dukedom conferred upon him in consideration of his many signal victories. This annuity was subsequently exchanged for the sum of £400,000 down. The last gift was made in consideration of the "most important and glorious victory obtained on June 18, 1815." It consisted of a grant of £200,000. The total gifts of the nation to the Duke of Wellington amount to £700,000, and two annuities of £2,000 each.



Now let us turn to some grants made to other successful generals, whose names, though well enough known, are not quite so celebrated. Sir Jeffery Amherst, who commanded the British forces in North America from 1758 to 1764, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in 1778, received in 1796 a pension of £3,000 a year for himself and his heirs. The famous General Sir Stapleton Cotton, who was created Baron Combermere in 1814 for his brilliant services in the Peninsular War, advanced to the dignity of a viscountcy for the capture of Bhurtpore on January 18, 1826, and granted a pension of £2,000 for himself and his heirs. For distinguished services in Afghanistan, notably for the carrying of the fortress of Ghuznee by storm on July 23, 1839, General Sir John Keane was made a peer and received a pension of £2,000 for himself and his heir. General Sir John Colborne, created Baron Seaton in 1839 for his brilliant services in the Peninsular War and at the battle of Waterloo—on the latter occasion he led the 52nd Foot in a movement which greatly contributed to the victory—was also granted an annuity of £2,000 for himself and his heir.

The list of services rendered by General Sir Hugh Gough is a long one, and he richly deserved the honours conferred upon him. In the Peninsular War he commanded the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. He commanded the British troops in the Chinese War of 1841-43, including the attack on Canton He was Commander-in-Chief in the campaigns against the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, in which wars he gained the brilliant victories of Maharajpore, Sobraon, and Gujerat. Created a baron in 1846 and a viscount in 1849, he also received a pension of £2,000 a year for himself and two next heirs

After the campaign against the Sikhs, Sir Henry Hardinge, at the time Governor-General of India, was was made a viscount. He had served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and at the head of the 57th Foot had largely contributed to the glorious victory of Albuera. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army from 1852 to 1856. He enjoyed a pension for life from the Honourable East India Company, and was granted by Parliament a pension of £3,000 a year for himself and the next two successors to his title. One of the most famous generals in recent times was Sir Colin Campbell. Forty years ago his name was a household word. His career is all the more wonderful in that he started on it without any advantages in the way of birth or education. He first saw service under Sir John Moore in Spain. Then he took part in the unfortunate Walcharen Expedition, and afterwards returned to Spain and took part in all the great battles of the Peninsular War. He also served in the American War, in Demerara during the suppression of the negro revolt, in China, and in the Sikh War of 1848. In the last-named campaign he distinguished himself greatly and was created K.C.B. He further enhanced his reputation in the Crimean War, particularly at the battle of the Alma, when at the head of the Highland Brigade he drove back the Russians at a critical point.

Scarcely was the war with Russia over than Sir Colin Campbell was ordered to India as Commander-in-Chief. His brilliant services throughout the Mutiny are too well-known to need recapitulation, and it will be enough to say that the Mutiny was crushed by the army under his command. For these splendid services he was created Baron Clyde and a pension of £2,000 a year was awarded him. General Sir Robert Napier, who successfully commanded the Abyssinian Expedition, was in 1868 created Lord Napier of Magdala, made a field-marshal, and awarded an annuity of £2,000 for himself and his successor in the title. It will be remembered that he died in 1890 at the age of eighty, and was buried with all the honours due to his high military rank in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Two generals, still living, have received grants from Parliament for their services. We allude of course to Viscount Wolseley and Lord Roberts. Their careers are too fresh in the memories of our readers to need more than brief notice. A detailed account of their services, indeed, would, moreover, be impossible in the limited space of a short article.

Lord Wolseley, after serving in the Burmese War of 1852-53, in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, and in the China War of 1860, commanded the Red River Expedition in 1870 and was created K.C.M.G. for his services. He commanded the Ashanti Expedition of 1873-74, and was made K.C.B. and G.C.M.G. and awarded a grant of £25,000 for his services. A peerage was granted to Sir Garnet Wolseley after the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and he was raised to be viscount after the Nile Expedition of 1884-85.

Lord Roberts has also had an exceptionally distinguished career. He founded his reputation in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, during which he won the Victoria Cross. He served throughout the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868, and in the Looshai Expedition of 1871-72. But the climax of his career was reached during the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79.

In the latter year he was in command of the army in Afghanistan, and his famous march from Cabul to Candahar in August, 1880, showed him to be one of the first generals of the age. For his services on this occasion he was created a baronet and received a grant of £12,000. He was created a peer in 1892.

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"ROLLING UP THE RAGS."

This picture represents the Training Brig "Martin," attached to the "St. Vincent" as a sea-going tender, for the more efficient instruction of the boys in the handling of a ship. They are here engaged in furling the sails, a process which they describe among themselves as "rolling up the rags." The smaller sails are always furled first, the others being merely "clued up," and furled after the vessel has been secured at her moorings.

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The Fighting in the Philippines.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

MANILA, *May* 2.

THE pictures I send by this mail illustrate one incident in the Insurgent War, and that a short and exciting one. It is that of the treacherous attack by the insurgents upon Manila, not by ordinary weapons but by fire—the flames of Aguinaldo's incendiaries. The city had retired to rest, guarded from the insurgent troops by a long ring of entrenchments, and confident, as it has learnt to be, in the alertness of the American sentry, when signs of unwonted activity began to display themselves in various quarters. The troops were, for the most part, far away beyond the suburbs, upon the line of defence, and the provost-guard or police were in charge of the city. They were evidently bent on business.

It became known that Captain Metz, of the Binondo police (Binondo, be it understood, is the business quarter of Manila), had telephoned to headquarters that he had received warning from a reliable Spaniard that the Filipinos were about to make good their boast of destroying the city by burning it down. As cities go in the Far East this is not an idle threat. They are usually built as though specially designed for a slap-up conflagration.

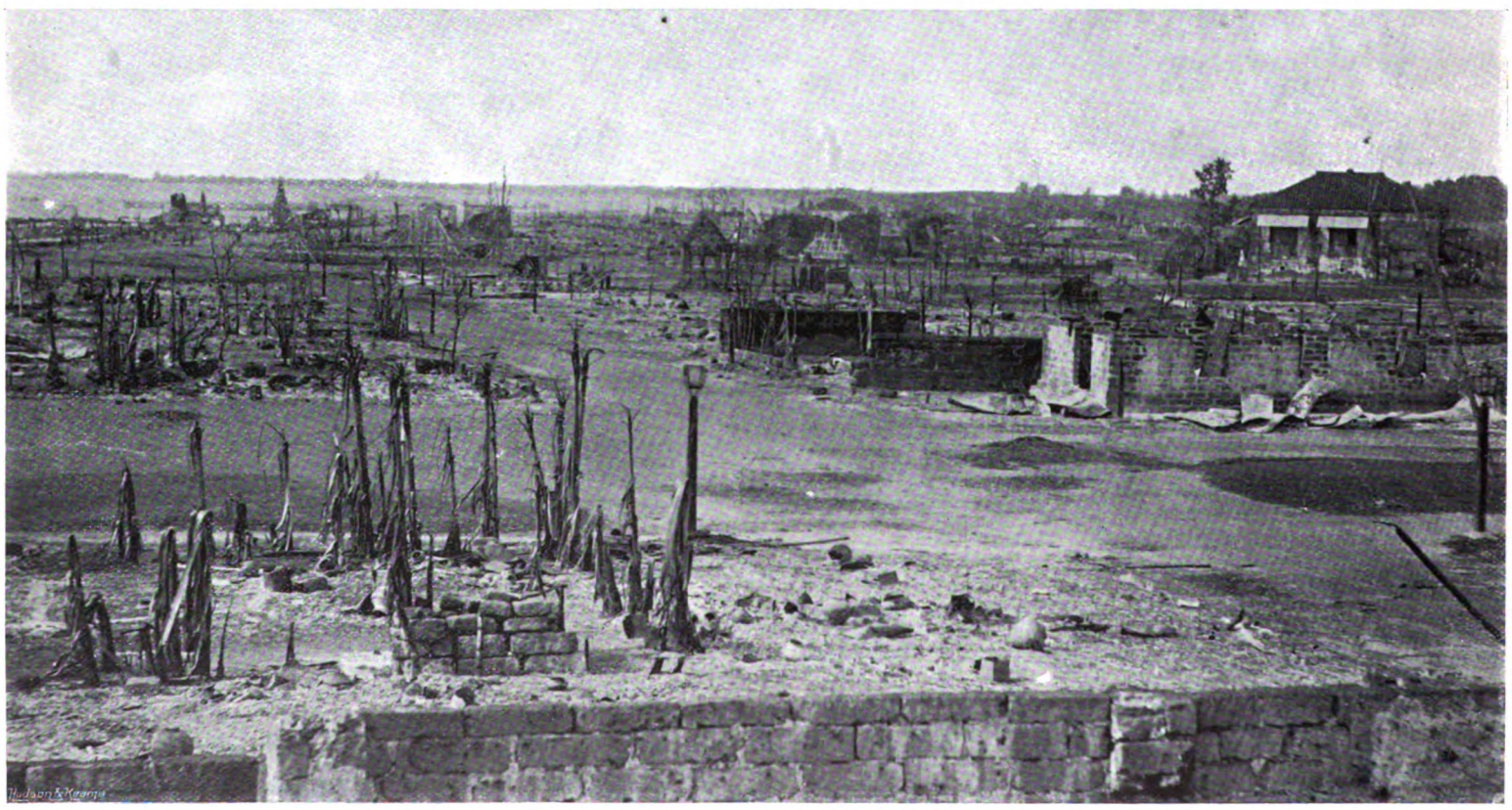
The police captains of all the districts were immediately instructed to exercise increased vigilance. An hour or two passed and nothing happened. Then a fire was discovered in the district of Santa Cruz, but a united effort of the bomberos, policemen, and the volunteer fire department put out the flames with some difficulty. At midnight the guard on the door at the Tondo police-station reported three separate fires advancing rapidly about 300 yards to the north.

BINONDO CHURCH.

Tondo is—or *was*—the principal native quarter, contiguous to the town. A call to arms was sounded, and at the same time the fire-brigades got to work. The natives began

TONDO POLICE STATION

TONDO BEFORE THE FIRE.



TONDO AFTER THE FIRE.

From Photos. By Our Own Special Correspondent.

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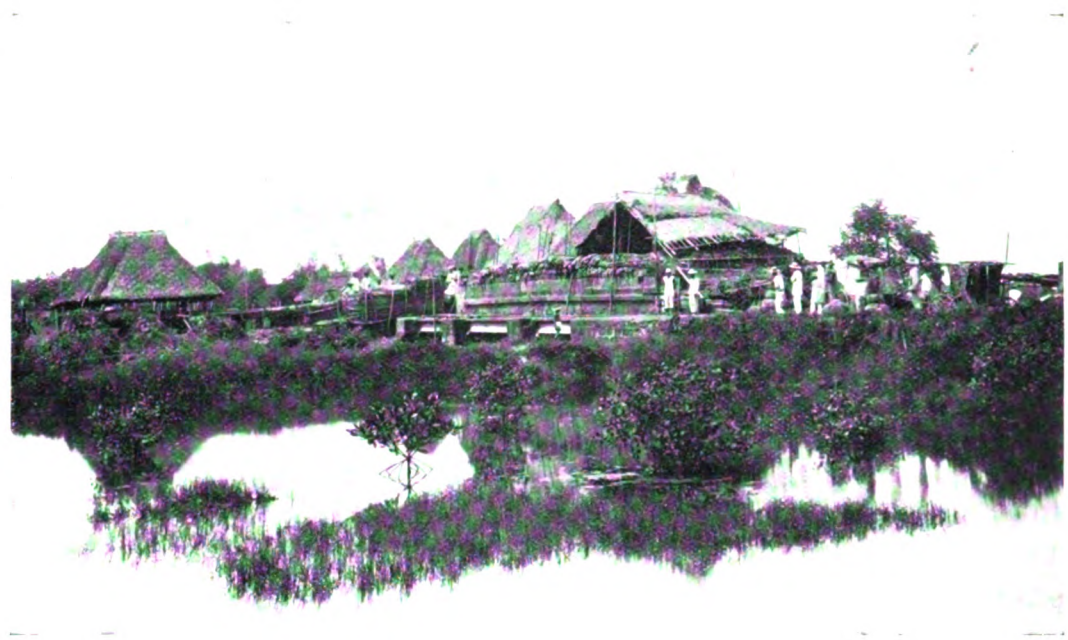
dropping Mauser bullets at the American firemen, and in the darkness cut the fire-hose. Then a perfect hail of bullets fell upon the Tondo police-station, a flimsy structure, as will be seen from the illustration, not calculated to withstand either flames or rifle shot. It was impossible to locate the enemy, for the crackling of burning bamboo is noisier than the reports of Mauser rifles. Some few regular troops who were quartered in Binondo Church—which church was formerly the headquarters of General MacArthur's division—were brought up, and gallantly raised the siege of the police-station. Surrounded by a horde of insurgents, who a few hours before passed as friendlies, the station was being stubbornly held with grim determination by Second Lieutenant Snow and twenty policemen.



MAEPAJO VILLAGE.

At 2 a.m. bugles on the insurgents' side sounded "Fall back," and the Filipinos retreated as the fires, burning furiously to the west and south, drew closer round the city. It was hopeless to attempt to put them out. But as the natives, relying on the set of the wind, had started operations from their own quarter, it was decided to let them have the full benefit of their bonfire. A long barrier was made, and soaked through and through with water, and buildings that looked likely to carry on the flames were razed to the ground or burnt as they stood. Thus a non-flammable zone was created, and across this belt the flames could be kept at bay. Any bits of stone wall or other non-combustible structures were used as a foundation for the barrier, and trees or woodwork were removed or burnt. Then the Americans advanced upon Tondo, and completed the Filipinos' handiwork. Wherever a section of the native quarter was not burning they started a fire. Occasionally an organised band of Filipino riflemen barred the way, and there were several fights—hot fights from all points of view. At last the whole body of them broke and fled as fast as their legs would carry them in the direction of Maepajo village, where they had entrenched the bridge and the further side of the river. Others made for the fortified village of Guadeloupe. The great fire, which was to have burnt us out of Manila, began and ended in Tondo.

THE WIPING OUT OF GUADELOUPE.

The population of Tondo ward, in normal times, was from 60,000 to 80,000. The population now is *nil*. Tondo was razed to the ground, and the only Filipinos who remained in it were the dead. Over 250 of them were buried by the American burial-parties during the next few days. As for Guadeloupe, it was occupied by 4,000 of Aguinaldo's troops, *plus* the fugitives from Tondo. General King marched up a week later with the Utah Volunteer Artillery, and the California, North Dakota, and Oregon volunteer infantry, planted his men on three sides of the village, and blew the place to pieces.

The field guns used on this occasion were, for the most part, not American, but Spanish, of Nordenfelt make. They were taken from the city walls of Manila, and, as will be seen perhaps from the illustration, they are not of the very latest pattern. The Yankee artillerymen, however, make the best use of them they can.

It is necessary to add that the numerous stories, which appear, from inquiries received here, to have reached the English and American newspapers, of horrible outrage committed by the insurgents upon American troops, are entirely untrue. It seems to have been reported that bodies have been mutilated and captured men tortured. None of the bodies brought to the hospital have been in a mutilated condition, except those of natives unfortunately torn by shot and shell, which, goodness knows, make bad enough wounds.

From Photos. THE DEAD AT TONDO. By Our Own Special Correspondent

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A Big Parade at Quetta.

QUETTA, the British garrison of which, practically speaking, dominates Baluchistan, is one of the most important Military stations in the whole of India. Very naturally, then, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Low, who recently took over the Bombay command, paid an early visit to this great frontier fortified camp, with the result that a big parade was held for his inspection in the early part of April, at which were present the 6th Bombay Cavalry, a mountain battery, two companies of garrison artillery, a company of Bombay Sappers and Miners, the 2nd Suffolks, 1st Wiltshires, 22nd Bombay Infantry, 24th Baluchis, and the Baluchistan Volunteer Rifles. A goodly command, then held temporarily by Colonel Bruce, of the 19th Bengal Lancers, but now in the hands of Major-Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter, late commanding the Egyptian Division in the army of the Sirdar.

A MEDAL FOR A MOUNTAIN BATTERY DRIVER.

At the conclusion of the march past, Sir Robert Low distributed medals and clasps for the last Frontier Campaign to No. 7 Mountain Battery Royal Artillery and No. 3 Company Bombay Sappers and Miners. We may be sure that the decorations were none the less appreciated because they were distributed by such a well-known frontier leader as Sir Robert Low, who commanded the Chitral Relief Expedition in 1895, and had previously won great distinction as Director of Transport in the Afghan War.

Our pictures show both the Bombay Headquarters and the Quetta Staffs, and give an excellent idea of the ceremony of distributing medals on a parade at which the "order" is evidently that for field-service, as becomes a frontier station where an alarm of very considerable dimensions is always liable to occur at very short notice.

Two of the snap-shots show native corps marching past: one, the 6th Bombay Cavalry, which is associated with the memory of that fine old Bombay officer after whom Jacobabad, too, was named; the other, No. 3 Company of the Bombay Sappers and Miners. These native counterparts of our home Royal Engineers are led by British Engineer officers, and are most efficient. Jacob's Horse, too, is a fine, well-manned, and well-mounted corps, though there are some cavalry commanding officers who object to such conspicuous white horses in their fighting ranks.

Quetta has, indeed, grown in Military importance since 1878, when it was but a mud fort crowning a little detached hill.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR R. C. LOW AND STAFF.

No. 3 COMPANY BOMBAY SAPPERS AND MINERS.

6TH BOMBAY CAVALRY—JACOB'S HORSE.

COLONEL BRUCE AND QUETTA DISTRICT STAFF.

From Photos. *DECORATING A GUNNER SERGEANT.* By a Military Officer.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 124.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1899.*

Photo. R. C. Ryan. Copyright.

THE 2nd BATTALION, "THE BUFFS."

MAJOR J. B. BACKHOUSE *LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. A. HICKSON.* *CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT A. D. GEDDES.*

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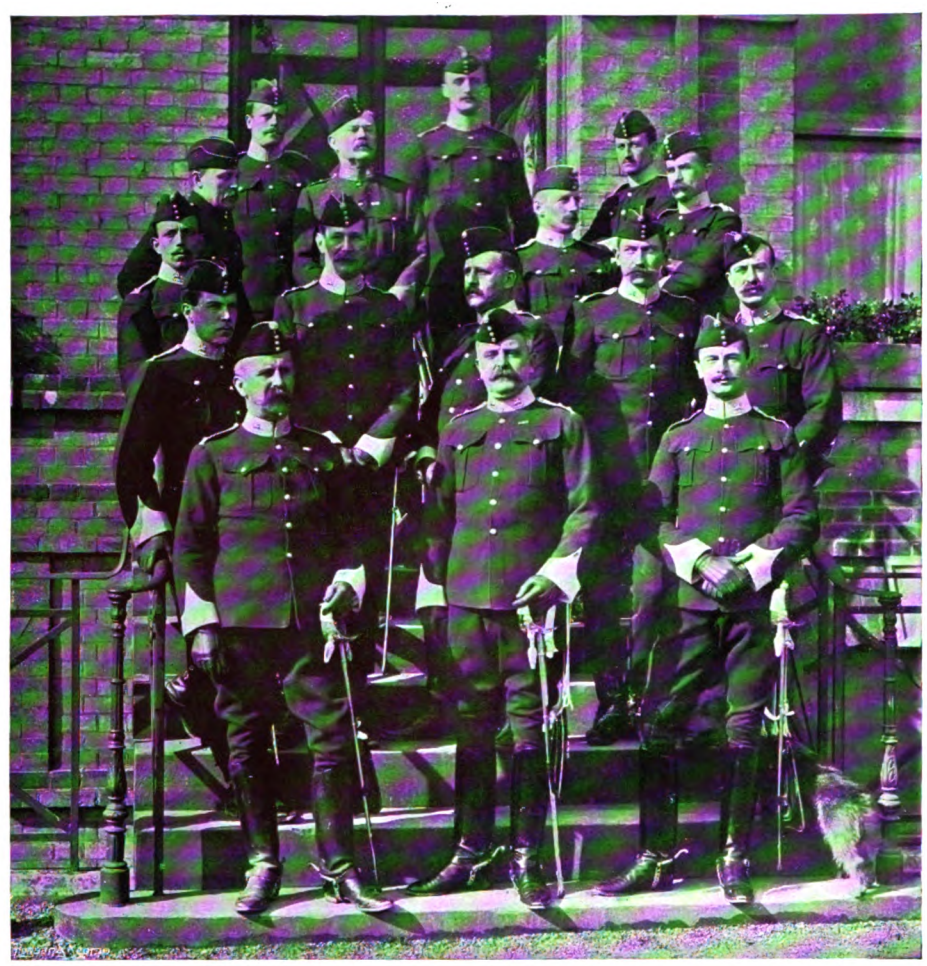
"The Buffs" (East Kent Regiment).

IN the year 1572, a company of infantry 300 strong was raised from the "Trained Bands" of the City of London, for permanent service in the defence of Holland. This company, along with others that had been recruited in various counties, greatly distinguished itself in many battles and sieges, and in 1585 expanded into a regiment, which, because it was recruited from within the precincts of the City of London, was granted the privilege of marching through the streets with colours flying, bayonets fixed, and drums beating.

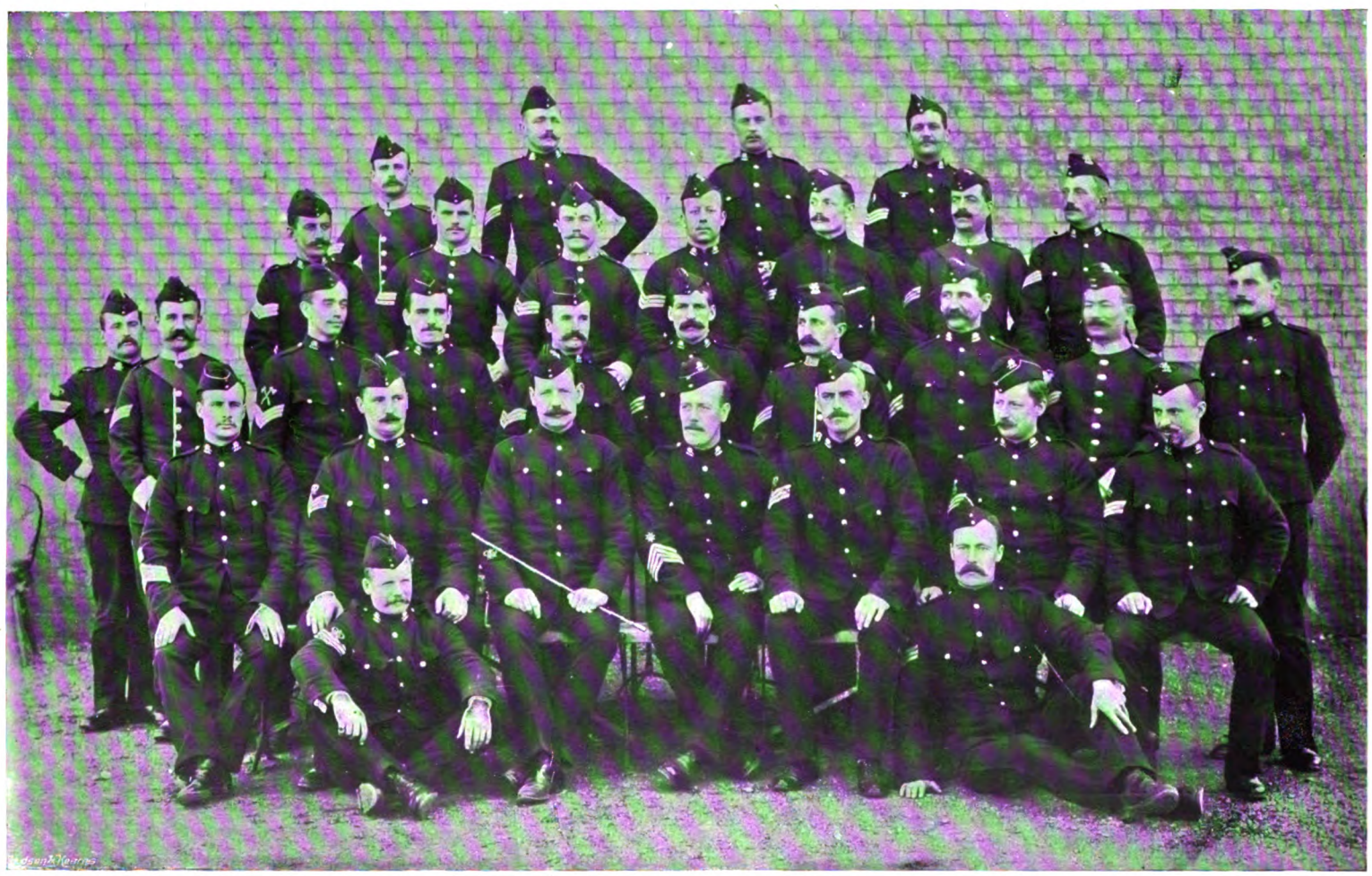
This regiment, which is now called "The Buffs," had the survivors of the other English corps in Holland incorporated with it shortly after the Peace of Munster in 1648, and became known as the "The Holland Regiment." It remained in Holland until, on the outbreak of war between the English and Dutch in 1665, King Charles II. recalled it home from the service of the "United Provinces," by whom it had so long been employed, and from that year it took its place as the 3rd Regiment of Foot.



THE OFFICERS OF THE 2nd BATTALION, "THE BUFFS."

From 1689 to 1708, the title borne was that of "Prince George of Denmark's Regiment," and upon the death of that prince, in the latter year, the corps became known as "The Buffs"—so called from the colour of its facings, breeches, waistcoats, etc.

Meanwhile, irrespectively of the name by which it might for the time be called, the regiment fought nobly under King William III., and subsequently under Marlborough, earning special distinction at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet — its colonel in the latter battle being the "great" Duke of Argyll. At Fontenoy, in 1745, "The Buffs," having successfully assaulted the enemy's position in front of them, were continuing their victorious advance, with drums beating, when their colonel received the following somewhat laconic order: "Cease beating your drums, face your regiment to the right-about and retire, for the army is defeated." "The Buffs," together with the Black Watch, then formed a rear guard and effectually checked the enemy's pursuit.



Photos. R. C. Ryan.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 2nd BATTALION.

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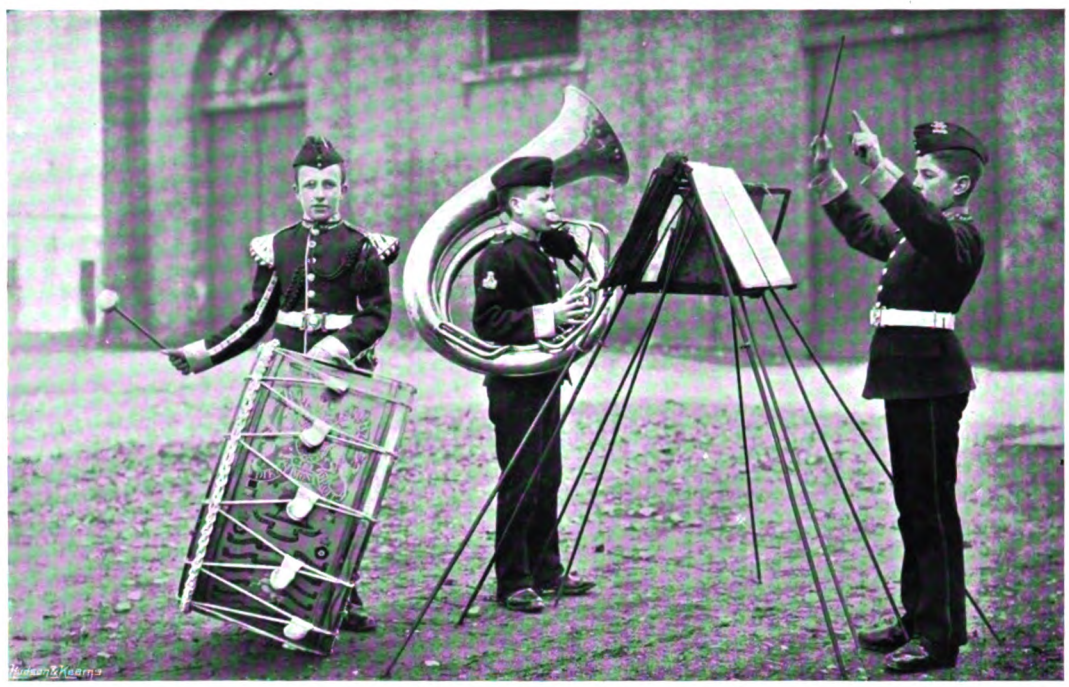


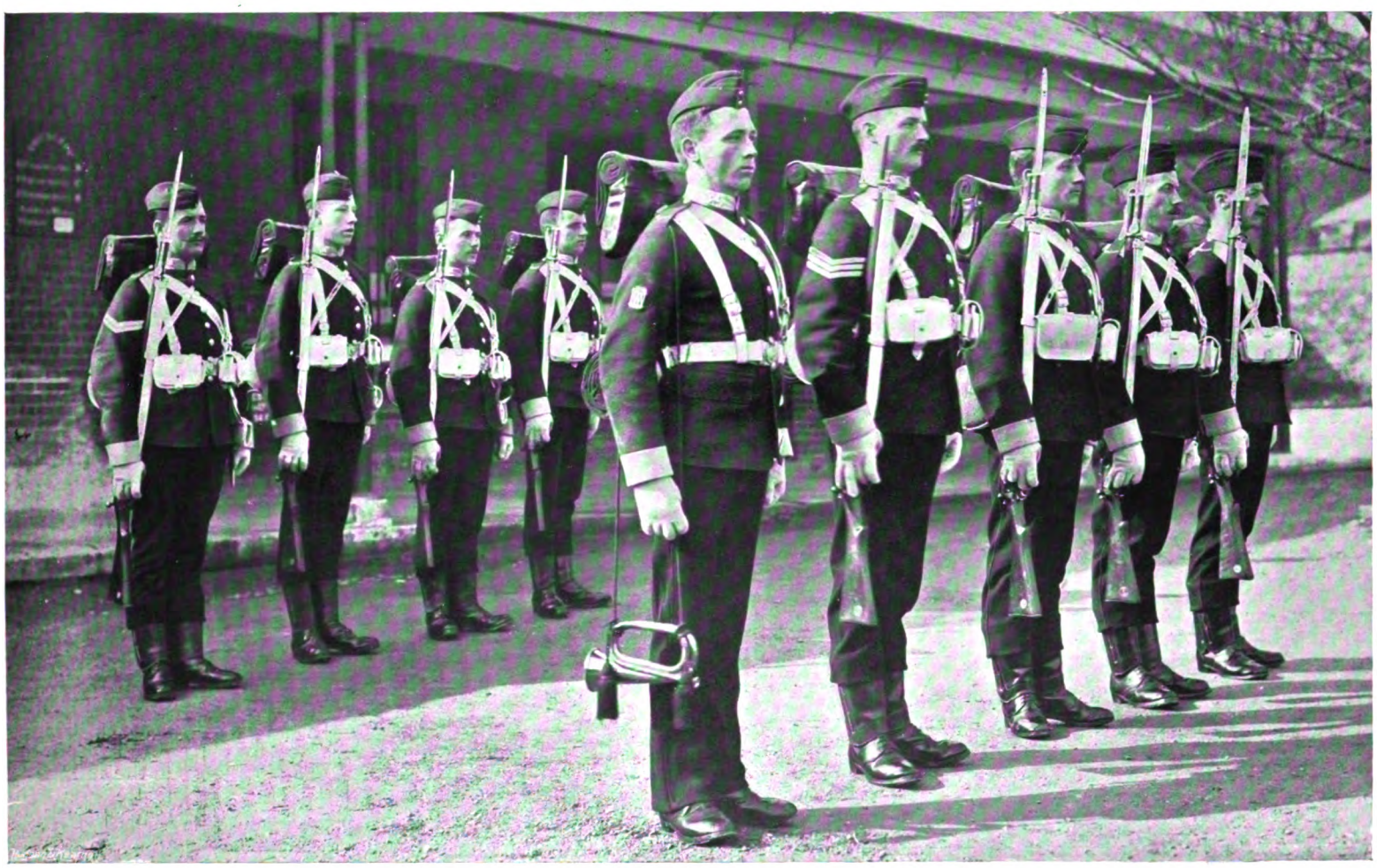
AN AMBITIOUS TRIO.

THE 2nd BATTALION MESS-PLATE.

At Albuera, in 1811, an officer of "The Buffs" performed what is probably the most gallant act of personal valour ever recorded in history. The King's colour of the regiment was captured by a charge of French cavalry, but Lieutenant Latham, rushing forward, seized the staff, meanwhile defending himself with his sword as best he could. While thus struggling, a terrific sabre cut severed one side of his face and nose, but without causing him to let go his hold. A blow delivered by another of his assailants was, however, more effectual, for the moment, since it cut off the gallant Latham's arm. Without an instant's hesitation the heroic officer threw away his sword and snatched the colour with his remaining hand. The time thus gained saved the colour, for, help arriving at the moment, the enemy fled, leaving Latham apparently dead, the colour under his body. In spite of his terrible injuries, which included several lance wounds, Lieutenant Latham recovered and was presented by his brother officers with a gold medal, on which the scene was represented and the motto engraved, "I will surrender it only with my life."

"The Buffs" have done plenty of gallant service since Albuera, but neither they nor any other regiments are likely to give many deeds to history that can fairly claim comparison with the unconquerable devotion displayed by the truly heroic Latham.

When the new territorial organisation of the Army was inaugurated about twenty years ago, "The Buffs" retained their ancient title, but as they were ordered to adopt white facings instead of buff, the situation became clearly ridiculous. After a time it was decreed that the regimental clothing should be issued with white facings, but might be coloured buff at the expense of the regiment. This scandal has, however, ceased



Photos. R. C. Ryan. THE 'QUARTER-GUARD.' Copyright.

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to exist, and the Regiment is now supplied with its buff facings, by the authorities, as in times past.

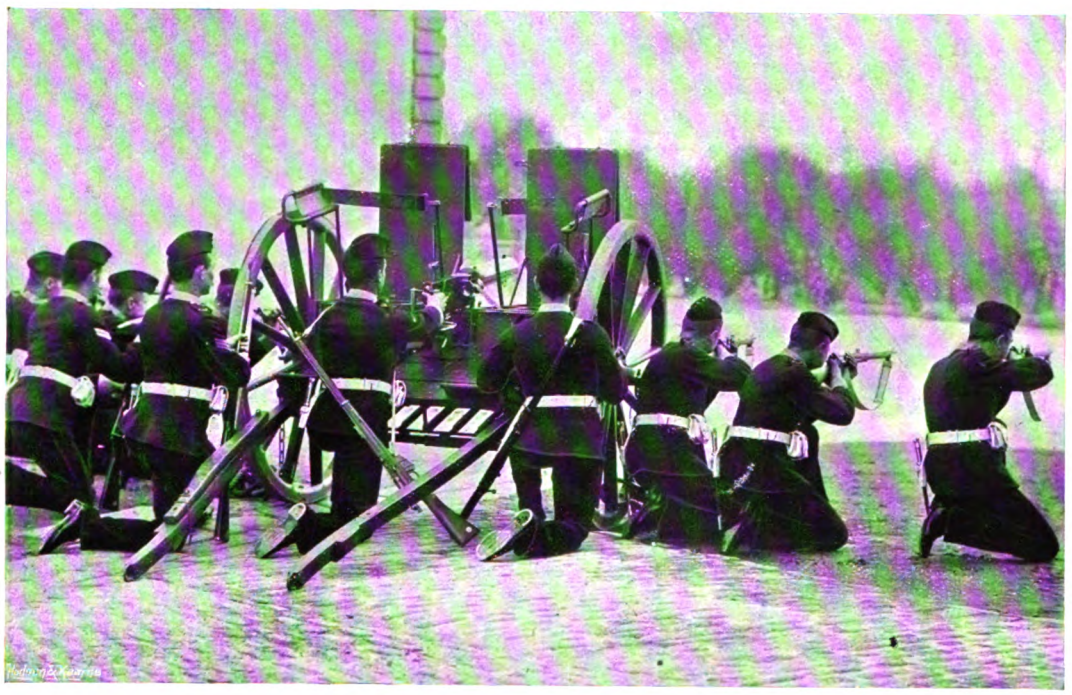
The 2nd Battalion of The Buffs is now quartered at Brighton, where the photographs here reproduced were recently taken. The commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hickson; the second in command, Major Backhouse; and the adjutant, Captain Geddes, are grouped with the colours, the adjutant being on the colonel's left. "Chitral," the latest addition to the roll of honours on the colours, is hidden amongst the folds. The "Queen's" colour is the Union Jack, whilst the "Regimental" bears the badges and battle honours of the regiment.

The second illustration is a group of the officers taken on the steps of the officers' mess.

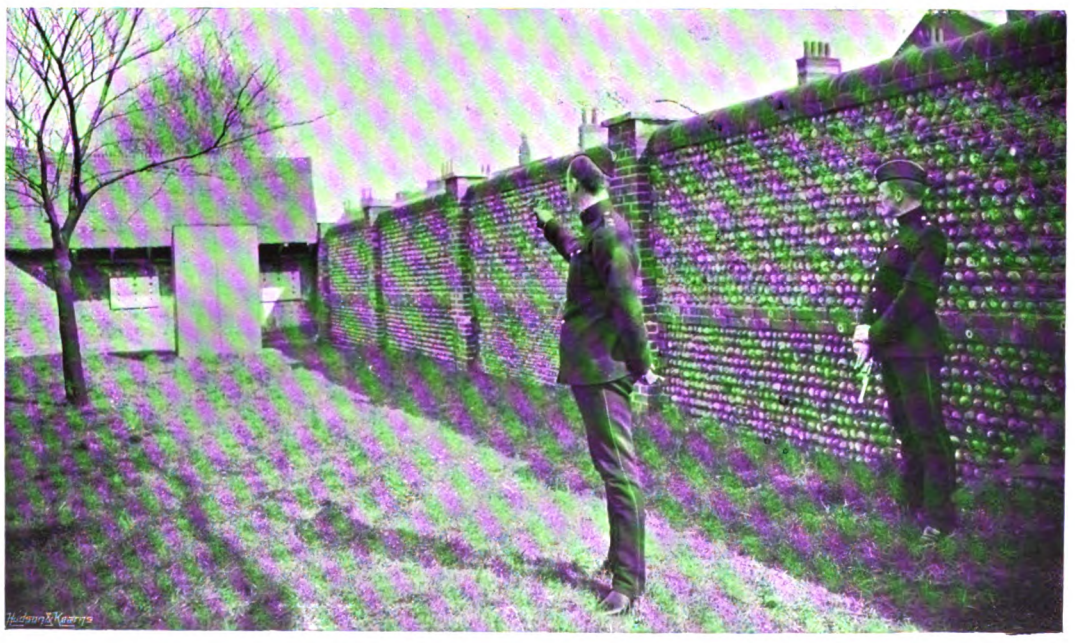
Next we have the non-commissioned officers. The sergeant-major is the third from the right of those seated on forms, and the stick he holds in his hand happens to point to the crown on his right sleeve, by which his rank is indicated. The quartermaster-sergeant is on the left of the sergeant-major. The pioneer-sergeant will be recognised by the crossed axes on his arm, standing in rear of the drum-major and a colour-sergeant. The drum-major is on the right of the sitting rank, and, by the way, should now be called the sergeant-drummer upon all official occasions.

In a third illustration two very small boys

THE ANTE-ROOM OF THE OFFICERS' MESS.



"ACTION FRONT"—THE MAXIM DETACHMENT.



Photos. R. C. Ryan

OFFICERS AT REVOLVER PRACTICE.

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of the band, aided by an equally small drummer, are giving an impromptu performance, no doubt during a favourable opportunity.

The officers' mess-plate of the 2nd Battalion is very fine. The dragon in the foreground is the ancient regimental crest. Miniature dragons are worn on their collars by officers and men.

Here is the quarter-guard, which has "turned out" in front of the guard-room. The men are wearing their "mitts," or thick knitted gloves.

The interior of the officers' ante-room shows amongst other relics the bell of the steamship "St. Lawrence," which was wrecked on Paternoster Point, near the Cape of Good Hope on November 9, 1876, when conveying the 2nd Buffs to Natal. The bell was recovered from the wreck by Major Parnell, now Lord Congleton, commanding the Infantry Brigade at Malta, and Captain Hickson, now Lieutenant-Colonel Hickson, commanding the 2nd Battalion.

The Maxim gun with its detachment furnishes the subject of another illustration. The "screens" standing up on either side of the gun are the lids of the axle-tree boxes, and are made of bullet-proof steel.

In the last illustration of the series, two officers are at pistol practice in the miniature range of the barracks where the men practice rifle shooting with the "Morris tube."

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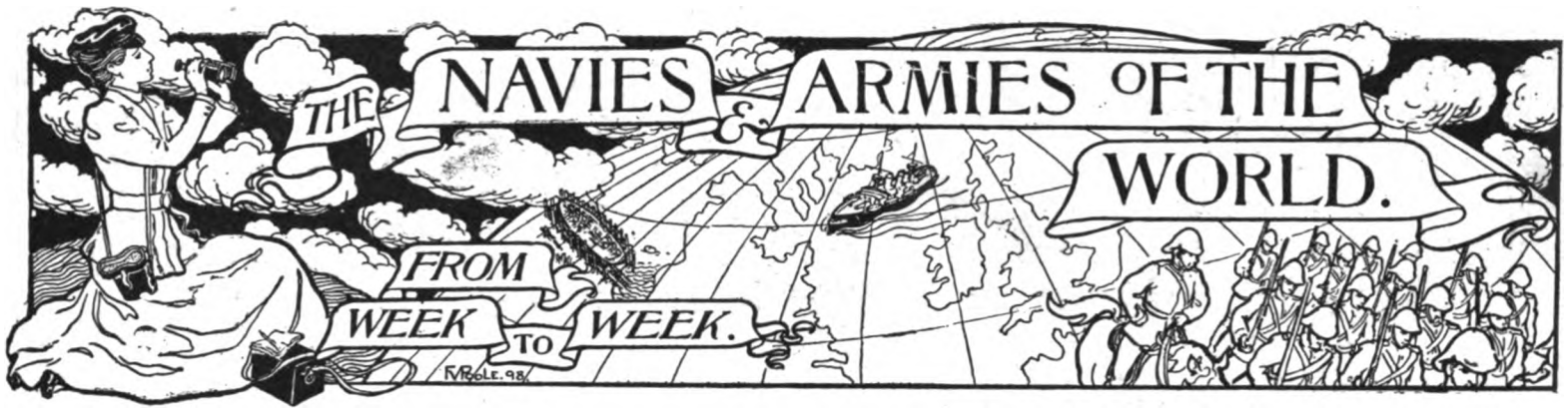

IT was once a common complaint, and is still said from time to time, that the "honourable cavaliers" who follow the "noble profession of arms" have not their due honour in this country. We have been told often enough that "they order this matter better in France." Will anybody ever say that again? They ought not to do so certainly till the said matter is ordered in a very different fashion on the other side of the Channel. In fact, if anybody wants to see just how the soldier ought to be treated and also how he ought not, he could not do better than compare the reception given to Lord Kitchener and his officers here with that afforded to Major Marchand and his brothers-in-arms in Paris. There has been some ill-conditioned snarl against Lord Kitchener, but it has not had the least effect on the country at large. Even those of us who in our hearts wish that less attention had been paid to the superstitions of the natives, and that the Mahdi's body had been left in peace, would not hear for a moment of refusing the Sirdar his well-earned reward and honour. In France there has been a paroxysm of laudation of the Army and of Marchand. If he had brought Alsace-Lorraine back with him he could hardly have been more praised as far as words go. But they have not gone very far. The hero has been clearly given to understand that he would do well not to show himself on the Auteuil race-course. And that is not all. He has been further told that he had best go home, and stay there for a time. Major Marchand, it seems, is not burning to return to the bosom of his family. He would much rather stay and take the air of the Boulevards. But it matters not; off he must go, and be modest. And this happens in the country which is never tired of bawling "Vive l'Armée." What is more, it is inevitable, and the reason why it cannot be helped is worth considering, if one wants to know what is the true way to honour the soldier.

* * * *

Why would it never enter into the head of any rational Englishman to prevent Lord Kitchener, General Gatacre, or Colonel Macdonald from taking as much of the air of Piccadilly as ever they wanted? Why is it found necessary to prevent Major Marchand from imbibing the atmosphere of the Boulevards? The difference of treatment given to the two arises wholly and solely from this, that in England the soldier has always been the servant of the State. Among the French he has sometimes been the master, and there are those who, for their own ends, would like to make him master again. That being so, he is, as a matter of course, a danger, and has to be guarded against. He may be perfectly modest and loyal. Nobody has a right to refuse those titles to Major Marchand. But for all that he is a danger, as a light, though an excellent thing in itself, would be in a gunpowder magazine. Therefore he must be got out of the way, not, perhaps, because he is suspected of wishing to cause an explosion himself, but because there are those who would use him for the purpose if they could. It is prudent not to give them their chance. So the soldier who has done good service must be hustled out of the way when he comes home, lest he should be made the excuse for "demonstrations." Captain Baratier has not told us what his feelings were at Auteuil, but if he is, as one prefers to believe, a gentleman and a good fellow, he must have been deeply disgusted at finding himself the object of an ovation from the boisterous mob of well-dressed rowdies who battered in M. Loubet's hat and terrified the ladies in the President's box on the grand stand. And this comes of a certain way of honouring the soldier. Our method is better after all. It causes him to be sometimes neglected, but, at any rate, it prevents him from becoming an object of suspicion.

* * * *

From a speech made by M. de Lamarzelle in the debate on the Navy Budget in France, it would appear that our neighbours are much disturbed about a question which was once a matter of great concern. M. de Lamarzelle has been telling the Minister of Marine that the French fisheries are in danger of destruction. The particular peril comes, he says, from the steam trawlers, which are ruining the trade. They catch far more than the sailing boats; they lower the price and spoil the market. If M. de Lamarzelle is not very ill-informed, they are threatening to ruin the fishing population, and that, as he contends with much apparent reason, will be bad for the French Navy. There is probably a good deal of exaggeration here, and it is not easy to see, as the Minister of Marine told him, how a remedy is to be found. It will not be possible to prevent a natural development; and then even if Frenchmen can be debarred from employing steam trawlers, foreigners could not be prevented from using them outside the territorial waters of the Republic, and the case of the French fishermen would be worse than ever. That they are in a bad way seems to be allowed by everybody, and some of the reasons given are curious. Fish, it is said, is dearer in France than in England, and is much less eaten. This is curious; after all, France is still a Roman Catholic country, and ought therefore to eat fish every Friday as a religious duty. One would expect to hear that the habit had gone on, even though piety has been notably diminished. Here in England, in the generations immediately following the Reformation, the most strenuous attempts were made to compel people to eat fish once a week, for the purpose of encouraging the fisheries. The plan did not succeed very well—or, rather, not at all—since it aroused an opposition which defeated its own object. The Puritans made a point of not eating fish, simply because they wanted to protest against the "errors of Popery." One of the first things the Parliament did when it got control of the Navy in the Great Civil War was to abolish the fish ration in the Navy. Meanwhile the danger of sheer extinction which threatened our fisheries had attracted the attention of observers as early as Queen Elizabeth's time.

* * * *

In the second volume of Mr. Arber's English Garner is to be found a reprint of a scheme with the following imposing title, "A Politic Plat (*i.e.*, plot or scheme) for the honour of the Prince, the great profit of the public state, relief of the poor, preservation of the rich, reformation of rogues and idle persons, and the wealth of thousands that know not how to live," by Robert Hitchcock, late of Caversfield, in the county of Buckingham, gentleman. Mr. Hitchcock's scheme (by the way, he spells his name "Hitchcocke" in the preface) is recommended by him on the ground that it will "relieve many a poor man, and save many a tall fellow from the gallows." It is very simple. "First," he says, "there must be made 400 fishing ships, after the manner of Flemish Busses, of the burden of three score and ten tons the ship, or more, but none under; which will cost £200 the ship with the furniture, if it be ready furnished to the sea in all things necessary. Every ship requireth one skilful master to govern it, twelve mariners or fishermen, and twelve of the strong lusty beggars or poor men taken up through this land." Mr. Hitchcock did not, one presumes, intend to go to sea in a buss himself, or perhaps, having lived in the county of Buckingham, he did not sufficiently realise what would be the infallible consequences of sending them out half-manned by lusty beggars, and poor men taken up by the constable and packed off to sea will they nill they. It was quite in keeping with the ideas of his time that he took it for granted that the State had only to order the busses to be built, and one set of people to go and catch fish, while others were ordered to buy them, and the thing would be done. Yet he was quite as wise as the French are now. Half the reason of the unhealthy condition of the French fisheries comes from the attempts of the Government to use them as training vessels for their Navy. Their boats are compelled to carry more men than they want, in order that seamen may be formed. Therefore, they can neither work cheap nor sell cheap. M. de Lamarzelle will do his clients most good if he can persuade the Government to let them more alone, instead of insisting on playing grandmother quite so much.

DAVID HANNAY.

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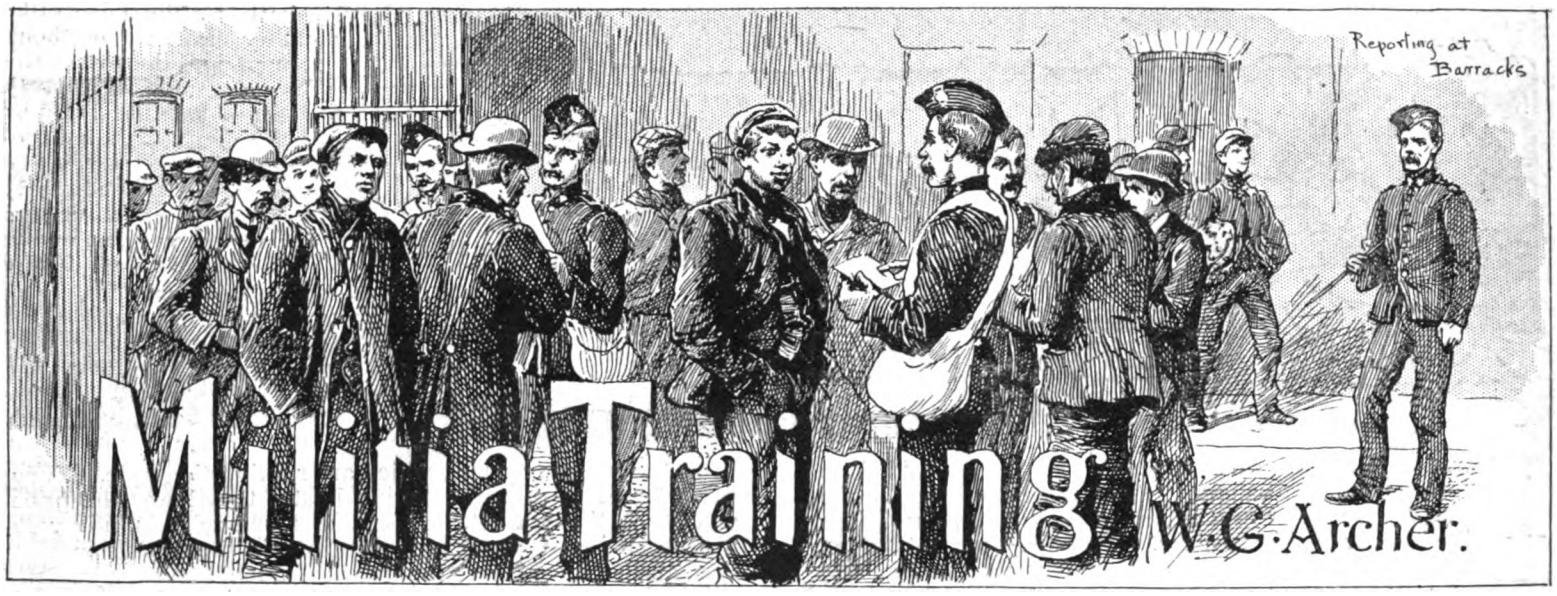

FROM time immemorial the Militia, the old Constitutional force of the country, has been selected for much cheap witticism—the result of ignorance; Dryden only re-echoed popular opinion when he wrote:

"Raw in fields the rude Militia stands—
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense;
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence."

On the morn of Waterloo the Duke, it is said, complained of the number of "psalm-singing militiamen" he had in his ranks—a conception which he had good reason to modify by the close of the day; while at the present period, thanks to the neglect with which it has been treated by Governments innumerable, the force is still the least known and appreciated of our defensive units. Again, the parsimony exhibited in so reluctantly providing it with a serviceable equipment and smart soldier-like dress has caused the militiaman himself to become the butt of the comic-song writer and a staple subject for music-hall buffoonery; and by the civilian public he has, accordingly, come to be regarded as an ignorant clod-hopper, masquerading in a badly-fitting uniform, and costing his country a great deal of money for which he gives but little value. Some details, however, concerning the material of which the force is composed, and as to the manner in which its annual trainings are conducted, may serve to modify all such opinions. To commence with, the Militia, when disembodied, as has been the case since Crimean days, is liable to be called out for training every year for any number of days not exceeding fifty-six, the normal period being arranged for the various arms as follows: Artillery, infantry, and medical staff corps twenty-seven days, engineers forty-one, and submarine miners fifty-five. The force is of a strictly territorial character, and a recruit on enlisting, which comprises a term of service lasting six years, is at once posted to the unit that includes his place of residence within its scope; that is to say, a man cannot join any corps he likes, unless he "fakes" his residential qualification accordingly. But this system does not apply to the officering of the force, though the appointment of subaltern officers to the same is still based on the old-fashioned method which gives the Lord-Lieutenant of the county the first offer of recommending the name of a gentleman for submission to Her Majesty. Such candidates must be not less than seventeen years of age, nor under 5-ft. 4-in. in height and 33-in. in chest measurement. But if this opportunity be not taken within thirty days after the Secretary of State has notified the Lord-Lieutenant of the vacancy, the power of the latter in this respect lapses, and is then transferred to the officer commanding the unit. As a matter of fact, Lord-Lieutenants nominate but very few; and owing to the lack of suitable candidates in some parts of the country, a kind of Militia exchange, or register of officers willing to do duty with foreign battalions, has had to be instituted. The connection between the Lord-Lieutenant and the county regiment of Militia is, indeed, a relic of Constitutional feudalism; and this magnate, when taking up his residence near the place of training, can claim to be provided with a Militia guard of honour, while his presence on the parade ground entitles him to the salute before the territorial Military authorities.

Recruits on enlistment have to undergo sixty-three days of preliminary drill, divided into two portions, viz., forty-nine days at the depôt of the regimental district, and fourteen days devoted exclusively to musketry or gunnery instruction. The second portion is generally arranged to take place immediately before the day fixed for the annual training; and in the case of very strong battalions, which number their recruits by hundreds, the whole period of preliminary drill is carried out in the camp to be handed over to the battalion when it assembles. Such a camp will be commanded by the battalion adjutant, who will have under him a musketry-instructor and Militia officers in the following proportion: Up to 75 men, one subaltern; from 76 to 150 men, two subalterns; from 151 to 250 men, one captain and two subalterns. As it is not permissible for men to be placed under canvas earlier than May, nor later than September, the date for the assembly is usually fixed between the middle of May and September 1.

We will now proceed to describe a Militia training, taking an infantry battalion as our example. Several weeks before the date of assembly, bills are posted on all the church doors, at the police stations, and other public places throughout the district affected, announcing that the 3rd Battalion of Her Majesty's Blankshire Regiment, under the command of Colonel Smith, will assemble for its annual training at Barchester Barracks on such and such a date. Private notices to the same effect are also sent through the post to every man at the address stated on his attestation paper. These two forms of notice are considered sufficient, and men not appearing at the time and place appointed will be treated as absentees. The men are entitled to free railway passes from their homes in the country to the place of assembly. They may write for these beforehand; they may obtain them at the station in exchange for their notice papers; or they may pay their own fares and recover the cost of the same from the Military authorities on production of their notice papers, thus proving that the latter have not been already bartered. The place of assembly is, of course, the regimental depôt. Each man as he enters the barracks is sent before the doctor to be examined as to his fitness for duty; those found to be seriously unfit will be exempted from the training and their train fare home paid, while those only temporarily unfit will be admitted to the Military hospital. The medical inspection satisfactory, the militiaman proceeds to the armoury, where he hands in his civilian clothing and receives in exchange his uniform, kit, rifle, etc.; the former being then fumigated and stowed away in a locker that bears his regimental number. At two o'clock the barrack-gates are closed, and men arriving after that hour are treated as absentees. It generally happens, unfortunately, that the men "coming up" have a little money about them, and as there are 'pals" in plenty to treat and be treated, the public-houses *en route* do a roaring trade, with the result that not a few men are incapacitated when in sight of port. About four o'clock the regiment falls in; the ranks, it is true, are not very steady, but then men who, during the past eleven months, have been in the fields and factories cannot be expected to be quite at home in tunics, straps, and valises; still it is remarkable how well they remember their drill. The officers having joined their respective companies, the adjutant now rides up to read out the Army Act. This is a very important proceeding. The officers, non-commissioned officers, and permanent staff of the Militia force are amenable to Military law throughout the year; not so the men until this Act has been proclaimed to them at the commencement of each training. All is then ready for the start, and the regiment either marches off to its training ground in the vicinity, or to the railway station, where a long special is in waiting to convey it to some such important Military centre as Aldershot, Salisbury Plain, Strensall, or Altcar. Arriving at the camping ground, where the quartermaster and advance party have already pitched the tents, guards and sentries are mounted, mattresses and waterproof sheets served out, the men apportioned to their tents—usually in a ratio of seven to each—the companies paid, the canteen opened, in short, everything made as ship-shape as possible before settling down for the night. The training, in fact, has commenced.

Regarding the work to be carried out, the following typical details, appertaining to an infantry battalion, will prove that

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it can be no "loaf" for any concerned. Within the brief space of twenty-five days—for the day of assembly and the day of "breaking down" are included in the twenty-seven—the elementary principles of drill have to be first run through; then company drill, battalion drill, and the "attack" each well practised; while sandwiched in between comes the important musketry course. The latter is often disastrously affected by the rush to get everything in; and when the weather turns out bad, the time-tables, so carefully drawn up by the adjutant, are thrown entirely out of gear on its account. Moreover, the frequent lack of range accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood of small camps compels much valuable time to be wasted in the marches to and fro, and sometimes even necessitates a separate musketry camp being pitched right away from the regiment. Money prizes are always awarded to good shots, and challenge cups are generally competed for among the companies.

Each ordinary parade lasts a good hour and a-half, and there are at least three in the course of the day, though in the third week of the training route marches, field days, and other tactical exercises are substituted. Between the parades, however, there is much to do; the lines must be visited, defaulters told off (in the Militia orderly-room a long-drawn-out function), and the men paid personally by the company officers; indeed, the latter can rarely get into mufti much before five o'clock. Connected with the pay there is, also, the bounty question. At the termination of his training every militiaman is entitled to a bounty of £1 10s. over and above his pay; again, should he re-engage after his first term of enlistment has expired—and up till forty-five years of age a man may constantly re-engage for periods of four years—he can claim a re-engagement bounty of £1 10s.; while, should he care to enter the Militia Reserve, he is entitled to a bounty of £1 in advance for each complete year of service. Now militiamen, when absent from their homes during recruit drill, preliminary drill, or the annual training, may remit by postal orders to their wives and families, out of the ordinary and re-engagement bounties, but not out of the Reserve bounty, a sum varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per week. These advances are made at the discretion of the captain of the company, who has also to see that the postal orders are properly filled in, otherwise they may be cashed in camp, and the proceeds, instead of reaching the "wife and family," be spent in the canteen. But subsequent misconduct may entail a man being sent before a bounty board, consisting of three officers, who have the power of depriving the offender of the whole or part of his bounty, while a balance must be retained in view of making good camp damages, injury to clothing, equipment, etc. "Discretion," therefore, is no empty phrase.

Camp life is now made as pleasant as possible for the men. Wooden floors are rapidly ousting the waterproof sheets, and the canteen finds rivals in well-appointed coffee, reading, and recreation tents. Formerly it was the custom for dinners to be consumed outside the tents, an operation not conducive to the cleanliness of the lines, but now it is usual to erect two large marquees, provided with tables, to serve as dining halls, each accommodating half a battalion.

Three days before the end of the training, the inspection, with its march past, etc., by the officer commanding the territorial district to which the battalion belongs, not that in which it may be encamped, takes place; and here a few words may be spoken on the subject of the Militia officers' expenses. The latter do not, as is generally supposed, arise from the custom of entertaining lavishly during the training period. Of course, in a representative county battalion the officers like to make some return for the hospitality extended to them, while under canvas, by their neighbours, but the cost of the same is nothing out of the way. To commence with, every regiment likes to have a fairly good band, but this would be impossible were it to rely solely upon the efforts of the meagre permanent staff of drummers and buglers allowed by the regulations; hence extra instrumentalists and a bandmaster have to be provided out of the officers' private means. Again, the cost of erecting a mess-hut is not nearly covered by the Government allowance of 15s. per day for this purpose. There are also various regimental funds not concerned with selfish gratification, but having as their aim the increased efficiency of the unit. For instance, the shooting prizes, recreation tents, and various little refinements in camp management, are mainly supported by voluntary contributions, while in not a few instances the officers find the money for equipping their men with the helmets that are denied them by the Government, which only sanctions the hideous Glengarry or field-service cap. In short, until the State steps forward with more liberal allowances, a Militia training is bound to cost the commissioned ranks something over and above their pay.

After the inspection there is time for a little recreation. Most regiments hold athletic sports, which are extremely popular with the men, while camp-fires, sing-songs, and torchlight tattoos always prove attractive features, and help not a little towards solving the recruiting problem. Lastly, there is the "breaking-down" itself, a mournful affair. The training period has flown by so quickly, and now, when the men are just getting into the swing of the thing, and becoming clean, steady, and soldier-like, all has to come to an abrupt termination. As the men change into their civilian attire the alteration strikes one quite painfully. How shabby they look; one did not notice it so much when they assembled. The concluding business is the paying off, in which each man's accounts, including washing bills, camp damages, fines, deficiencies, etc., have to be made up and balanced. If his conduct has been good, however, the militiaman, with the balance of his bounty, has, as a rule, £2 or £3 due to him, while a railway ticket home, or a marching allowance in lieu of the same, is also given to him. In order to avoid the dismissed men falling a prey to the temptations

which are always awaiting them directly they have received their balances, a very praiseworthy scheme has been devised. On the day previous to dismissal the officers commanding companies regulate the men's accounts, and the balance of pay due to each is counted out to him, placed in a canvas safety envelope, and sealed in his presence. If the man agrees, it will be immediately transmitted by Post-Office order to his residence; otherwise, on the morning of his dismissal, each man's sealed packet is handed to him by the officer when the man has taken his seat in the train, or when the men are paraded on the platform preparatory to departure.

Pessimists often declare that a large proportion of the Militia force exists only in the paper returns. That there are numerous cases of fraudulent enlistment no one who knows anything about the subject will deny, and many

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hardened sinners in this respect travel round from regiment to regiment, thus putting in several trainings in the year. Absentees and deserters are dealt with as follows: Men who are merely late for training, a term that includes three days' absence, are sent on as casuals to join their battalions when they have drawn their equipment from store, an officer being left behind for this purpose. At the end of one week from the assembly of a unit, however, a list of those men who have not joined is sent to the police, and these, when apprehended, the civil authorities send on to their battalions. Men absent without leave for a period of less than fourteen days may be dealt with summarily by the "C.O.," but are liable to be sent for trial by court-martial. It frequently happens, though, that men miss a training and blandly turn up at the next as if nothing had happened. These absentees are punished, of course, but not too severely, while the year which they have missed is added to their term of enlistment.

In conclusion, it is hard to understand why the labouring classes should have of late years evinced a tendency not to join their county regiments. They have offered to them a month's healthy outing, good food, comfortable places to eat it in, change of scene, and a fair scale of pay. As to the dearth of officers, there must be many young gentlemen of some private means who, although they may not belong to the county families nor intend entering the regular Army by what is foolishly termed the "back door," could easily spare one month in the year for serving their country in its old Constitutional force.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 18, 1793.—Capture of the "Cleopatra," 40, by the "Nymphe," 32, the first action of the war with the French Revolution. The "Nymphe," Captain Edward Pellew, was newly commissioned; the "Cleopatra" had been a year at sea. The "Nymphe," after thirty minutes' close action, boarded and took the French ship in ten minutes. The action aroused immense enthusiasm in England, and Captain Pellew was knighted for it.

June 19, 1799.—Capture of a French squadron under Rear-Admiral Perree, comprising the frigates "Junon," 38, "Alceste" and "Courageuse," 36, and "Salamene" and "Alerte," brigs, by Lord Keith's fleet, off Minorca.

June 20, 1740.—Commodore Anson, in the "Centurion," captures the "Manilla" galleon, off Espirito Santo, laden with a cargo valued at £313,000, after an action lasting two hours.

June 21, 1596.—Capture of Cadiz by Lord Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex. The English fleet attacked and destroyed the war galleons in harbour, landed the troops sent as part of the expedition, attacked and took the forts, and then sacked the city.

June 22, 1792.—The 6-gun Falmouth packet, "Princess Royal," beat off the French 16-gun privateer "L'Aventurier" after a very gallant action.

June 23, 1795.—Lord Bridport's indecisive action with the French Brest Fleet, off Belleisle. The action had lasted two hours and a-quarter when the admiral, uncertain of the navigation on a badly charted coast, signalled to cease firing.

June 24, 1340.—Edward III.'s brilliant victory off Sluys, the Trafalgar of the Middle Ages. The English fleet, led by the King in person, attacked the enemy, who were anchored in shore by Sluys, and prepared for battle, boarded the French ships in the van and centre, and captured them after very fierce hand-to-hand fighting. Twenty-five thousand French knights and men-at-arms are said to have perished at Sluys, the English "butcher's bill" being 4,000.

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JUNE 18, 1815.—Complete defeat and rout of Napoleon, by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher.

June 21, 1813.—Complete defeat and rout of the French Army, under Joseph, King of Spain, by Lord Wellington, with an army of British, Spaniards, and Portuguese, at Vittoria. This victory practically decided the fate of Spain. Lord Wellington was made a field-marshal for this battle.

June 22, 1803.—St. Lucia captured by Lieutenant-General Greenfield and Commodore Hood. The French commander was General Nogues.
1757.—Colonel Clive defeated the Nabob of Bengal at the battle of Plassey.

June 24, 1762.—General the Marquis o Granby defeated the French at Wilhelmstahl.

Naval Punishments of Old Days.

By COMMANDER H. N. SHORE, R.N.

THERE is an idea that the severities of Naval discipline reached a climax towards the close of the Napoleonic wars, when lashes were administered by the hundred, and "flogging round the fleet" was thought a meet sentence for mutineers. But though punishments at that time seldon erred on the side of lenity, they were no worse, if not, as a rule, milder than those of a century earlier, when keel-hauling was in vogue. They certainly compare favourably with the disciplinary methods of "Queen Elizabeth's tyme aborde her own shippes," as set forth in a certain "Dialogicall Discourse of Marine Affaires." From whence we learn that the punishment for murder of a shipmate was "to be bounde to the dead man and soe thrown into the sea." For drawing a weapon in "anye way of tumult or murder," the offender was "toe loose his right hande." If anyone "practysed to steal awaye anye of Her Majesty's shyppes, the Captaine was to cause him to be hanged by the heeles untill his braines were beaten oute against the shyppes sides, and then to be cutt downe and lett fall intoe the sea." Sleeping on watch was rightly treated as a very serious offence; on the fourth conviction, the guilty one was to "be hanged at the bolt sprite, with a cann of beere and a biscott of breade and a sharpe knife, and soe to hange and chuse whether he woulde cutt himselfe downe and fall intoe the sea, or hange still and starve." Nor were the youngsters forgotten. "The waggerie and idleness of shyppe boyes is paid by the boatswayne with a rodde, and commonlie upon the Mondaye morninges, and is soe frequentlie in use that some meere seamen and saylers doe believe in goode earnest that they shall never have a faire winde untill the poore boyes be duelye brought to the chest."

In the year 1675 a seaman—"a known coockould," who had gone ashore without leave was thus dealt with aboard the "Assistance." First his legs were tied together, then, his hands being made fast to a rope, he was placed upon the "syd of the ship to be hoysted up to the yard arme and from thence to dropp downe into the water 3 times." The sequel to all this is too curious to omit, and shows how merciful Providence is at times. "But he lookeing so very pittifully, and also by the gentlemen's intreatys to the Captaine for him, who alleaged that he had injurys enough already, as haveing an unfaithful wife and a schold to injure him at home, was spared."

The methods by which discipline was maintained during the early part of the eighteenth century may be inferred from the following extracts: In 1733, the captain of a King's ship was tried for "cruelty and starvation," and the murder of one of his crew: he was sentenced to death. In the same year another captain was tried at Portsmouth for ill-treating his men, and sentenced to be mulcted of three months' pay, his crew being permitted to be "discharged his service."

But perhaps the most dastardly deed ever perpetrated by the captain of a man-of-war was the murder of his own brother by Captain Goodere, in 1740, on board the "Ruby," which vessel was lying in the King Road, off Bristol.

"What inhuman monsters Naval officers must have been in those days!" some reader will exclaim. But, as a well-known writer has observed—"men must be judged by the moral standard of their time." Other times, other manners! What that standard was, may be surmised from the following illustration of the working of the civil code in 1743. In that year, Thomas Bounce, a native of Great Yarmouth was tried in London on a charge of high treason, in that he was "voluntarily fighting against his own country on board two Spanish privateers, and concerned in taking seven different ships." The charge having been proved, he was sentenced "to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged, and cut down before he was dead, his privities to be cut off, his head severed from his body, his bowels taken out, and then to be quartered, which quarters were to be put up where his Majesty shall direct." The traitor was conveyed, in the manner directed, to Execution Dock, the executioner on the hurdle along with him, having in his hand the scimitar with which the quartering was to be done. After hanging a few moments, the wretched creature was cut down by the executioner, who "severed his head from his body, ripped up his stomach, took out his heart, etc., and exposed the parts for some time to the crowd, which was so great that many were hurt." And then, to think of the mutilated remains being "put up where His Majesty shall direct!"

While public exhibitions of this sort were tolerated—even sanctioned by the highest in the land—was it surprising that sea officers should at times tarnish their reputations by deeds which the more enlightened sense of the present day stigmatises as barbarous? But "men must be judged by the moral standard of their time."

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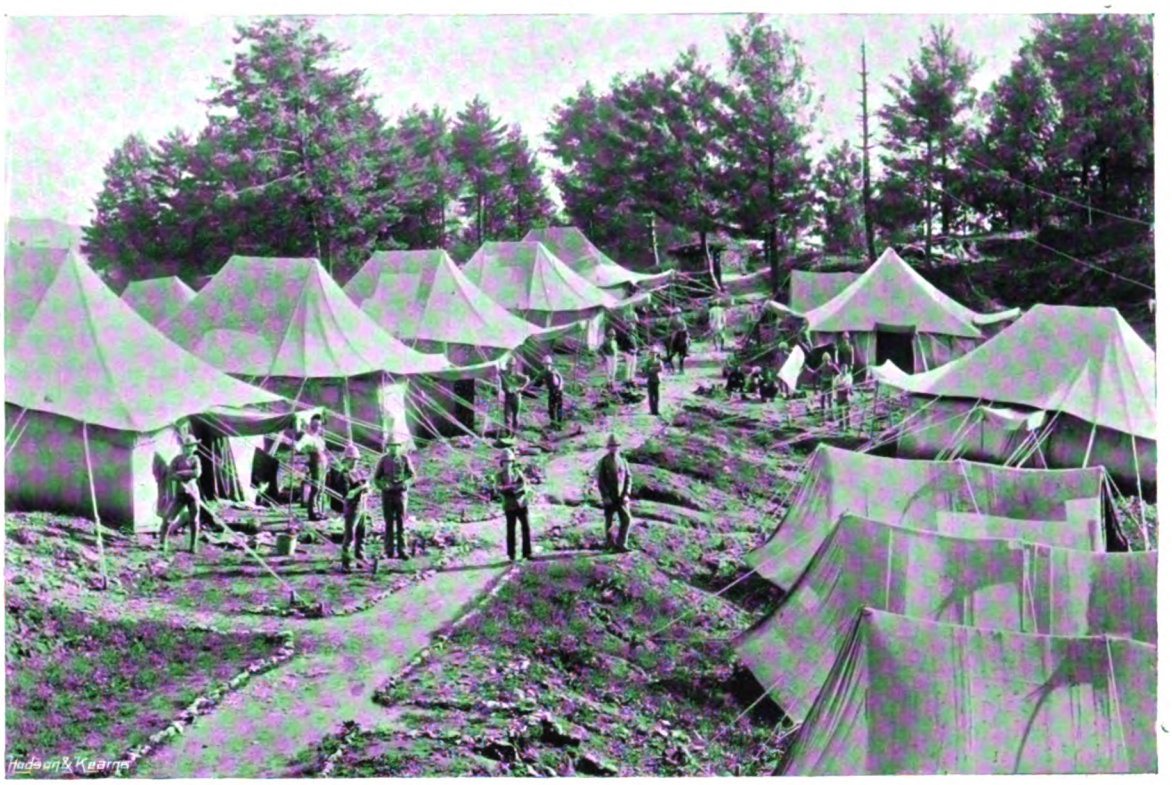
A Convalescent Camp in India.

DURING the months of March and April, at most stations on the plains in India, the troops are medically inspected, and any who have been suffering from fever and ague, together with others showing signs of being run down, are picked out and despatched to a hill station to recuperate.

As may be imagined, six months in the delightful atmosphere possessed by such places as Dalhousie or the Murree Hills is much to be preferred to stewing on the plains. The lucky possessor of a pale face may, during his five or six years in India, do every summer on the hills, whilst his ruddier comrade may never see a hill station unless he visits one on furlough at his own expense.

Drafts from England, as a general rule, do their first summer on the hills. The contrast in October, when the "hill-wallahs" return to their regiments, between them and those who have spent the summer under the swing of the punkah is most marked—the "hill-wallah" so fresh and rosy-looking, the "plain-wallah" so jaded and pale.



THE CONVALESCENT CAMP, THOBBA.

One of our illustrations is of the Convalescent Camp at Thobba, Murree Hills. The camp was composed of convalescents from five different regiments stationed in India. Most of them were recovering from sickness contracted in the Punjab Frontier operations. The native shoeblacks will be noticed, squatting on the ground, the position in which a native does most of his work. Close by stands a man with a butterfly-net. He is evidently making a collection of flies to keep as a memento of his visit to the hills, or to sell, when hard up, for a few "dibs" (rupees) to some less energetic Tommy. The inequalities of the ground prevent the camp being pitched with the usual military mathematical exactness.

Another picture represents a miscellaneous group, or, as Tommy expresses it, a "rough mob." One or two of the "Buffs" are wearing the Chitral medal of 1895, and most of the others have no doubt by this time received the Punjab Frontier medal, 1897-98.

"Gaff" companies are sometimes organised, by which means the station enjoys some excellent open-air concerts. At these affairs all the latest London music-hall songs are warbled by the "hill-wallahs," and many of the men dress in fancy costumes for the purpose. Sports of all kinds are, of course, indulged in, especially cricket, for Tommy would play the ancient game if he were quartered round the North Pole.

From Photos. A GROUP OF CONVALESCENTS. By a Military Officer.

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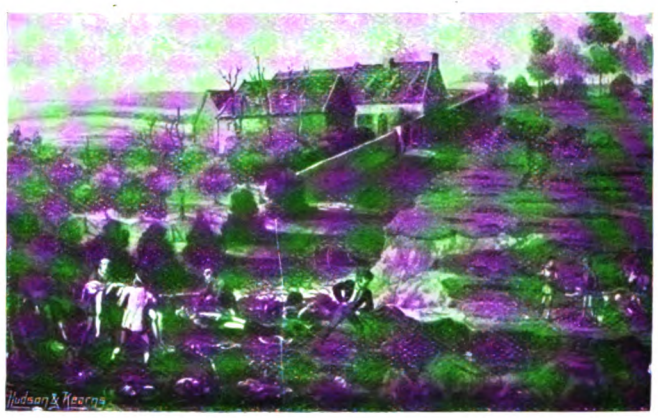
Waterloo.

JUNE 18, 1815.

After Drawings

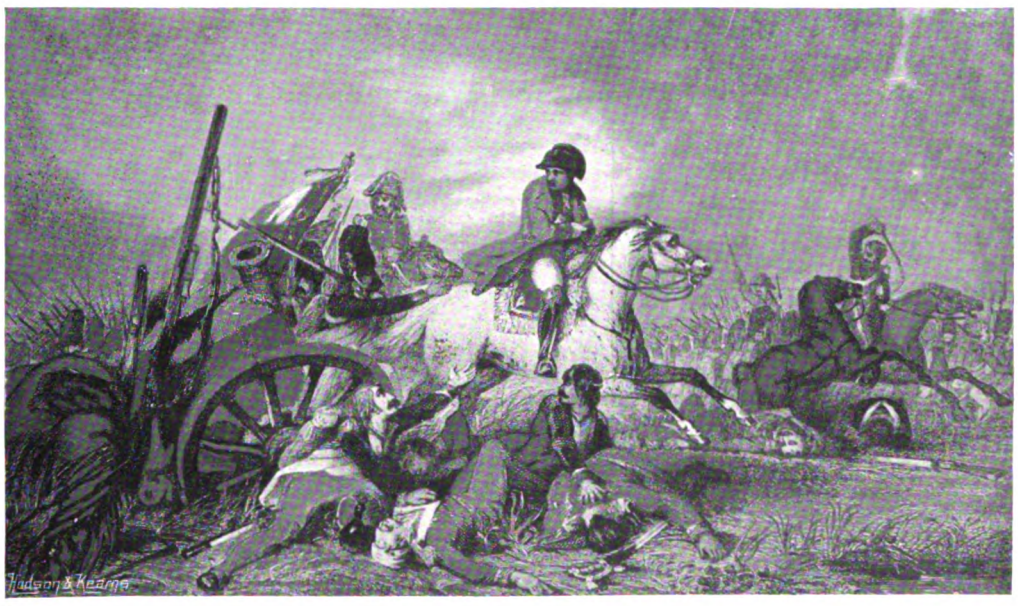
HOUGOUMONT, 1815.



By Cruikshank

LA HAYE SAINTE, 1815.

THE responsive thrill which the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo strikes in the heart of every Englishman is the result of a number of mixed feelings. Other great victories are not only crystallised in our annals, but, so to speak, imbedded in the national mind, by reason of the fact that individually they remind us of some great and loved commander, of some brave and nearly successful enemy, of some specially bright and glorious exhibition of British pluck and endurance. But Waterloo is *par excellence* the most thrilling of our battle annals, because not from one or two but from half-a-dozen standpoints it recalls something of which there is not a British man, woman, or child but has good reason to be proud.

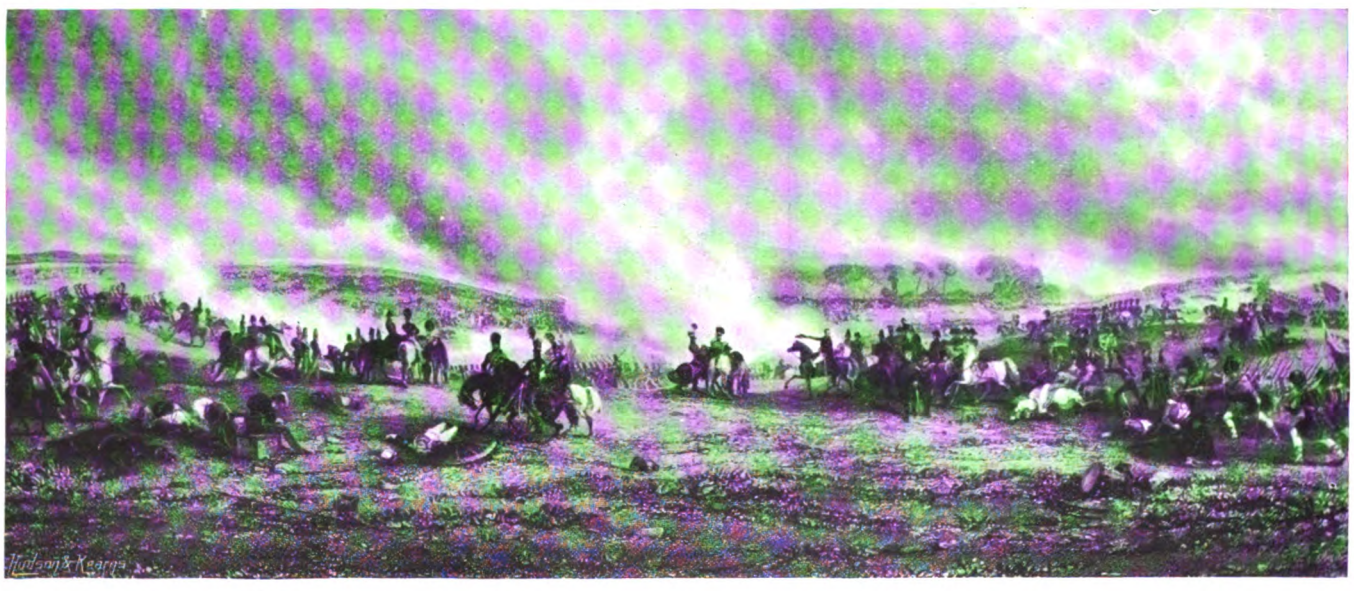


After a Picture

NAPOLEON'S FLIGHT FROM WATERLOO.

By John Gilbert

To take only the points we have indicated above, in honouring the anniversary of Waterloo we honour the memory of one who has been finely called "the strongest, loyalest, greatest flesh and blood Englishman that we or our fathers know of, or are likely to know." Comparisons, sometimes unjustly critical comparisons, are very much in fashion nowadays, and a certain class of history is not considered complete unless one hero is stripped bare and placed in the beam of a search-light by the side of another who has been subjected to a like process. But for the average plain man in the street the Great Duke is all-sufficient, without measuring his greatness or weakness by comparison with some other historical figure. At any rate, on Waterloo Day we do not want to know what Wellington was as compared with Marlborough or anyone else. It is enough for us that he was Wellington of Waterloo, and if our memories want stimulating as to his greatness we have only to read Tennyson's magnificent Ode to be fully reminded of his unprecedented services, his well-nigh faultless career. The display of English doggedness at Waterloo has been told by a hundred pens and livened on scores of canvases. Our pictures carry out to some extent this idea of the many-sidedness of the great battle which is inseparably associated in our annals with June 18. Those of the battle itself, and of Napoleon's flight, speak for themselves. The two Cruikshank pictures show the fortified farm-houses of Hougoumont, Reille's attack on which from Napoleon's left commenced the fight, and of La Haye Sainte, on Wellington's left centre, which was captured by Ney.



After a Painting

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By G. Jones, R.A.

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Aboard the "Niobe."

THE "Niobe" is a first-class cruiser of large dimensions, her displacement being 11,000 tons; larger than the early ironclads, which were regarded as monsters in their day, and were by far the largest vessels afloat at the time, with the single exception of the "Great Eastern." The latest cruisers have, as our readers are aware, considerably exceeded these dimensions—the difficult problem of combining high speed with adequate coal-carrying capacity and efficient armament apparently necessitating this heavy displacement. The addition of a couple of knots to the speed of a vessel may appear at first to be a comparatively small matter, but it involves an increase of horse-power and consequent coal consumption which is quite disproportionate to the results obtained.

The "Niobe" has acquired a somewhat unenviable notoriety on account of the many mishaps to her machinery, which must have caused her builders to shed almost as many tears as the ancient heroine after whom she is named; and also afforded an opportunity for the opponents of the Belleville boilers to make capital out of them in the House of Commons and elsewhere. However, these difficulties, it is to be hoped, are now at an end. The vessel is one of four sisters, having a speed of over 20 knots, and a coal-carrying capacity of 2,000 tons, enabling them to steam 10,000 miles at 10 or 12 knots speed. The armament consists of sixteen 6-in., fourteen 12-pounder, and twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and eight machine guns, a very formidable array, though it does not include any big guns, such as the 9·2-in., which are carried by some of our cruisers. The 6-in. gun is, however, a very powerful weapon, and it is probable that the tremendous fire delivered by an increased number of these would be more disagreeable to an antagonist than the more severe but less frequent blows inflicted by the larger weapon. Twelve of the 6-in. guns are protected by 6-in. armour, and there is the usual protective steel deck, varying from 2½-in. to 4-in. in thickness.

THE GUN-ROOM—THE MIDSHIPMEN'S "DEN."

THE WARD-ROOM OF THE "NIOBE."

Photo., W. M. Crockett. THE CABIN OF THE "NIOBE'S" CAPTAIN. Copyright.

The "Niobe" is attached to the Channel Squadron, and is commanded by Captain A. L. Winsloe, whose portrait is given in the group of officers, his chief executive, Commander A. H. Christian, being seated on his left. The total complement of the vessel is 718, and this includes forty-five or fifty officers of all ranks.

The interior of the captain's cabin presents the aspect of snugness and comfort, which our readers are accustomed to see in similar pictures; the general effect is, perhaps, that of overcrowding as regards furniture. To the left, over the mantel-piece, appears a portrait of the late Admiral Sir G. Phipps Hornby, to whom at one time Captain Winsloe acted as flag-lieutenant, thus gaining his next step with the celerity which was customary as regards flag-lieutenants in those halcyon days, now no more, though it is still regarded as an advantage to act in this capacity while a young lieutenant, for there are always possibilities ahead. The captain has also a picture of a frigate of former days, under full sail, to balance the gallant admiral's portrait.

Giving the seniors their due,

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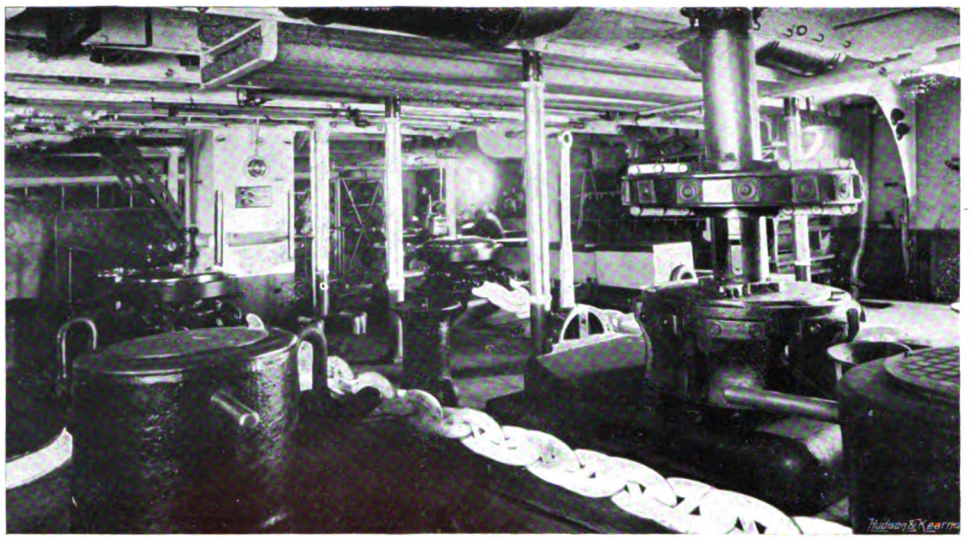
the ward-room must next be noticed; it does not call for very much remark, as the comfort and refinement of the ward-room officers' surroundings are sufficiently obvious. An unusual feature is the display of four silk-shaded electric lights, of a very "drawing-room" aspect. The roughness of the surface of the steel beams overhead, which is particularly conspicuous in this picture, is due to a covering consisting chiefly of granulated cork, which counteracts the unpleasant tendency of iron to "sweat" and drip on the furniture, etc., under certain conditions. The old wooden beams were, of course, free from this defect, but the limited space between decks frequently gave rise to a gentle reminder that seasoned oak is very hard when suddenly brought in contact with the human skull.



A GLIMPSE AT THE CABLE DECK.

The gun-room is as attractive, in its degree, as the ward-room; but here the chairs are replaced by a long seat, with reversible back, such as was in common use years ago in mail steamers, but is now superseded by the more luxurious revolving chair, fixed to the deck. The piano, with a profusion of loose music on top, is surmounted by a portrait of some famous skirt dancer in her war paint, indicating that the march of science and civilisation has not yet quenched the tender susceptibilities of the young sailor.

The picture of the cable deck presents a very marked contrast to those first noticed, being essentially of a very "work-a-day" character, though there is a high degree of polish imparted to every object which admits of it, not excepting the stout "spindle" of the capstan, in itself so very dissimilar from the old wooden one, which used to be brought up to a high state of ornamental perfection with French polish, etc. The huge cables, the manufacture of which was minutely described some time ago in these pages, appear very cumbersome; but by the aid of steam, and modern appliances of various kinds, the labour is reduced to a minimum.

Each cable, it will be noted, passes round a sort of low capstan, on the barrel of which are depressions exactly fitting the links of the chain. When this is turned by steam, it can be utilised either for "heaving in" or "paying out" the cable, and is also available to check it from running out too fast when the anchor is let go. The links of the "Niobe's" cables are probably composed of 2½-in. diameter iron, and a "length" of 75-ft. would weigh about two tons, and cost over £50.

THE CREW OF THE "NIOBE."

The cable-deck presents a very different spectacle during the process of mooring or unmooring the ship. When several vessels are in company, it is the almost invariable practice to moor, *i.e.*, to let go two anchors in such positions that the ship rides to them alternately, and swings almost in her own length. This requires some skilful handling, more especially as the admiral usually assigns to each vessel an exact position on a certain bearing and distance from the flag-ship; and if, after all are moored, some ship is found to be considerably out of place, the signal is run up "shift berth," and the erring one has it all to do over again.

It is a creditable fact, however, that this is rarely necessary, the line as a rule being wonderfully accurate.

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "NIOBE."

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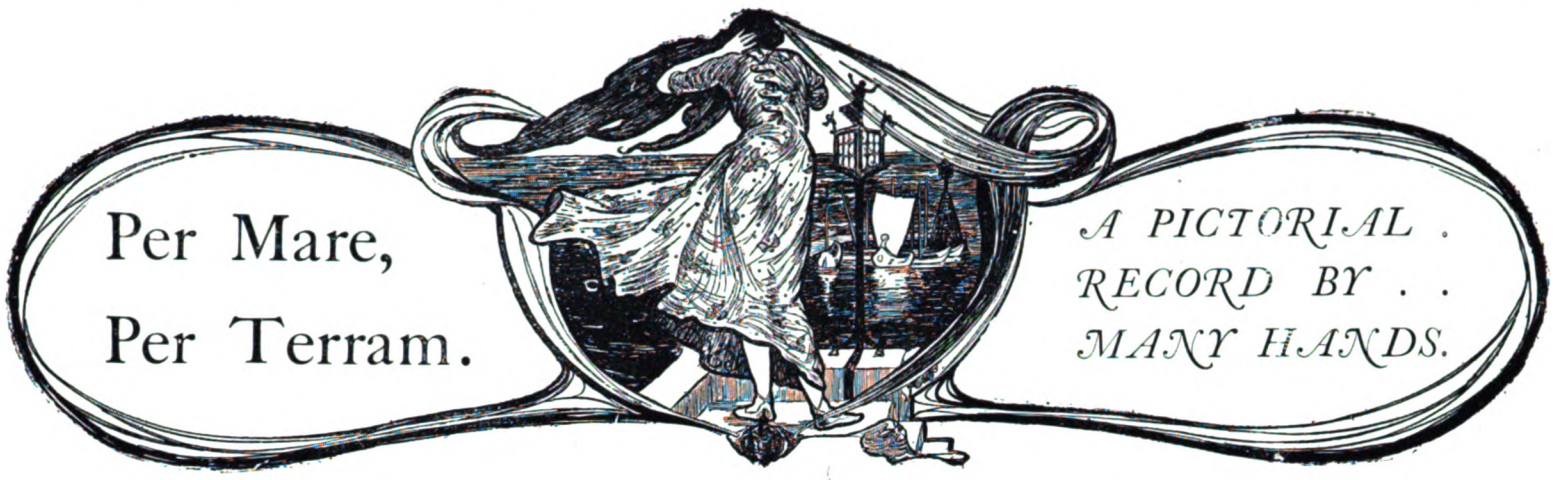

Photo. Gregory.
Major-General E. T. H. HUTTON, C.B., A.D.C. Commanding the Canadian Militia.

THE Service most certainly gives of its best to the Colonies, and no better soldier has it given to Greater Britain than the officer whose portrait is here reproduced, and who commands the Canadian Militia, the permanent force of the great dominion. It is not the first time that Major-General Hutton's services have been placed at the disposal of one of our great colonies, as for three years he was commandant of the Colonial Forces of New South Wales. In fact, he still belongs to the New South Wales Army, for as a sign of the regard the colony has for him, and the good work he did there, he is still the hon. colonel of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles. Mounted Infantry work has always been Hutton's speciality, for it is to him we owe our present mounted infantry regiment. He it was who, when D.A.A.G. at Aldershot in 1888, created this organisation. And no better man could have possibly been found for the work, as his experience was probably greater than that of any other officer in the Army, for during the Zulu and Boer Campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan in 1882 and 1884 he had organised this Army to perfection, and made excellent use of it. He looked after the mounted infantry corps at Aldershot until 1892, and no aide-de-campship to the Queen was ever better earned than that conferred on him for his services. General Hutton is a Rifle Corps man, and all of his regimental service was passed in the old 60th.

CAPTAIN W. H. MAY, M.V.O., who has recently received the honourable distinction of being made an aide-de-camp to the Queen, is the captain of the "Excellent," or, in other words, the commandant of the great Gunnery School at Whale Island, and our picture shows him surrounded by a group of the officers of that establishment. Although he has no war service to his credit, he wears that much-prized decoration the Arctic medal, which he gained in the expedition of 1875-76. The position he holds is in itself testimony to his very high scientific attainments, and he is as much a torpedo as a gunnery expert, for twelve years ago he was the inventor of a device for discharging torpedoes from on board ship, and for two years, 1893-95, was assistant-director of torpedoes at the Admiralty. Prior to his appointment to the "Excellent" he had for two years held the position of chief of the staff on the Mediterranean station. Her new aide-de-camp is personally well-known to Her Majesty, for he was promoted both lieutenant and commander out of the Royal Yacht, and she conferred on him the membership of the Victorian Order at the commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. The officer on Captain May's right, and distinguishable by the three rows of lace that denote commander's rank, is Commander Adair of the "Excellent," another of the most expert gunnery specialists in the Service. As a sub-lieutenant he was the winner of the Goodenough medal in 1881, given to the acting sub-lieutenant who, having taken a first-class in seamanship, passes the best examination of his year in gunnery. He has also been assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance. The medals he wears are for the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, where he was employed with the Naval flotilla on the Sweet-water Canal.

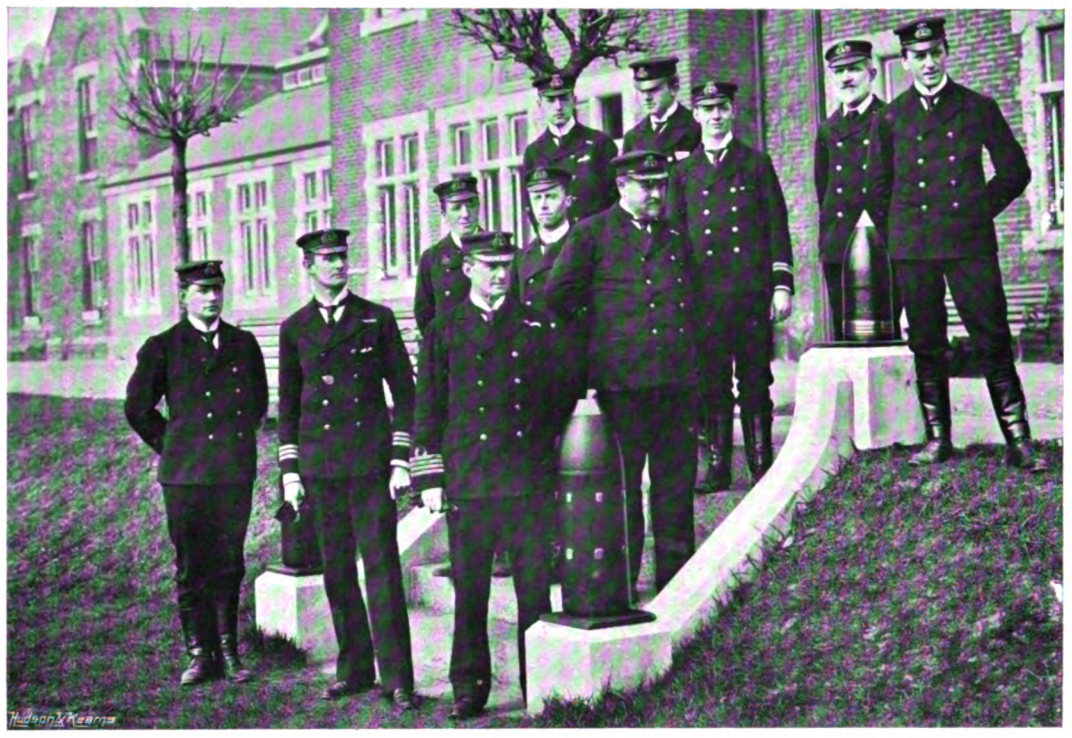

Photo. Gregory. *CAPTAIN MAY, M.V.O., AND OFFICERS AT WHALE ISLAND* Copyright

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COLONEL HENRY FLUDYER is the officer who now commands the regiment and Regimental District of the Scots Guards, and his connection with this fine regiment, to which a third battalion is now to be added, has lasted throughout his whole service, for he joined it at the age of nineteen, as an ensign and lieutenant, in 1866, when it was known as the Scots Fusilier Guards. Every step has been gained in the corps, the supreme command of which he now holds.

Colonel Fludyer is an officer well known in Volunteer circles in the metropolis, for as the officer commanding the Scots Guards he is also the officer commanding the South London Volunteer Infantry Brigade. Next week he inspects the 13th Middlesex in Hyde Park, having already inspected the 7th and 24th Middlesex. On July 1 he inspects the 4th Middlesex at Knightsbridge Barracks.

Photo. Gregory
COLONEL HENRY FLUDYER, Commanding the Scots Guards.

AT the last Home District Rifle Meeting, the Guildford-Pirbright or Dewar Competition was won by the team here depicted, that of the 6th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London) Regiment, which, prior to the territorial organisation of 1881, was known as the

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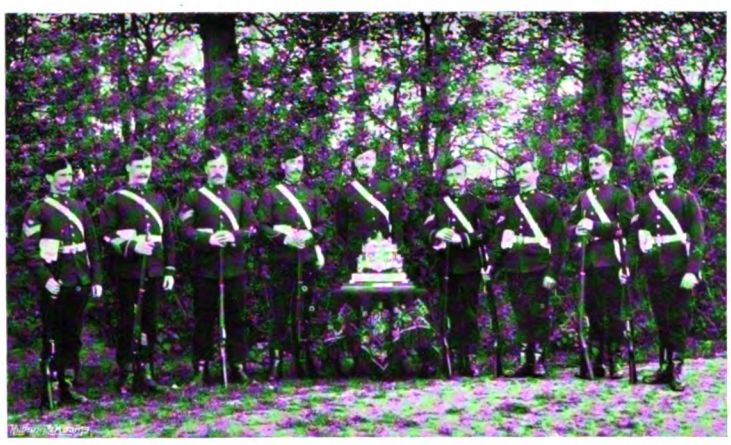

WINNERS OF THE "DEW. R" TROPHY.

Col.-Sgt. A. J. Rickards, Sgt.-Dr. T. Rickards. Col.-Sgt. H. Anderson. Lieut. H. Fox-Adams. Capt. and Adjt. C. F. Heyworth-Savage, Commander. Sgt.-I. of Musk. G. Blackwell. Sergt. D. Howlett. Col.-Sergt. F. Key. Sergt. C. Thorpe.

Royal London Militia. In the Dewar Competition thirty-eight teams competed, and they had to march, equipped, eight miles, and fire from the magazine, individually and by volleys, at ranges from 200 to 800 yards. The Royal Fusiliers won with a score of 474, beating, by the narrow margin of one point, the Volunteer team of the London Rifle Brigade. The winning team was commanded by Captain and Adjutant Heyworth-Savage, who is seen in the centre of our picture wearing the ribbons of the Jubilee (1897) and Indian General Service medals, the latter of which he possesses, with two clasps, for service in Burmah. Captain Heyworth-Savage has put in all his service with the Royal Fusiliers, which regiment he joined as a subaltern in 1885, and for nearly four years he has been adjutant of this militia battalion of his regiment.

THIS page of "Per Mare, per Terram" is, in truth, a record of winners, for the next team represented are the cyclists of the 4th Volunteer Battalion Hants Regiment, who, after three years' effort, and in the last two earning second honours, have succeeded in carrying off Lord Wolseley's Cup. The conditions under which the teams compete are to ride forty miles within four hours, and then shoot at 600-yds. and 500-yds.' range. The team covered the distance in three and three-quarter hours, and then put on a score of 105 at the butts, being, however, run very close by the 2nd Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment, whose score was 103. The weather conditions were simply atrocious, for not only were the men soaked to the skin at the start, but also for twenty miles of the journey had to pedal against half a gale of wind.

Royal Central Photo. Co. Copyright.

CYCLIST WINNERS OF LORD WOLSELEY'S CUP.

AMONG the many graceful acts of courtesy performed by Prince Henry of Prussia, during his tenure of command of the German squadron in Chinese waters, was the presentation of a Polo Cup, to be played for at Hong Kong, and the winners of it, the team of the King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment are shown in the lower picture in this

WINNERS OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S POLO CUP.

Photo Gavin. Copyright.

WINNERS OF THE A.R.A. INTER-SQUADRON SHIELD.

column. Four teams competed, viz., Civilians, Navy, Royal Artillery, and King's Own. The Navy, who probably have not had the opportunities for practice that the other teams have had, was forced to succumb to the Civilians, while a close match between the King's Own and the "gunners" resulted in a win for the former by two goals and one subsidiary, as against one goal and one subsidiary. The final, therefore, had to be fought out between the King's Own and the Civilians, the soldiers carrying off the coveted trophy. The King's Own team was captained by Captain Laurie, who played back, and is the officer standing on the left of the picture as looked at. Standing beside him is Captain Paton, while Captain McLachlan is seated on the right, and Major Gawne on the left.

THE 7th Queen's Own Hussars is one of the only two cavalry regiments in the Service of Scottish origin, the other, of course, being the Scots Greys. It has always been an exceptionally smart corps, and a first-class shooting regiment, and, before returning from abroad, added to their reputation by winning with one of their teams the Army Rifle Association Inter-Squadron Shield, open squadron teams from all cavalry regiments abroad, and what is more, they won it with the highest number of points yet made in the competition, viz., 474. The winning team is here shown, the officer seen on the right of the trophy, as you look at the picture, being Major Carew, and it will be noticed that he wears both the D.S.O. and the medal given by the Chartered Company for the operations in Matabeleland in 1893, and in Rhodesia in 1896. Major Carew, who has not yet completed sixteen years' service, earned his D.S.O. in the latter operations under Sir Frederick Carrington. It will be noticed also that four others of the team wear the Rhodesian medal, these being Sergeant-Majors Sanders and Wetherall, Corporal White, and Private Aylen.

THE picture presented on this page is the team of L Company of the 2nd Scots Guards, who carried off the handsome trophy shown in the centre of the group,

Photo. Eldridge Copyright.

SCOTS GUARDS' WINNERS AT BISLEY.

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at the Home District Meeting at Bisley, by winning, with the fine score of 76 points, the running match for teams of four firing three rounds at different ranges.

PERHAPS the most important Naval command in America is that of the squadron in the Philippine waters, which has recently been vacated by Admiral Dewey, who is succeeded by Rear-Admiral John Crittenden Watson, whose portrait is here given. Admiral Watson is an officer of very great experience, for he joined the Service as a cadet, nominated from the State of Kentucky, four years prior to the Civil War, and has put in in all close on forty-three years' service, of which nearly seventeen have been passed at sea, and nigh twenty-one in shore and other duty. His last shore appointment was the important one of Governor of the Naval Home at Philadelphia.

Photo. Gutekunst.
Rear-Admiral J. C. WATSON, U.S.N.

THE two interesting pictures here given are very typical of how Service tradition survives in families, and we may be quite sure that the two little laddies here depicted will follow in their fathers' footsteps when they have arrived at an age to do so. The lower picture of the two shows father and son, the former being Sergeant-Major Soutar, on the permanent staff of the 5th West Middlesex, one of the volunteer battalions of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, having its headquarters at Park Road, Regent's Park. As will be seen from his ribbons, Sergeant-Major Soutar has seen service, and the bonnie little son, who is not yet seven years old, is the very replica of his father, even down to the decorations.

The other picture gives the portraits of Captain Mackay, of the Royal Marine Artillery, and his little son. Captain Mackay is at present serving in the "Ramillies," the flag-ship on the Mediterranean station, and the picture was taken at the entrance of his house at Malta, where, like many officers serving on the Mediterranean station, he has established a home.

A VOLUNTEER AND HIS SON.

Photo. R. Ellis Copyright.
A MARINE ARTILLERYMAN AND HIS BOY.

Judging from the dress of the sturdy little lad, who is saluting his father, he is not going to follow the latter's career as a "blue marine," but to embrace instead that of the Royal Navy, and become some day an admiral of the fleet.

And this is not unlikely, for as will be seen, he has commenced his career both early and well, for he wears on his sleeve three good-conduct badges and the crossed anchor and crown, that denote he is a petty officer of the first class.

MR. ASTON WEBB, whose portrait is here reproduced, is the architect selected by the Admiralty for the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. And this is by no means the first important work carried out by Mr. Webb, for he is the architect for the completion of the South Kensington Museum, and designed the beautiful building of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall, the Victoria Courts at Birmingham, the new schools at Christ's Hospitals, and many other buildings.

Photo. Mendelssohn.
ASTON WEBB, ESQ., F.R.I.B.A.

His chief work in church architecture has been the restoration of St. Bartholomew's the Great in the City, and the French Protestant Church in Soho.

He was president of the Architectural Association in 1884, and vice-president of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1893 to 1897.

Many of his more important works have been carried out in conjunction with Mr. Ingress Bell.

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From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE "CORMORAN" GOING INTO DRY DOCK AT SYDNEY.

THE smart little German cruiser here depicted had a narrow shave recently while on passage from the China station to Samoa. After leaving German New Guinea she ran ashore on the Whirlwind Reef, where she remained five days and six nights.

It will be seen the mizen-mast only is standing, as to float her both the fore and main masts had to be cut away.

Moreover, all movable gear on the upper deck, with the exception of the guns, had to go overboard, as well as the steam steering gear and the refrigerating machine from below.

THE picture here given depicts a sergeant and private of the New Zealand Militia, accompanied by two charming damsels, who may be either wives or sweethearts.

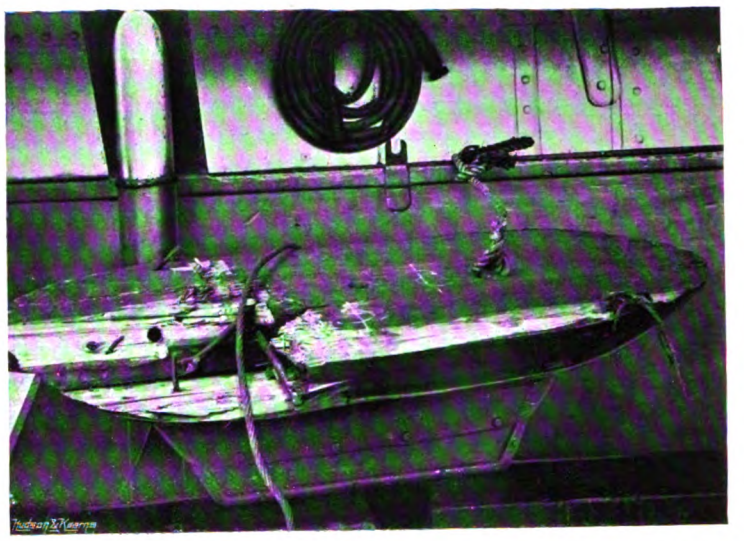
The New Zealand soldier is, like the rest of his cloth, probably as good a hand at love-making as he is at fighting.

MAJOR MARCHAND'S name is to-day in every man's mouth, certainly in France, and we here show a group of the Senegalese Tirailleurs that accompanied the explorer in his march across Africa.

Not the least enthusiastic part of the reception given to the returned expedition was that meted out to the sturdy Senegalese, who on landing at Toulon were marched past the major surrounded by a group of admirals, generals, deputies, and Government officials, and then entertained at a dinner. They are splendid men, some of them being exceptionally tall and large-limbed. In fact, some of the men paraded barefooted, as boots could not be found to fit them, though all were equipped in new uniforms.

They were, while at Toulon, berthed in the Pontoon Barracks at Port Marchand, and their farewell to their officers, when the latter left for Paris, was most touching.

MARCHAND'S SENEGALESE TIRAILLEURS.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

GOOD SHOOTING IN THE NAVY.

IN view of the present false idea held by some people as regards shooting in the Navy, the accompanying picture of a target should prove of interest.

It is 4-ft. by 2-ft. 6-in., and was towed by the "Camperdown" at a speed of eight knots, and fired at by the 6-in. guns of the "Royal Oak" at a distance of 1,200-yds., the latter also steaming at eight knots, but in the opposite direction.

The first shot reduced the target to the condition shown in the picture, and a glance at it will show us that the Navy still keeps up the high standard of shooting which has characterised it since the days of the Virgin Queen.

Photo. F. G. East. Copyright.

LOVE AND WAR.

THERE is no keener "cricket" ship in the Service than the "Terrible," and both officers and men can produce good elevens. The two teams are here illustrated after a match played between them, which was very closely contested, the officers' team winning by the very narrow margin of fourteen runs.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

CRICKETERS OF THE "TERRIBLE."

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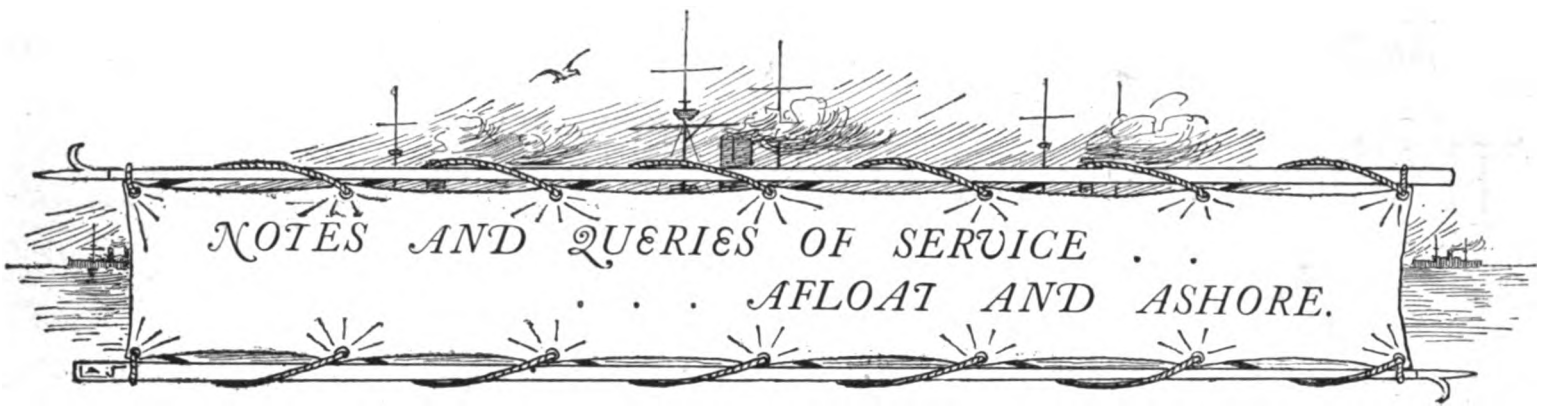

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It is sometimes said that duelling led to a high code of honour among gentlemen. It is difficult to retain this view after a perusal of Sir Jonah Barrington's 'Personal Sketches of his Own Times,' first published in 1827. Barrington came of 'the fighting Barringtons,' and so careful was he to observe the duelling code of honour that he accepted a challenge and fought without knowing his offence or the cause of the challenge. Yet the same man was a judge of the Admiralty Court, and was proved to have converted large sums of money from the Admiralty chest to his own account. Barrington was dismissed his judgeship, though the latter step was taken because his Irish patriotism led to his voting against the Union. In connection with the many farcical duels that now take place on the Continent, it is interesting to read that the Galwey Code of Honour, or 'Thirty-six Commandments,' provided that 'no dumb shooting or firing in the air is admissible in any case.'"

* * * *

"N. A."—The practice of sheathing the bottoms of ships is of very ancient origin. On the recovery of Trojan's galley, after a submersion of thirteen centuries in the Lake Riccio, it was found that the timbers were in an extraordinary sound condition. The bottom was double, the seams had been caulked with linen, smeared over with Greek pitch, and the whole sheathed with lead, beaten out thin, and attached with copper nails. In the English Navy the first sheathing used was wood, usually deal or fir plank, which, however, was found to be peculiarly liable to the attack of worms. Thin lead was then substituted, but did not prove successful, and the wood covering was reverted to, with modifications, the bottom first receiving a coat of pitch over which brown paper was spread. A second edition of pitch mixed with tar was then spread over the paper, and a fourth coating of short hair attached to the tar; deal sheathing was then brought over the whole and firmly nailed on. Various experiments in the way of introducing preservatives, such as lime, between the wood sheathing and the bottom, were tried from time to time, but without much success; but it was not until 1758 that copper sheathing was tried, the experiment being made on the "Alarm" frigate. The result being eminently satisfactory, the practice, in 1783, was universally adopted in the Royal Navy.

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"UNION."—The famous "Union brigade," at Waterloo, consisted of the 1st Royal Dragoons (England), the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys) (Scotland), and 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons (Ireland). In 1661 Lord Churchill raised a regiment known as "The English Horse," for service against the Moors, at Tangier. On its return its designation was changed to the "1st (Royal) Dragoons." This grand old corps particularly distinguished itself at Waterloo and at Balaclava, in which latter engagement it formed part of the heavy brigade. The scarlet tunic has blue cloth facings, the plume in the helmet being black. The 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) were originally raised in Scotland, in 1678, since which date they have as worthily maintained the honour of the Thistle as the 1st Royals have that of the Rose, and the Inniskillings, the Shamrock. Although its tunic of scarlet, with blue cloth facings, is very similar to that worn by the Royals, the regiment possesses the unique distinction of being the only cavalry corps that wears a tall bearskin cap with white plume on the left side. Thus, apart from the colour of the horses, it is to be easily recognised. At the battle of Balaclava it formed, together with one squadron of the Inniskillings, the celebrated "Three hundred," which Sir James Scarlett led with such valour and telling effect into the midst of ten times that number of Russian cavalry The Inniskilling Dragoons formed part of the force raised in 1689, by General Gustavus Hamilton—afterwards Viscount Boyne—for William III., and served in Ireland until 1763. They were present at the battle of Dettingen, and at Waterloo and Balaclava their services earned for them an imperishable fame. The uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow cloth facings, the helmet plume white. The regimental badge is "The Castle of Inniskilling with the St. George's colours."

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"PURSER."—The term "sea cakes" is only a synonym for the Navy biscuit, with which you are, doubtless, familiar. It is derived from the old method of making Navy biscuits, which was quaint though apparently effective enough, prior to the introduction of machinery. The process was for a large lump of dough, composed of flower and water, to be mixed up and placed in the centre of a raised platform, over which a man was seated on a machine called a horse, which he literally rode up and down until the dough was sufficiently kneaded. In this state it was handed over to a second workman, who with a large knife separated it into lumps for the bakers, who were five in number. No. 1 moulded the dough into cakes like muffins, working one in each hand; No. 2 stamped the cakes on both sides with a mark; No. 3 separated each cake into two; No. 4 was charged with the duty of chucking the cakes on to the peel or shovel, which he did at the rate of seventy per minute, notwithstanding which No. 5 was so expert as always to disengage the peel in time for the next delivery.

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F. D. FROST.—A militia subaltern can obtain a commission in the regular Army if he is successful in the Military Competitive Examination. The regulations which govern the examinations have appeared in these columns several times, and for this information I would refer you to the back numbers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. As regards the expense of entering the Army through the Militia, that will depend on the militia regiment selected. You should be able to get all necessary articles of uniform, etc., for £50 or £70, but you should join a militia battalion which is clothed in the same way as the regular regiment you wish to join. In the event of your being appointed to it, you would not then require to buy an entirely new kit, but only a few additions. On joining the Militia you would have to pay a number of subscriptions, amounting, say, to £10 or £15, but in some regiments much higher. In a quiet militia battalion you would require from £5 to £10, besides your pay, when out for your annual training; but in this respect, again, requirements differ very much. Then, crammers' expenses must be considered—say £3 or £4 per week, including board—and you would require at least six months (probably twelve) to prepare successfully for the competitive examination. The infantry is, generally speaking, much less expensive than the cavalry. You can obtain all the Regulations from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fleet Street, London.

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IN reply to "Enquirer," the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, formerly styled the Royal Naval Academy, was founded by George II. in the year 1729. His successor, George III., extended the scheme by authorising the establishment of an academy in Portsmouth Dockyard, with a view to training forty young gentlemen in the principles and practice of navigation, marine surveying, gunnery, fortifications, mechanics, drawing, and various other studies, preparatory to their entrance upon actual sea service. It was ordained that of the forty fifteen should be the sons of Naval officers; the number of pupils was increased in 1806 from forty to seventy, of whom forty were to be the sons of commissioned officers. The friends of each pupil had to lodge security to the amount of £200 that the student, after completing his education, should enter the Naval Service, and remain therein until the completion of the qualifying service for the rank of lieutenant. Each student received 4s. per day, subject, however, to a deduction for educational fees and expenses of board, while in order to discourage frivolity it was strictly ordered that no pupil should return after vacation with more than one guinea in his pocket, the reasons assigned for this nautical edition of the sumptuary laws being that as the student received 1s. per week as pocket-money, he could not possibly want more, except for undesirable purposes.

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A VALUED correspondent, using the signature "Whale Island," writes to me: "In the NAVY AND ARMY of May 27 I see it is stated in an article on 'The Naval Pigeon-Post,' that 'The training of pigeons for this purpose was at first only the hobby of a few Naval officers, headed by Commander Tufnell.' I should like to say that Commander Tufnell had nothing whatever to do with the pigeons until they were taken over by the Admiralty, some four or five years after they had been started and trained at Whale Island. The whole credit is due to Captain Login, who was the first officer to take them in hand, with the help of Mr. Barrett, chief gunner, who had trained birds all his life. When Captain Login left Whale Island in January, 1895, the pigeons were taken over by his successor and kept in training until the Admiralty took them over in 1896 and built a loft for them at Clarence Yard, placing them under the care of the officer in charge of the Signal School—who was then Commander Tufnell—while Mr. Barrett was appointed from Whale Island to assist him."

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"QUEEN'S BOUNTY."—The word "bounty" in Naval matters has a double meaning. In the more usual it refers to the premium offered in times of emergency to seamen and landsmen to join the Fleet, and was offered by proclamation, the offer, however, being limited as to time. In the second sense of allowances to widows and children it first came into use in the reign of Queen Anne, who, after a severe storm which occurred in 1703, issued a proclamation ordering that all the widows and families of such officers and seamen who had perished should be entitled to her bounty in the same way as if they had been killed in action. In the storm referred to six ships of the line, three frigates, a bomb vessel, and an advice boat were lost on our own coasts, besides the damage received by several men-of-war, which were driven ashore.

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"A. S. C."—There has, I think, been one case only of a commission in the Army Service Corps being given to anyone not in the regular Army. Some time ago a subaltern of a Militia battalion was gazetted to the corps, but it is not clear under what regulation. The commissioned ranks of the Army Service Corps are recruited, in general, from among the officers of Line regiments, and at present it is no easy thing to enter the corps. A candidate must be in every way desirable, and well acquainted with his duties. Those who are recommended by their commanding officers join the Army Service Corps in probation, and at the end of that term must pass a very searching examination. In the event of their failing to qualify, they are sent back to their regiments. Those who pass are placed on the establishment, and in future are officers of the corps. A civilian is not eligible for the appointment, and the fact of having served in the Volunteers would in no way help you. To obtain a commission in a Line regiment, you must either go through the Militia, through the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, or rise from the ranks.

THE EDITOR.

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The "Fizzer" Man.

By CALLUM BEG.

THE soldier of past ages was content to invest what little surplus money remained to him, after paying for his regimental and other necessaries, in tobacco and ale. Not so the youthful warrior of to-day. Frequently fresh from school when he takes service under the Union Jack, it is not a matter for surprise that he has no appetite for either the one or the other. From time to time one hears of the prevalence of the "liquor habit" in the ranks and its dire results—crime and disease. Now it cannot be denied that an abnormal love for "the flowing bowl" has been the ruin of many a promising soldier. It is equally true that no small proportion of our modern soldiers, although displaying no tendency to indulge in alcoholic liquors, is busy sowing the seeds of future disease connected for the most part with the digestive organs.

Lest either the Army reformer or the agitator against armament of every description should for one moment suppose that the Government rations are responsible for the cultivation of dyspepsia among the defenders of the Empire, it may be well to clear the character of the "regulation" bread and meat before proceeding further. Let it be understood, then, that the provisions supplied free to the soldier are in no sense calculated to injure his "internal economy." On the contrary, were he to satiate his appetite with the rations provided for him, he would in all likelihood develop into a useful fighting man. Nowadays, however, he too often prefers to fill the "aching void" with a mixture of jam-tarts, cakes, and "fizzers." A fizzer, as its name implies, is, strictly speaking, a drink of an effervescent nature, but the term is in reality applied indifferently to almost every kind of temperance drink.

The demand for this species of liquor has within recent years become so great that it has provided a number of persons in the vicinity of every garrison town with a visible (and sometimes exceedingly lucrative) means of subsistence. Needless to say, the camp followers referred to are made up, like every other trade and calling, of honest men and rogues, although the latter, when discovered, are very quickly deprived of "Tommy's" patronage. A few years ago, when the Fusilier Brigade—the old 5th (now Northumberland) Fusiliers, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the Inniskilling Fusiliers—marched out of Shorncliffe Camp on its way to Ashdown Forest for manœuvres, it was closely followed by a veritable host of what those who had "soldiered" in the East were pleased to term "fizzer-wallahs" of varying degrees of respectability. Some, sufficiently well endowed with this world's goods, carried their wares in carts or wheelbarrows. Others in groups of two or three were, perforce, charged with the conveyance of the ingredients necessary for the carrying on of their trade.

All that is required to manufacture the fizzer proper is *aqua pura* and a proportionate amount of sherbet.

During the first few miles of the first day's march it may be assumed that the former commodity was to be had in abundance, but the thirsty young soldiers, unaccustomed to self-control, had soon exhausted the water supply of the smaller dealers. The capitalists who had a sufficient supply of Adam's wine on their carts were overjoyed to see their trade suddenly increased; but those who lacked transport were not wanting in resources. The Hythe Canal lay along the route, and ere long the cans of the "small fry" were again filled—but with what? A greenish stagnant fluid rich in *bacilli*.

Regardless of this fact, the younger men of the brigade continued to drink; but before "lights out" had sounded in camp that night there was "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," not to mention work in plenty for the Army Medical Staff.

"It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good." So said the wiser "fizzer-wallahs" the following day; for the mandate went forth that soldiers were to purchase their refreshments from none but those provided with passes. Needless to say, the vendors of *bacteria* were "unprovided with a pass," and wended their way homewards, sadder and wiser men.

In barracks and camps such as Aldershot strict rules obtain regarding hawkers and their wares. None can follow their calling within the hallowed precincts of Government property without the necessary pass, and before permission is granted a strict investigation is made into the character of the applicant.

Generally speaking, the privileged dealers are either pensioners or soldiers' widows. The discovery of any illegal practice on their part leads to the immediate loss of licence, but unfortunately there is no regulation by which the authorities can control the appetite of growing lads who are accustomed to leave all their pocket-money with these denizens of barracks.

The Seaman in Lighter Vein.

By JOHN STOCKHOLM.

THE conditions of life on board ship render amusements of some sort almost a necessity. The long, uneventful watches at sea, and the still more monotonous days spent at remote anchorages, throw men back on themselves, and stimulate their ingenuity in providing recreation.

From many of the excitements of his civilian brother, the seaman under the above conditions is, of course, barred. For him there is no bicycle or theatre, no club with its billiards and cards. Billiards on board ship would resemble the game prescribed by W. S. Gilbert for the sharp, who is made to play "on a board untrue, with a twisted cue, and elliptical billiard balls."

Cards, and gambling of all kinds, are also strictly forbidden, and are, generally speaking, unknown, as it is not easy to evade detection. Determined gamblers, of course, occasionally hit on a quiet spot and ply their game for a time in safety; but are pretty sure to be found out in the end.

A tale went the rounds of one of our home ports, not long ago, of the retribution that overtook a gambling trio who were engaged in fleecing a novice. They were seated round a candle, in the depths of the stokehold, with the stakes in a mess basin on the improvised table, when a ghostly hand came out of the darkness, knocked the light out, and disappeared with the basin, leaving not a wrack behind.

The novice got his share of the pool back again in a day or two, by postal order, with a letter warning him to say nothing; but the plundered gamblers sought theirs in vain. They were compelled to bear their misfortune almost in silence, as any enquiry would have been tantamount to a confession of a breach of the law. On the following Sunday morning, during the sermon, the chaplain said he desired to thank the person who had placed a bag of money in his cabin for the Naval Orphan's Home. Apparently, he said, it was the result of a collection, as the bag contained a number of coins of all sorts and values. If so, he desired to thank those men—they preferred, it seemed, to remain anonymous—who had so generously contributed. This was the true charity—not seeking for self-glorification, but out of pure goodness of heart, denying itself for the good of others.

There were three, at least, of the congregation who thought it was a very bad sermon that morning.

The only form of gambling practised to any extent is the gently exciting sweepstakes. This is frequently indulged in on the most trifling events, such as the hour of arrival at a port, or the number of knots steamed during a day.

But although the seaman's amusements are thus limited, he is by nature a cheerful soul, and content with little. One never-failing pastime he has—that of debate. He will argue at length on any conceivable subject. I remember a ship's company being divided for weeks into two raging camps on the question whether a certain troop-ship had one or two funnels. Another civil war arose through a simple question, by the ship's jester—"Do *you* believe he was the right Sir Roger?"

Politics are never touched on, but the current *cause célèbre* from the newspapers is always thoroughly threshed out; and an evergreen favourite is the question whether a man walks round a monkey on a pole if the monkey turns with him.

Of course they are inveterate smokers and yarn spinners. They are never tired of hearing about each other's "last ship," *e.g.*, the number of tons of coal per hour taken in on some well-remembered occasion—coaling ship is itself a pastime, by the by—or the total number of miles steamed during a certain commission. They have an astonishing memory for words and dates, and can relate exactly what "the skipper says to me" on some occasion, perhaps, twenty years before —"on a Toosday as we left Signapore on the Friday."

Other miscellaneous pastimes are dancing—in the larger ships that carry bands, and without, of course, any accompanying female interest—fretwork, knitting, meshing, sewing, mat-making, and verse-making. There is generally a ship's poet, who celebrates unusual events in verse, and retails his efforts at so many cents per copy. A Marine, of the writer's acquaintance, kept himself in beer money—no inconsiderable feat—by writing tender verses for his shipmates' love letters.

Chequers are played occasionally, the board being generally a piece of painted canvas—for the convenience of stowage—and the men, buttons. Dominoes, the favourite game of continental sailors, is played less frequently, and chess hardly at all; in fact, the sight of a pair of players

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generally arouses much amusing comment: "'Sh, don't breathe—look at 'is brain workin'—hurrah! they've moved another one," etc.

A favourite game, probably peculiar to ships, is "sling the monkey," in which one player swings in a noose, and is belaboured with ropes-ends by the others till he catches one, and is relieved. Boxing is also common on the forecastle in the evenings, some captains, who can "put them up" a bit themselves, encouraging the noble art by providing gloves.

There are few ships, whatever the station or climate, which do not possess a cricket team. They are prepared to take on the teams of all ports visited, regardless of climatic or any other conditions. In some sterile places, where grass is unknown or the ground is very hard, shift is sometimes made with a matting pitch.

Sometimes, in the larger colonies, a rifle corps is met with, and then there are shooting matches, with much pleasure and profit to both sides.

In warm weather, if there are no sharks in the vicinity, "Hands to bathe" is piped every evening. The booms are lowered, and a boat lays off while the men disport themselves in their native element. Every man and boy in the Service is taught to swim before he goes to sea, so that there are few who do not indulge in this healthy exercise.

Fishing with the seining net is a popular pastime when the ship is in out-of-the-way harbours. It is business and pleasure combined—a sort of picnic and foraging expedition in one. Whenever two or three ships are gathered together an athletic meeting is almost certain to be arranged. Each ship has its champions of various kinds, which it is anxious to pit against those of other ships, with the view of finding the champion of the station. A feature of all Naval meetings is the obstacle race. It takes a good obstacle to stop a Bluejacket, and much ingenuity is expended in providing him with them. Illustrations of these have already been given in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and they need not be further enlarged on here.

"A ghostly hand came out of the darkness."

But perhaps the sport that excites the keenest and most general interest is the fleet regatta. This is held on all stations, whenever the ships get together, but chiefly in the Mediterranean. Here, owing to the number of ships available for providing competitors, and to the fostering care of successive admirals, the Naval regatta is seen at its best. The Duke of Edinburgh, as he was then, when in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, presented a cup that is still annually competed for. There are sailing races and pulling races, races for cutters, for gigs, for launches, for copper-punts, and for all combined. The copper-punts provide the comic element. They are small, flat boats that are used when cleaning the ship's side. They and their crews are dressed in all sorts of fancy rigs—as yachts, as full-rigged ships, as war junks propelled by shovels, and even as omnibuses. The crews appear as clowns, pierrots, cooks, females, niggers, swells, and freaks of all kinds.

The sailing races are extremely pretty sights, from the number and variety of competing boats, but are, perhaps, chiefly interesting to the officers, who generally fit out and steer them. Some are enthusiasts on the subject, and spend considerable time and money on their hobby. The present Admiral Fitzgerald is an acknowledged authority on racing, and has written a well-known work on the subject. But the pulling races are the joy of the rank and file. The intense interest aroused may be understood when it is remembered that every boat and almost every man in each of them is personally known to the spectators. Each ship has its representative in the race, backed by the collective dollars of the whole crew. Long hours of training have led up to the final struggle; and when a ship's boat returns after a race, with the champion cock flying in the bow, the joy is almost delirious. She is matched against all and sundry at every opportunity afterwards. Whenever another ship is met with, at whatever outlying port on the station, the crack boat is sent alongside with a bucket of dollars under the thwart, and a challenge; so that the interest begot by a fleet regatta is maintained throughout the whole commission. International races do not often take place, as the boats differ so much in type that it is difficult to get a fair test of rowing ability. English boats are strongly built, for hard work and heavy weather, and with a view to carrying guns and large parties of men; and it would be unfair to pit boats of this class against the lighter craft of some other nations. Nevertheless, our men generally hold their own pretty well, except, perhaps, against the Americans, who generally have very light and fast boats.

I have left what is, perhaps, the most genial form of amusement till the last, viz., theatricals—the term "theatricals" including every kind of stage performance.

The most common form of this entertainment is the negro minstrel party, who do the usual songs and choruses, and "conclude with the laughable farce," etc. Topical allusions are plentifully interspersed and sly digs dealt out all round, which are keenly relished, even if not very funny. "Kin you told me," asked the corner-man, "what is invisible blue?" and after the other has "gobbled 'im up," he is informed that it consists of the middy of the watch, wrapped in a blue Marine's overcoat, asleep in the signal locker. Or, "What is worse than nothing to eat?" "A pen'orth of canteen cheese." They laugh here without waiting for the reason, which is that you can get nothing for nothing, but the cheese costs a penny, and is worth nothing.

Recitations, nearly always pathetic, are popular features; and such is the earnestness thrown into them, that if the piece selected is good, in spite of all imperfections of method, the audience is invariably carried away. The writer recollects a forcible illustration of this conquest over technical difficulties. The piece was the well-known "Casabianca." The reciter was a gintleman from the other side of St. George's Channel, and he gave his piece with his face blacked. He said:

> "The bhoy stud—on the bur-r-r-nin' deck—
> Whince—all but he—had—flid;
> And, r-r-r-ound him—o'er the battle's wreck,
> Lay the dyen—and—the—did."

There was a strong tendency at first, on the part of the audience, to treat it as a burlesque; but as the reciter proceeded, his earnestness and excitement gripped his hearers, and by the time he reached the closing lines—"The noblest thing that perished there, was that young and fait'ful heart"—he had them thoroughly roused and appreciative.

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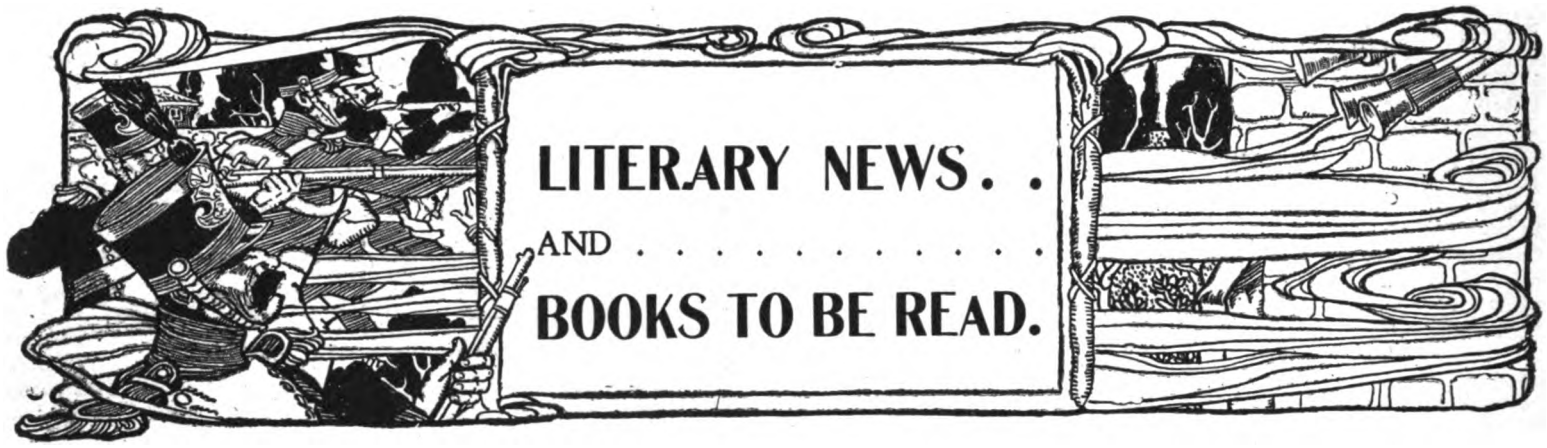

THE amiable tendency of various writers to whitewash those who are blackened is very pronounced in these days. It is surprising how excellent are the traits discovered in the bad characters of history, and how we learn to love those our fathers were wont to revile. On the other hand there are some formerly admirable persons whose characters are now somewhat besmirched. It is a great pity that many Englishmen and Englishwomen are not content to regard Nelson as a seaman. His high qualities of head and heart, the extraordinary fire of his personal valour, his tenacity of purpose, his profound insight, his qualities of command, all the things that made him the great seaman he was, are not enough; he must also be a highly moral person, a Percival or a Galahad *sans peur et sans reproche*, who never transgressed the decalogue. Let all those who love Nelson read "Nelson's Friendships," by the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin (Hutchinson), wherein they will find a great deal to interest them, many unpublished documents, and a number of exceedingly interesting portraits, including a reproduction of the miniature of Horatia by Cosway. The book is also very charmingly written, and abounds with curious and valuable matter. It is, moreover, very pleasant to feel its enthusiasm, and the zeal which it manifests for the great hero. Of course the interest of the book is in its treatment of Nelson's relations to others, and primarily to Lady Hamilton. It was to this matter I referred when I spoke of whitewashing. Nelson is an example, both of that practice and of the reverse. A few years ago any man might have reasonably held him virtuous, but the disclosure of certain unsuspected sources of information has deprived all but the most hardy of their confidence. Still, a brave attempt has been made to depreciate the damnatory evidence, and the late Mrs. Gamlin was at great pains to gather all the evidence that can be arrayed in Nelson's favour.

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Unfortunately, while recognising all the worthy purposes of her book, it is impossible to say that she has succeeded. The Morrison papers give the death-blow to any remaining belief we may have entertained as to the platonic nature of Nelson's friendship with Emma. His own character did not lend itself to platonic relationships with seductive women. As he said himself, he was always in love, and we have knowledge of several special occasions of it. Admiral Colomb in "Twelve Seamen" has just pointed out how different were the dispositions displayed by Nelson and St. Vincent under precisely similar circumstances—one amatory and the other exceeding cold. Then the character of Lady Hamilton did not justify confidence in her platonic friendship with amatory men. Her past history pointed all the other way. And, moreover, there was Horatia, the incomprehensible offspring! Still, failing any direct evidence, those of hardy faith could resist the circumstantial, and hold Nelson innocent after all. But the Morrison letters put an end to that, except in the minds of those who, like Mrs. Gamlin, hold the letters to be forgeries. To accept this view is a mere gratuitous assumption devoid of any tittle of evidence. The letters show beyond question—whatever may have been the actual fact—that Nelson believed Horatia to be his daughter. His published expressions to Lady Hamilton are not of a platonic character, and those which are not published—and that cannot be published—are very much the reverse of platonic. She was his "own dear wife" in his own eyes. He never loved anyone else. "I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one." "Kiss and bless our dear Horatia—think of that." It may be lamentable, but it is fact. For my part—and I think most Englishmen are of the same mind—it seems unnecessary to regard Nelson from the moral point of view in his private life. It is enough to recognise him as our greatest seaman, whose public career was sufficiently lustrous and shed lustre upon his country. It cannot, moreover, be said that his relations with Lady Hamilton were to the disadvantage of his country. However, lovers of Nelson owe much to Mrs. Gamlin for her zeal in collecting many things of interest and value relative to the hero. From the professional side of Nelson's public career Captain Mahan's is the best life yet written, and I am glad to see that Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are publishing a popular edition.

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It is good to have another book by the author of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" and this we have in Mr. F. T. Bullen's "Idylls of the Sea" (Grant Richards). The author has found a kindly interpreter in Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who contributes an introduction to this charming volume, wherein he says truly that in Mr. Bullen, "perhaps the first time we have a man who has been a fo'c's'le hand and yet has the power, first to realise in a literary shape, and then to set down, the wonders of the flood. It was a most happy combination that for once the man who saw the tropic dawn from the crow's nest of a whaler should be able to communicate the full magic of the scene." There could be no better expression of Mr. Bullen's particular powers. He has a vivid sense of reality, and yet is able to suffuse his conceptions of sea-life with a truly poetic flush. Far more realistic than Pierre Loti, he yet has something of the same power. The same qualities that delighted the readers of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot'" are found in the new book—keen observation and appreciation, a vivid sense of character and colour, and a quite admirable power of interpreting these things in prose. There is unique quality in the work and a special touch, and Mr. Bullen, not being tied so closely to fact in the present volume, has given fuller rein to fancy, and produced a series of pictures of sea life and character very charming and attractive. It is almost a new field of literature that he traverses, and few, if any, hold such power in it as he.

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The immortal diary of famous Pepys was completed some time ago in Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's edition, to which Messrs. George Bell and Sons have given a form satisfactory to every book-lover, but neither Mr. Wheatley nor his publisher was content that the diary should stand alone. So much interest attaches to Pepys as man and official, that something about himself and his colleagues was necessary, and accordingly we have a delightful volume of "Pepysiana." And the diary, too, is such a prodigious mass of curious interests, a maze without a plan, that it called for a means of access, and therefore we find a whole volume devoted to an "Index." Thus the splendid edition is rounded off. This is a whole-hearted and satisfactory way of producing a book that would have commended itself to the old scholars in its leisurely completeness. There never was a better index, and rarely one so good. As to the "Pepysiana," they are all interesting. The Pepys family and the true descent of the Diarist are now for the first time properly known. There is much about Pepys himself, even down to a medical opinion as to his health and ailments. His friends and associates also receive adequate treatment, and one excellent chapter describes Pepys as a Naval administrator, and a full account of the diary is given. Then Mr. Wheatley adds a discerning appreciation of Pepys, assigning to him his really honest character, his sound business capacity, and his genial qualities, and setting against his moral delinquencies the unsparing frankness with which he laid bare his weaknesses. It is a volume that all Pepysians should possess, and that concludes, with the index, in a most satisfactory way this admirable edition. The illustrations are of the best.

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Among the many avenues that are open to the London cyclist not a few lead through the pleasant land of Kent. Those who go by way of Gravesend, Rochester, or Maidstone may be reminded that this is the Pickwick country, beloved, of all places, by Charles Dickens. It adds a good deal to the interest of a journey to know that in this house Dickens spent his honeymoon; that Mr. Pickwick levelled his telescope at that ruin; that on the bridge we ride over he stepped away from the parapet at the momentous question of the dismal man; perhaps that in this very place Sam Weller expounded his philosophy, or that in this village the Wardles once dwelt. The most conscientious and careful essay in localising Dickens that has ever been made will be found in the form of a booklet, entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Kent: a Guide to the Places and People" (Horace Marshall and Son), wherein the author, Mr. Hammond Hall, has brought together a wondrous store of information upon the subject, and in the most pleasant and gossipy fashion describes the places and illustrates their Pickwickian interests. It is a delightful little book for the tourist, all the more acceptable because Mr. Lionel Gowing contributes a series of very appropriate pictures from his camera. Among other points of interest is the identificat on of the scene of the review at Chatham, at which Mr. Pickwick met old Wardle and his daughters.

* * * *

"Roy's Wife," that capital love story, has been added to Messrs. Ward, Lock's wholly satisfactory three-and-sixpenny "library edition" of the works of J. G. Whyte-Melville. It is beautifully illustrated by G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

* * * *

It is commonly supposed that the firing of the first firearm rang the knell of defensive personal armour, and many have assumed at the same time of the feudal *noblesse*. Mr. Julian Corbett propounds another, and a very ingenious, view in *Longman's Magazine*. He shows that the development of plate armour and of firearms was really contemporary, and that each progressed uninfluenced by the other. Sir James Turner, whose "Pallas Armata" taught Scott to love such lore, and Marshal Saxe both protest against the popular view, which has the respectable antiquity of their times. Mr. Corbett holds that it was the invention of the light horseman, or rather of the dragoon, the unarmed mounted musketeer, that primarily did away with body-armour. Then, among the high-spirited young gentlemen grew the idea that to wear armour was cowardly. Raleigh twice at Fayal insisted on making dangerous reconnaissances without armour, and his admirer, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, held it as "but an idle and unserviceable bravery." Monck lectured his young officers from the same point of view, telling them they were to conquer and not be killed. Such are the general grounds of Mr. Corbett's ingenious argument.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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On Board the "Psyche."

THIS handsome and serviceable-looking little vessel is one of a group of eleven third-class cruisers, almost exactly alike, and having the same initial letter to their names. They will steam 20 knots, and carry coal for 7,000 miles at 10 knots. Their displacement is 2,200 tons, and their armament consists of eight 4-in. (or 25-pounder) and an equal number of 3-pounder quick-firing guns; the only protection is a 2-in. steel deck. The 4-in. gun is the newest of this type in actual use afloat, and the shell has a higher velocity than that of any other gun in the British Service, though it will undoubtedly be soon eclipsed in this respect. Velocity, as our readers will recollect, is far more important than weight in a projectile, and this little 25-lb. shell delivers a harder blow than many another of much larger size, though the gun is a little toy which can be handled and loaded almost as quickly as a pistol.

These small cruisers are intended to act as look-out ships, and to prey on the enemy's commerce; and they are well adapted for it on the whole. They would, perhaps, be all the better for a knot or so more speed, if only to decamp safely when threatened by some monster cruiser which they could not hope to tackle, though the hopes of British captains in past times used to run pretty high in this direction.

It was in one of these vessels that Mr. Rudyard Kipling took the trips which gave birth to his charming little book, "A Fleet in Being"; and our readers will recollect—for it is to be hoped that they have all read the little book—that the ship is there facetiously referred to as a "commodious coffee-grinder," and a "giddy little thing." No doubt they are lively, as a class, and just a little cramped, but they will give a good account of themselves.

The "Psyche" has recently sailed to take up her duties on the North America and West Indian station; she is commanded by Captain F. R. Pelly, who forms the central figure in the group of officers, Lieutenant Llewellyn Griffiths, the first lieutenant, being on his left. The ship's company come out very well, and it will be noticed that the canvas "weather screens" are laced on to the rails of the bridge, etc., while the "chart table" is secured in position on the left; and thereby hangs a tale. These pictures were taken under considerable difficulties; the photographer went on board in harbour, and the vessel was immediately got under way and taken out to the Sound. There she was temporarily secured to a buoy, and the photographer, having obtained the two groups in 9-min., hastily embarked on a friendly tug, or he would have been conveyed, an unwilling passenger, to the West Indies. The picture of the vessel herself was taken from the tug, also in record time, as is evinced by the clearness with which the fluttering flags stand out.

The "Psyche's" complement is 225 all told, and she cost about £140,000, or about a seventh of the price of a modern first-class battle-ship.

Some Naval officers believe that we ought to have many more of these smart little cruisers than we have at present, and they are probably right.

THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER PSYCHE.

THE 'PSYCHE'S" OFFICERS

Photos. W. M. Crockett. THE COMPANY OF THE "PSYCHE." Copyright.

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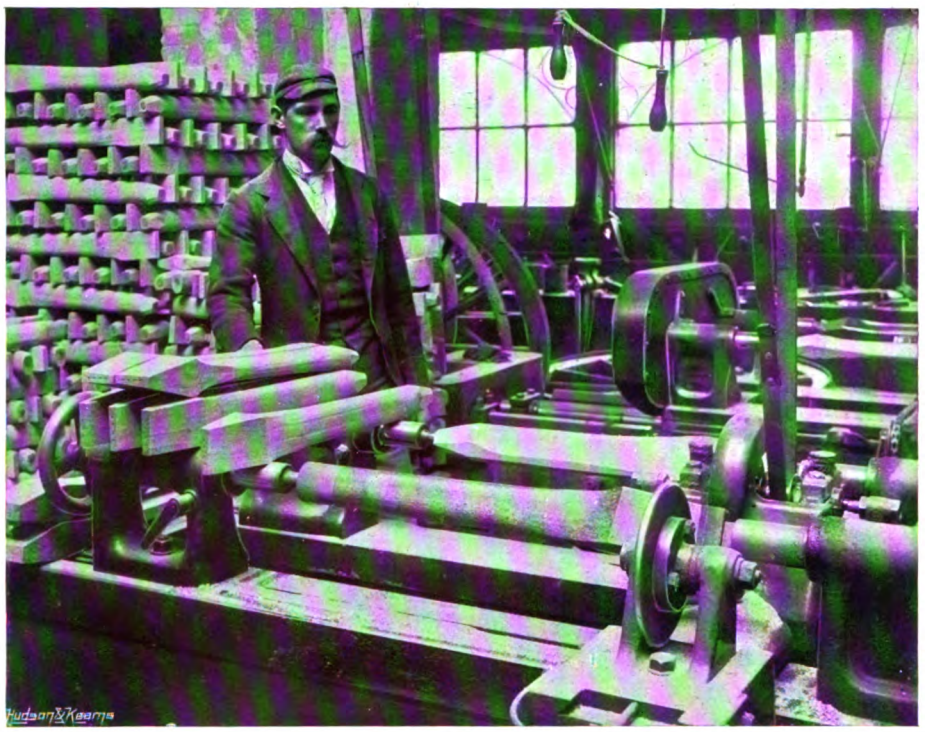
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—VII.

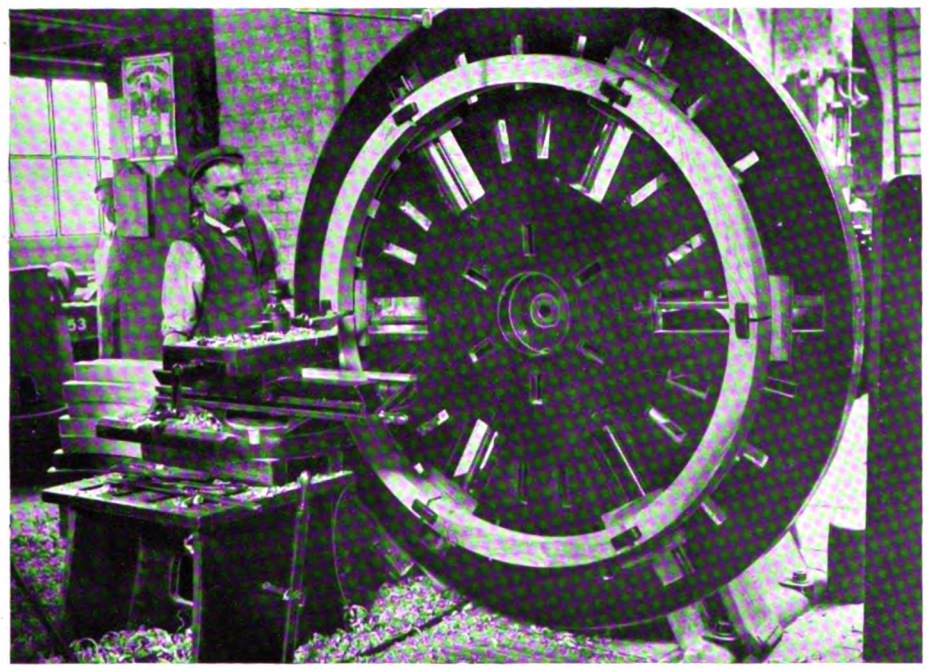
By Frederick G. Engelbach.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE FACTORY.

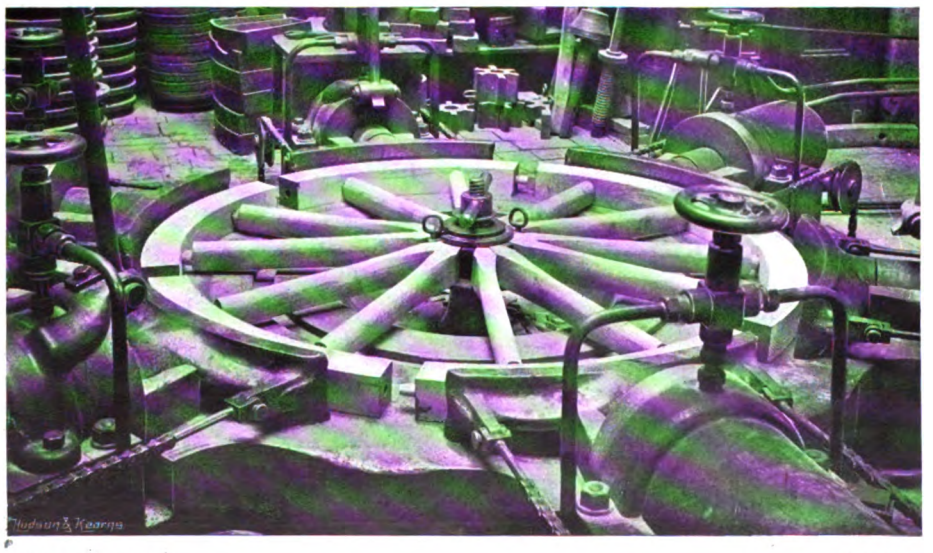
THE visitor, by reason of the shortness of his stay, is compelled to leave unseen great blocks of each department. For instance, the views of the various erecting shops give no idea of the many forges and factories from whence come the hundreds of separate details required in gun mountings. Look, for instance, at the magnificent gun-carriage, if that name can be given to such a mass of complicated machinery, seen in one picture. Before that last "word" in mountings could have been erected, complete as it is in every detail, hundreds of busy brains and hands must have spent themselves in the task. Nothing is issued until it has been erected and tested in every possible way, and in these huge shops guns of all sizes may be found, each one complete on its appropriate carriage. Recently the craze that has seized every European army in connection with quick-firing artillery has spread to our own, and makers are even now experimenting, in order to produce the best system for the British artillery. At present Sir George Clarke has met the difficulty by inventing an attachment which enables our guns to be more rapidly fired, but this is only by way of a makeshift. The real difficulty lies far more in the carriage than in the gun. Under the old system recoil interfered but little with the shooting, but now complicated pieces of mechanism have to be provided to completely check this, or the rapidity of the fire could not be maintained. It is impossible to increase to any marked extent the weight of the gun and its carriage, for already the strain upon the horses is quite severe enough, and allows little margin for extra weight. Were it possible, guns should rather be lighter for choice, for the destruction of gun teams in the next great artillery duel will be appalling.



TURNING SPOKES.



TURNING DOWN FELLOES.



Photos. Copyright. *PRESSING A WHEEL TOGETHER.* H. & K

What the result of this rapid artillery fire will be when used upon living targets it is impossible to estimate with anything like reasonable accuracy. Will troops, whether English or foreign, stand up under the awful punishment that will be inflicted on them by the searching fire of the opposing artillery. In connection with this a remark may be quoted as showing the opinion of an old non-commissioned officer, who had seen much war service.

"You've improved the guns, I'll allow," he said, whilst he watched, in company with the writer, some experiments in fancy shooting with a Maxim gun, "but it's the *men* that'll beat you. You see, it won't be difficult to get 'em to advance up to, say, 600-yds., but then—down they'll go on their bellies, all that's left alive of 'em, and they'll blaze away till they aint got a cartridge left."

It is quite refreshing to leave the hideous clang of iron on iron, and to turn into one of the many shops devoted to woodwork. There is a delightful smell of fresh-cut timber about as the circular saw rips and tears up solid planking into the lengths and size required for boxes and other joinery. Even in 1899 wood is not quite banished, a fact which the great stacks of timber erected in the yards show plainly enough, as they wait their conversion into carts and other articles of transport.

Heavily-loaded trains are constantly to be met in the Arsenal, loaded up with their freight of ammunition boxes, *en route* to be packed with cartridges. Again, rows of artillery waggons, freshly painted,

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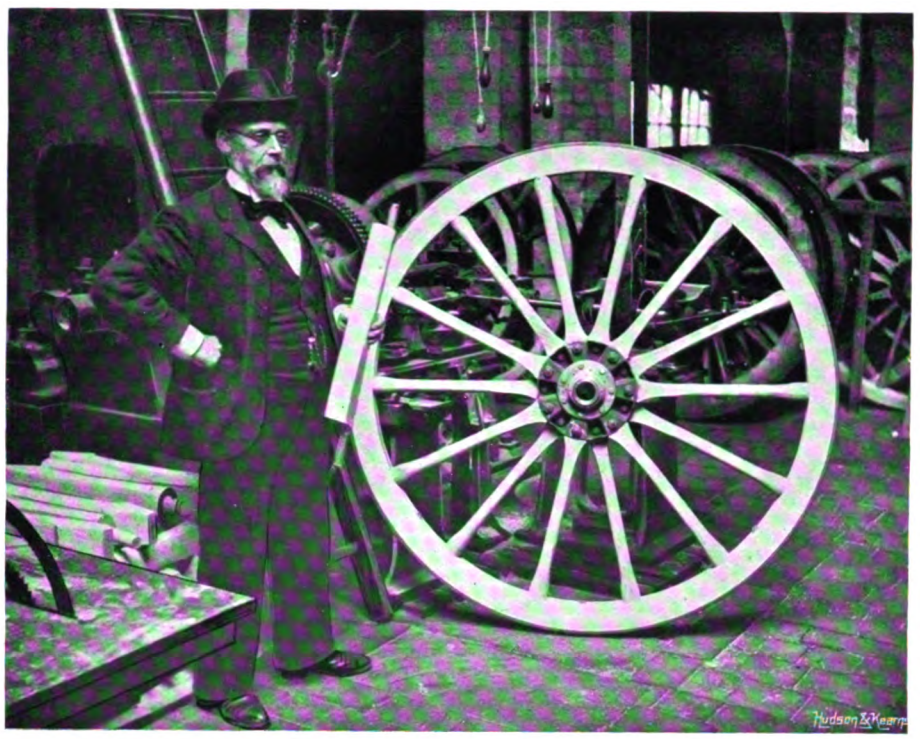
remind one of the carpenters' and wheelwrights' ancient trades. The wheel factory is a very important branch of the Royal Carriage Factory. Watch a battery of Royal Horse Artillery as it dashes up at full gallop and comes into action! Every wheel must be of seasoned wood, and able to withstand an enormous strain, and rare indeed is it that one ever develops any flaw.

The first stage is the production of the rough spokes and felloes, and these are cut by circular saws out of the finest selected timber. Then the crude spoke is fixed into a lathe side by side with an exact copy in iron of the finished article. The cutting tool is in duplicate, *i.e.*, there is a sharp edge which operates on the wood, and a tiny rubber-covered wheel which runs against the iron model. Both model and copy are made to rotate, and the tool is adjusted so as to bear on the wood. As the iron spoke revolves, the wheel which runs on it automatically guides the cutting tool, and in an incredibly short time the square, uncompromising block of wood becomes a more or less elegant spoke. Meanwhile, the felloes are under treatment, and are placed on a large iron lathe, arranged as they will be when the wheel is complete. When they are fixed in position the iron plate on which they rest is made to revolve whilst the workman pares off the rough edges with his lathe tool. This stage complete, the felloes are removed, and holes drilled to the depth of some 3-in. in their adjoining ends, into one of which a stout oaken peg is driven. Then they are bored for the insertion of the spokes, and are ready for completion.



A FINISHED WHEEL.

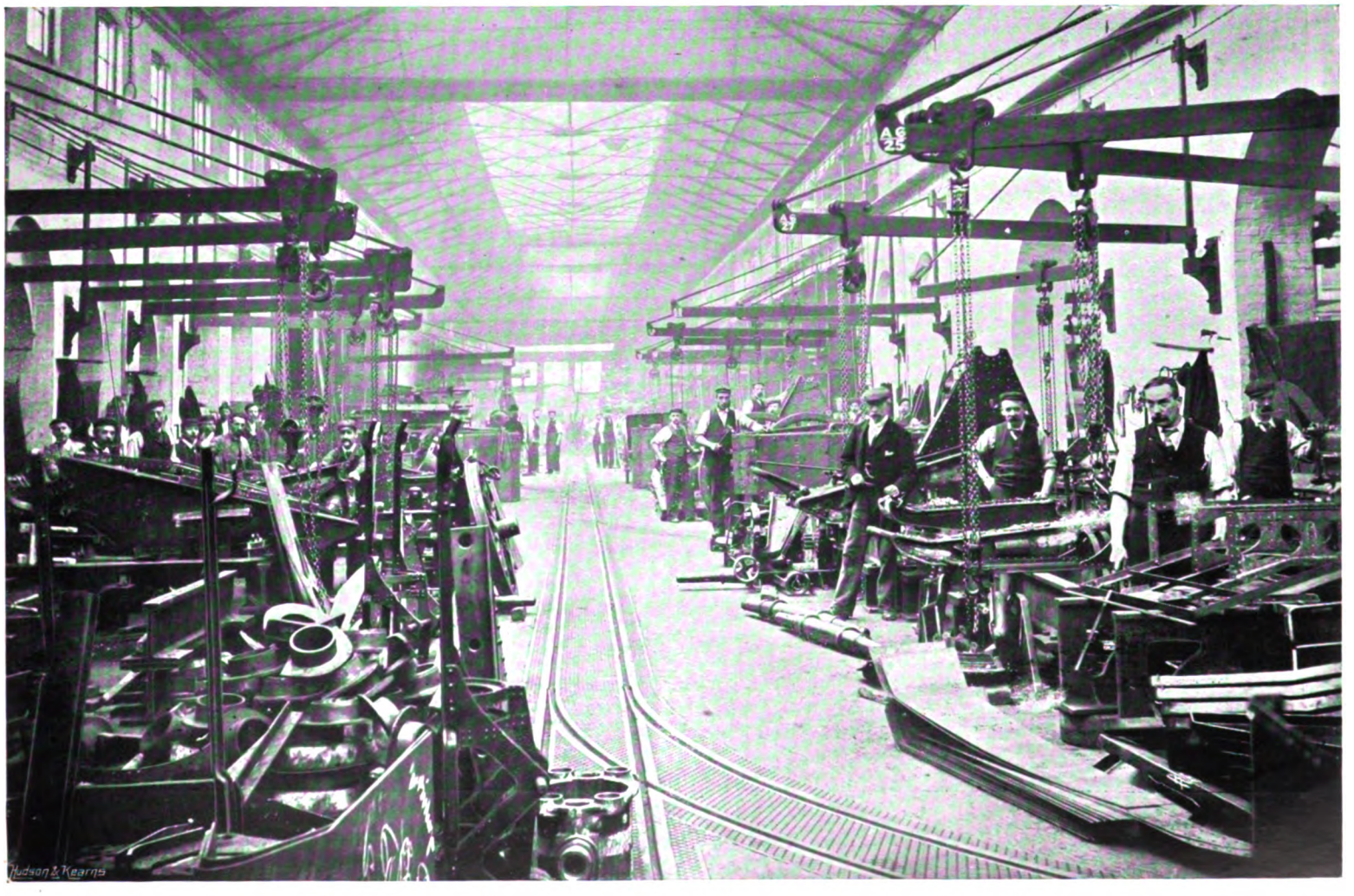
The disjointed wheel, consisting merely of spokes and felloes, is then laid in a large hydraulic press, of which an excellent picture is reproduced. The place of the ordinary wheel-box is taken by the carefully-fitted spoke-ends, which meet snugly together in such a way as to make, when the wheel is tightened up, an almost solid centre.

Slowly the press begins to work, and men, watching the process, see that each felloe-peg is steering straight for the corresponding hole in the adjoining one. Now the pegs are being pushed home, and the wheel groans and creaks as the enormous force acts upon its circumference. Then a handle is turned, and, free from the press, the wheel lies practically finished.

An iron plate is then bolted on each side of its centre to keep the interlocking spokes from shifting, and the wheel is ready for tiring.

The cost of these wheels when painted varies between £4 and £20, and nothing is left undone to render them capable of standing the hardest work.

From the great piles of finished spokes which stand on every side in the wheel shops it is evident that this branch of the Royal Carriage Factory is ready for any emergency which may arise.



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THE CARRIAGE FITTING SHOP.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 22, May 6, May 20, and June 3. The next will appear on July 1.*]

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Austrian Naval Life.

Photo. Alois. Beer. Copyright.

AN AUSTRIAN BLUEJACKET EQUIPPED FOR LAND SERVICE.

The Austrian Bluejacket is generally a very well-set-up and excellent fellow, and the good specimen in our picture bears the marks of strong character in his features. The great day of Lissa is an inspiring memory to the Austrian seaman, and he still trims the hair of his face much as it was worn by the comrades of Tegetthoff. To us this often gives him an unfamiliar aspect, though our friend in the picture has added the ferocity of a curled moustache. He is in shore-going kit, and has a very serviceable equipment.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 125.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 24th, 1899.*

Photo. Symonds & Co. Portsmouth.

THE "CABINET" OF THE "CRESCENT."

LIEUTENANT C. GREAT REX. *CAPTAIN C. F. G. SAWLE.* *COMMANDER H. H. CAMPBELL.*

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The "Crescent."

THE NEW FLAG-SHIP FOR THE NORTH AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION.

THE "Crescent" was recently in a somewhat prominent position as the vessel in which the Duke of York hoisted his pennant for a few months in order to put in a little opportune "sea-time" as captain. The name is also an old one on the "Navy List," for there was a "Crescent" in the American War, and also in the French War of 1792. The present holder of the title is a first-class cruiser, of moderate dimensions according to modern ideas, her displacement being 7,700-tons. She was launched at Portsmouth in 1892, being one of the vessels built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and is one of four sister vessels. She is constructed to steam over 19 knots, with forced draught, and to carry 1,200-tons of coal, which would carry her 14,000 miles at 10 knots. Her armament consists of one 9·2-in. gun, twelve 6-in., twelve 6-pounder and five 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and six Maxim machine-guns. She has four torpedo-tubes, two being submerged and two above water, and carries eighteen torpedoes; an allowance which, if skilfully handled, should account for a dozen or so of the enemy.

Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK G. D. BEDFORD, K.C.B., AND HIS FLAG-LIEUTENANT.

The "Crescent" has recently taken the place of the "Renown" as flag-ship on the North America and West Indies station, which is familiar ground, if the term be admissible, to the ship, if not to the officers, for she was Admiral Erskine's flag-ship on the same station until Sir John Fisher relieved him in the "Renown." The new Commander-in-Chief is Sir F. G. D. Bedford, recently a Lord of the Admiralty, and an officer who has seen much service, as is attested by the goodly row of ribbons on his breast. He served in the Black Sea, and the Baltic, in Egypt, and in several expeditions on the West Coast of Africa, and is the author of the "Sailor's Pocket Book" and other useful works of reference. His flag-lieutenant, whose portrait is also given, is Lieutenant Philip Streatfeild.

Captain C. F. G. Sawle, whose portrait, with those of Commander H. H. Campbell and Lieutenant C. Greatorex, appears on the first page, is no stranger to his chief, for he saw service under him on the West Coast of Africa, where he commanded a strong Naval brigade, which was landed for the punishment of Fodi Silah, a very

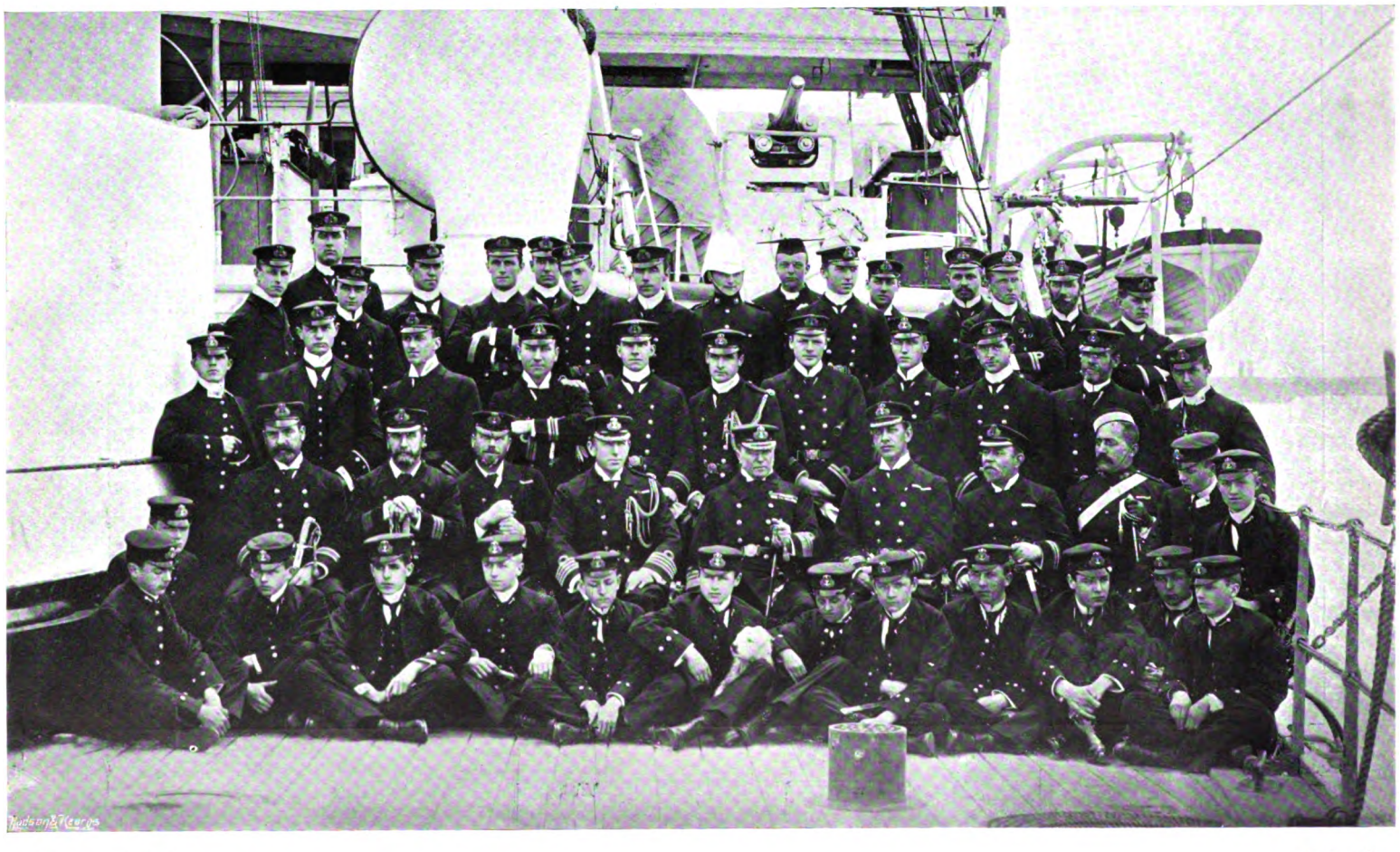

Photo. Symonds & Co. Portsmouth.

THE ADMIRAL AND OFFICERS.

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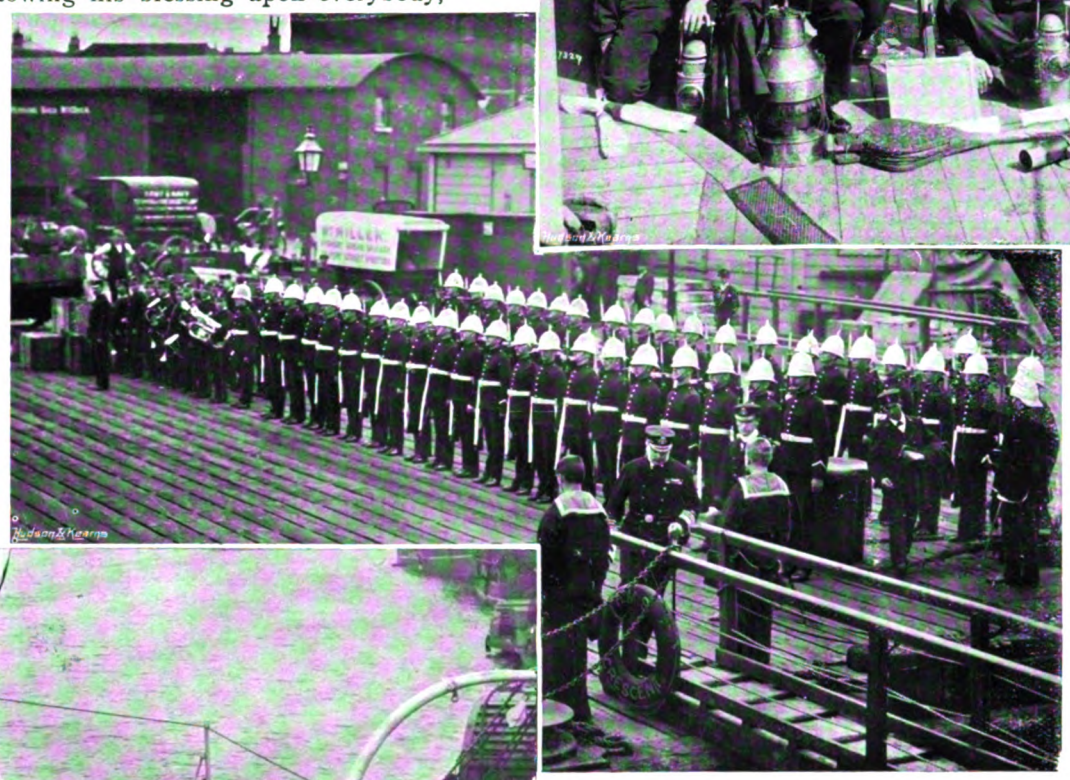
troublesome slave-dealing chief; Captain Sawle was also present at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882.

The "Crescent" carries, in her capacity as flag-ship, a goodly staff of officers, most of whom, to the number of fifty, figure in the group. The total complement of the ship is 520, but as a flag-ship she will probably carry more.

Among the earliest ceremonies after the admiral joins is the introduction to him of the officers, the majority of whom will probably be strangers to him. This proceeding forms the subject of one of our illustrations: the admiral, with his staff in attendance, stands on the quarter deck; the captain reads out the name of each officer, who thereupon steps to the front and salutes. In the picture, the admiral is politely returning the salute of a midshipman, who steps forward from the little crowd of officers. Formerly it was the invariable custom in the Navy for officers under such circumstances to raise their caps, but this practice has now been superseded, for the sake of uniformity, by a more military style of salute, in which the young officers are duly instructed. This very ceremonial introductory process, though certainly expedient and proper, has about the same efficacy, as regards any practical purpose, as the ordinary Society introduction, when nobody ever catches the other person's name; and is, moreover, somewhat of an ordeal on both sides. The officer of the watch, with sword-belt and spyglass, may be noticed standing on the left; being vested with a "brief authority," he holds himself aloof for the time, and has rather the air of bestowing his blessing upon everybody, including the chief.

The admiral has, of course, every opportunity of improving his acquaintance with the officers, for it is an understood thing that he invites them all to dinner in due course, two or more at a time, probably, and they are sure to come under his notice at different times when on duty. Some admirals have been known to take a very lax view of their obligations as regards entertaining, preferring to pocket the money which would otherwise go for the purpose; this, however, is entirely a thing of the past; naturally it must depend, to a considerable extent, upon the admiral's personality whether an invitation partakes of the nature of a pleasure or a penance.

THE SIGNAL STAFF.



Photos. Symonds. Portsmouth.

THE ADMIRAL ARRIVES.

Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS ARE PRESENTED TO THE ADMIRAL.

The reception of the admiral, when he comes to join, is naturally somewhat of a function, as is plainly indicated in the illustration. A strong guard of Marines is drawn up on the jetty, and at the end of the gangway-board a side boy, with uncovered head, stands at "attention" on either side as the admiral approaches. On board, all the officers are assembled to receive him, and the band plays a few bars of a march as he steps on deck.

It must be admitted, however, that the little ceremony loses a good deal when the ship is alongside the dockyard; the ordinary dockyard jetty is an ugly place, to say the least of it, and a couple of tradesmen's vans add nothing to the beauty of the surroundings. When the admiral approaches in his barge or galley, with a splendid crew rowing like clockwork, it is quite another matter. It is to be feared, however, that even the Admiral's barge is now a thing of the past, being almost entirely superseded by the steam pinnace or cutter, with a comfortable little cabin in the stern; not as imposing as the handsome fourteen-oared boat, which in smooth water was propelled at a speed almost rivalling that of its modern substitute; but there is, at times, much virtue in a cabin.

The signalmen are familar to our readers, with their usual little display of implements, and the joys and trials of their office have been fully described before. Probably only about half of the staff appear in the picture; if they are not much stronger than that, their trials will in all probability predominate.

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Photo, W. M. Crockett.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE ARMY—A TEST OF ENDURANCE ON THE PARALLEL BARS.

In each large garrison there is a gymnasium, under a superintendent, with a staff of non-commissioned officers as instructors. All young officers and recruits have to go through a gymnastic course on joining their battalions. There are also courses for drilled soldiers, attendance for men under thirty years of age being compulsory. For those who care for gymnastics there are voluntary courses. At these one finds the very pick of Army athletes—men who are seen at the Tournament and other competitions.

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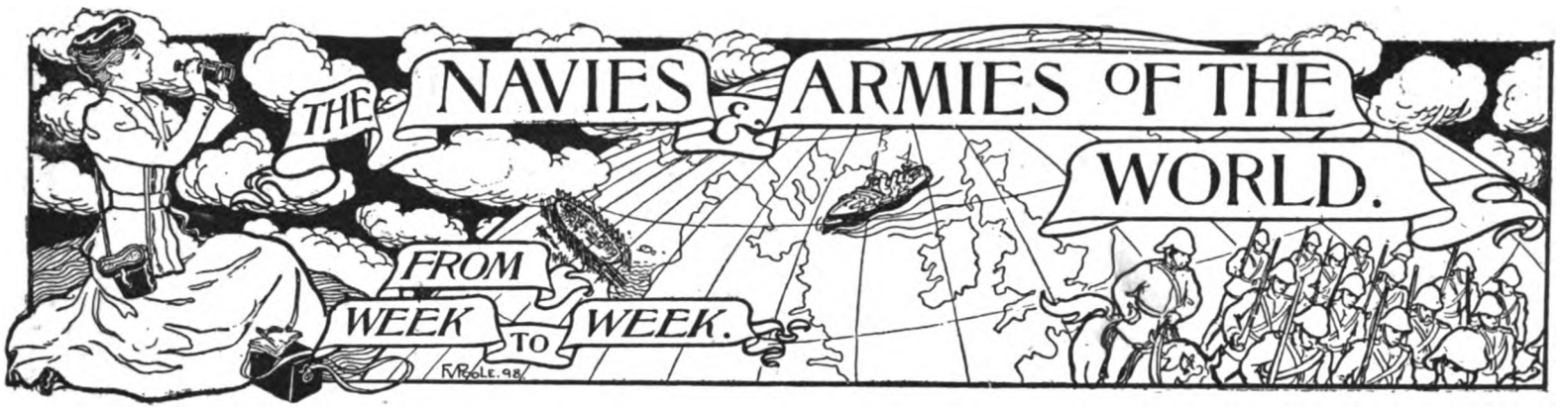

IT is a rather ticklish venture for a mere civilian outsider to intervene where distinguished officers differ, as, for instance, Sir George White and Sir William Lockhart have done in the matter of the appointment of Military correspondents. Still, the question not being purely professional, and being of some general interest, one may take the risk. On the whole, most of us will be of opinion that Sir William is right in making the rule "that no officer belonging to the army in the field will on any account be permitted to act as a newspaper correspondent." The particular evils which were observed to arise from allowing the servant of the Queen to be also a servant of a newspaper during the last campaign on the North-West Frontier need not be detailed again. They were so inevitable that it is a wonder the practice was ever suffered to arise. It is, of course, easy to understand that a general would rather see news sent from his camp by a soldier than by a civilian. There are pretty obvious reasons for that preference. Yet even so the soldier who is newspaper correspondent ought to have no other function in the force he accompanies, and it would be better that he should have retired from the Army altogether. Soldier officers, or sailor officers either for that matter, are but humans, and it is not wise in them to put themselves in the way of temptation, neither is it humane in others to let them be tempted. And it is glaringly obvious that for a professional man to accompany a fleet or army, and to keep on making comments on its doings in the papers, is to put himself directly in the way of almost irresistible temptations to grind his own particular axe, or, at any rate, to fight the battles of his own particular "doxy," which in this connection means his doctrine. The fact that his intentions may be perfectly honest all the time does not make the mischief less.

* * * *

In a general way, too, Sir William Lockhart has done good service by giving a check to Military scribbling. Nobody wants the fighting man to be an ignoramus, or to consider his business as one which has no connection with brains. It is an old saying, which, if not invented, was used by the famous Marquis of Santillana, of the fifteenth century, that the pen of the scholar never blunted the lance of the knight. Many fighting men have written admirably of their own business, of the history of their time, and of other things also, even poetry and philosophy. In the days of long winter quarters there was plenty of time for writing plays if a man had a turn that way, or for translating Tacitus. But then all this, to quote the Marquis of Santillana again, was the soldier's repose for his other labours. Neither Santillana, nor any other of the many Military writers of "commentaries," treatises on war, poetry, or plays in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, would have thought it possible for a gentleman to run about in search of material for a "news letter," and also to do his duty with his "tertia," when once the armies "had drawn into the field." It is not possible to serve two such masters at once. The first duty of a newspaper correspondent is to find something that people will read and talk about, and owing to the wickedness of human nature, nothing is so attractive as a dash of sensationalism, or of scandal. A man is pressed to make use of those attractions—pressed, I mean, by the nature of things, though not necessarily by his editor. He must have both a very cool head and no small experience if he is to avoid the pitfalls in his way. Now some at least of the gentlemen who double the part of officer and newspaper correspondent will not have been endowed by Nature with a cool head, and none of them can have had much experience. In the meantime, here we had a body of officers running up and down among their comrades, reporting, praising, blaming, helping to make or unmake the fortunes of others in the service. With whatever sincerity of good intention the thing was done, it was certain to lead sooner or later to scandal.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow made good fun of the corruption and the political jobbery which ran riot in and about the American Army during the expedition to Cuba. They afforded very legitimate subjects of derision, and Mr. Bigelow had some capital stories to tell. What can be more absurd, on the face of it, than that a chemist's shopkeeper—which I take to be the English of clerk in a drug store—should have been bombarded into a command in the Engineers, while an ex-West Point man could not get leave to serve because there was no "Congress man" to speak a good word for him? All that sort of thing, and the mere peculation, etc., which goes with it, has only to be described in the most sober way to excite laughter or indignation, according to the degree of personal interest felt by the hearer. And yet, shocking as it all sounds, it is the element in which the British Navy and Army worked throughout the whole eighteenth century, and well into this. It would be easy to parallel the story of the drug store clerk from our own experience. In the Peninsular War time the Government was unable to employ a very capable officer, because a certain "noble Duke" declared that if it did he would instruct the gentlemen who sat for his pocket boroughs to vote with the Opposition. The exalted Peer's grievance was that the officer had made a runaway marriage with one of his daughters. If the Government had been asked to name a most incompetent substitute by the same influential person, it would unquestionably have made no difficulty. We have only to look at the reports of the committee which enquired into the Navy abuses at the beginning of this century to learn how we stood as to peculation and waste of public money. Yet we did not ill. One cannot, of course, rationally draw the moral that corruption does no harm, and yet it is doubtful whether it does as much as is commonly supposed when a nation is in a vigorous condition. To judge by what they tolerate in their municipal affairs, the Americans do not seem to see much harm in corruption. So long as the work is done, they do not greatly care how far the persons engaged make their own profit; and while the sovereign people look at things in this way there will be no change.

* * * *

The little unpleasantness which has arisen over the Dum Dum bullet in the Peace Conference goes to show how easily a meeting of this kind may lead to acute differences of opinion. We made a bullet which was a bad one, in so far that it did not serve the purpose for which it was invented. It would not knock down the enemy whom it was our intention to floor. So we modify it till it will do the knocking down effectually, and in the pride of our hearts we grow lyrical over the fine qualities of our new projectile, how it will pulverise, smash, and utterly obliterate and disintegrate the bones of such as we hit. Hereupon our neighbours who have heard these effusions of ours say that we have invented a kind of explosive bullet which it is contrary to the comity of nations to use. So they condemn it. We answer that in our wars with "nerveless savages" we must have something of that kind. They retort that they are not nerveless savages, and that they decidedly object to having our pulverising, smashing, obliterating, and disintegrating bullet used on them. They add that it does not become a civilised people to make war on savages like savages, for whether that phrase was used by any particular delegate or not, it is what our critics mean. So they vote the Dum Dum bullet down. Though we have taken the condemnation lightly, it has its unpleasant side. If we go to war with one of our European neighbours and persist in not renouncing the right to use this bullet, he will be at liberty to retaliate as he thinks fit. The savages cannot retaliate, and in so far as they are concerned it does not matter, since they never kill or wound more than a few of us. But it is another thing in the case of civilised enemies, under whose fire we are certain to drop by the thousand, whether we win or whether we lose.

DAVID HANNAY.

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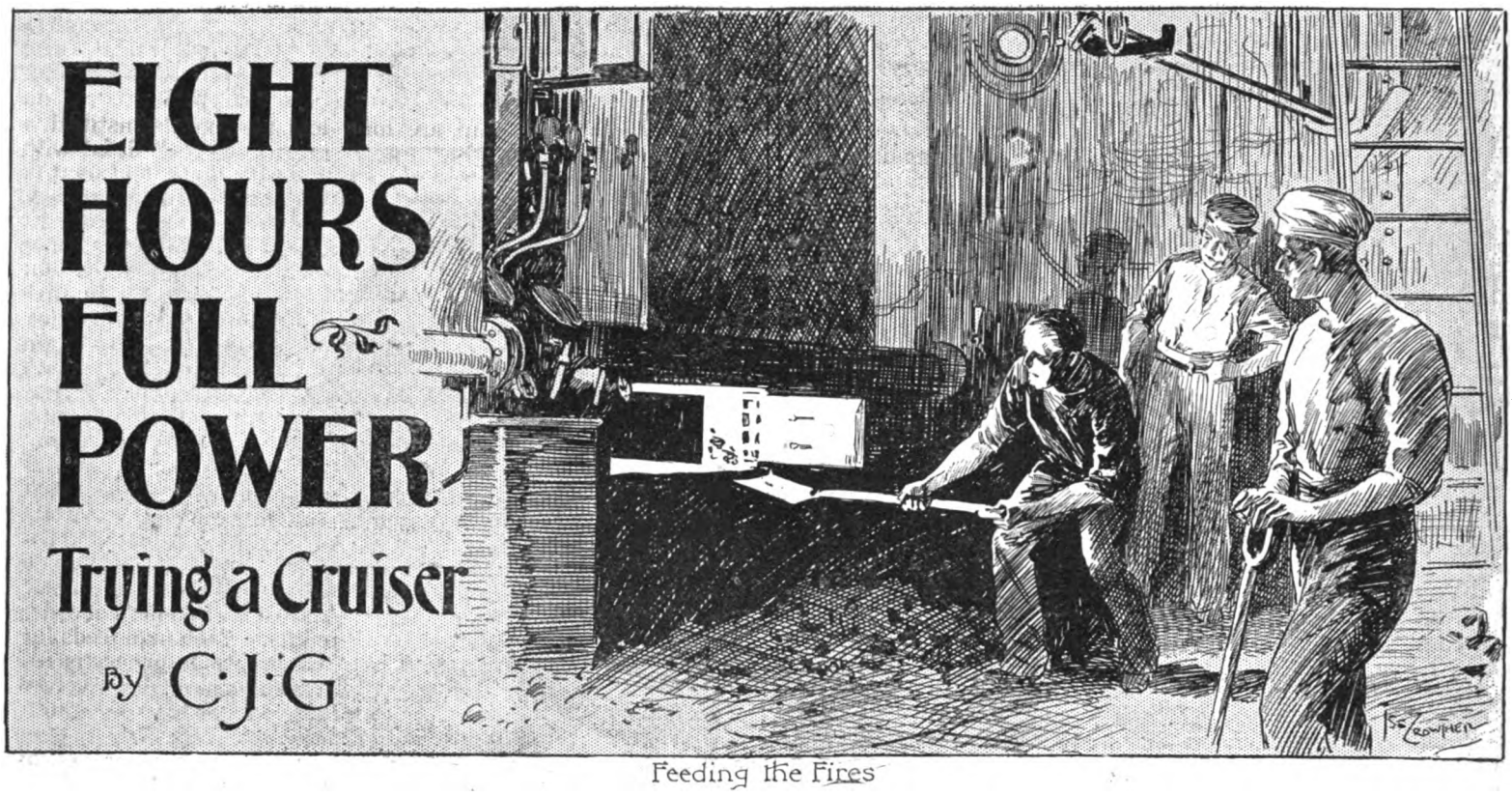
EIGHT HOURS FULL POWER

Trying a Cruiser

By C·J·G



Feeding the Fires

FROM time to time, as the business man scans his morning paper, and glances at the Naval and Military intelligence, he may notice that some vessel successfully completed her official trial in the Channel or North Sea, as the case may be. Probably the news lacks interest for him, for in what way does it concern him that the cruiser registered so many miles an hour? Yet it does concern him, and every other Briton, for upon the well-working of our Navy depends the safety of our sea-girt home—the freedom of the water highways of our ever-increasing commerce. It is only when some stirring example of the Navy's discipline and duty (such as the sinking of the "Victoria" exhibited) or of its spirit of heroism (exemplified in Lynch, of the "Thrasher") is displayed that the average Briton awakens to any real sense of its presence in our midst.

This charge is not for the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY, however, any one of whom I will now ask to accompany me in spirit on the eight hours' trial trip that finds so scanty a notice in his morning's paper. From this he will learn something of the inner workings of our ironclads, of the trials and hardships that make the daily programme of those who wear the blue.

Having arrived alongside the first-class cruiser, I will ask you, then, my reader, first to realise her immense size, her height above the dancing waters. As we swing ourselves aboard by ropes, the air of business pervades the iron monster from end to end. No man is idle, for fittings, lashings, and haulings provide the reigning order; while mingling with the sound of innumerable words of command comes the groaning of chains, as link by link a huge capstan, impelled by some hidden power, draws a dripping cable from the sea. Already four huge funnels are vomiting forth thick rolls of smoke; and upon the decks may be seen a grimy crew of stokers and coal-trimmers, taking their last breath of air before starting their giant labours below.

The anchor up, we are soon lifting and falling upon the buoyant waters, realising to the full the difference of a ship asleep and lifeless—pining for the open ocean, perhaps, in a land-locked harbour—and one at sea, full of energy, alive to every wish of her master at the helm. Presently a party of seamen comes aft and rigs the patent "Cherub Log," to record our speed. This log consists of a propeller attached to the end of a long rope, the revolving of which is caused by the passage of the ship through the water. The deck end of the rope is fastened to a machine resembling a bicycle cyclometer, which registers with a cheery murmuring sound every knot made by the labouring cruiser.

A gong now sounding, we may know that the trial has begun, and that we are put on the Measured Mile, which must be run a certain number of times both with and against the tide. The decks soon begin to quiver beneath us, a reminder, reader, that the object of your cruise and my own is a visit to the engine-room below. Below, amongst the huge engines and boilers, it is that the real interest of the trial centres, where there is a kingdom of rods, cylinders, and valves—a region of ceaseless toil, din, and heat. Down we go, then, below the steel armour deck and the grim armour gratings—stern reminders these of what an engineer's fate must be in time of war, when, shut off from the light and excitement of battle, he must brave the most terrible of deaths.

As we descend, the air becomes hotter, and filled with the smell of oil, noise and vibration increasing at each step, till we find ourselves in the very den of the monster steam himself. Pent up here, in his steel frame, irresistible, enormous, yet under perfect control, his power is that of 18,000 horses! Stand for a few moments on the quivering steel platform; watch how with ceaseless energy the huge cranks chase each other round and round, now disappearing in the dark pit beneath, now rising up, as it were, in pride, puffed up by the knowledge of their enormous strength; watch the great strides of the connecting-rods in their ceaseless march to and fro between the guides, elated, as they seem to be, with the knowledge that they are striding over league after league of heaving ocean; listen to all the thousand and one noises around you—the groaning of the bilge pumps, the ceaseless whirr of the powerful dynamos, the intermittent chatter of the busy little steering engine, which seems to be trying to attract attention from some dark corner, lest people should be heedless of its important duty; listen to the rumbling of the steam, the one source of all this ceaseless energy, as it rushes heedlessly on through cylinder after cylinder, hurrying on frantically, as it were, to reach the cool and calm of the great condenser, half hidden in some gloomy corner, and rest itself awhile in contact with the cool sea-water before starting its busy round again through the endless array of pipes, boilers, and cylinders. Watch the vibrating needles of the countless gauges arranged in rows along the bulkhead — watch the ever-shifting numbers on the dial of the revolution-counter as each stroke of the piston is automatically recorded, and then try and realise that this is going on day after day, night after night, in countless ships all over the world, and you will get some idea of the immense power and ceaseless energy of the British Fleet.

Come aft now into the screw alleys, a place of comparative peace, and watch the two great shafts peacefully and silently revolving in their appointed places. Here is no noise or worry, and you wonder, not unnaturally, is this the result of all that loud and ceaseless clatter of those twin monsters in the engine-room—these two shafts quietly revolving without any noise or fuss down in this little passage right in the stern of the ship? And yet it is these two shafts that, pursuing their quiet and unobtrusive way, far down below the protective deck and water-line, almost out of the sight of man, drive the huge 14,000-ton battle-ships and cruisers, the huge floating palaces called liners, and every little tramp and collier out over countless miles of ocean, and to the very ends of the earth.

What strikes us most, however, is the perfect law and order both among men and engines; how wonderfully each little auxiliary engine tenders and ministers to the wants of the main thing! The huge main engines stand in the position of some remorseless tyrant, who enacts and obtains the most perfect obedience from all his subjects, whose every wish is law, whose every whim must be immediately and exactly humoured, or what a terrible vengeance he may take if it is not; for one careless act men may be blinded, peeled, or

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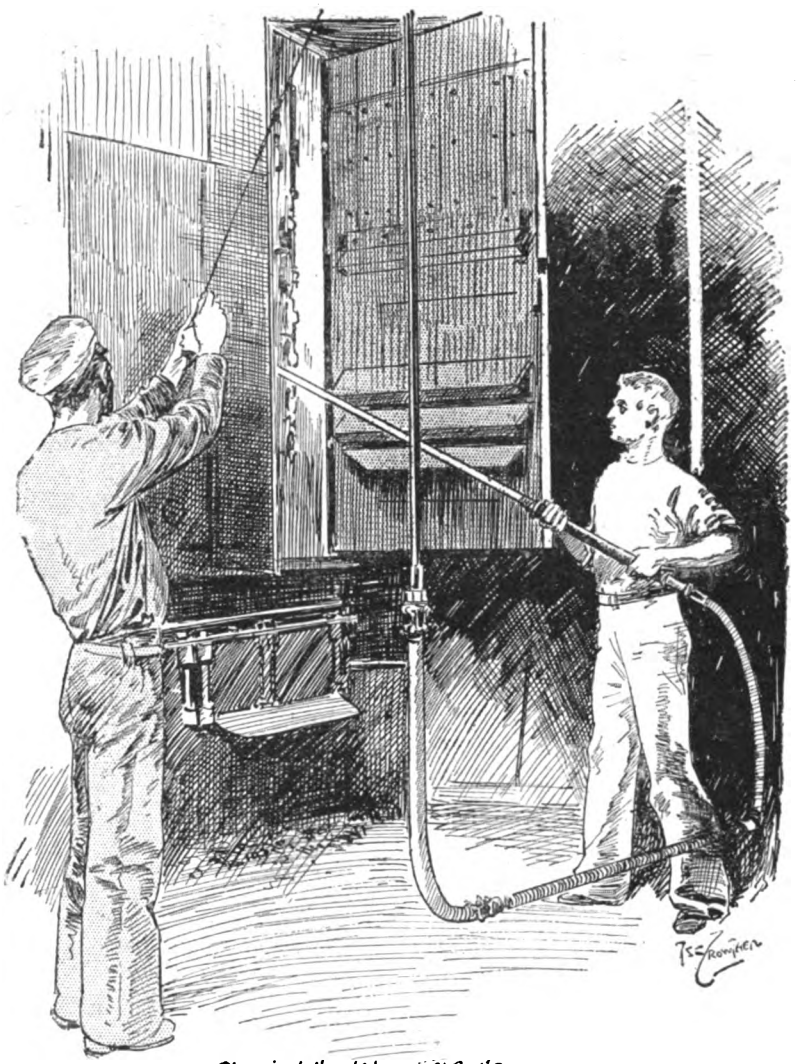
skinned alive, the ship herself left a mere helpless log upon the ocean, the sport of the sea, the prey of the weakest enemy.

To keep this huge mass of machinery, then, in its best of humours we note how men are stationed at every point, some with oil-cans, some with squirts, others again with huge brushes on the ends of long handles, with which they paste with oil the gleaming piston-rods as they rush in and out of the great cylinders far up above. Water is kept continually pouring upon the bearings, to prevent them running hot, and this, mixed with oil, churned to a white cream by the huge cranks as they rush round and round, is flung like rain all over the engine-room. If oilskins are needed on deck in rough weather, no less are they required down below when running at full power. After an hour or two the whole engine-room is covered with a thick white slime; the air is thick with it, you breathe it and eat it, the floor plates are so slippery with it that with the rolling of the ship it is with the greatest difficulty you can keep your feet.

You can now begin to realise what an enormous responsibility, what ceaseless anxiety, must be the lot of the engineer officer at these times, and under what trying conditions he has to carry out his work. Let us now pass on to the boiler-rooms and see where this great power is generated. Opening a water-tight door, we pass into the aftermost of four great boiler-rooms, for our latest cruisers of the "Diadem" class carry thirty boilers, divided up between four boiler-rooms. If there was din in the engine-room, what is this? Up above in some dark corner, you can't see where, is the hum of something revolving at terrific speed, and a gale of wind is rushing from it with hurricane force, causing a continuous roar. You cannot hear—orders have to be bawled right into the ears of the men; you cannot see—the coal dust is caught up by the wind, and flung with stinging force right into your eyes, and it is only by blinking from time to time that you can open them at all; your face itself smarts as the dust is driven right into the very skin. As we stand, a furnace door is opened, a ruddy glare fills the room, and by carefully blinking we take in the scene.

In front of each boiler stands a dark, silent figure, his face black as the coal itself, with which he is covered from head to foot. Resting a minute, shovel in hand, he waits till it is the turn for his boiler, when with a deft knock of his shovel he opens the furnace door, and sends shovelful after shovelful of best hand-picked coal into the flaming furnace, scattering it each time with a quick turn of the wrist, so that no heaps or dark places, fatal to the generation of steam, arise in the fire.



Cleaning the tubes after the run.

Here again is perfect order and discipline, in spite of seeming confusion, for a regular routine of firing is observed with each set of boilers, the latter having chalked up on them in large numbers the order in which they are to be fired.

At each side of the boiler-room is a great black opening, out of which men are hard at work digging coal, which they shovel into buckets, drag with a roar across the iron plating, and tip up opposite the furnaces, ready for the more experienced hands who feed the fires.

Come into one of these dark caverns for a minute and see the life led by a coal-trimmer in the bunkers. The noise is less in here, and we can hear each other speak once more. Looking round, we appear to be in a huge black cave half-full of coal, and as our eyes get accustomed to the dim light we perceive that there is an opening up above in one corner, through which coal is continually being shovelled down from more bunkers up above.

Taking advantage of a momentary spell, we clamber up the heap of coal and climb up some rungs, up through a great circular hole in the armoured deck, into a new world above. We find ourselves in a kind of miniature colliery. Running the whole length of the engine and boiler rooms, on either side of the ship, are long low passages, constituting what are known as the "upper inner bunkers," fitted with tram-lines and little trollies. Parallel with these, and next to the skin of the ship, are the "upper outers," or wing bunkers, as they are called, and these outer bunkers communicate by means of water-tight doors at stated intervals with the inner ones. As we watch by the dim light of the Davy lamps—for naked lights are not allowed in the bunkers—we distinguish men hard at work with bar and shovel filling up the trollies, which others drag with a rush through numerous water-tight doors and compartments, and tip down through the dark circular openings into the bunkers below. A sudden roll of the ship brings down a large mass of coal with a run, and, half-choked with dust, we beat a hasty retreat below and out into the stokehold again.

Once more the din is upon us—the whirr of the fans, the roar of the wind, the sobbing and groaning of the powerful feed-pumps as they force the water into the boilers, the singing and humming of the automatic feed apparatus, each in its own peculiar key, quite oblivious of its neighbour. Amidst all this perfect order reigns. Each man feeds his own fire, each furnace is fed in turn, each boiler receives its own share of water, generates its own share of steam, and does its bit of the total work.

Now a chief stoker comes up with a long bar known as a slice; a furnace door is opened, the fire pushed all over to one side, and the slice shoved in. This particular fire is getting "dirty," and wants "cleaning." The cleaning of fires when under way at sea is generally periodical, so many fires being cleaned each watch. This work is of the most trying nature. Two strong men are required to work the slice, and standing right up close to the furnace mouth, the doors wide open, and nothing but a shovel held in front to protect them from the intense heat, the long slice has to be shoved backwards and forwards right in between the coal and the fire-bars, and all the clinker extracted. As we watch, great lumps are loosened, the slice withdrawn red-hot for half its length, and bent with the heat and strain. A "devil" is shoved in and the great lumps extracted, glowing and spitting with their intense heat. A hose is turned on them, and, steaming and smoking, they are shovelled back among the heap of ashes waiting to be hoisted up and thrown overboard when the trial is finished.

Going for'ard, we pass along a narrow passage between the side of the ship and the boilers, up above being long arrays of devils, slices, and other fire-irons, which just clear our heads as we stoop. As we pass through one stokehold after another we see the same scenes—furnaces being fed, fires cleaned, coal being dragged out of bunkers, the same grimy figures, the same ceaseless toil.

As we approach the foremost boiler-room we hear a noise of escaping steam, getting louder and louder as we approach. Something has gone wrong—a joint given out, or a tube split, perhaps. We enter, and find the stokehold full of steam—you cannot see one end from the other. As you grope your way along you see through the mist a small group of men standing by a smoke-box door on the front of a boiler. A fusible plug has given out—nothing of very great consequence. All our new cruisers and battle-ships are now being fitted with the Belleville type of water-tube boiler, and a peculiar fitting of these is a small fusible plug, made of some alloy of lead with another soft metal, being driven in in the front of two rows of tubes. When the tubes get over-heated through shortness of

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water in the boiler, or from any other cause, these plugs melt, and the escaping steam gives warning to those in the stokehold. One of these has now to be replaced. One man opens the smoke-box door; the noise increases, and a small jet of steam and boiling water rushes out; another man, shading his face with his hand, dashes in and tries to replace the plug. The steam is too much; he cannot find the hole, and after several vain attempts the door is shut to again, but only for a minute. It is again opened, and this time success ensues; the hole is found, the plug driven in, and made secure once more.

Apart from all these men whose duty it is to work the engines and boilers there is another little army who come on board especially to record and obtain results. They are known as the "indicating party," and according as their report on the trial is satisfactory or not, the ship is accepted by the Admiralty. The pressure in every boiler and cylinder, the vacuum in receivers and condensers, the amount of coal, the revolution and speed of main and auxiliary engines, are recorded and reported every hour. Indicator diagrams to show the power developed are being continually taken, and every rise and fall of one pound of steam pressure or increase or decrease of one revolution of the screw noted and remarked upon. This, then, is the work entailed upon those who go out on trial trips, and the outcome of all this work, perhaps for days at a time, is communicated to the outside world by just a little paragraph in some newspaper, to the effect that Her Majesty's latest first-class cruiser has just successfully completed her full-power trial.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 25, 1815.—The town of Cambray captured by surprise and escalade by a force under Sir Charles Colville on the night of the 24-25th. The citadel held out for a few hours. Our loss was only thirty-seven killed and wounded. On this date Field-Marshal Lord Raglan died at his quarters in front of Sebastopol.

June 26, 1815.—Péronne captured by escalade, the Guards being the troops principally employed. Our loss was slight.

June 30, 1857.—Sir Henry Lawrence marched against the rebels at Chinhut, some eight miles from Lucknow. Owing to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and the treachery of our native Artillery, Sir Henry was obliged to retreat with much loss. That evening the siege of the Residency virtually began.

July 1, 1781.—Sir Eyre Coote defeated and routed Hyder Ali, Sultan of Mysore, at Porto Novo, a haven forty miles south of Pondicherry. Our loss was 527, while of Hyder's troops about 10,000 killed and wounded were left on the field.

JUNE 25, 1803.—Capture of the French corvette "Bacchante," 18, by the British frigate "Endymion," 40, after a long chase. The "Bacchante" was bought into the Royal Navy, and from her the last "Bacchante," in which the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York served, took her name, as does the new cruiser "Bacchante" now building.

June 26, 1809.—Affair off the Bay of Naples between the "Cyane," 22, and "Espoir," 18, and a flotilla of Sicilian gun-boats. Eighteen of the latter were taken and four destroyed by the seamen in the boats, and a battery of 36-pounders near Port Messina was stormed and the guns spiked.

June 27, 1798.—Capture of the French frigate "Sensible" by the British "Seahorse," after a ten minutes' action.

June 28, 1706.—Siege of Alicante by a Naval brigade and the squadron of Admirals Sir George Byng and Sir John Jennings, acting with Lord Peterborough's army. A breach was made and stormed by the seamen and marines, led by Captains Evans, of the "Royal Oak," Passenger, of the "Royal Anne," and Watkins, of the "St. George," the garrison surrendering next day.

June 29, 1798.—Chase and capture of the French frigate "Seine," 40, by a British frigate squadron—"Jason," "Pique," and "Mermaid." The "Seine" was dismasted and run ashore near the Penmarks, on the coast of Brittany, and then surrendered.

June 30, 1690.—Action off Beachy Head between Lord Torrington and the Comte de Tourville.

July 1, 1780.—Capture of the French "Artois," 40, counted the best frigate afloat, by the "Romney," 50, off Finisterre, after forty minutes' close action.

TYPICAL SLANG.

By RUDIARIUS.

THE Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, has a shibboleth of its own, by which any impostor could be detected as easily as a pseudo-Wykehamist who was ignorant of "Winchester notions." A successful candidate joining at *the shop* is officially a *last-joined*, but to cadets is known as a *snooker*. If, turning out on parade, his uniform is clean, it is called *spange;* if dirty, it is *dunnegan*, and he gets an extra drill, or *hoxter*. A snooker is not allowed to wear the chin-strap of his forage cap above the chin, even off parade, nor may he sport his *forager* on the back of his head, or wear his tunic unbuttoned.

Military drawing is plainly abbreviated into *Mily D.*, and fortification is *fortifac*. But chemistry is *stinks*, mathematics is *swot*, and mechanics is *skunk*, named from an old professor who used to wear slippers. A cadet is either a *G. C.* (gentleman cadet), a *corporal*, a *U. O.* (under-officer), or a *R. U. O.* (responsible under-officer).

A cadet used to have breakfast parade at 7 a.m., *hoxters* having taken place from 6.15 a.m. to 6.45 a.m. To warn one's servant that one had to turn out for extra drill, one put a Wellington boot under a leg of one's bed. Eight till 9 a.m. was drill, 9.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. was *first academy;* 11.30 a.m. to 12 a.m. was interval for lunch, and also for orderly-room, universally in the Royal Artillery called *office*. "You're wanted at the orfice, please sir, at thirty past eleven," an old servant would come and warn the delinquent. Even then, if a snooker should *slope the pavement* (walk diagonally across it to the office), it would be considered cheek, and he would have his night's rest disturbed by being *run-up*. Noon till 2 p.m. was *second academy*, 2.15 p.m. dinner parade, 3.15 p.m. gymnastics for one half of the snookers, and drill for the other half, 4.15 p.m. to 5 p.m. *gym* for the first half, and drill for the other half. During these hours the second-termers did fencing or *sticks* (single-stick); for the rest of the shop it was recreation. Five to 6 p.m. was *coffee lunch*, 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. *third academy*, 8 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. *tea squad*, the most sociable meal in the day. From then till last post at 10 p.m. the snooker's life was his own. If a cadet is religiously inclined, he is termed *pi-squad*. A religious meeting at a professor's house is called *a pi-squad*. The doctor is termed *the skipper*. There is a nickname for roly-poly pudding; third class by railway is termed *hard*, and trousers are termed *overalls*.

Times have changed, so doubtless parade and meal hours have changed with them. Habits and language probably still linger. On leaving the shop, young officers drop shop slang. Any other that they pick up is of the kind found in the *Sporting Times*. They will say "Good morning, sir," to a senior officer as long as it is daylight. They would never say "Have a liquor?" it is always "Have a drink?" Any variation of that phrase, other than "Have a split?" is considered bad form. *Calibre*, *projectile*, and *trajectory* are correctly pronounced as marked, and not as given in certain dictionaries. Officers don't go on *furlough* in this country; they go on *leave*. Officers' servants say to their masters, "Are you going on *leaf* this week, sir?" and sometimes their masters, in fun, copy that pronunciation. The captain is known as the *fifth wheel*, *i.e.*, fifth wheel in a coach. A battery consists of a major, three subalterns, and a captain. The captain says "Steady" on parade, and goes on leave. On active service he has charge of the waggons. He has not always gone to practice at Okehampton, generally staying behind with the spare horses. A semi-military appointment is called a *blokeship;* one so employed is a *bloke*. The lot of semi-detached quarters for the staff at Shoeburyness is known as *Bloke Row*. An officer who does one duty that excuses him from another gets an *overslaw*. Sheerness is known as *Sheernasty;* battery horses are *hairies;* elastic boots, that some shoemakers call "Regulations," are *Jemimas*.

The objectionableness of "talking shop" is thoroughly well recognised through all ranks. It would need no Sherlock Holmes to detect a man who pretended to have held Her Majesty's Commission in the Army. Impostors generally cultivate those mannerisms too much.

Little slips made in recent novels give the game away at once. An officer *dines at mess*, but has breakfast *at the mess*. Artillery officers seldom talk of "mufti"; at the shop they called it "plain file," which term was also used for a friend with whose family you were acquainted. As officers they speak of plain clothes. An officer who lately fell into the sea and was nearly drowned, and who, when fished out, said, "There goes my '98 trousers," was thought to have said something rather funny. Just a suspicion of shop may be amusing once or twice.

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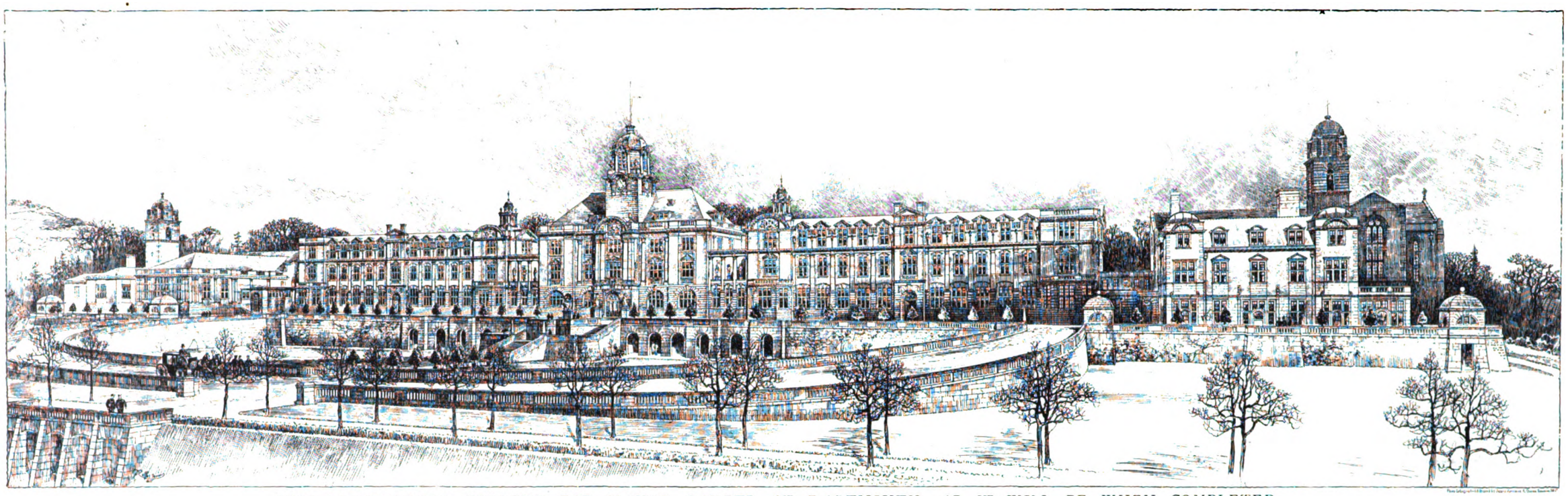

THE "BRITANNIA" COLLEGE FOR NAVAL CADETS AT DARTMOUTH, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

By kind permission of Mr. Aston Webb, A.R.A.

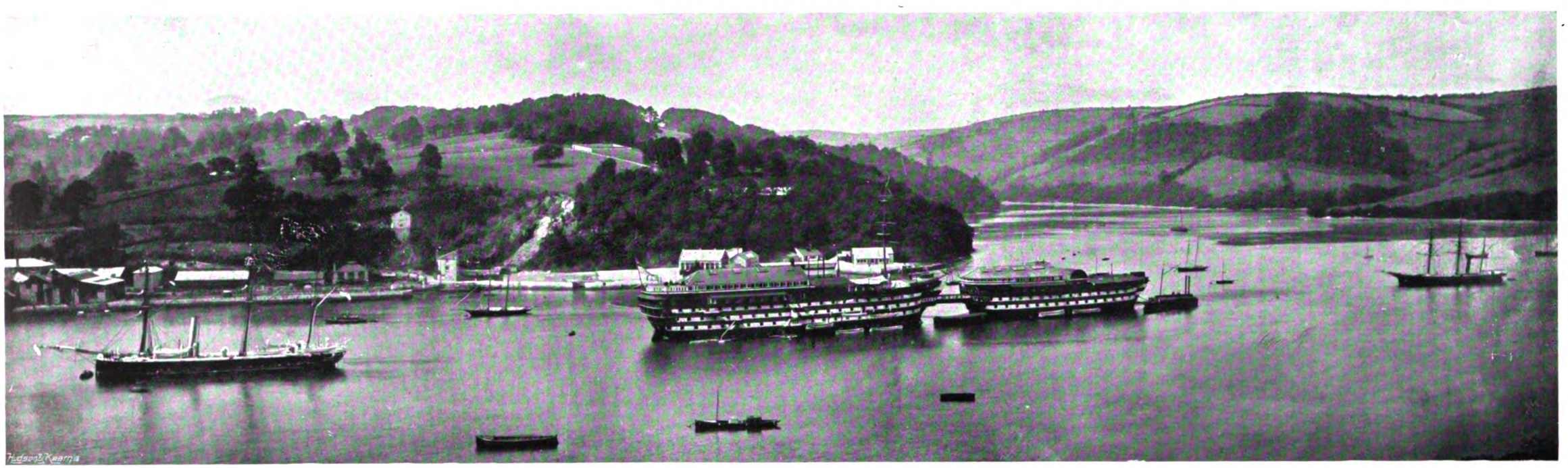

Photo W. M Crockett. THE "BRITANNIA," SCHOOL-SHIP FOR NAVAL CADETS, LYING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DART. Copyright.

The above illustrations represent the future Naval College and the present training-ships "Britannia" and "Hindostan." The college is described elsewhere in this number. The larger of the two ships in the centre is the three-decker "Britannia," and the one joined to her by a bridge the "Hindostan." The vessel on the left is the "Racer," tender to the "Britannia." The site of the college is on the hills between the "Racer" and "Britannia" and facing the reader.

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Brigade Training near Aldershot.

THE month of June invariably sees the infantry battalions stationed at Aldershot busily engaged in brigade training. Two brigades—the 2nd and 3rd—are already under canvas, and the 1st will be out before the end of the month. The 3rd Brigade, under Major-General Hildyard, consisting of the 2nd Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, the 2nd East Surrey Regiment, the 2nd Devonshire Regiment, and the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, established a camp on Longmoor Down, Woolmer Forest, about fourteen miles out of Aldershot. The 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers belongs to this brigade, but it has not been called upon to take part in the training. Perhaps it was thought that after its recent hard work at Omdurman and in Crete it may be excused the work. Indeed, most of the men are on furlough. The brigade did some excellent work, and during its stay in camp some cavalry and artillery were attached to it, so as to make it a force of all arms. For some days Major-General Hildyard had things pretty much to himself, but one morning just before daybreak his camp was attacked in force by Major-General French's Cavalry Brigade. The attack was a genuine surprise, no warning of any kind having been given. The 1st Cavalry Brigade consists of the Carabiniers, with whom are the New South Wales Lancers, the 12th Lancers, and the 13th Lancers.

GENERAL BARNARD AND STAFF WATCHING ARRIVAL OF 2nd BRIGADE.

These regiments were warned on the previous day, and turned out at four o'clock in the morning to march from Aldershot to Woolmer Forest. They bivouacked within a few miles of Longmoor Common, and at two o'clock next morning performed a flank march by way of Grantham, and fell upon the Infantry Brigade's camp. The result of the surprise will not be known until the umpires' reports have been made. This incident is worth recording, if only to show how thoroughly practical the training was made.

THE 2nd "CAMERONS" AT THE PUMPS.

HE WEST YORKS RESTING.

On another day General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., in command of the Aldershot District, visited the camp, which is the first to be formed since his appointment to the command. One of the illustrations shows Sir Redvers and his staff on the road to the camp.

This picture, and another of General Barnard, commanding the 2nd Brigade, and his staff watching the arrival at the Barrosa Camp of the 2nd Brigade, are interesting, if only as illustrations of the new field-service cap for staff officers. It has a distinctly Naval appearance, and though for some reason it has not yet been generally approved, it is undoubtedly a comfortable and serviceable head-gear.

The 2nd Brigade turned out some days after the 3rd, and encamped at the Barrosa Camp, in the Chobham district. Here the same practical training was gone through as in Woolmer Forest. The camp was liable to a surprise at any time, and at night every precaution was taken. One of the accompanying illustrations depicts an interesting incident in camp life. The supply of water is an all-important question, especially in the sudden outbreak of hot weather which the troops experienced. The illustration shows the 2nd Cameron Highlanders evidently enjoying the task of drawing water from the field pumps to their camp.

Photos. C. Knight. SIR REDVERS BULLER INSPECTS THE 3rd BRIGADE. Copyright

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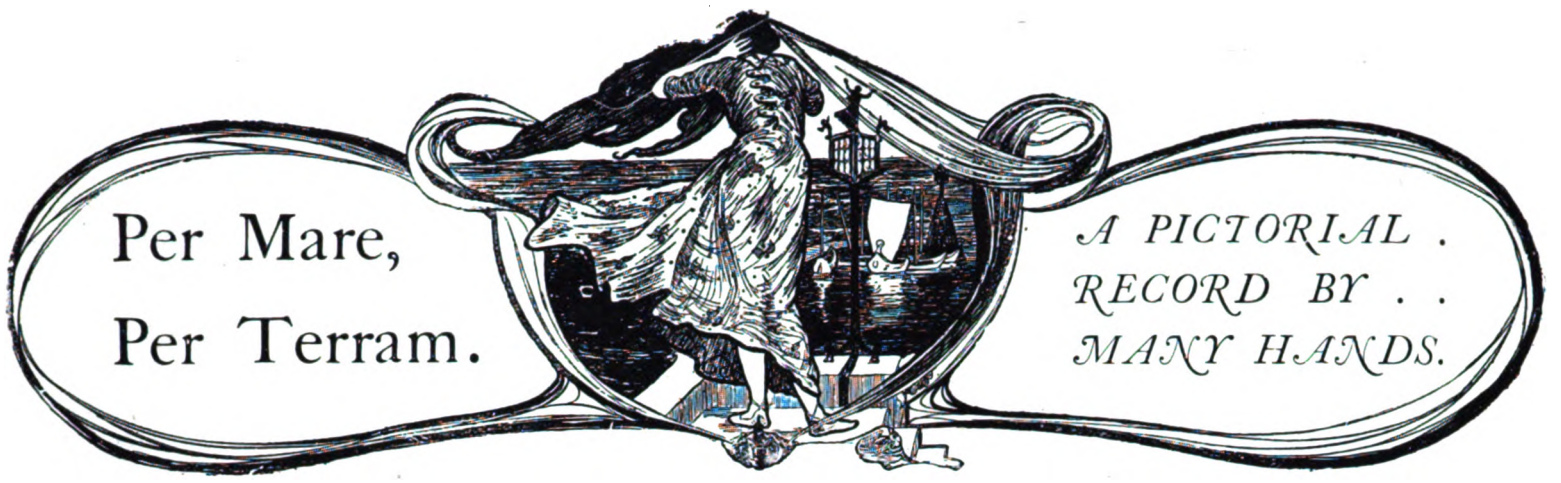

ALTHOUGH Rear-Admiral Douglas, of Muscat renown, assumed the command of the East Indies station scarcely a year ago, the changes now taking place in the Board of Admiralty necessitate his recall, for he has been selected to take the place of Sir Frederick Bedford as Second Sea Lord. The command in the East Indies therefore falls vacant, and is to be given to the officer whose portrait we here reproduce, Rear-Admiral Day Hort Bosanquet. Although Rear-Admiral Bosanquet has seen no actual war service, his career in the Navy has been marked by great ability, and his appointment to his present command meets with cordial approval throughout the Service. He is a comparatively young man, for he is only just fifty-six years of age. He joined the Service in March, 1857, was gazetted sub-lieutenant just five years later, and became a lieutenant within two years. He was for eleven years a lieutenant before being promoted to commander out of the Royal Yacht, and in this latter rank he remained nearly eight years. Fifteen years later, *i.e.*, just two years ago, he gained his flag, vacating, on obtaining his promotion, that very important appointment, Inspecting Captain of Training-ships.

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
REAR-ADMIRAL D. H. BOSANQUET.

ONE of the many testimonies of love and loyalty that Her Most Gracious Majesty received from all parts of her Empire on her eightieth birthday took the form of the accompanying illustration. It depicts a group of the retired sergeants of the Leeds Rifles, and these old veterans presented Her Majesty with a copy of the picture suitably framed. The sergeants of the Leeds Rifles—officially known as the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment)—who have retired with permission to retain their rank and wear the uniform of the regiment, have formed an association, and it is a group of its members that formed the picture sent to the Queen, who honoured the donors by sending a gracious acknowledgment through Sir Arthur Bigge, Her Majesty's private secretary. The strong *esprit de corps* of the regiment is shown by the creation of this association, which, as far as we know, is the only one of its kind in England, and numbers no less than sixty-two members. It will be observed that of those in uniform no less than ten are wearing the Volunteer long service medal, which denotes that they have served over twenty years. The Leeds Rifles is one of the best-known and smartest Volunteer corps in the North of England, and its headquarters are perhaps the finest of any Volunteer headquarters out of London.

Photo. Garratt. Copyright.
A BIRTHDAY GIFT TO THE QUEEN FROM VETERANS.

THE marksmen who went to Holland to shoot in the International Match near the Hague on the 21st of this month are under the command of Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle of the 1st Bucks, the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. Major Fremantle, whose portrait is here given, is the eldest son of Lord Cottesloe, and is a very keen and smart Volunteer officer. He has, of course, passed the school of instruction, and has obtained special mention for tactics and qualified at Hythe for appointment as instructor of musketry. He is also Volunteer aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. The team that Major Fremantle commands is a very strong one, and should most certainly give an excellent account of itself; but the actual choice of members was not to be finally made until the party had arrived in Holland, for, according to the rules, it is not necessary to declare the names of the team until the evening before firing. The National Rifle Association has provided special targets at Bisley for the team to practise at, and this is a very wise measure, for previous practice is distinctly desirable, as the targets at which the team will have to fire in Holland are quite different to those to which British riflemen are accustomed, being a metre, *i.e.*, 39-in., in diameter, with ten divisions, counting from one for an outer to ten for a bull.

Photo. Passano.
MAJOR THE HON. T. F. FREMANTLE.

LORD WANDSWORTH, who is honorary colonel of the 4th Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment, encourages cycling in the Surrey Volunteer Infantry Brigade, of which his regiment is a unit, by the gift of a challenge cup (and a jewel for each member of the winning team) to be competed for by cyclist teams of six (including one spare man). Last year, when the competition was first instituted, the cup was carried off by the 2nd Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment, but this year it has been captured by Lord Wandsworth's own regiment, by the aid of the team here depicted. The ride was from the Angel at Thames Ditton to Bisley, by a route that covered twenty miles, and had to be performed within two hours. On arrival at the ranges at Bisley each team of five men fired ten volleys at 600-yds., and five volleys and five rounds indepen

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WINNERS OF THE SURREY V.I. BRIGADE CYCLING CUP.

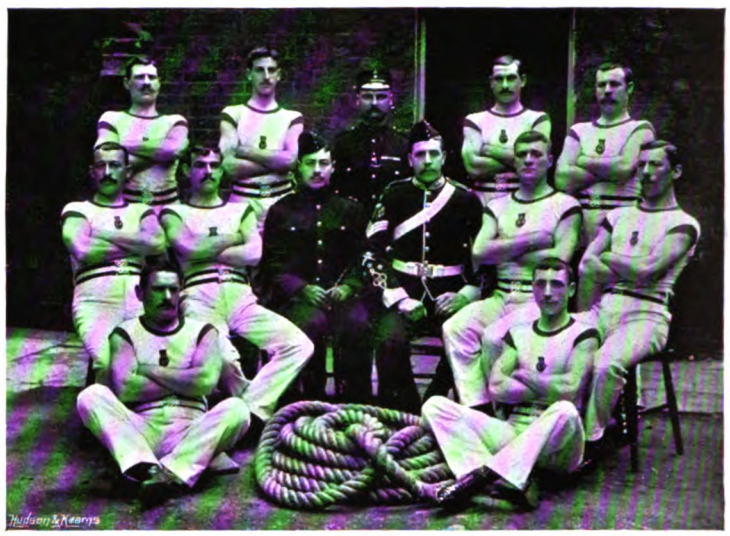

Photo. E. L. Smith. Copyright.
THE LIGHT-WEIGHT TEAM OF THE 3rd LONDON RIFLES.

dently at 500-yds., the targets being 8-ft. by 4-ft. and with four figures painted on each, and hits on any part of the target counted one point each. The 4th East Surrey team won with a total of sixty-six points, the victors of last year being six points behind them, while the 4th West Surrey, which were third, made only exactly half the score recorded by the winners.

THE two pictures which are given at the bottom of this page should prove of interest to the numerous officers and men of both Services who have during the last two years served in Crete, for they were taken at Candia during the recent tour that Prince George made in the island, and represent first the quay at Candia, where the "Hazard's" men were killed in the late disturbances in the island, and secondly the reviewing of the troops by Prince George. The regiment now stationed at Candia is the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and there is, of course, a small portion of the Mediterranean Fleet in Cretan waters, the senior officer's ship being the "Dido," which was the vessel that brought the Prince round from Suda Bay; and, as will be seen, the Naval brigade landed from the ships is well in evidence in our picture. Prince George's tour of the island has been of great benefit both to himself and the people he has been selected to rule, and it is generally supposed that he was induced to undertake it by his aunt, our Princess of Wales, on her recent visit to Crete during her Mediterranean trip. This is the first visit that Prince George has been induced to pay to the British sphere of influence, that is to say, the Candia district, and great precautions were taken for his safety; for it must be remembered that this particular district contains the largest and most fanatical Mahommedan population in the island. Everything went off, however, most perfectly, and Christians and Moslems vied in giving him an enthusiastic reception. As he passed through the streets he was, of course, loudly cheered, but it is curious to note that there was almost as much cheering for "Victoria," a striking proof of the popularity of the British administration.

BRIG.-GEN. FUNSTON, U.S.V.

IN "Per Mare, per Terram" of June 10 we illustrated the team of the 3rd London Rifles that won the catch-weight tug-of-war competition for Volunteers at the Royal Military Tournament; but that was not their only success, for their 110-st. team also succeeded in carrying off the first prize in the light-weight competition, and this team is shown in the illustration which heads this column. Although only recently formed, it has already been victorious in several important competitions, notably when it secured the first prize at the Volunteer Tournament held last year at the Crystal Palace.

The 3rd London Rifles have, indeed, every reason to be proud of their tug-of-war double event.

THE officer whose portrait ornaments the centre of this page is, after Admiral Dewey, perhaps the most admired man in the United States at present, for it is General Frederick Funston, whose deeds of daring as colonel of the 20th Regiment of Kansas Volunteers are still fresh in the memory of our readers, and it is not to be wondered at that the man who swam the Bagbag and charged the Filipinos from a raft should be to-day his country's hero. General Funston has been many things in his time, and for long was a Government botanical explorer, in which capacity he travelled much in the Dakotas, Montana, Southern Carolina, and Alaska. In 1891 the Government sent a survey expedition into the terrible Death Valley in Southern California, which suffered fearfully, and of those who went in Funston is the only one now alive and sane. Alone in an open canoe he went down the Porcupine to the Yukon, and then on the Yukon to the Behring Sea, some 1,500 miles. He was a soldier before he was appointed to the command of the 20th Kansas Volunteers by the Governor of Kansas, for he went out to Cuba, before the war, nominally as a correspondent, but in reality to join the insurgents, in whose ranks he rose to be lieutenant-colonel and chief of artillery under the Cuban General Garcia, and Spanish officers captured at Santiago told of a "little damn fool American" who fought under Garcia and used to bring his guns right under their fortifications.

The "Kansas Boys" love Funston, and he has made the 20th into a very smart regiment. Though a Kansas man by domicile and upbringing, Funston was born at New Carlisle, in Ohio, so both States can claim credit for him.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
THE QUAY AT CANDIA.

From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
PRINCE GEORGE REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT CANDIA.

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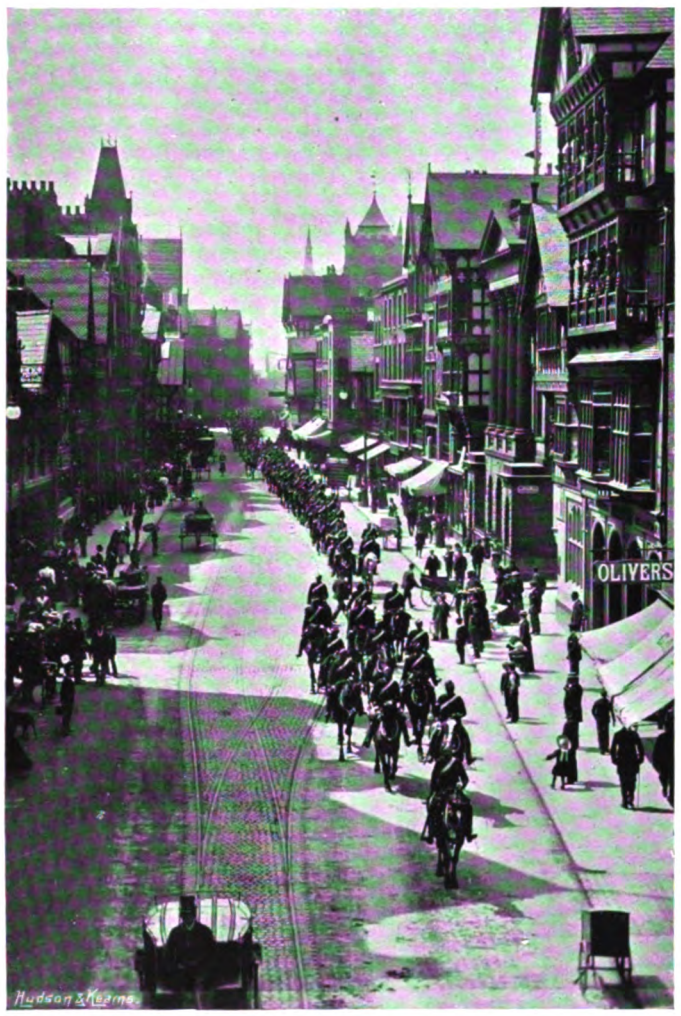
He is an intense admirer of Rudyard Kipling, whose "Ballad of Boh da Thone" he is never tired of singing.

ONE of the smartest Yeomanry corps in England is that which, linked with the Lancashire Hussars, forms the 9th Yeomanry Brigade the Cheshire, or Earl of Chester's, Yeomanry Cavalry. This regiment, of which we here give two illustrations, has just completed at Chester its annual training.

In one picture the regiment is seen returning from a morning parade on the Roodee, the celebrated circular racecourse, passing through the picturesque streets of "sleepy Chester."

In the other it is shown on the Roodee marching past by squadrons the inspecting officer, Colonel the Earl of Erroll, the Assistant Adjutant-General under the Inspector-General for Cavalry, and who lately commanded the "Blues." The grey walls of the time-honoured and historic old city

INSPECTION ON THE ROODEE—MARCHING PAST.



Photos. G. M. Cook. Copyright

CHESHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY RETURNING FROM DRILL

form a picturesque setting to the stalwart, admirably-mounted yeomen.

The regiment had a thoroughly useful and enjoyable training, and it was also much enjoyed by the townspeople. A capital Military tournament was got up by the corps, of course on the Roodee, and in return the townspeople entertained the regiment to a smoking concert at the Town Hall. At this latter the Mayor of Chester expressed to Colonel the Earl of Harrington and the officers and men the pleasure it gave the townspeople to have the regiment with them, and congratulated it on its smartness and the manner in which it kept up its strength, as no less than 310 turned out for the training.

The Duke of Westminster, honorary colonel, and the Earl of Harrington may, indeed, well be proud of their regiment, for after the inspection the Earl of Erroll expressed his complete satisfaction with the manner in which the evolutions were performed, and Colonel Hamilton, the Inspector-General of Musketry, who for the first time inspected a Yeomanry regiment, expressed himself as highly astonished and pleased at the men's efficiency. Both troopers and townspeople were sorry when the week's training closed and the regiment dispersed.

THERE is no doubt but that the march of troops through a county where soldiers are not often seen gives an impetus to recruiting. Territorial regiments now constantly march through their own counties, and the Royal Artillery, which have no special district, do not see why they also should not attract recruits in this fashion. As a commencement, the 92nd Field Battery, recently raised at Birmingham, has just carried out a three days' march in the neighbourhood of that great town. In all the battery covered sixty-one miles in three days, marching on the Tuesday *viâ* Halesowen and Stourbridge to Dudley, on Wednesday *viâ* Wolverhampton and Walsall to Sutton Coldfield, and on Thursday *viâ* Castle Bromwich back to Birmingham. Our illustration shows the battery at Walsall, and the crowded streets are sufficient evidence of the enthusiasm it aroused and the heartiness of its reception. The battery, which was under Major Bethell, and comprised six guns and eighty-six men, was played into Walsall by the band of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, and was received by the Mayor, Mr. Councillor Clare, supported by the Town Clerk, and Colonel Fisher, commanding the Volunteers. The men were entertained at the Drill Hall to beer and sandwiches, and the officers lunched with the Mayor. Guards of honour were furnished by the Volunteers and the Church Lads' Brigade.

There can be little doubt that the events of the day will have an influence in bringing many a Walsall recruit to don the blue uniform of the finest Artillery the world can produce, and many a lad who saw the battery go by will hie him to the recruiting sergeant and take the Queen's shilling.

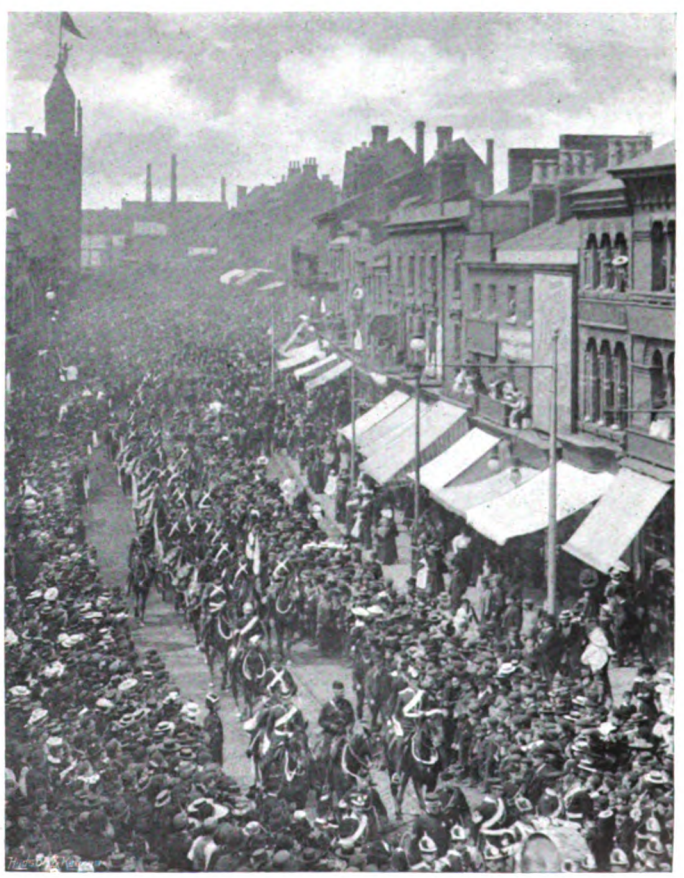


Photo. Kirby & Sons. Copyright

92nd FIELD BATTERY MARCHING THROUGH WALSALL.

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Copyright. THE SHIP THAT CARRIES DREYFUS H. & K.

ALMOST ere these lines are in print, Captain Dreyfus, who, if he is innocent—and almost all men now believe that he is so—is one of the greatest martyrs in the world's history, will be restored to France after his five long years of exile and imprisonment. The illustration here given shows the "Sfax," the big second-class cruiser that is bringing Dreyfus home to France, where, if—and there can hardly be any doubt that such will be the case—the new court-martial at Rennes pronounces him innocent, he will be restored to his wife and children, his citizenship, and his rank and position in the French Army, from which he was for five years so humiliatingly degraded. The "Sfax," which brings him home, is a fine cruiser with good accommodation and a fair rate of speed, and so the unfortunate Dreyfus should have a comfortable and quick voyage. She is a heavily-armed ship for her size, as she carries sixteen 5½-in. and 6½-in. quick-firers on a displacement of less than 5,000 tons, but is a bit out of date, as she was laid down at Brest as far back as 1882. Her name is taken from a town on the Gulf of Sabes, in the Protectorate of Tunis, which was captured by the French in 1881, after a two days' bombardment by the fleet. If—as we have said before is almost certain—Dreyfus is acquitted by the court-martial, the "Sfax" will have, in bringing him home to receive justice, taken a part in an act that will go far to restore French prestige in the eye of Europe. Her name, at any rate, will never be forgotten by Dreyfus and those dear to him. That Dreyfus will at last receive justice we may be now sure.

Photo. Cribb. THE LAST SHIP TO PASS THE SEA-SERPENT. Copyright

THE ship here illustrated is the last whose crew have seen the sea-serpent, being the "Narcissus," just returned from the China station. She has not brought it home and is not flying it from the mast-head, what is seen in the picture being merely the "paying-off" pennant. It will be remembered that the story of how the monster was seen by the "Dædalus," as far back as 1848, was told in our issue of May 13; and now more than fifty years after it is reported as having been seen for a second time by one of Her Majesty's men-of-war. The incident is thus recorded in the ship's log: "Observed sea monster on port bow, certainly over 130-ft. in length, apparently propelled by large fins, and lying very low in the water." Both the officer of the deck and the signalmen are firmly convinced that it was a *bonâ-fide* sea monster of a serpent type. One officer describes it as being about 130-ft. in length, and moving with a slightly undulating motion, and no part of the body was more than 3-ft. or 4-ft. out of the water. The water was disturbed by what seemed to be the motion of large fins on either side of the body, and by means of which the huge bulk was propelled. As they were about a mile distant, it was not possible to make the brute out very clearly and its head could not be distinguished, but as far as could be seen it appeared to be on a level with the water. The matter was, of course, reported to the commander, but that officer was dubious in the matter of sea-serpents, and had not even the curiosity to go on deck to look at it. In fact, very few were on deck at the time, as the incident occurred at 5 a.m. on a Sunday morning, when the "Narcissus" was steaming at about 12 knots, passing close to Cape Falcon, on the African shore of the Mediterranean.

Photo. Salmon. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WINCHESTER. Copyright

THE Prince of Wales had Royal weather for his visit to Winchester to lay the foundation-stone of the new barracks, a picture of which function is here reproduced. The historic old cathedral town was *en fête* for the occasion, and indeed the county mustered in force. The Prince was received on his arrival by the Earl of Northbrook, the Lord Lieutenant of the county. The band of the one militia battalion of the Hampshire Regiment supplied the music during the luncheon to which the Prince was entertained at the depôt mess. The citizens took advantage of the occasion to tender an address of welcome to the Prince, presented by the Mayor, Mr. W. H. Forder. The Bishop of the Diocese, of course, performed the religious part of the ceremony. Winchester has always been a favourite town of Royalty. The old county badge of the Hampshire Rose which the territorial regiment wears is only the red rose of Lancaster which Henry VI. gave to his loyal city of Winchester as a badge when he passed through it on his way to the field of Agincourt.

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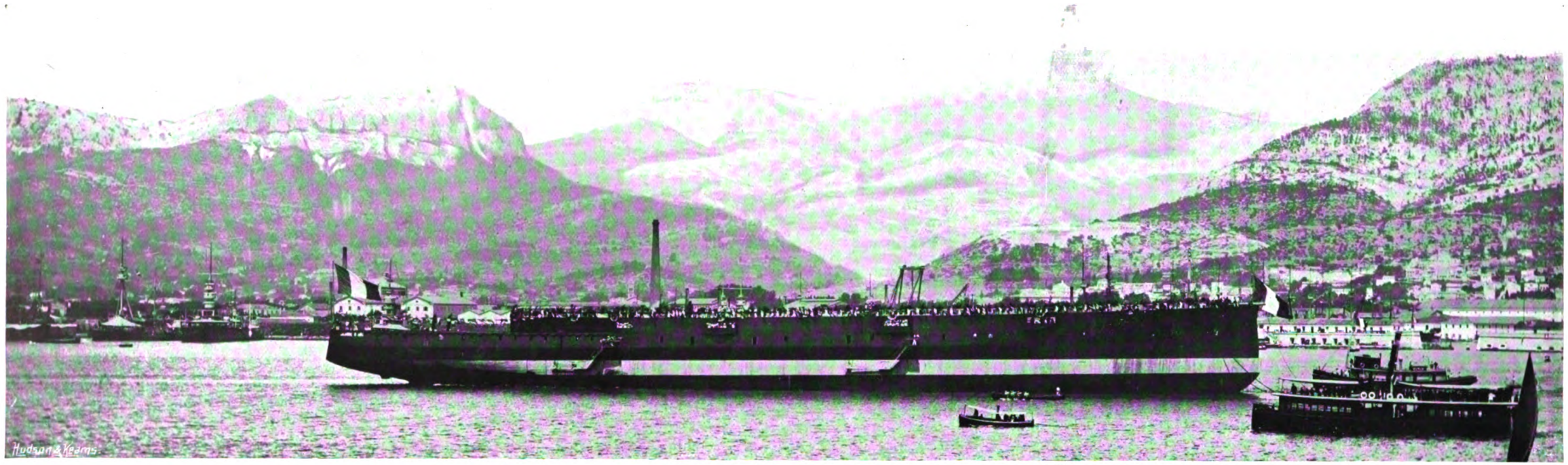
The Launch of a New French Cruiser.



THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER AND COMMERCE DESTROYER "JEANNE D'ARC" AFLOAT IN TOULON HARBOUR.

Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE "JEANNE D'ARC" AT THE MOMENT OF LEAVING THE BUILDING SLIP.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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A Recruiting March in Cornwall.

A ROADSIDE SERENADE.

IT is peculiarly fitting that, once in a way, recruiting marches should be described and illustrated in these pages. For in no inconsiderable degree the function of a recruiting march and that of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED are identical. Both may be said, in the best sense of the word, to advertise the Services, and to do so not by indiscriminate puffery, but by demonstrating to those concerned what the Services in the concrete are, and by giving as lifelike pictures of them as possible, pictures which really do speak for themselves, and are strictly and clearly to the point.

In neither case is the effect necessarily immediate. The lad who is stirred by what he sees and reads in this journal to adopt the Navy or the Army as a career may not be able for some years even to carry out his intentions, and the rustic does not always fall a sudden and complete victim to the alluring presence of the county regiment in his native village. But the seed is sown which later on in camp, or quarters, or on the rolling sea may bear glorious fruit in the shape of sailors and soldiers ever mindful of their country's honour and looking back with pride to the day when they finally devoted the best years of their life to that country's service.

The little series of four pictures which we give herewith represent a recruiting march of a particularly successful sort, which has just been carried out by the old 46th, now the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The depôt of the regiment is at Bodmin, and as the 2nd Battalion is stationed at Devonport the idea of a recruiting march was a very natural one, and, moreover, easily put into execution.

A HALT AT SUMMERCOURT.

A start was made on the 13th ult., when a detachment of 300 non-commissioned officers and men left Devonport by train for Coryton, and marched thence to Launceston. The march was carried out under the personal direction of the commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion D.C.L.I., Colonel W. Aldworth, D.S.O.

Our pictures are pleasantly descriptive of the chief incidents of this almost triumphal progress of a very fine and distinguished corps through the county with which it is territorially associated. The wayside serenade performed by the band recalls the excellent work which military music does in rendering the Army attractive, and there is no question that the dwellers between Wadebridge and St. Columb, in the neighbourhood of which this picture was taken, will long remember the visit of the band of the old 46th, with its resonant trombone, its deep bassoon, and its big drum blazoned with honours ranging from Dettingen, through the Peninsular Campaigns, Waterloo, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny, to Egypt, Tel-el-Kebir, and the Nile Expedition of 1884-85.

THE D.C.L.I. CAMP AT ZELAH.

The pictures showing the halt at Summercourt and the reception at Zelah are delightfully indicative of the interest, often merging into wild enthusiasm, which a properly carried out march of this kind inspires. A vote of genuine welcome is struck by the bits of bunting strung across the village street.

Photos. J. Attuck. *THE RECEPTION AT ZELAH.* Copyright

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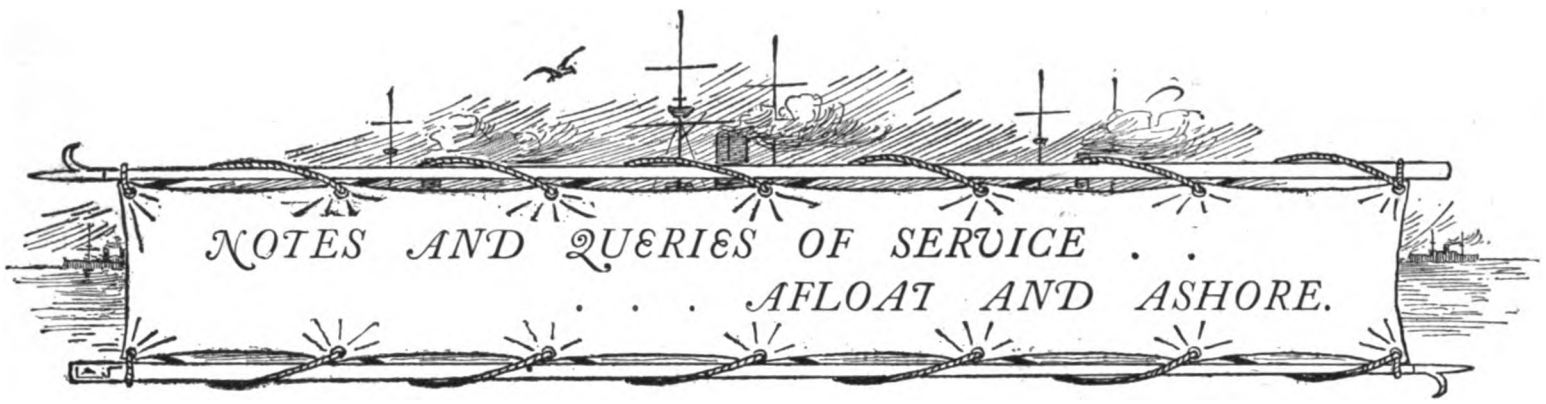

THE launch of the French cruiser "Jeanne d'Arc" from the Naval dockyard at Toulon, illustrated on another page, is an event worth noting, for in this great war-ship, when completed, France will have added to her Navy the largest, swiftest, and most powerful cruiser she has as yet built. The "Jeanne d'Arc" marks also a new departure, for not only is she to be speedy enough to carry on that war against commerce on which so much reliance is placed by a large school of Naval strategists on the other side of the Channel, but it is proposed also to make her powerful enough to drive away or overpower any cruiser that is protecting a trade route. In the "Jeanne d'Arc" the French have not been contented with protection by only a turtle-back deck, but have added to it a complete steel belt, while the main armament also is, of course, well defended. In size she is inferior to our "Powerful" and "Terrible" and the new armoured cruisers we are putting in hand, for she is 25-ft. shorter than either the "Powerful" or "Drake," and considerably lighter in displacement. In speed her intended maximum of 23 knots should put her ahead of any armoured cruiser, though our "Drake" class will equal it when completed.

* * * *

"T. C. A."—The Training Squadron at present consists of the "Raleigh," "Champion," "Volage," and "Cleopatra"; it makes periodical cruises in foreign waters, the senior captain having the temporary rank of commodore, and is a regularly-constituted squadron, the vessels always sailing in company, and the young seamen and boys being drilled and exercised by signal from the commodore's vessel. The "Calypso" is not now in commission, but the "Northampton," "Calliope," and "Curacoa" are sea-going training-ships for boys on the home station, and are not attached to the Training Squadron, nor do they necessarily sail in company. They are on independent, or what is officially styled "particular," service, and visit various ports in the United Kingdom, part of their function being to popularise the Naval Service and enlist young lads for training. The idea was started some years ago, and has been very successful. The lads who are recruited for the regular harbour training-ships come usually from more or less maritime centres, where the Navy is known; the "particular service" training-ships frequently visit more obscure localities, so as to enlarge the area from which seamen are drawn. I intend to give some pictures of these vessels, with a description of their work, etc.

* * * *

IN reply to "Enquirer," I may tell him that till the Russian War the medical department of the Army was in a very backward and incomplete condition. "Leeches" have been attached to armies from the very earliest days, but they possessed little skill, and enjoyed small social consideration. In fact, the lower grades of the profession, both in civil and military life, frequently combined the shaving and hair-cutting trades with the healing art, and were called "Barber Surgeons." Two military works, published respectively in 1634 and 1659, mention barbers as half-surgeons. In the first occur the following passages: "The captain is of necessity to have a barber in his company, . . . for when a soldier is hurt the greatest comfort he can have is a good barber that shall cure him well." In the second are these words: "In every company there ought to be a barber-chirurgeon for the training of the soldiers, who ought likewise to have some skill in chirurgery." The surgeon, or chirurgeon, seems then to have not invariably been an officer. In the statement of the establishment of the Coldstreams in 1659, a surgeon is included among the commissioned officers, but there is no mention of an assistant. In 1673 chirurgeons' mates were added to the establishment. In 1718 the first list of the 40th Regiment shows a surgeon, but no assistant. Previous to 1796 surgeons' mates were not commissioned by the Sovereign, but appointed by warrants from the colonel. Up to and during the Peninsular War the rank and style of surgeon's mate continued. These surgeons' mates, however, belonged to the staff, and from 1796 the title of assistant-surgeon was applied to the junior medical officers of regiments. In Marlborough's wars the medical officers were regimental mates, hospital mates, regimental surgeons, apothecary to a general hospital, surgeon to a general hospital, and surgeon-general. A physician seems to have been of higher rank than a surgeon, for I read of a surgeon being promoted to a physician.

* * * *

"R. B." asks if the official Army or Navy Lists indicate previous war services in any way? As regards individuals and ships, the answer is no. As regards regiments, words like "Gibraltar," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," etc., are given with the titles of the regiments when those regiments are entitled to bear these names on their standards, colours, or appointments, in commemoration of their services. In the past, however, the Army List has gone further, as, for instance, the letter "W" was appended to the name of every officer who served at the battle of Waterloo. Steel's Navy List used to indicate similar services for the admirals and captains, but this graceful little custom was dropped when the publication became official, thus sharing the fate of other items of information, such as the names of ships captured from the enemy. The omissions of the Navy List have, however, been remedied by Lean's unofficial, but invaluable, Royal Navy List.

* * * *

THE circumstances which led to the composition of the "Marseillaise" are as follows: In the beginning of 1792, when a column of volunteers was about to leave Strasburg, the mayor of the city, who gave a banquet on the occasion, asked an officer of Artillery, named Rouget de Lisle, to compose a song in their honour. His request was complied with, and the result was the "Marseillaise," both verse and music being composed in one night. The composer and author entitled his work "Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin." Next day it was sung with that rapturous enthusiasm that only Frenchmen can show, and instead of 600 volunteers there marched out of Strasburg a solid thousand. Soon the whole Army of the North was singing the thrilling, fiery words, "Aux armes, citoyens." The song was not at first known in Paris, and it was introduced there by Barbaroux when he summoned the youth of Marseilles to the capital in July, 1792. It was received with wild enthusiasm by the Parisians, who, ignorant of its real authorship, named it "Hymne des Marseillais."

* * * *

"R. C." wishes to know whether, as it takes several days to mobilise a few ships in peace-time, we can mobilise a large number in twenty-four hours on the outbreak of war? The answer is very simple. Mobilisation for war has no regard for persons or routine, while a partial mobilisation during peace is carefully planned, so as not to interfere with the work of the instructional establishments, like the gunnery and torpedo schools, or with the claims of a man to a period of home service or "leave," after a period of foreign service. If war was to break out, the men would be detailed off without any regard to these considerations. The drafting officers would simply run down the list of ratings without any regard for the fact that A. is due to requalify as S.G.T. in three weeks' time, or that B. is now serving in one of the Royal Yachts.

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A CORRESPONDENT asks whether the forces which relieved Lucknow and other places during the Indian Mutiny played any particular tune when they marched to the rescue. I have consulted several authorities, and cannot find any record of a particular tune being associated with reliefs of garrisons. At the same time, it is, of course, generally accepted that the tune which the garrison of Lucknow heard when Havelock was marching to relieve it was "The Campbells are Coming." This is the tune referred to by Tennyson in his beautiful poem when he makes one of the garrison say, "Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears." The story of Jessie Dunbar and her "Dinna ye hear it?" in reference to the bagpipe music is a pretty tale, without much more than its prettiness to recommend it, for its truth has never been established.

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WRITING of ruses, a correspondent calls my attention to a case in Naval manœuvres when a cruiser was induced to approach right up to an enemy's battle-ship, through the latter trying the obvious dodge of repeating the cruiser's challenging signal. He also instances the case of Lord Bridport being put off the track of Bruix through the latter resorting to the old device of allowing a vessel to be captured with despatches to Bruix himself, addressed to Ireland, while the French Fleet was actually making the best of its way to the Mediterranean. In the Austro-Italian War, he adds, the weaker squadron on one occasion escaped by entering a harbour, using large alterations of helm, as though passing through an intricate mine-field. On perceiving this, the enemy were afraid to follow.

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"CIVILIAN" (Montreal).—The 4-in. guns of the "Pelorus" are protected by large shields, of hood shape, covering the whole breech, and inside which the guns' crews can work. The thickness of the shields is, if my memory is not at fault, about 3-in. in front and 2-in. in the hood. The 260 tons difference in displacement between the "Halcyon" and "Niger" means a good deal more than the difference between four 6-pounders and four 3-pounders. It means that the "Halcyon" has a raised poop as well as a raised forecastle, thereby giving her more seaworthiness and habitability, both no small factors of efficiency in craft of this character. Moreover, the increased size enables the "Halcyon" class to keep their speed in a seaway better than the smaller class.

* * * *

I HAVE to thank an old officer of the Munster Fusiliers for drawing my attention to a slip made in the "Warriors of Britain" article in the issue of June 3. It was not from Lahore to Umballa that the "Dirty Shirts" marched at the outbreak of the Mutiny, but from Dugshaie, where they received their orders on the morning of May 13. The same afternoon they were on the march, and in thirty-eight hours were at Umballa, sixty miles off, and no doubt saved the station, for there were three native regiments there ripe for mutiny, and only the 9th Lancers to keep them in check. And a grand reinforcement they were, for the regiment was 800 strong, had not a recruit in its ranks, and for months had been distinguished by an almost total absence of crime.

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"K. S."—This word is variously derived, it being maintained by some that it comes from the Saxon "snapsack," a bag to carry food; others, however, allege that it should be "napsack," and that the term originated in the sacks used by soldiers for carrying provisions, and which, when reposing, they converted into beds.

THE EDITOR.

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The Cutting Out of the "Caroline."

By A. C. Forster Boulton.

THE rebellion which took place in Canada in 1837 is almost forgotten; but there was one incident connected with it that affords a striking instance of the violation of the territory of a friendly Power.

The cutting out and destruction of the steamer "Caroline" was effected by a raid into United States territory by British soldiers, and nearly led to a war between the two countries. It was, moreover, an example of cool daring and pluck rarely equalled in the annals of British history.

The insurgents, who had taken up arms against the Canadian Government, had entrenched themselves on a small well-wooded island situated in the Niagara river, nearly opposite the village of Chippewa, three miles above the great cataract, and known as Navy Island.

The spot was well chosen. The island being the property of Great Britain, there could be no pretence that the Government of the United States of America was in any way bound to interfere with operations undertaken there. Any hostile forces attempting to land on the island would have at least one of the elements against them, for the current of the mighty river, which is here three miles wide, sweeps past at such a rate that navigation by means of small boats has to be managed with extreme care.

The Canadian troops besieging Navy Island were stationed at Chippewa, on the Canadian side of the river. Some distance below Chippewa there was a large hotel situated on high ground.

From the balcony of this hotel, on December 29, 1837, some of the Canadian officers from Chippewa were watching the rebels on Navy Island through a powerful telescope, when they noticed a steamer leave the American shore and move across the river towards the island. On the deck of the steamer, and showing above the bulwarks, wheels were plainly visible, and a closer inspection showed that they were the wheels of field-pieces which were being conveyed from the American fort to the rebels. The news that the steamer, which proved to be the "Caroline," was carrying cannon and supplies to the rebels was quickly conveyed to the commander of the Canadian troops. Close observation was ordered to be kept upon the steamer, and towards evening it appeared that the vessel would remain at the island all night. This being so, it was determined to organise an expedition to cut her out and send her over the Falls.

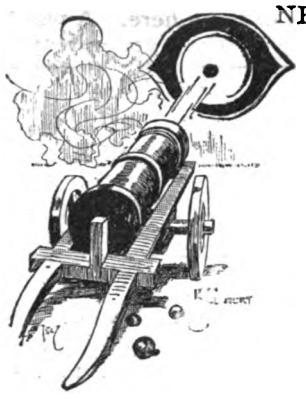
Volunteers were called for, and only those accustomed to boats and the water were allowed to take part. Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, was appointed to command the expedition, and so dangerous was its nature that Drew only asked for a few men who would "follow him to the Devil." Five boats were prepared for the little expedition, which set out quietly upon its undertaking about 11 p.m. The greatest silence was observed, and with muffled oars they glided across the river, went around the island, and skirted its farther shore without finding the object of their search.

It was thought the "Caroline" had gone back after dark to Fort Schlosser, and the brave sailors, not to be foiled, determined to follow and cut her out from that place. The execution of the plan followed closely upon the conception, and the boats were soon under the side of the "Caroline," which was moored to the wharf at Schlosser. On coming alongside they were challenged by a sentry. Captain Drew said he would give him the counter-sign when on deck, and immediately boarded, when he was set upon by five men. He cut down one, and his men supporting him, they drove the others off the vessel on to the wharf. The vessel was then at once carried. As soon as the Canadians had obtained possession of the "Caroline," their next object was to cut her adrift, and, after setting fire to her, let her float down the rapids and over the Falls. The moorings were with some difficulty loosened, and she was set on fire in several places, and with the flames continually increasing, drifted down the main channel and into the Horse Shoe Rapids.

The affair was thus entirely successful, but it created intense excitement in the States; and as we had clearly violated American territory, the United States Government could not overlook the matter. But the Americans had been to blame in giving support to the rebels and allowing cannon to be taken from their own arsenal to be used against a Power with which they were at peace; and so the affair was allowed to rest. The insurgents soon afterwards decamped, and the rebellion came to a sudden end. It is unquestionably true that the cutting out of the "Caroline" was the cause of this, and the moral to be drawn from the whole affair appears to be that in time of war combatants will not observe too closely neutral rights or international law.

The Guns of Our Army.

By Gunner.



ONE of the most radical and momentous changes that has ever taken place in the armament of this country was lately inaugurated. The change in question, which involved the conversion of our Horse and Field Artillery guns to a quick-firing system, will be more particularly dealt with at a later stage of this sketch. But it is mentioned here because it seems such a capital peg on which to hang a few simple remarks on the principal types of ordnance in general use by our land forces, as distinct from our Naval guns, of which Commander Statham gave an interesting description in the Navy and Army Illustrated for October 8 last.

To Commander Statham's article, in order to avoid repetition, readers may be referred for the explanation of several important points, such as the advantages of the breech-loading system, the necessity for slow-burning powder in big guns, and the importance of obtaining a high velocity in the projectile.

In dealing with military guns it is essential to observe a distinction which is no longer necessary in treating of Naval ordnance, the distinction, namely, between smooth-bore guns and those in which the bore is provided with spiral grooves giving a rotary motion to the projectile, and thus ensuring greater accuracy and a longer range. It is true that in the Army smooth-bore guns are nearly obsolete—in the Navy they are completely so—but here and there they are used for special purposes, and the smooth-bore mortar is likely to remain with us for a long time to come. It is an interesting weapon, as it is a link with the past, and it is still very useful for dropping shells from a considerable height in the air. The mortar is a fat, dumpy little gun, resting on a "bed" at an angle of about 45-deg., and probably its appearance is familiar to most of our readers.

But the chief importance of the distinction between smooth-bore and rifled guns is the fact that herein is contained much of the difference between the tactics of to-day and the tactics of fifty years ago. Of course, the distinction between smooth-bore and rifled small arms is even more important, but the changes brought about by the rifled field gun are still highly remarkable. Indeed, we shall not accurately know until the next great war what those changes are, and how significant they may turn out to be. But a striking instance may be given in a few words. Let us suppose that a battle has been fought—that the attacking side had captured the defenders' position, and that the ex-defenders are in full flight. In such a case the smooth-bore guns of the old days would have been of no further use, their range being only a few hundred yards, which the flying enemy can cover in a few minutes. But nowadays the batteries of the attack can be brought swiftly up to the ground evacuated by the defence, and, having an effective range of between 4,000-yds. and 5,000-yds., they can be made to materially aid the cavalry in pursuit. Major May, the author of the last new book on Artillery—and a first-rate book it is—draws a very lurid picture of the shells from modern guns pursuing a flying enemy, causing whole miles of waggons and guns to be abandoned, and huddled crowds of fugitives to disperse and seek shelter anywhere they can. That is one of the pleasing changes introduced by that grooving or rifling of the bore, which anyone can inspect for himself by merely glancing at the muzzle of a modern gun, but which, to be better appreciated, requires a peep through the bore of a breech-loader.

In point of bigness and penetrative capacity—assuming the right charge of powder to be behind them—the projectiles thrown by Naval guns cast even the heaviest shell ordinarily used in the Army completely into the shade. But, for its own purposes in the field, the land Service possesses a projectile which is one of the most deadly man-killing contrivances imaginable. The shrapnel-shell, as it is called, consists of a very thin jacket of steel filled with bullets, and fitted with a small bursting charge, so arranged that it can be made to burst at any required distance from the muzzle of the gun. What happens when the bursting charge bursts is this: The shell is cracked open and the bullets are liberated, and the latter, together with the splinters of the shell, travel onward, and fall in a shower upon the object. If proper care be taken to arrange that the burst takes place short of the object, the effect is something terrific, the ground being swept for hundreds of yards by a veritable hail of bullets and splinters of shell. Shrapnel is now

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practically the only projectile used by horse and field artillery, and, under ordinary conditions, is extremely effective up to 3,000-yds.

Other projectiles are occasionally used in military guns, notably shells filled with high explosives, such as were thrown from the howitzers at Omdurman, but we should find it impossible to give any detailed description of them here. A word, however, may be devoted to the star-shells, which are employed with great effect at night to light up an enemy's position. The shell is similar to the shrapnel, but is filled with a score or so of stars, which, when the jacket bursts, burn in the air with a brilliant white light. This shell has done excellent service on the Indian Frontier, and, during the Chitral Expedition, before the natives had become accustomed to it, its moral effect was almost as great as its practical usefulness for the special purpose for which it was designed.

Let us now turn to the guns on which the Army mainly relies either to defend its own fortresses, to attack the fortresses of an enemy, or to carry with it through all the changes and chances of a campaign. Of course, it will be impossible to give more than a few leading types, since at various stations there is a quantity of old and miscellaneous ordnance which it would take pages to classify and describe. But these obsolete weapons are being rapidly weeded out, and replaced wherever possible by guns of the most approved modern type capable of tremendous things in the way of swift and comprehensive destruction.

The most important of our fortress guns is a new introduction. It is built on what is known as the "wire-coil" principle, the bore being 9·2-in. in diameter, which is the same as that of the 22-ton Naval gun mentioned by Commander Statham. The military gun is, however, rather longer (38-ft.) than that supplied to the sea Service. It is an extremely powerful gun, and is calculated to hold its own in a game of long-bowls with the weapons carried on all but very up-to-date and heavily-armed foreign war-ships.

For use in sieges and the attack of strongly-fortified positions, what is known as "position" artillery is employed. The typical "position" gun is a 40-pounder with a calibre of 4·75-in., but there are several patterns of 40-pounders in the Service, one at least of which is very familiar to the Volunteers. Siege guns are cumbrous things to handle, but in certain cases they are absolutely indispensable for breaching walls, etc., and simply have to be brought to bear somehow. In India it is possible to move heavy guns about with the aid of bullocks and elephants, and a heavy battery on the march, or even on parade, is a sight to be remembered. But without bullocks or elephants a 40-pounder wants a very strong team to give it anything like mobility, while with bad roads a piece which weighs 35-cwt.—about five times as much as an ordinary field-gun—causes a heap of trouble. Position batteries, nowadays, have, in addition to four 40-pounders, a couple of 6·3-in. howitzers.

The howitzer is a very short piece of ordnance, a sort of mobile, elongated mortar, which is fired, like a mortar, with a comparatively high angle of elevation, so that the projectiles fall with a very steep angle of descent. Owing to the large diameter of the bore, a heavy shell carrying a large bursting charge can be fired from a howitzer, which is a very deadly weapon, against earth-works and all sorts of over-head cover.

Howitzer batteries are now being formed for ordinary work in the field, and one such battery, with 5-in. howitzers, took part in the advance upon Khartoum, and played terrible havoc with the Mahdi's tomb. The shells used were filled with a new explosive, called Lyddite, which at first was thought to be tremendously destructive, but which, according to later reports, is not conclusively satisfactory.

The Army also possesses a new 20-pounder gun of great power, which, although intended for heavier work than is ordinarily met with in the field, would probably be supplied to one or two field batteries in time of war.

Our Horse Artillery weapon is a beautiful new wire-wound gun, throwing a 12-lb. shell, and weighing 6-cwt. This is 1-cwt. lighter than the old 12-pounder, which was unduly heavy, and made it difficult for men and horses to keep up that reputation for speed and dashing disregard of obstacles, always the distinguishing characteristic of our splendid Royal Horse Artillery.

The Field Artillery gun was, a short time back, a 12-pounder, like that of the Horse Artillery, but it has recently been converted and now throws a 15-lb. shell to an effective range of between 4,000-yds. and 5,000-yds., although, as noted above, the usual limit for shrapnel is 3,000-yds. The 12-pounder Horse Artillery gun, which can produce a very pronounced effect at 2,500-yds. and the Field Artillery 15-pounder, are magnificent weapons, superior to any foreign guns of similar size and weight.

Mountain Artillery are armed with a special jointed gun, which takes to pieces, so that it can be carried by mules over the most difficult country. Here, again, a change is about to be effected. The present gun weighs 400-lb., has a calibre of 2½-in., and throws a shell weighing 7-lb. The new mountain gun is of the same weight, but has a calibre of 2¾-in., and fires a shell weighing 10-lb.

Repelling a Russian attack on the Batteries; Crimea, 1854

The machine guns in use in the Army, including the Maxim, do not differ, except as to mounting, from those employed in the Navy. Some of the galloping carriages, however, are interesting as indicating great ingenuity of design, and there is a distinct possibility that in future cavalry operations the machine gun may play an important part.

We now come to the very grave question of quick-firing field-guns, a stride in the direction of which is now being made by our Horse and Field Artillery. In the space available only the fringe of the subject can be touched, but even the general principles involved are deeply interesting.

Commander Statham has shown how largely quick-firing guns are employed in the Navy, and at first sight it may seem curious to the lay mind that they should not be used to the same extent in the land Service. But there is a very important detail, that of recoil, which affects the question of quick-firing field-guns, and does not touch that of guns mounted on a ship or in permanent fortifications. When a field-gun is fired, the piece runs back, and it is necessary not only to reload the gun, but to take fresh aim. The first object, then, in a quick-firing field-gun system is to absorb or neutralise the effect of the recoil.

Various systems have been proposed, and Germany and France have made large progress in the rearmament of their Artillery with quick-firing field-guns on two distinct principles. Full details are not available, but a feature in both systems is said to be a spade fitted under the "trail" of the gun-carriage. When the gun is fired, the recoil forces the spade into the ground, and secures a firm hold for the gun in subsequent shots.

In advanced types of quick-firing guns the recoil is further arrested by a recoil cylinder of ingenious and rather intricate design. We ourselves are adopting temporarily an arrangement which arrests the recoil sufficiently to allow some half-a-dozen rounds to be fired per minute instead of two, which is all that can be managed at present. Meanwhile, experiments are being made, more particularly with the Vickers-Maxim quick-firing field-gun, which is said to be superior to anything in use on the Continent, and which, in expert hands, is certainly capable of the most wonderful results.

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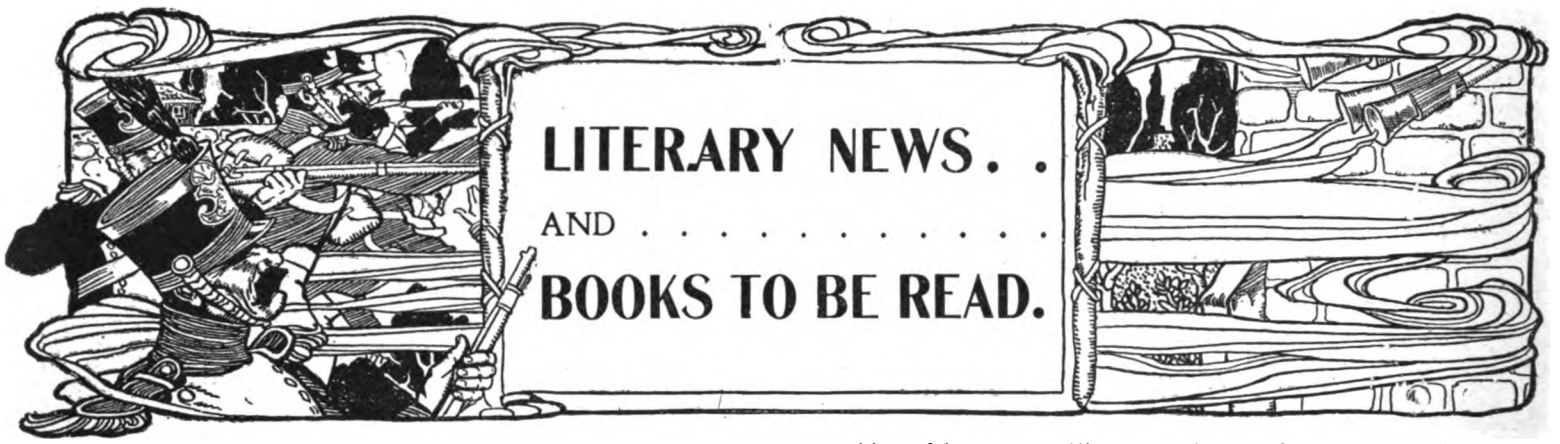

A VERY interesting book is that which it falls to me to write about first to-day—a history of "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia," by Hereford B. George (Unwin, 12s. 6d.). There are many books about the Russian operations, general and particular, reminiscences and descriptions, sketches and ponderous military histories, but there has been no book dealing satisfactorily, from both the political and military points of view, with the stupendous events of 1812 that could be commended to the general reader. Such is emphatically the case with Mr. George's volume. He has the right historic sense, his attitude is discriminating and impartial, and he has a sound grasp of his subject, based on careful and conscientious study of many authorities. It is a high merit of the book, too, that it is thoroughly interesting and arrests and holds the attention of the reader. The period is certainly one of great interest in the history of Europe. Napoleon, by the pressure of our sea power, had been driven into those continental complications which were his ruin. The continental system could only succeed against us if it were thorough, but the Russians, who suffered acutely from the strangulation it caused, resolved to repudiate it. The Emperor was thus forced by the policy upon which he had embarked into a gigantic war of far-reaching consequence. It is important to note—and I am glad to say Mr. George does not overlook the fact—that our fleet commanding the seas was the cause of this entanglement. He has mastered the lessons of Admiral Colomb and Captain Mahan, and his book is greatly strengthened in consequence.

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He does not, of course, leave his readers under the old impression that the catastrophe of the retreat from Moscow was the result of the winter cold. That was a report assiduously circulated by Napoleon and his apologists, but it was not true. The failure was due to the impracticability of the achievement under the conditions that existed. As Mr. George neatly puts it, the invasion could only have succeeded if it had never taken place. If the threat had cowed Alexander, all would have been well for the schemes of Napoleon, but once embarked upon his magnificent venture defeat was inevitable. It has been said that Torres Vedras was an example that impressed the imagination of the Czar, and inspired him with the idea of national resistance. Mr. George tells us that there was another aspect in which it seems highly probable that the example of Torres Vedras nearly led Alexander into disaster. In his camp at Drissa he was misled by a false analogy. The cases of Torres Vedras and Drissa were really wholly distinct. In Portugal the enemy was bound to strike at a single point, the capital, which was defended by the famous lines; in Russia he might have struck either at St. Petersburg or Moscow, or have simply held the Polish provinces. Wellington's army, in any case, was safe, for his base was unassailable upon the sea, and if Lisbon had been captured there would have been no disaster for him; the great fortified camp of Drissa, on the other hand, had no such advantage, though it was intended to be the keystone of the Russian system of defence, since there was no secure base outside it, and the invader might avoid it if he chose.

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For an account of how these conditions worked out in the disastrous events, readers must turn to Mr. George's pages. He describes the course of affairs in language well chosen and in an engaging style. The sufferings of the retreat were horrible, and were inflicted by a combination of the worst evils which could beset men so situated. Scarcity increasing to the gravity of famine, cold growing steadily more severe, misery engendering brutality, the constant spectacle of men dropping by the wayside, the attacks of half-savage Cossacks, or of peasants infuriated by their misfortunes, brought about the catastrophe. There was heroism, it is true, and uncomplaining endurance was displayed by many, but it is hard to measure the effect of the benumbing sense of failure embittered to despair. I confess it is not easy to find words of praise for Kutusov. His watching, waiting, harassing policy of hanging on the rear and flanks of the fugitive columns to complete what cold and famine did not accomplish, answered its purpose, but a bolder and a better soldier would have cut off the retreat and compelled surrender. It is a strange and terrible story, but there is something stranger still than the disaster. It is the extraordinary fortitude of Napoleon, the power of recuperation which he showed, the command which he held of the affections of France. Moscow did not dim the lustre of Austerlitz or Friedland, though it prepared the way for Waterloo. Mr. George has written well and effectively, but his book would have gained a great deal if it had been illustrated.

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There has just been published a little book of practical value only to the Navy, and I mention it here in order to draw the attention of officers to it, but, at the same time, to give the public some little insight into the routine work of the Fleet. It is a "Watch, Station, and Quarter Bill for H.M. Torpedo-boat Destroyers," compiled by Lieutenant D. Brownrigg, R.N. (Charpentier, Portsmouth, 1s.). The internal economy of the Fleet requires that every man on board a ship of war should know his individual duties, should be assigned to a particular watch, and should know his special stations. Thus at general quarters, or collision and grounding stations, each man knows his right place and duties, and the same is the case with all the routine work on board. Lieutenant Brownrigg's little book is devoted to the economy and working of destroyers. There are schemes of complements for various classes, blank pages for routine to be filled in, skeleton watch and quarter bills for seamen, artificers, and stokers, the details or blank spaces for torpedo operations, the various stations, boat duties, anchoring and weighing, towing, relieving tackle, coaling, drills and exercises, pumping, armament, magazines, and much else, all very useful for torpedo officers.

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The "Oxfordshire Light Infantry Chronicle" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) has appeared for the seventh time. I believe no other regiment issues such a volume. The excellent spirit that prevails in the old 43rd and 52nd is plainly manifested. They fought together gallantly under Craufurd in the Peninsula and elsewhere, and they are more happily linked than some other battalions I could name. Still, this handsome annual volume of nearly 300 pages, with its choice illustrations and interesting contents, is somewhat surprising. There is a good committee, under the presidency of Lieutenant-General F. Green-Wilkinson, colonel of the regiment, including its two battalion commanders, and Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman is the editor and secretary. Major R. W. Porter, Major P. T. Clark, and the battalion and depôt adjutants work with him, and all must be warmly congratulated on the success. The idea is to give a complete record of regimental events during the past year, the services of the battalions, musketry, athletics, sports, and games. The 2nd Battalion was in the Bara Valley and Khyber Pass in 1897-98, with the Peshawar column, and the events give Captain E. D. White much that is interesting to say. Considerably more than half the volume is devoted to historical articles concerning the old regiments, but of these, though they are very interesting, I must say nothing. The frontispiece is an excellent photogravure of Sir John Maxwell Tylden, a Peninsular soldier, who served in both the 43rd and 52nd, and there are capital portraits of Sergeant W. J. Smith, Bugler Crowhurst, and Private J. Panting, who have gained the medal for distinguished service in the field in the North-West Frontier Campaign, which is also illustrated by excellent pictures. The regiment must be proud of this volume.

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But the Guards do good work, too, in the *Household Brigade Magazine*, which makes a capital volume when bound. The June number has a good portrait group of the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, with a great deal of Brigade intelligence, and some amusing things. There is also part of an article on French attempts in Ireland, in the course of which the author deals with the adventures of Hoche and Humbert, assigning to them greater value than some critics. The number also deals with the drama and sport, for there is good cricket on the Household Brigade ground at Chelsea.

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Those who are interested in cricket, be they Guardsmen or others, will like to possess "The Book of Cricket, a New Gallery of Famous Players" (Newnes), which is being published in sixpenny parts. Better portraits of cricket players I have never seen, and they gain a great deal from the excellent printing for which Messrs. Hudson and Kearns are so famous. I have just seen the second part, which contains large portraits of H. K. Foster, P. Perrin, W. Chatterton, A. J. L. Hill, G. Braun, G. R. Bardswell, J. T. Rawlin, W. Mead, and A. Shaw, besides many smaller pictures and a group of the Worcestershire Eleven. To look at these pictures of great players in various positions is itself an education in the art of cricket, but Mr. C. B. Fry, who edits the new issue, describes most carefully the style and merits of each man's play, so that besides the special interest of the portraiture the book is very instructive. I may add that it is about the size of this paper.

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The holiday season rapidly approaches—some have already experienced its advantages—and the map and guide-book publishers are busy. It is astonishing how much pleasure is added to a holiday by the possession of a good guide-book. Besides opening up the beauties of localities, it invests many things with new interest. Messrs. Ward, Lock seem to be energetic this year in their issues, which take one almost from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Land's End is found in a volume on Penzance and its neighbourhood, including the Scilly Isles—a really excellent book. John o' Groat's appears in a guide to Inverness, a volume quite full of history. Another volume is on North Wales, its mountain scenery and watering-places, including a section on Aberystwith; and there are others on Cromer, Eastbourne, and Teignmouth. All these books seem excellently compiled, and each covers a considerable tract of country surrounding its particular subject. That on Teignmouth, for example, deals with the South Devon Coast, from the Axe to the Teign, and takes a considerable look inland. The pictures are many, and generally very good, and the maps are excellent. The tastes of historians, architects, lovers of natural history, anglers, cyclists, and others, are all provided for, and one would wish for nothing better than these handy volumes on a holiday.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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A Famous Danish Regiment.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the Prussians were besieging Dybbol, or Düppel, as they prefer to call it, and a war correspondent wrote: "If the last month is to be a specimen of the progress the Prussians are likely to make, there is no reason why the siege of Dybbol should not last as long as that of Troy." A month later, however, or more precisely, on April 18, 1864, the Prussians took the place by storm, and Dybbol became permanently, as it seems, Düppel.

COLONEL BARTELS,
Commanding the Royal Life Guards.

It was, indeed, a marvel that little Denmark withstood so long the onslaught of a Power which later took but seven weeks to bring Austria on bended knee, and later still crushed the might of France. It is a noticeable fact that in planning the autumn manœuvres this year the chief German staff has chosen three different localities: one on the French frontier, where three army corps will manœuvre; one not far from the Russian frontier, where one army corps, with additional cavalry will manœuvre; and the third in Schleswig, near the Danish frontier, where a large body of pioneers will execute some important exercises on Flensburg Fiord, and on Alsen Sound, in the neighbourhood of Düppel. Taken in conjunction with the recent and continued expulsion of the Danes from Schleswig, it looks as though Germany still considered Denmark as a Power to be reckoned with, though probably not so much when considered by itself as in connection with certain possible alliances.

LIEUT. H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN
As a Private in the Royal Life Guards.

OFFICERS LUNCHING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE BARRACKS.

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Be that as it may, Denmark, which has given England so charming a princess, will always have an interest for Englishmen, and no apology is needed for introducing some illustrations of one of Denmark's crack regiments, the Royal Life Guards, followed by a record of the regiment, furnished by one of its officers.

The first illustration shows Colonel Bartels, the officer in command of the regiment; the second and third, H.R.H. Prince Christian, grandson of the King, and heir-apparent to the throne. He passed through the ranks, and is now captain in the regiment. He appears first in the private's undress uniform, and then in the full-dress of a lieutenant. The fourth illustration shows the officers at lunch, with Colonel Bartels at the head of the table, and Prince Christian on his right; the officer wearing a French cap is Prince Jean d'Orleans. The fifth illustration is from a photograph taken by Prince Jean, and shows the regiment on the march, in summer dress. Nos. 6 and 8 are both from photographs by H.R.H. Prince Christian, and show once more the officers at lunch, and the regiment on the march. Nos. 7 and 9 represent the regiment on parade (*a*) in front of the Royal Palace, and (*b*) in barracks.

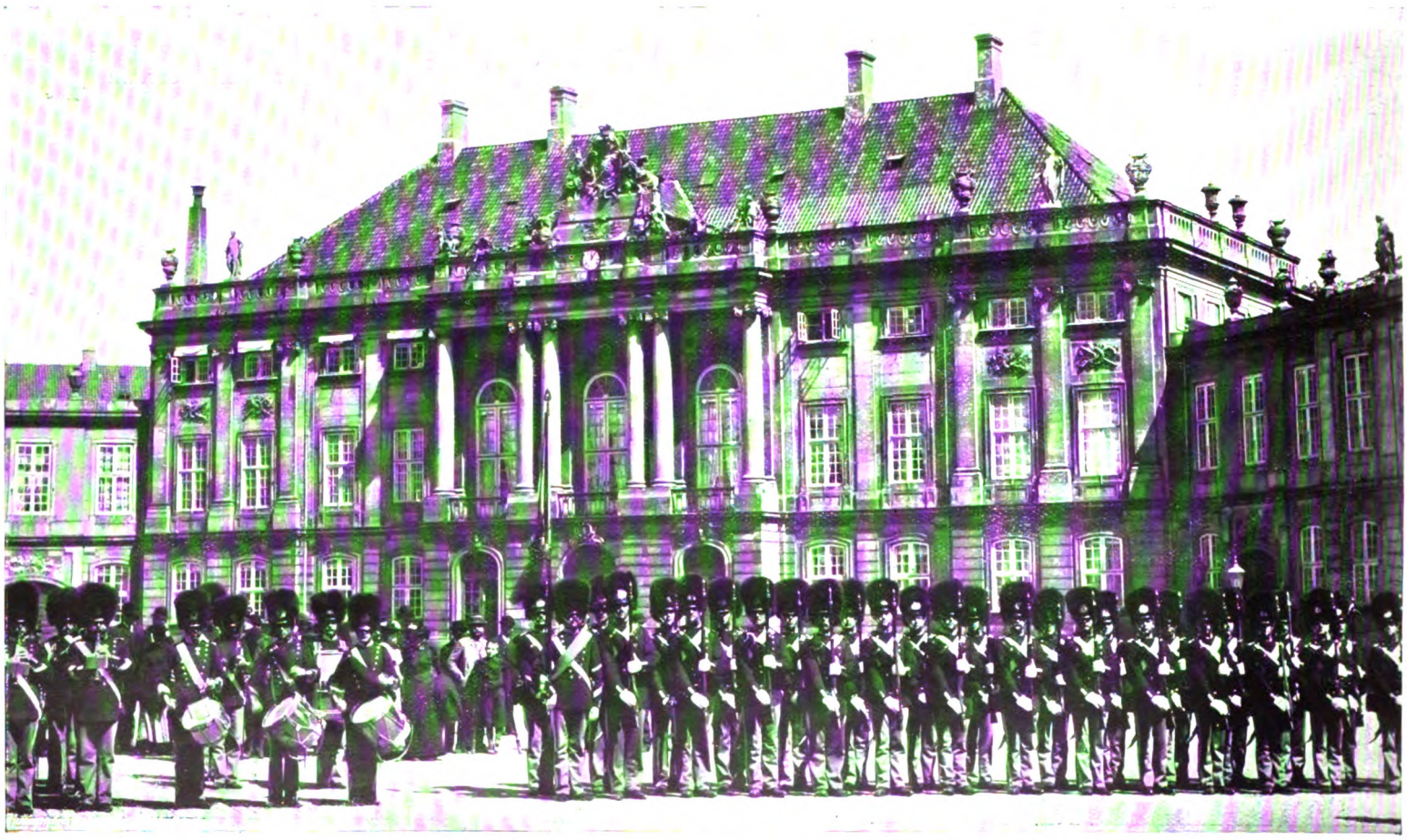
From a Photo. By H.R.H. Prince Jean of Orleans.

ON THE MARCH—SUMMER DRESS.

From a Photo. By H.R.H. Prince Christian of Denmark.

THE OFFICERS' LUNCH AT THE MANŒUVRES.

The record of the regiment is a long one. It was first formed on June 30, 1658, and is the oldest regiment in the Danish Army. In the autumn of 1658 King Carl Gustaf of Sweden laid siege to Copenhagen, and the operations lasted until his death in 1660. The Guards distinguished themselves several times during the siege, and once nearly succeeded in capturing the Swedish King. In 1670 the Danes invaded Sweden, and the war lasted until 1679. During this war the Guards fought at Wismar in 1675, at Lund in 1676, and at Malmö in 1677, and always gave a good account of themselves. In the Spanish War of Succession, 1701-14, the Danes, in conjunction with the English and Dutch, took the part of Austria against the French. In connection with this war the Guards and other Danish troops were sent to England and to Holland. They also took part in the campaign conducted by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and were present at Hochstedt in 1704, at Ramillies in 1706, at Oudenarde in 1708, and at Malplaquet in 1709.



THE ROYAL LIFE GUARDS ON PARADE.

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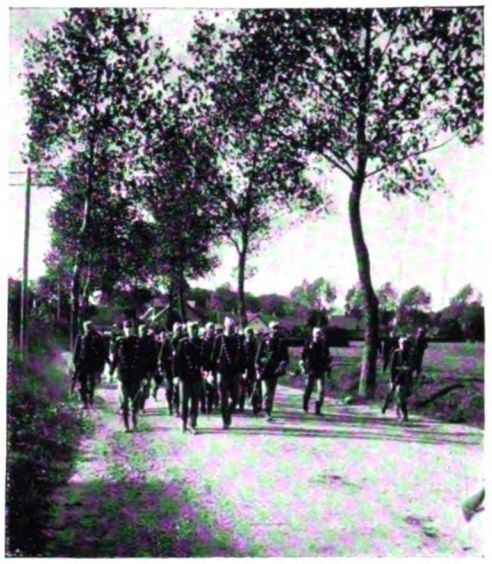
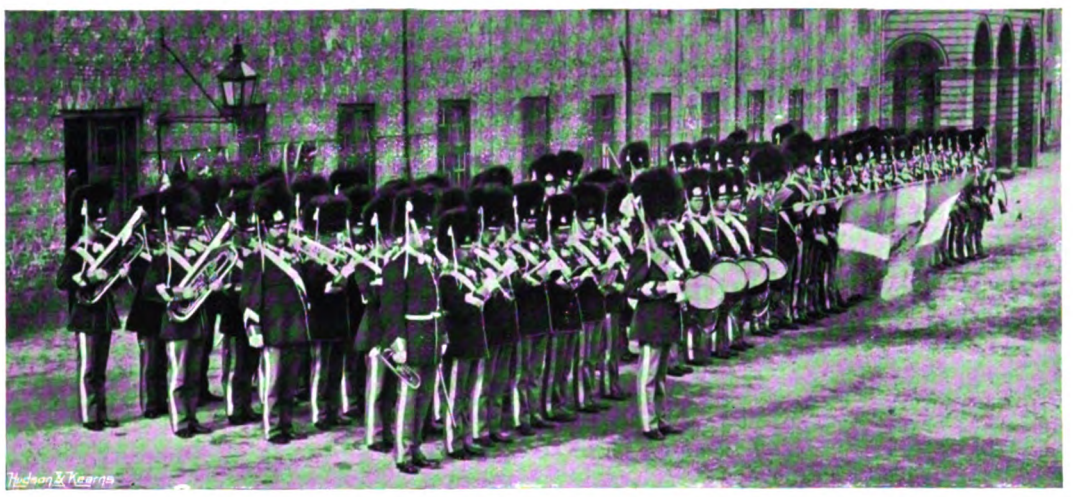
The discipline and valour of the Danish troops were highly praised, and contributed largely to these brilliant victories. On their return home the Danish King thought the opportunity favourable for an attack on Sweden. The war lasted until 1720, when it was brought to a close by the mediation of England. The Guards fought through this campaign, and the settlement was in favour of Denmark. In the Napoleonic wars the Danes found themselves opposed to England, and the victory was not always on the side of the English. One company of the Guards distinguished itself in the well-known sortie from Classen's Garden. The war between Denmark and Prussia, 1848-50, ended favourably for Denmark, as Russia and England intervened. The Guards fought well at Dybbol in 1848-49, and especially distinguished themselves at Idsted in 1850, where they stormed the village and captured a Prussian battery. In 1858 the regiment celebrated, with great festivity and rejoicing, its 200th anniversary. The war of 1864 has already been referred to. It was nominally against Prussia and Austria, but Prussia was the leading spirit, and the crushing blow dealt by the Prussians at Dybbol practically brought the war to a close. In meeting this the Guards played no inglorious part, for by a well-directed attack they made easy the retreat of the body of Danish troops to Söuderborg. The regiment consists of two battalions, each 1,000 strong, but only one battalion is on duty, the other belonging to the reserves. It is the only regiment of Danish Life Guards. As is evident from the illustrations, it is a foot regiment. There used to be a horse regiment, but this was disbanded in 1866. The Danish Army consists of nearly 60,000 officers and men, of which nearly 17,000 belong to the reserves. Service is compulsory, and the time is eight years with the colours and eight years in the reserves. In addition to their duties at the Royal Palace, the Life Guards perform their full share in all the manœuvres and exercises of the Army. H.R.H. Prince Christian sets an excellent example by the diligent performance of his duty as captain in the regiment, and takes a great interest and pride in the men under him. That they are a fine body of men goes without saying. The Danes, as a rule, have a splendid physique, and the Life Guards are the pick of them. In the future, as in the past, they will no doubt always be found ready at the call of duty.



ON THE MARCH.
From a Photo. by H.R.H. Prince Christian.



THE PARADE IN THE BARRACKS.

Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

Photo. R. Thiele. Copyright.

A WARD IN ROCHESTER ROW HOSPITAL—THE MEDICAL OFFICER GOING HIS ROUND.

Rochester Row Hospital, Chelsea, is a freehold belonging to the officers of the Grenadier Guards. It was to this hospital that the sick and wounded of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadiers were brought on their return from the Soudan. The medical officer is here shown making his morning inspection, attended by the orderlies and a nurse. The Sirdar visited the hospital during his stay in London, and distributed medals to the men in the wards who had gone through the Soudan Campaign.

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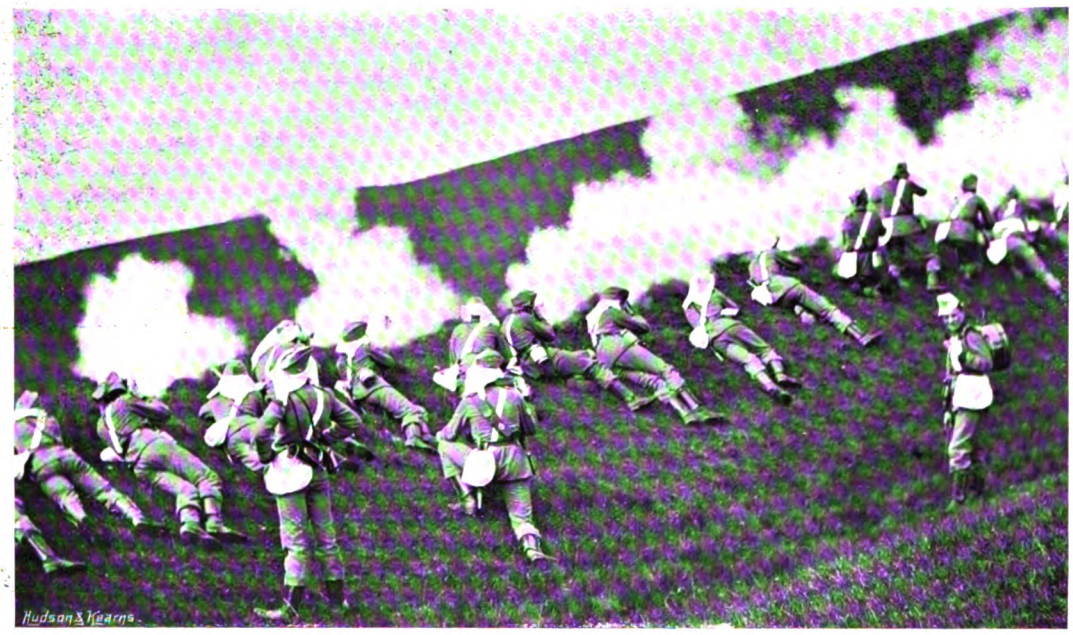
Schoolboy Soldiering.

AN interesting field day was carried out on the 6th inst. near Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire, the occasion being the assemblage of corps from various public schools at the invitation of the Berkhamsted contingent, which now makes an annual feature of this pleasant gathering. It will be remembered by the "constant reader" that on July 9 of last year we described and illustrated the 1898 field day. We shall not enter into as many details this year, but have little doubt that the three bright pictures which appear herewith will be very generally appreciated, even without any minute description of the operations involved.

HIGHGATE BOYS—INDEPENDENT FIRING.

The first of the photographs reproduced is of the Highgate corps, which is carrying out independent firing under the direction of a sergeant. In the second we have the Harrow lads aiming at an enemy on the brow of a hill, upon whom they are about to send a volley.



HARROW CORPS—VOLLEY FIRING.

A third picture shows a portion of the Bedford corps lying down behind a ridge, having taken advantage of some ancient trenches which would have afforded very useful cover indeed, if there had been "bullets in the guns."

Slight as these pictures are, they convey a sense of smartness and alacrity, which are eminently and pleasantly characteristic of the schoolboy volunteer, and which, when adequately fostered, tend in no inconsiderable degree to the improved formation of the national character. In such field days as this there must necessarily be many omissions which to a Military purist of an exacting turn of mind might seem to entirely destroy their usefulness. But the significance of public school corps must not be gauged by any narrow-minded criticism of this sort. From a moral, as well as a physical, standpoint, encouragement must be extended to a movement which teaches the virtues of discipline, steadiness, and smartness, in addition to the opportunities it affords of extending the physical education of growing lads just at the stage when it becomes a matter of peculiar importance. The operations which we illustrate ranged, by Earl Brownlow's permission, over Ivinghoe, in the neighbourhood of which is his Lordship's seat at Ashridge Park.

Photos Newman BEDFORD CORPS—UNDER COVER. Copyright.

The cadets thoroughly enjoyed the field day, and entered into the fighting with all the ardour of veterans. To see them in the field at once dissipated all doubts as to the utility of public school corps. The keenness with which the boys watch the operations of the "enemy" proves that they are in earnest, and that the training is likely to have most beneficial effects on their after life, as far as their patriotism and love of fatherland is concerned. Many of the cadets stick to the volunteer service all through their life.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 126.] *SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1899.*

Photo. Gregory. Copyright

FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN HIS UNIFORM AS COLONEL OF THE 10th HUSSARS.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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On Salisbury Plain.

THE world in general is beginning to understand that the War Office purchase of a great area on Salisbury Plain is a matter not only of military but also of national significance. But even in the Service itself it is, as yet, hardly realised how immensely important this acquisition is, what possibilities are attached to it, what advantages it will unquestionably confer. It may further be taken for granted that even among the experts behind the scenes there is at present a somewhat incomplete idea of the toil and moil that will be necessary before this grand expanse of country becomes what it will become, both an exercising and training ground for the Army, and the site of a great permanent camp. In this direction the pictures published herewith afford interesting information.

TEDWORTH HOUSE.

LOOKING TOWARDS PERHAM DOWN

These pictures, carefully selected from a number placed at our disposal, give an admirable idea of the more marked characteristics of the Salisbury Plain area as it is, before the reforming hand of the War Department has trimmed and shaped it to suit its own prosaic requirements. The ruthless want of imagination which is often such a vexatious drawback to the practice of the photographic art, unfortunately prevents our dipping pictorially into the future and representing these same scenes as they will appear, say, half-a-dozen years hence. But a few written notes may serve to partly take the place of such a scheme of illustration, our readers with characteristic intelligence filling up the gaps for themselves.

In the first place, it is best in estimating the future resources of Salisbury Plain to take as little heed as possible of last year's manœuvres. Those pretentious and by no means successful operations necessitated a number of temporary arrangements, some of which are now rapidly giving way to permanent works, while the necessity for others has disappeared. During the present season three camps are being brought into use, namely, Perham Down, Bulford, and West Down, and at all these great care has been taken to provide an adequate water supply. In one of our pictures, that which shows the view across the north end of Tedworth, the ascent to Perham Down is seen in the distance. Bulford is pretty familiar to everyone by reason of last year's manœuvres. It has an importance of its own, since it possesses rifle ranges, the construction of which has involved a good deal of labour, and which were taken over a fortnight back by the Militia recruits who arrived in advance of the main bodies. At West Down the cavalry and artillery are to be quartered, and its remoteness from any railway station

Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

SHREWTON—A DEMOLISHED FARMSTEAD.

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is at present a source of considerable inconvenience.

But this year's camps are of second-rate importance, of course, compared with the permanent home which it is intended to afford a large section of the Army in this neighbourhood. The other day, at a meeting of the Wiltshire Society, the Secretary of State for War made specific mention of the force which it is proposed to accommodate. "When our scheme has been carried out," said Lord Lansdowne, among cheers, "a brigade of cavalry, two brigades of infantry, and the greater part of the new force of field artillery which we are going to call into existence, will find their domicile on Salisbury Plain."

EDWORTH—ORDNANCE SURVEY AT WORK.

A standing camp of these respectable dimensions may well be expected to grow and grow, just as Aldershot has done, until, perhaps, it rivals even that great Military centre in numbers and importance. The site of the permanent barracks is Clarendon Hill, which is within easy distance of Tedworth. In the photograph we reproduce showing the Ordnance Survey at work, Tedworth and Clarendon Hill are in the background. Tedworth, of which we give several pictures, is of special importance, as it will have a station on the new line of light railway which is in contemplation. This line will start from a point near the present Ludgershall Station, and run through Tedworth to Bulford, and thence to Shrewton—of which we give two pictures—and West Down, thus practically linking up all parts of the Plain. One of our Shrewton pictures shows some of the farm buildings necessarily demolished by the War Office, which thus incurs the grave charge of having turned ploughshares into swords; while another indicates the road leading out of Shrewton Village towards Shrewton Camp.

FROM SHREWTON VILLAGE TO SHREWTON CAMP.

The pretty picture of the village green at Tedworth inspires some rather melancholy reflections. In the *Sturm und Drang* of Military occupation it is much to be feared that this pleasing rural aspect will rapidly disappear, possibly even before the kid in the foreground has had time to grow as big as its mamma.

At the same time, while we may deprecate sentimentally the changes which such transmogrifications as we have indicated must involve, one must not forget to give due thought to the more practical side of the question. The Arcadian simplicity and picturesqueness of English village life is very charming up to a certain point, but it has its disadvantages, which are all too clearly illustrated by the yearly increasing migration of country-folk to the large towns. From a purely professional point of view it is essential that the British Army should have at least one great training ground on which considerable bodies of troops can be manœuvred without undue restrictions. But, apart from this, the location of a great standing camp is a matter of great material advantage to the neighbourhood, arising from the introduction of a brisker demand for local labour and supplies.

Photos. Copyright. TEDWORTH—THE VILLAGE GREEN. *H. & K.*

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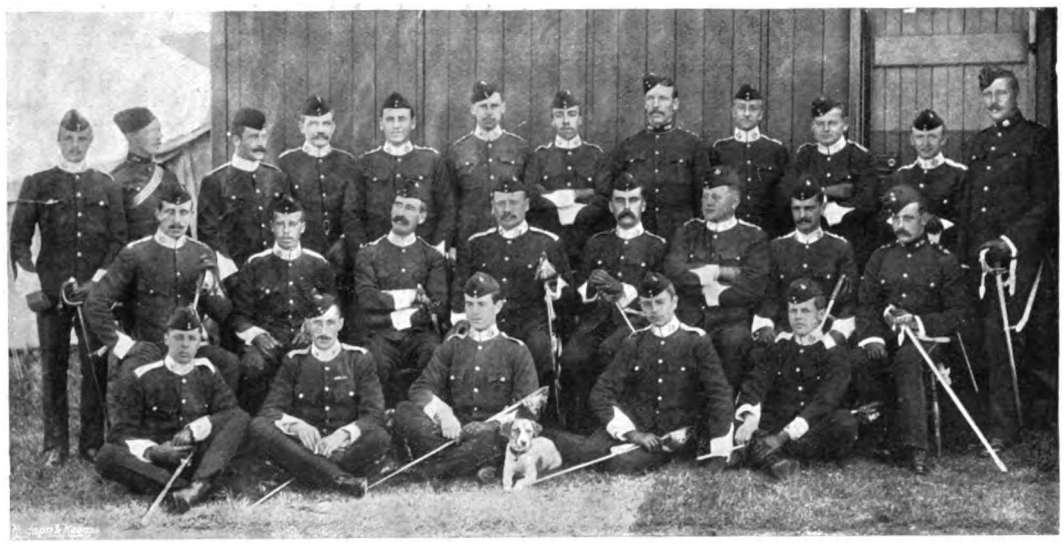
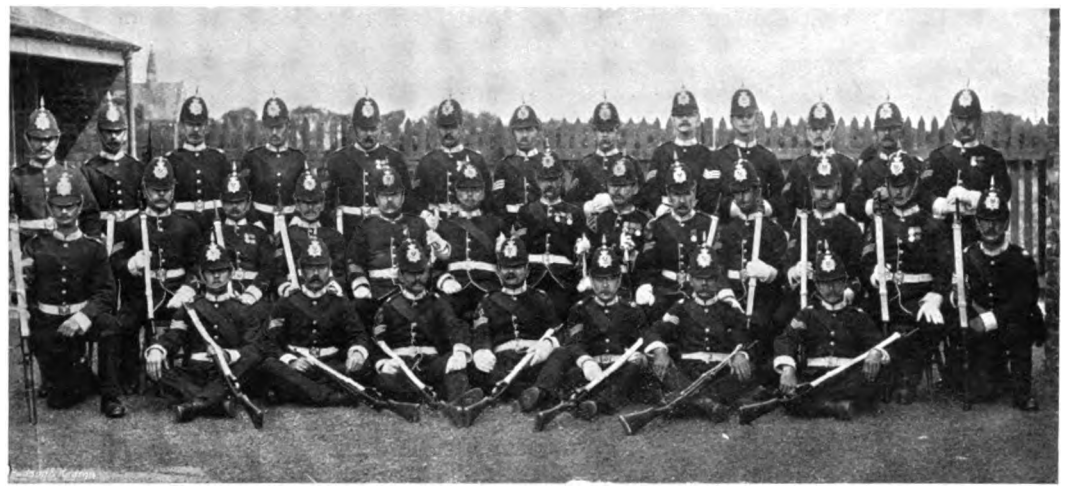
A Representative Militia Corps.

NO better, no pleasanter, proof of the grip which this journal has on all sorts and conditions of men could be found than the repeated queries we receive as to why and wherefore such and such a particular branch of the Service or quarter of the Empire has not recently received more attention in these pages. One of the latest of these flattering complaints is to the effect that the Auxiliary Forces in the North of England have of late been but sparsely illustrated in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, to which, of course, our obvious apologetic reply is that these things depend necessarily, to some extent, upon our correspondents, and that we should welcome a rather brisker influx of photographs from the quarter named than we have of late experienced.

But we like to "oblige," whenever possible, without taking advantage even of such good excuses as that noted, and accordingly reproduce herewith three capital pictures of a highly-representative North Country Militia corps, the 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, which this week will go into camp for its annual training at Redcar.



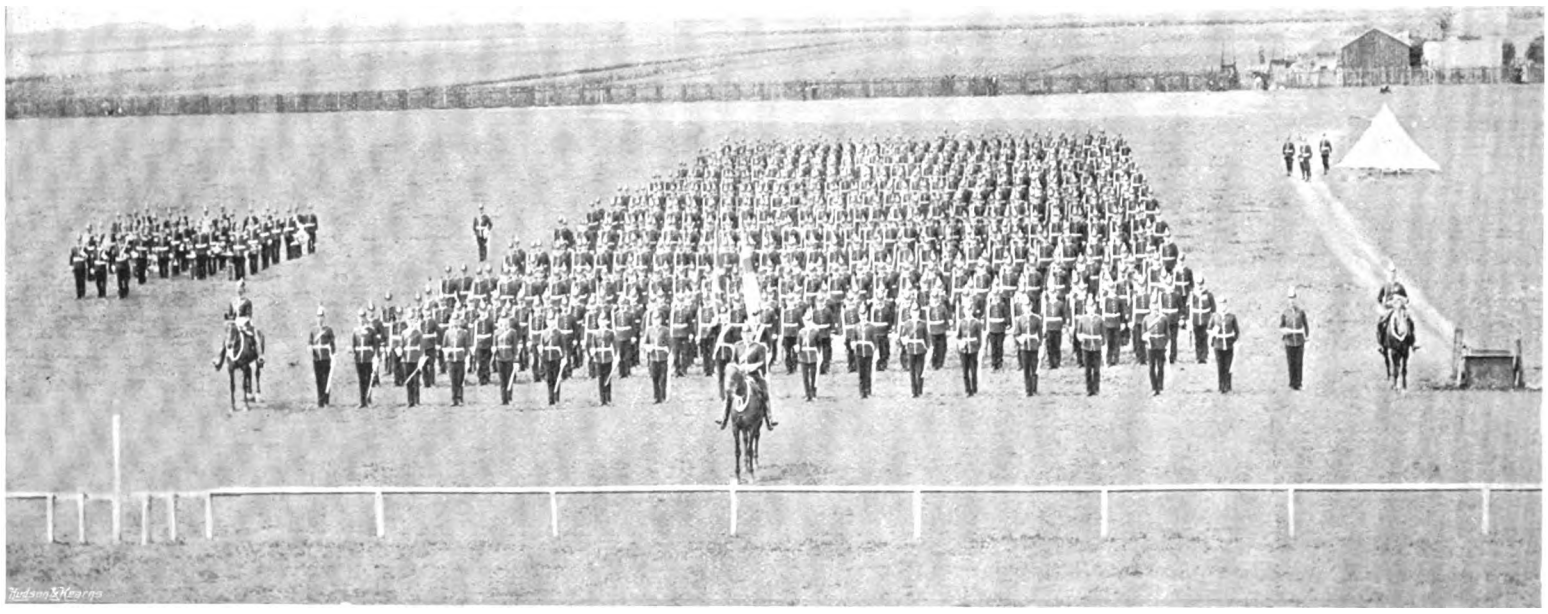
THE OFFICERS OF THE 4th DURHAM MILITIA.



A GROUP OF THE SERGEANTS.

The 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry has its headquarters at Newcastle, and was originally the old 2nd Durham Militia. Its honorary colonel, only just gazetted, is the Marques of Londonderry, K.G., A.D.C., whose father raised the regiment, commanded it when embodied during the Russian War, and was honorary colonel till his death in 1884. It must be gratifying to the corps to have such an association so worthily maintained.

The battalion is commanded by Colonel M.H. Lambert, and, outside its general efficiency, boasts a particularly fine band, which plays all over the country. Last year the battalion paraded for inspection 850 strong, and a glance at the pictures we give of the corps on parade, the officers, and the sergeants, will convince the most casual critic that the regiment is about as smart and well-set-up a body as is to be found in the old Constitutional Force.



Photos. Copyright, H. & K.

THE BATTALION ON PARADE.

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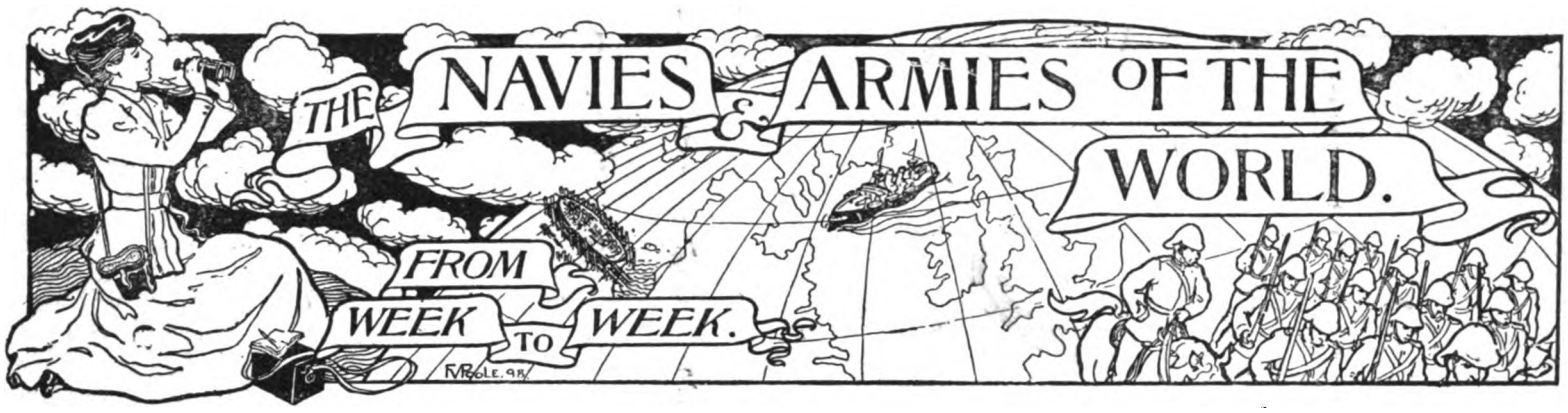

IS it not the fact that we are landing ourselves in a rather ridiculous tangle with this notorious Dum Dum bullet? We have to justify ourselves before "the opinion of the civilised world" at the Hague, by assuring the delegates that we have no intention of using this projectile in "civilised warfare." Observe, to begin with, that other nations can have no security for our compliance with this engagement except our bare word. Of course we say that our word is our bond; but when other nations assert that they do not build swift cruisers with hostile intentions, we do not feel under any obligation to take this talk for gospel. Quite the contrary. Can we then expect to be believed without question? Then it does not seem to have struck anybody that this voluntary engagement of ours amounts to a very damaging confession. Why not use the Dum Dum in civilised war? The only reason can be that it inflicts horrid wounds, such as we would shrink from inflicting on people belonging to the same comity of nations as ourselves, who also are likely to be able to retaliate unpleasantly. Now, over and above the fact that this is not strikingly heroic, it is not very intelligent, for in substance it amounts to a confession that we make war on savages like savages.

* * * *

And then if we regulate our bullet by the moral quality of our enemy, what are we going to do when our foes are not "nerveless" savages, but savages with nerves, like the people of Manipur, or the Siamese, or like the inhabitants of many of the Pacific Islands, all rather soft races? Is the Dum Dum to be used in quelling an ordinary caste riot among the less martial tribes of India? If we use it in such cases we stand condemned for barbarity on our own showing. Finally, put a case that we are fighting a European enemy with native auxiliaries either in Asia or in Africa. We cannot distinguish on the field. If we use the Dum Dum we break our promise to other civilised peoples, who will presumably answer by using the Tübingen, which, by all accounts, is a vile projectile. If we do not, we leave ourselves at a disadvantage, supposing it to be true that coloured races will not be stopped by what will stop the white. Meanwhile a further element of absurdity is introduced when we are told that the Martini, which was never called barbarous, would do the work perfectly. What then have we gained by giving it up? The Afridi steals our new rifle and bullet just as he stole the old. Whatever qualities they have are just as useful to him as to us. The Dum Dum is like the sun, which shines on the just and the unjust. It grinds the bones of Thomas Atkins or of Captain Poindextre just for all the world as if they were Bunerwals. It would make no distinction between the skulls of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Mad Mullah. As far as our fighting in the East goes, we stand relatively pretty much where we did, and we have incurred the snub of being told by the "civilised world" that we make war like savages. The return hardly seems worth all the money and ingenuity we have spent over our new armaments.

* * * *

For my own part, I should like to know what evidence there is for this supposed existence of nerveless savages who laugh at wounds. One hears a great deal of the Afghan who on being drilled through with five "pencil" bullets "called upon his prophet, and thought but little of it." English officers answer for him, and therefore he existed. But does this prove that the bullet was only bad against Afghans, and not positively bad? Till evidence to the contrary is produced, I decline to take it for granted that a resolute Lithuanian, or Pomeranian, or Yorkshireman, or Spaniard of the wiry, sober hill population would not have been every bit as tough as that Afghan. I have seen a "picador" in the Spanish bull-ring hurled against the barrier so violently that it trembled, by a thrust of the bull's horn which brought a blood-stain the size of a salad plate on to the seat of his yellow continuations. He was so mad with pain that he hammered the heads of the "chulos" who came to carry him out, merely to relieve his feelings. Yet in ten minutes he was back in the ring again on horseback. This man must have been as tough as any Asiatic, and as great a savage. But we are not to use the Dum Dum against him and his race. The much-quoted Afghan must have been amazingly lucky. None of the bullets can have touched a vital place, else he would have died. None of them can have cut an important muscle. But a stout European would have borne up against the unimportant wounds he received as well as he did. As a rule the Western races are stronger and heavier than the Eastern. Size for size, the white man is from a stone to a stone and a-half heavier than the Asiatic. The moral I draw from the tale is that the "pencil" bullet is bad against any resolute enemy, be he white, yellow, or black. It may be answered that the coloured barbarian is more resolute than the civilised man, and will come on after receiving a wound, whereas the European is very sorry for himself, sits down, and calls for the doctor. If so, the superiority of the West over the East, which is based on greater individual strength and character, is passing away. But the conduct of our men in the broken squares at Tamanieb and Abu Klea and in the cavalry charge at Omdurman does not give support to that view.

* * * *

M. Block has started once more the old question whether battles tend to become more murderous or not. It is a pretty one to argue, because a disputant has only to pick his facts with a little ingenuity to be able to make out a strong case on either side. We ought, perhaps, to rule out the battles of the ancient world and of the Middle Ages. There are terrible tales of the slaughter which took place in these fights; but on what authority are they told, and who counted the dead? The natural tendency of the victor was always to underestimate his own loss and to overrate his opponent's. We can sometimes get examples of this, as, for instance, at Flodden, where the English army certainly lost far more severely than the reporters of the battle confessed. During the Middle Ages, as a rule, the object was not to kill your enemy, but to capture him and hold him to ransom. When the slaughter was great, it was commonly because the prisoners were massacred, as at Aljuburrota and at Agincourt. But the rule was as I have said. Of course, this did not avail the common herd; but they wore no armour, and could easily run away. In any case, the wholesale massacre of prisoners was not loss in battle.

* * * *

When we come to ages which used firearms and had organised armies, it certainly does seem as if the loss tended to grow smaller as the arms improved. The percentage of killed and wounded in the Thirty Years' War, in Marlborough's wars, and in the Seven Years' War was commonly greater than in the Napoleonic struggle. In that, again, it was higher by a good deal than in the war of 1870-71. But how is the percentage made out? In this last great war the German generals had very often masses of troops which were kept in reserve. Now it is surely bad reasoning to distribute the loss over the whole force present, whether it directly engaged or only stood and waited till it was wanted, and then draw the deduction that the modern field-gun and rifle are not so destructive as the Swedish cannon or musket and the Brown Bess. The proper course is to distribute the loss over the men who went under fire, and over them only. Then we shall have made a step towards being able to estimate it properly. Other things have to be considered, but this is the indispensable preliminary to any rational discussion of the question. If one may make a guess at the solution of the puzzle, it lies, perhaps, in this, that the proportion of loss tends to diminish as the armies increase in size. When from 20,000 to 40,000 men were engaged on a front of from a mile to two miles, all, or at any rate the very great majority, would be actively engaged. But with five or six times that number, and a far longer front, it would naturally happen that the decisive fighting took place at one point, or two points, while the troops were elsewhere less exposed. At the vital places the loss might be very great, and yet comparatively trifling elsewhere, so that the percentage of loss to the whole army does not come out high.

DAVID HANNAY.

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STAGE FENCING.

By ALFRED HUTTON.

I WAS greatly interested by the remarks of Mr. Hamilton Knight, in a number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED which I stumbled across recently, on the various methods of bungling and scuffling in the fencing match in "Hamlet," perpetrated by a succession of impersonators of that character.

But why the bungling, and why the scuffling?

Why, because actor-managers set their faces resolutely against playing the scene as Shakespeare intended it to be played.

Hamlet asks the question, "What is his weapon?" Osric replies, "Rapier and dagger"; evidently, then, Shakespeare intended the encounter to be with those weapons, which were fashionable in his day. The only time I ever saw such a fight on the stage was when the late George Vining played René de Pardillan in "The Huguenot Captain" in 1866, and it struck me then as being the most picturesque and realistic fight I had ever seen. If Vining could learn this so many years ago, it should be equally easy for our *fin de siècle* actors to do the same.

Like Mr. Hamilton Knight, I have seen the fencing of a great many Hamlets, but the quaintest of all was one which I beheld—well! I will not mention names or dates; I will only quote London as the locality, and the date some time within the last twenty years. The Hamlet happened to be wearing a dagger, of which—fearful, I suppose, of so far forgetting himself as to draw it, and play Shakespeare's game—he promptly divested himself; a bundle of weapons was then produced, but they were modern French *épees de salle*, and, to make them thoroughly up-to-date, highly nickelled into the bargain! and when each of the two gentlemen had made his selection, he proceeded to swish his sword about in the air over his head—why, I know not, unless that is the theatre-man's idea of the way to test the quality of a blade.

They then gravely saluted the king with their swords, and fell to work, but not to fight—oh, dear no!—to perform the elaborate exercise known as *le mur*, which, under any circumstances, ought either to be done with masterly precision, or else let alone altogether. Now this *mur* was first seen in a very crude form about the middle of the eighteenth century—not the sixteenth—and it was the outcome of the elegant, wicked little Georgian small-sword—with the Elizabethan weapons it would have been a physical impossibility.

After this the fencing took place, but neither one man nor the other understood the *épée* play; they had apparently had only some half-dozen lessons with the foils—a decidedly different game.

At the end there was the usual "scuffle" to enable Hamlet to gain Laertes' sword; but the actors, and whoever didn't teach them, seemed unaware that there were methods taught in Shakespeare's time of depriving an enemy of his sword without having recourse to an absolute "bear-fight," and that these methods were handed down by a succession of masters until the disuse of the sword as an article of apparel made them no longer a matter of necessity.

I have once seen the Hamlet scene well done, and this was in 1894, by the boys at Bradfield College, who gave, in their Greek theatre, an exhibition of Shakespearian fighting. A certain number of long rapiers and daggers (designed from genuine ones) were handed to Laertes and Hamlet, who selected their weapons and commenced to play the game of Rapier and Dagger, in the course of which the Laertes "accidentally" lost his dagger, and the Hamlet, seeing this, threw away his own, and they continued the play, using the gauntleted left hand to parry with.

During this part Hamlet received his hurt, and then set himself to gain possession of Laertes' sword, which he effected by the "seizure after the *quarte* parry," a trick dating from the sixteenth century. He was now holding his own rapier in his right hand, and was also holding Laertes' weapon by the forte of the blade in his left, so that by a perfectly natural and graceful movement he was able to present the two hilts in such a manner that Laertes could not fail to receive the blunt weapon.

If young schoolboys could acquire these ancient methods of fight so thoroughly, the same should be within the reach of actors and managers if they would only condescend to look for them.

Signalling in the Navy.

By A FLAG-WAGGER.

THE importance to a modern fleet of rapid and accurate signalling cannot be over-estimated. Several slight mishaps, due to misinterpreted signals, have recently given rise to a flicker of apprehension on the subject, and have thrown into strong relief the immense responsibility resting nowadays on the signalman's eye and brain.

It was a small mistake that was made by the "Thrasher's" signalman that buffeting Channel night a short time ago. He missed just a single flash from the yellow eye that was winking at him through the spray, half a mile off, and wrote down a 7 instead of a 6. But that 6 was the course that would have kept his little vessel clear of the others, while the 7 took her under the "Phaeton's" bows.

The "steam tactics" of a fleet is a wonderful sight. The skill and nerve required to conduct a host of ships through a succession of intricate manœuvres at speed can only be appreciated by those who have seen it done; and in carrying out the designs of the master-mind no small share of responsibility rests with the signalman.

Picture a fleet of ironclads, in parallel lines, only two cables or 400-yds. apart, and rushing through the water at 15 knots an hour. Two small flags flutter quickly up to the admiral's yardarm and down again. While they are on their way, the other ships seize their meaning, and hang out answering pendants to signify the same. The whole thing is over in ten seconds, and not a scrap of bunting is to be seen. One of those small flags was the "numeral" 8, and the other was the "alter course" pendant. If the numeral is uppermost, it means that the ships are to alter course eight points to port; if the pendant, eight points to starboard.

Imagine, now, that a distracted signalman makes a mistake, and reports one for the other, and then calculate how long two ships will take to meet across 400-yds., at 30 knots an hour. Small wonder that signalmen do not rejoice in the company of flag-ships, but prefer a quiet harbour to themselves at the other end of the station. The ship's poet has expressed the woes of the "bunting-tosser," as he is called, in the following well-meant lines:

"Tho' the signalman's language is, as a general rule, quite inoffensive and soft,
He indulges himself a little at sight of the flag-ship, whenever he runs across her;
For she carries a winking and blinking little imp, that sits up alo t,
To agitate the existence of the unfortunate night-watching bunting-tosser."

Rudyard Kipling (in case of any fancied resemblance in style, it may be as well to state at once that Mr. Kipling is *not* the author of the above lines), when he was afloat, quickly realised the strain put upon the signal staff. He speaks of their need of cinder-proof eyes, and gives two instances of mistakes due to wrong signals.

In the old, slow-moving days, with ships sailing only 4 knots or 5 knots, there was plenty of time to take in and d gest a signal; but now that they rush together at 60 knots an hour, whatever is to be done "'twere well it were done quickly."

Another disadvantage that the modern signalman labours under, as compared with his older brother, is that he has fewer available points from which to hang out his banners. The mastless and yardless ships of the present day are not suited to displays of bunting. Nelson's famous signal streamed in thirty flags from all his upper yards, while if the same signal were to be made to-day, although it could be done with fewer flags, it must be hoisted to, perhaps, 1-yd. or 2-yds. only.

The different methods of signalling may be best classified under the heads of day and night signals. The oldest and still the chief method used during the daytime for general signals is that of flag hoists. There are about seventy different flags, and, by grouping them in various numbers and orders, unlimited signals can be made. The number of flags has increased since Nelson's time—it is said that only ten were then in use—but their codification has been simplified, so that fewer of them are required for any particular signal. Considerable duplication was necessary with only ten. The key to the meanings of the flag signals is contained in a code, the key to which is, of course, kept zealously secret. It was for stealing this book, with a view to selling it to a foreign Power, that a signalman was so severely punished recently. The ordinary commercial code is also used for communicating with ships of other nations or of the Mercantile Marine.

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Sixteenth century flags

The flag method of signalling is, however, suited only for short general signals. For more extended messages the semaphore is used. This familiar apparatus consists of a pole with three movable arms, the varying positions of which indicate the different letters of the alphabet. In the absence of the semaphore, or at short distances, the signalman uses his own arms in place of the semaphore, sometimes carrying a small flag in each hand, to make the movements more conspicuous. The rapidity and certainty with which a skilled signalman will thus reel off a message are astonishing to a layman. A recent development of this method is the masthead semaphore, which is fitted to most of the larger ships. The arms in this case are very long and light, are painted black, and are worked by means of thin wire pulleys from the deck. They stand out very distinctly against the sky, and their value for distant signalling is obvious, as by their means communication can be maintained between vessels that are hull down from each other. The need for this may not be so evident, as the distance at which objects can be seen at sea is generally over-estimated by landsmen. Writers often speak of gazing on the "limitless expanse of ocean," the "boundless plain," the "distant horizon," etc.; while, as a matter of fact, the distance of the visible horizon from an average vessel's deck—say a height of 25-ft.—is little more than five miles.

Signalling by truck-semaphores, as they are called, is, of course, rather slow work, owing to the nature of the apparatus, the average being, perhaps, about three words a minute. Ships not fitted with these, because of the small size of their spars, can communicate at a distance by means of a flag or ball at the masthead. This is dipped and hoisted with long and short intervals, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

The heliograph is sometimes used for distant signalling; but it is intended chiefly for communicating with forces on shore, *e.g.*, an army with which the fleet is co-operating. Telegraphy has also been brought into use for this purpose, wires being laid from ships in harbour to the shore, and also to each other. Several attempts have been made to establish electric communication between ships under way, but so far without practical success. Marconi's method of wireless telegraphy, if perfected, would be of immense advantage in Naval signalling.

In fog, or thick weather, all sight signals are, of course, useless, and recourse is then had to sound. For close signalling, the syren or steam whistle is used by steam-ships, and the fog-horn or trumpet by sailing-ships. This latter instrument consists of a pair of bellows, having a horn shipped in place of the usual nozzle, and is capable, on provocation, of emitting the most dismal groans. The giant whimperings of the syren must be heard to be understood. Messages are sent by means of a Morse code of long and short sounds. To be in a fog at sea is depressing enough in itself, but when to this is added the scream of a syren, or the groaning of a fog-horn for hours at a stretch, it gets on the nerve. It is on record that an exasperated seaman forfeited his liberty for six weeks for removing the vitals of a fog-bellows and stuffing them into the syren's gullet.

Distant fog-signals are made by gun-fire, the letters being indicated by the number of reports and the intervals between them. This, however, is a cumbersome and tedious method, and is rarely used.

Night signals are made by means of a flashing light, the letters being indicated by the number and duration of the flashes. For this purpose, a special lamp is used, fitted with a sliding shield, which is raised and lowered in front of the light. By this means messages can be transmitted at the rate of seven or eight words a minute. Most ships have also a masthead flashing light. This is an electric light, and the flashes are made by making and breaking contact. Some time has to be allowed at each flash for perfect incandescence and nigrescence, which makes this method rather slow. The average is not, perhaps, more than two or three words a minute.

It is curious to watch the distant night signals of a fleet at sea. They wink at each other from their mastheads, over the hump of water between, and remind one of children playing at hide-and-seek.

An attempt was made to adapt the masthead semaphore to night signalling, by fitting the arms with rows of electric lights; but it was not successful, and the idea was abandoned.

Distant night signals can also be made by the search-light. The dots and dashes are made by raising and lowering the beam of light against the sky, or by flashing it on and off a convenient cloud.

The latest method of communicating, the practice of which is entrusted to signalmen, is that of carrier pigeons. Several hundreds of these birds are kept at each of the three great Naval ports, and every opportunity is taken of exercising them. A small launch is used to take them out for short flights; and each outward-bound ship takes out a batch, to release at longer distances. The signalmen are taught how to handle the birds and how to fasten the messages to them.

This brings us to the subject of Instruction in Signalling. It will readily be seen that, with all these methods in use, no small amount of knowledge is required from the up-to-date signalman, and he must have it absolutely at his fingers' ends. Admirals do not like to repeat their signals because some ships have failed to take them in. They not unfrequently say things on such occasions. To provide this knowledge there are three Schools of Signalling. One, the chief, under the direct command of an inspecting commander of signals, is at Portsmouth, and there is one each at Chatham and Devonport. Every signal-boy before going to sea, and every signalman on returning from a commission abroad, passes through a course of forty days' instruction in all its branches. Elaborate fittings and illustrations of the work are used, including a box of models invented by Commander Tuffnell, a former inspecting officer. Miniature ships are moved about by signal, through all sorts of fleet formations, so as to give a perfect grasp of the important and difficult art of manœuvring.

One or two other duties of the signalman outside signalling may be mentioned in conclusion. On the Queen's Birthday, and one or two other festivals, he "dresses ship," *i.e.*, he runs a line of flags from the bowsprit end over the

Eighteenth century flags.

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mastheads and down to the stern; or he runs them down on each side of the masts, outside the yardarms, to the water's edge, keeping them steady there with a hand-lead.

Another important duty at the close of a commission is to provide the "paying-off" pendant. This is the flag that is generally referred to as "the flag that waves a thousand yards"; a parody—Jack is fond of parody—on "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Every ship in commission carries, in addition to the Union Jack in the bows, and the White Ensign at the stern, a thin pendant at her masthead.

When paying off, it is a time-honoured custom to hoist a specially long pendant, which reaches to the water, and terminates in a gilded bladder. This is not a Service flag; but the signalman who wishes to escape death at the hands of the ship's company must provide it by hook or by crook. He generally hooks it.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 2, 1800.—Boats of "Renown," 74, "Defence," 74, and "Fisgard," frigate, at midnight attacked a French 20-gun corvette, a 12-gun lugger, three 6-gun schooners, and a convoy of fifteen sail, under the batteries of Noirmoutier, Bay of Biscay. Captured and destroyed all, but our boats grounding, part of our force were taken prisoners in getting back.

July 3, 1797.—Nelson's boat action with the Spanish gun-boats during the blockade of Cadiz. Nelson in his barge, with fifteen men, had a personal encounter with the launch in which was the Spanish commodore with twenty-six men, was wounded, and had a narrow escape of being cut down, his coxswain's devotion saving him. The Spanish force was defeated and driven back, the commodore and his launch being taken by Nelson.

July 4, 1780.—Capture of French "Capricieuse," 40, by the British 32-gun frigates "Prudente" and "Licorne," off Cape Ortegal, after a well-contested fight.

July 5, 1695.—Bombardment of St. Malo by the British Channel Fleet under Lord Berkeley and Commodore Benbow, who had charge of the inshore squadron. He did most of the work.

July 6, 1782.—Indecisive action of Negapatam, Bay of Bengal, between Sir Edward Hughes and the Bailli de Suffren.

July 7, 1800.—Brilliant night attack by the corvette "Dart," with two brigs and four fire-ships, on four French 40-gun frigates and some gun-boats at anchor in Dunkirk Roads. The "Dart" ran alongside one frigate, the "Desirée," and carried her by boarding, bringing her off successfully in fifteen minutes. The other frigates cut their cables and got clear.

July 8, 1854.—Attack by the boats of the "Firebrand" and "Vesuvius," under Captain Hyde Parker, on the Russian works at the Sulina, mouth of the Danube. The works were stormed and taken, the Russians retreating inland, and the works, with store-houses and magazines, completely demolished.

JULY 2, 1747.—Battle of Laufett. Partially unsuccessful for the allies, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. Marshal Saxe commanded the French.

July 3, 1879.—Colonel—now Sir Redvers—Buller conducted a reconnaissance from Lord Chelmsford's army close up to Ulundi.

July 4, 1783.—An attack by the Mysoreans on Mangalore repulsed. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell commanded the British. 1806.—General Stuart defeated the French at the battle of Maida, in the Kingdom of Naples. The French commander was General Reynier. 1879.—Lord Chelmsford totally defeated the Zulus and broke their power at Ulundi.

July 5, 1840.—Commodore Bremer and General Burrell captured Chusan.

July 6, 1781.—Lord Cornwallis defeated the Americans on the James River, near Williamsburg.

July 7, 1857.—Havelock commenced his march from Allahabad for the relief of Cawnpore. 1758.—Failure of General Abercromby in an assault on Fort Ticonderoga, near Lakes George and Champlain. General Abercromby had 15,401 regulars and provincials. Montcalm, who commanded the French, had about 3,100 men; his loss was 377, that of Abercromby 1,944.

July 8, 1810.—The island of Bourbon reduced by Colonel Keating

The Origin of Lancers.

By A. B. TUCKER.

AT the present moment, when the question whether the lance or sword is the better weapon for cavalry—a question that has agitated the minds of military authorities for some time—seems to be settled by the arming of the front rank of cavalry regiments (other than Lancers) with lances and the rear rank with swords, it may be interesting to recall a few facts about the former weapon. Prince Raymond Montecucoli, one of the best military commanders of his age, and the only adversary whom the Great Turenne found worthy of him, said: "The lance is the queen of weapons; it is also the most ancient."

The lance was in common use among the Greeks and Romans. The Macedonian phalanx was armed with it, and it was the chief weapon of the Roman infantry, the *pilum* or spear being only secondary. In the Middle Ages it was especially the weapon of the knight, and he used it on horseback, and not on foot, as did the Greeks and Romans. The lance of the knight was of peculiar form. Near the lower end it was very thick, with a deep hollow all round, in which the arm was placed when the lance was put in rest preparatory to a charge. Immediately in front of the hollow the lance was from 1-ft. to 1½-ft. in diameter, and it tapered off towards the upper end, which was from ½-in. to ¾-in. thick. In battle the heavy-armoured knights charged in line armed with lances, and they were followed by esquires and men-at-arms who carried swords.

Another era in the history of the weapon was reached when heavy armour was abandoned. Then the lance, under the designation "pike," became the peculiar arm of the best infantry in Europe, and so it remained until the close of the sixteenth century, when the introduction of gunpowder gradually brought about its disuse in the West of Europe, though it continued in favour among the Turks and Slavonic peoples, among whom it was borne by light horsemen. Charles VIII. of France seems to have been the first to introduce a regular Lancer regiment into his army. His gens d'armes were armed with the lance. They numbered about 1,500 out of a total army of 9,000, the first regular army, by the by, of any now existing in Europe. For more than a century it was considered essential that a Lancer should be of gentle or noble birth. It was the impossibility of maintaining that condition after the Wars of the League, which decimated the ranks of the French nobility, that led Henry IV. to abolish the Lancers. With the exception of one abortive attempt to revive them in the middle of the eighteenth century, Lancers disappeared from the French Army until the Napoleonic Wars. In the meantime, Frederick the Great, having seen the advantageous use made of the weapon by the Poles, had given the lance to a portion of his cavalry, and ultimately formed a regiment of Lancers. The Austrians had followed his example, and had established three regiments of Uhlans, as they were called. After the partition of Poland, in 1807, many Poles entered the French Service, and a body of Polish Light Horse was formed, which, two years later, Napoleon converted into Lancers. They formed part of the Imperial Guard, and showed splendid devotion to their master on more than one occasion. In 1810 Napoleon created a second Lancer regiment out of part of the Royal Dutch Guard, and they were known as the Scarlet Lancers. This method of arming cavalry proved so serviceable, that in 1811 Napoleon created more Lancer regiments, and attached one to each division of Cuirassiers.

It is curious to note that we had no Lancer regiments in our Army until after the battle of Waterloo. Not until a year later, namely, in 1816, were four regiments of Light Dragoons, the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 23rd (disbanded in 1817), converted into Lancer regiments. Seven years later another Light Dragoon regiment, the 17th ("Death or Glory" Boys), was added to the list of Lancer regiments, and in 1858 the old 5th (Royal Irish) Dragoons, which had been disbanded in 1799, was revived under the title of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers. Quite recently another Lancer regiment has been added by the conversion of the 21st Hussars into the 21st Lancers. This last-named regiment soon put their new weapons to practical use in the recent Soudan Campaign, and by their splendid charge at the battle of Omdurman won a glorious reputation for themselves.

There is a strong argument in favour of arming the front rank only with lances, even in the case of Lancer regiments, and that is, the source of danger which the rear rank men often are to the front rank in the charge. Wellington used to insist that the rear rank at close order was of no use to the front rank. And if this be true of Hussars—Wellington had no Lancers to deal with—it is doubly so of Lancers, for the rear rank charging at full speed 8-ft. behind the front rank, with their lances at the "carry" in the bucket, would not only be practically useless and helpless at the moment of impact, but would be a source of danger and trouble to the front rank.

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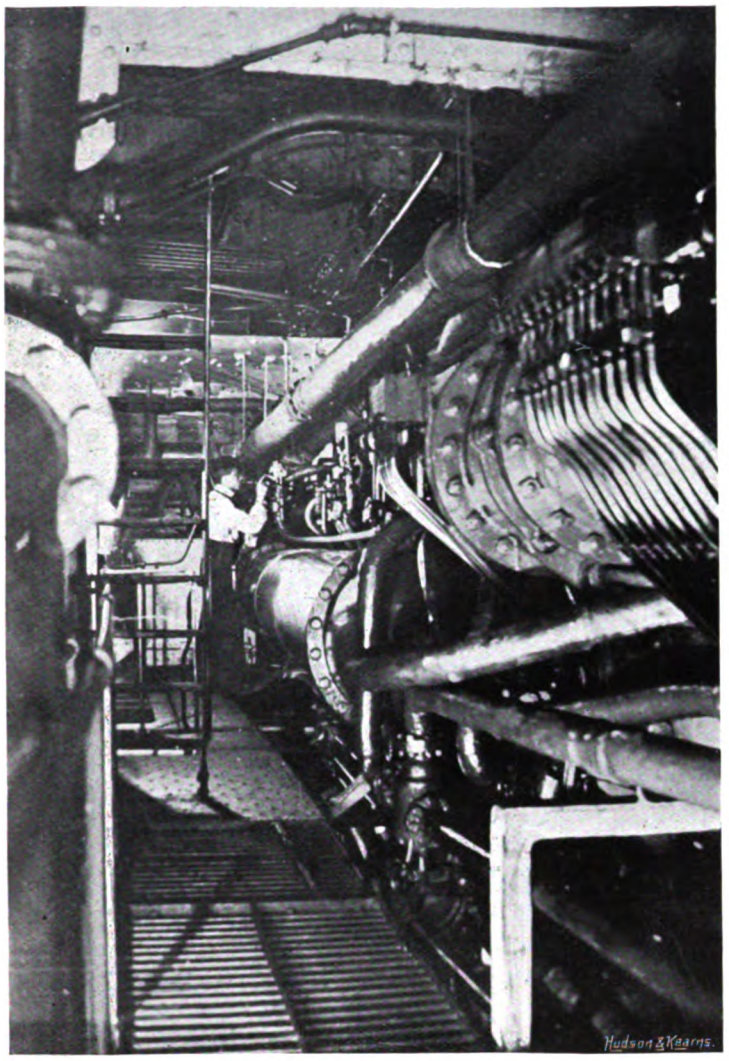
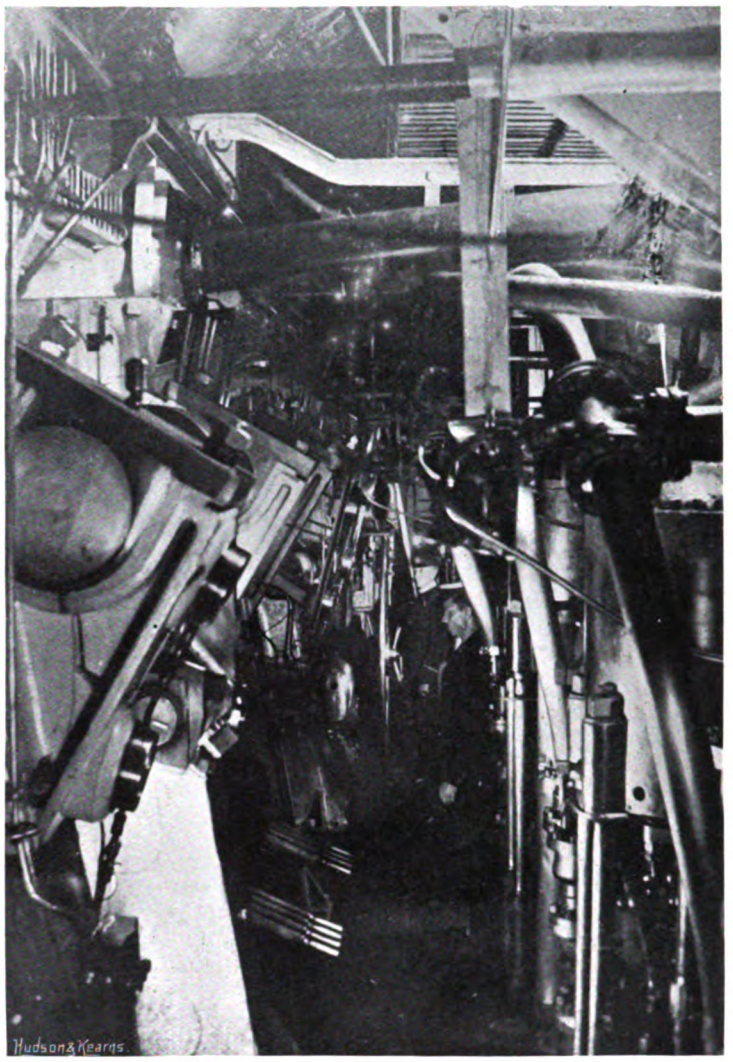
The Machinery of a Modern Cruiser.



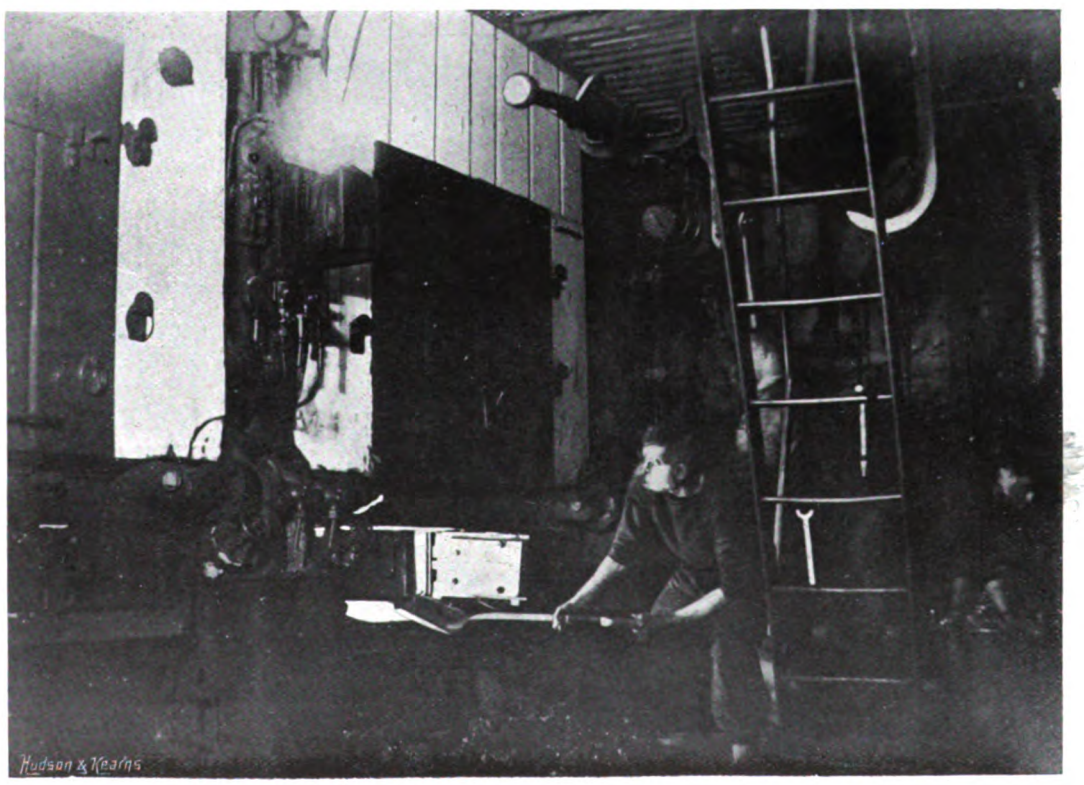
THE PORT MAIN ENGINES—Upper Platform, Feeding Indicator Diagrams.

MOST people have nowadays a superficial knowledge of steam machinery, but very few realise the different conditions under which it is worked on board a man-of-war to those which govern its use in a merchant steamer, a factory, or a railway train. Merchant steamers are, of course, the best comparison. In their case the machinery is run for a given time, at a given and, except as weather conditions or accident may enforce, unvarying rate of speed. It may be the great Atlantic liner, carrying its mails and passengers at a steady 20 knots, from Queenstown to Liverpool; or it may be the ocean tramp, carrying coal from Newcastle to Port Said, or ore from Bilbao to Cardiff, ploughing its way through blue water at a speed of 8 knots. With the war-ship, however, the conditions are quite different. During the night the squadron is proceeding on its course at a speed of 8 knots, next morning it will be practising steam tactics at a speed of 12 knots, and perhaps in the afternoon some of the ships may be required to get up steam for 18 knots or 20 knots, for scouting or despatch purposes. It requires, therefore, no great stretch of the imagination to realise that in all war-ships the engines must be of the very best make, and the boilers of a kind fitted to raise steam as rapidly as possible when occasion requires.



THE PORT MAIN ENGINES—Starting Platform, Looking Forward.

Moreover, they must be made as light and occupy as little space as possible, for both weight and space are a consideration. This week we reproduce for our readers a series of photographs illustrating the machinery and boilers of one of our mammoth cruisers.



Photos. H. Sharpe. *A STOKER AT WORK—FIRING UP.* Copyright

First, we show the upper and lower platforms of the port main engine-room. It is difficult for the lay mind to properly comprehend the labyrinth of pipes, rods, shafts, levers, and columns even when looking at the engines themselves from the engine-room platform, but some idea of the vast amount of machinery

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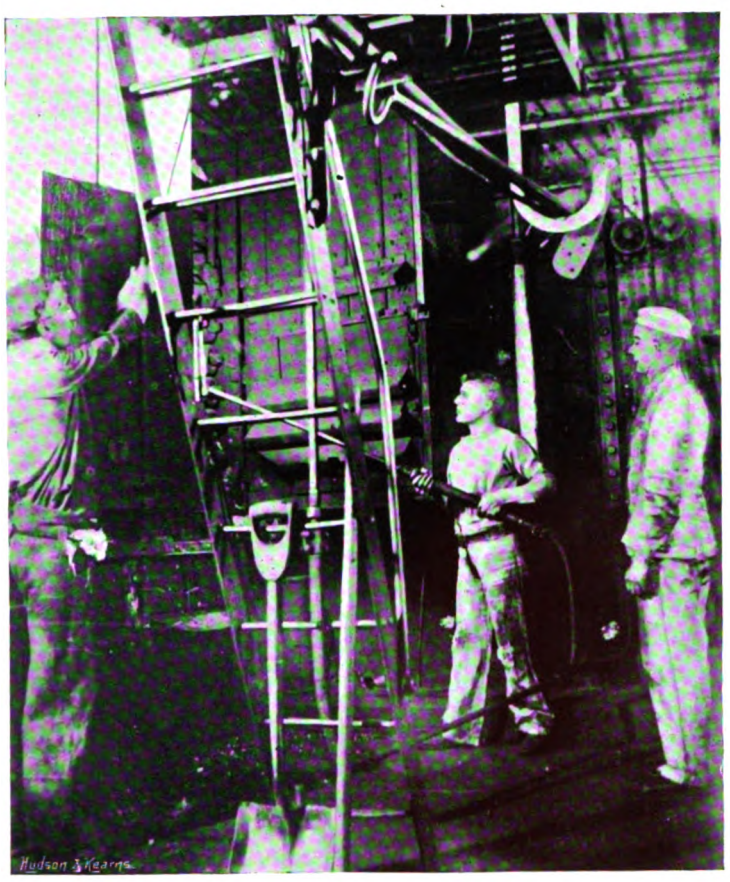

SWEEPING THE BOILER TUBES.

which is crowded into a small space may be gathered when it is remembered that although our largest cruisers are of less beam than our most modern battle-ships, their engines are of double the horse-power, and a much more difficult task is, therefore, imposed upon the engine-room staff, not only in working the engines, but in over-hauling and keeping them always in a state of efficiency.

Our next illustrations show the different phases of stoking the boilers, by which steam is generated and maintained in them at a fairly uniform pressure, for use in the various engines.

In "firing up" the coal is shovelled into the furnace and distributed over the grate by a stoker, and although this may appear to be a very simple operation, it is one which requires considerable skill. A good stoker will keep steam much more easily, and will use from 10 to 15 per cent. less coal to do it, than a careless stoker.

The operations of "devilling" and "slicing" are done for the purpose of removing all dirt and clinker which forms upon the grates of the furnaces, and which, if not cleared away, would prevent the passage of air through the spaces between the furnace bars, and so stop the fires from burning properly and generating steam.

Another illustration gives a view of some stokers "cleaning" fires. It occasionally happens that notwithstanding that the fires have been devilled and sliced, they continue to get dirty, and clinker and slag go on accumulating in them. There then remains nothing to be done but to burn the fires down a bit, and to rake them out completely, relaying the furnaces afterwards with fresh coal, and lighting the fires again with burning coal from other furnaces near. Slicing, devilling, and cleaning fires are extremely laborious and exhausting work, the glowing, scorching heat from the fires as they are being sliced or drawn being at times unbearable.

While this is being done, one stoker holds a shovel in front of the furnace, in order to shield the operator as much as possible, while another stoker stands by with a hose in readiness to play salt water upon the white-hot mass of clinker as it is hauled out upon the stokehold floor.

There is still one more operation necessary in order that the boilers may be able to generate steam efficiently. It is that of "sweeping tubes." The tubes of the boiler, which contain the water to be generated into steam, are always

THE STOKEHOLD OF A MODERN CRUISER.

enveloped in flame and smoke when the boiler is in use, and they gradually get covered with a deposit of grit and soot, which intercepts the heat, and prevents its passage through the metal of the tubes to the water inside them. It is necessary to clear this soot and grit away, and this is done by opening the smoke-box doors of the boiler, and inserting a steam jet or blow-pipe between the various rows of tubes, the jet of steam blowing off the deposit of soot, etc., which afterwards finds its way up the funnels. In steaming with a group of boilers the various operations of stoking are carried out alternately, by which means steam is maintained at a constant and uniform pressure.

Finally, we have a picture showing the stokehold of a modern cruiser. In this stokehold there are four Belleville boilers, with their equipment of feed engine, air-blowing engine, fan engine, gauges, telegraphs, ash-cooling apparatus, steam-tube sweeping gear, ash-hoisting gear, fire-irons, and cone buckets.

Photos. H. Sharpe. STOKERS CLEANING FIRES Copyright

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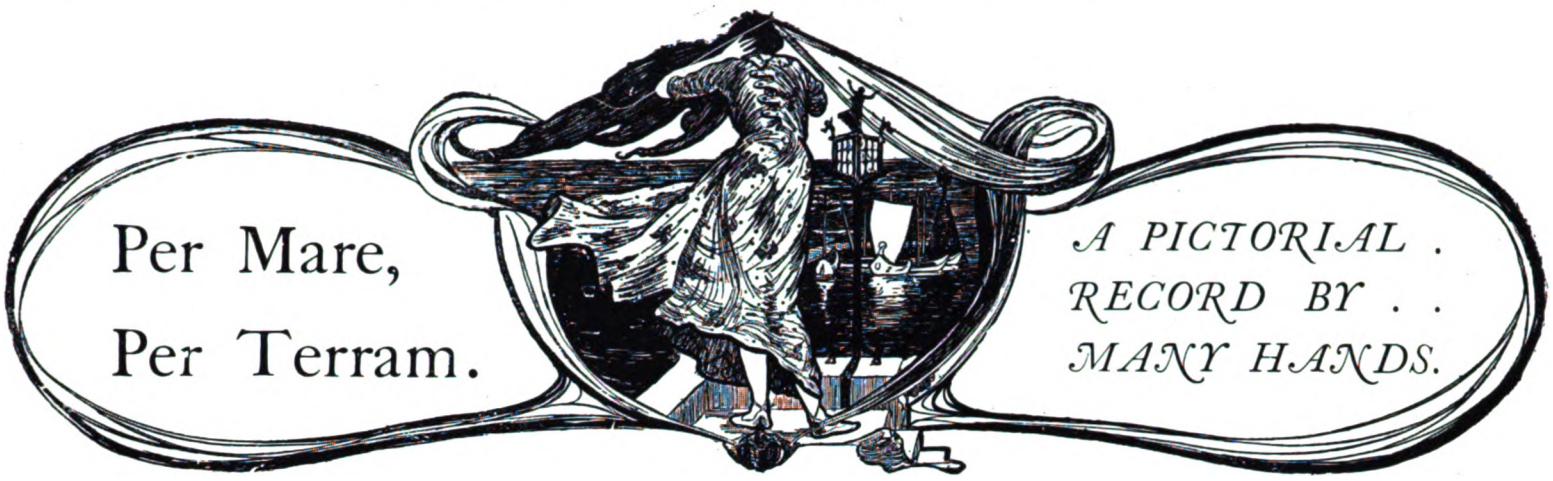

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, as we still love to call him, was lately on a visit to Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and the accompanying portrait of him is the latest that has been taken. It will be noticed that he wears his uniform as Admiral of the Fleet, probably the dress of all others of which he is the most fond and proud. For the Prince's connection with the Royal Navy has been one of great reality, as he has held many important appointments, and he left behind him in the Service the reputation of being one of the ablest flag-officers we possess. He has been Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves, has commanded both the Channel and Mediterranean stations, and has been Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. It is evident, therefore, that his experience as a flag-officer has been of a very varied character. When His Royal Highness, in the August of 1893, became reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in succession to his uncle, the late Duke Ernest II., he retained his position on the list of Admirals of the Fleet—to which rank he had only very recently been appointed—by a special Order in Council. In addition to being Admiral of the Fleet he is also personal aide-de-camp to the Queen, and honorary colonel of the Royal Marine Forces. *Apropos* of this last, it is worth noting that when he was at Portsmouth, the officers, past and present, of the corps took the occasion of its being the year of celebration of his silver wedding to present him with a memento of his long connection with their corps. This took the shape of a pair of exquisite silver statuettes, representing a gunner of the Royal Marine Artillery and a private of the Royal Marine Light Infantry in marching order. At the annual dinner of the regiment, held a few days afterwards, his thanks were conveyed to the assembled officers, who heartily cheered His Royal Highness. In fact, the Prince, in spite of his having become a German reigning Sovereign, keeps close touch with that Service of which he is so fond, and in which he was so popular.

Photo. Russell. Copyright

H.R.H. ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

APROPOS of the Coburg succession, the Army hails with delight the announcement that the Duke of Connaught has decided not to accept the right of succession, which fell to him at the death of the lamented Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh's only son. As he himself puts it, he prefers to remain a British Prince and a British soldier. Neither could he have done had he not passed on his right to the succession to the young Duke of Albany. And the Duke of Connaught is as keen and popular a soldier as his Royal brother is a sailor; his connection with the Army has been as close, practical, and continuous as has that of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Royal Navy. In our picture he is shown with typical surroundings, for it was taken the other day, when the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by the Duke and several of the headquarters staff of the Army, paid a visit of inspection to Dover and Shorncliffe. In the picture the Duke of Connaught is in the centre. The officer on his right, wearing the new staff cap and showing a brave array of medals, is Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, who commands the South-Eastern District. Next to Sir Leslie is Lord Harris, who commands the East Kent Mounted Rifles, the Yeomanry regiment which bears the Duke's title, of which he is honorary colonel, and to inspect which he took the opportunity during his visit. On the Duke's left comes the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, while next to him is Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., the Adjutant-General. A little to Sir Evelyn's left and behind him is Major-General Hallam Parr, now commanding at Shorncliffe, and who made such a brilliant reputation in South Africa and Egypt. It is, indeed, an extremely interesting illustration, and few will deny that the Duke has done well to stick to the Army and throw in his lot with the comrades-in-arms who here surround him.

Photo. Lambert Weston & Son. Copyright

A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS

THE picture given herewith represents a few members of a small — but withal important — division of the Chinese Army, viz., the "Boy Soldiers" who form a part of each of the eight "Banner Regiments" of the Celestial Empire. To each of these corps

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there is attached a proportion of youths for the purpose of training them in military arts, prior to their enrolment in the ranks of their elders. They are drilled in precisely the same manner as the men, and for arms are provided with flintlock muzzle-loading muskets of ancient design and manufacture. As the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, so are these weapons made especially light for their youthful bearers. The uniform and equipment of the boys is of practically the same description as that worn by the adult members of the "Banner Regiments" to which they are attached. We are indebted for the illustration to a member of the British Consulate at Canton.

"BOY SOLDIERS" OF CHINA.

From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

A BIG HAUL.

A MAGNIFICENT fish is here illustrated, which was killed by an explosion of gun-cotton when Lieutenant Lees, the torpedo lieutenant of the "Doris," was breaking up a wreck at Simonstown. The fish is known by South Africans as the Steenbrass, and runs very large. This monster weighed no less than 100-lb. when dry, and the midshipman standing by it is a strapping youth nearly 5-ft. 8-in. in height.

BY no means the least important of the non-commissioned officers of the 1st Scots Guards are the two here depicted, Pipe-Major Henry Fraser, and Drum-Major John Adair. (We prefer, as the Service always does, except officially, to use the old titles.) Pipe-Major Fraser was, before he joined the Service, for three and a-half years piper to the late Lord Lovat, the father of the present head of the Fraser clan. He joined the Scots Guards as a piper seventeen years ago, and has now for nearly ten years been pipe-major of his battalion. Pipe-Major Fraser is renowned in the regiment as a rifle shot, and is a member of the battalion sergeants' team, and the winner of many prizes. Drum-Major John Adair has put in nearly thirty years' service, and, as will be seen by the medals that decorate his breast, has war service to his credit. He wears the medal and star for the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, with clasp for Tel-el-Kebir. He wears also the Jubilee medal, and that for long service and good conduct, and holds the position of household drummer to the Queen. The winsome little laddie who forms the centre of the group is the pipe-major's five-year-old son, who has already been entered to the pipes, and whom he hopes one day to see pipe-major of the 1st Scots Guards.

Photo. *Ball.*

PIPE-MAJOR AND DRUM-MAJOR 1st SCOTS GUARDS.

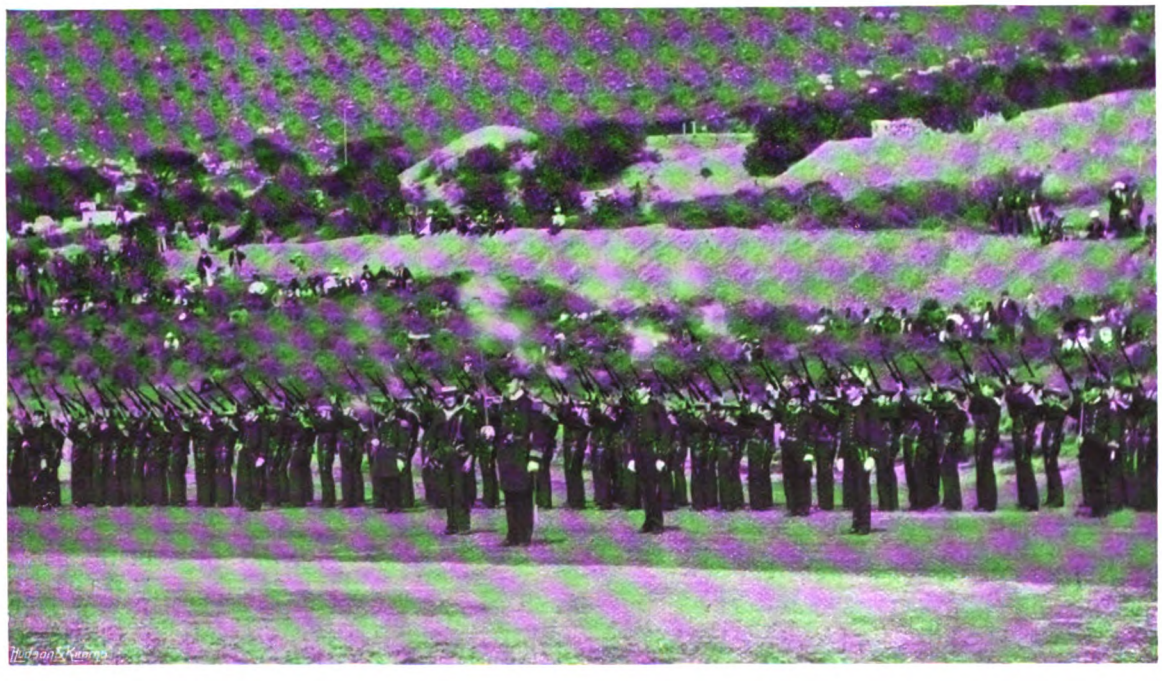

Photo. L. Jenks, Simonstown, S.A. Copyright

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY NAVAL REVIEW IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SIMONSTOWN, of course, like every town, village, or hamlet in the whole Empire where the Union Jack flies, loyally celebrated Her Majesty's Birthday; and she did so in a particularly unique fashion, for she signalised it by holding the first Naval review ever held in Simonstown. Simonstown is, as our readers know, the Naval station some few miles from Cape Town, which is the headquarters of the Cape station. In our illustration the Naval brigade which was landed is seen in the act of firing the *feu-de-joie* which invariably honours the natal day of Her Most Gracious Majesty. Perhaps no Naval station gives more opportunities to our Bluejackets for seeing service on shore than does the Cape, and we may be sure that if the fine body here shown have ever to be

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landed for real active service they will give an excellent account of themselves.

AN interesting and busy scene is that here given, which represents American transports embarking reinforcements and stores for the citizen soldiers who are upholding "old Glory" in the last-acquired dependency of the United States. The States has had her work cut out for her in the Philippines, but there is no doubt that she will do what she has laid her hand to wisely and well, and soon restore peace and civilisation to that much-vexed archipelago, which has of late years suffered so much.

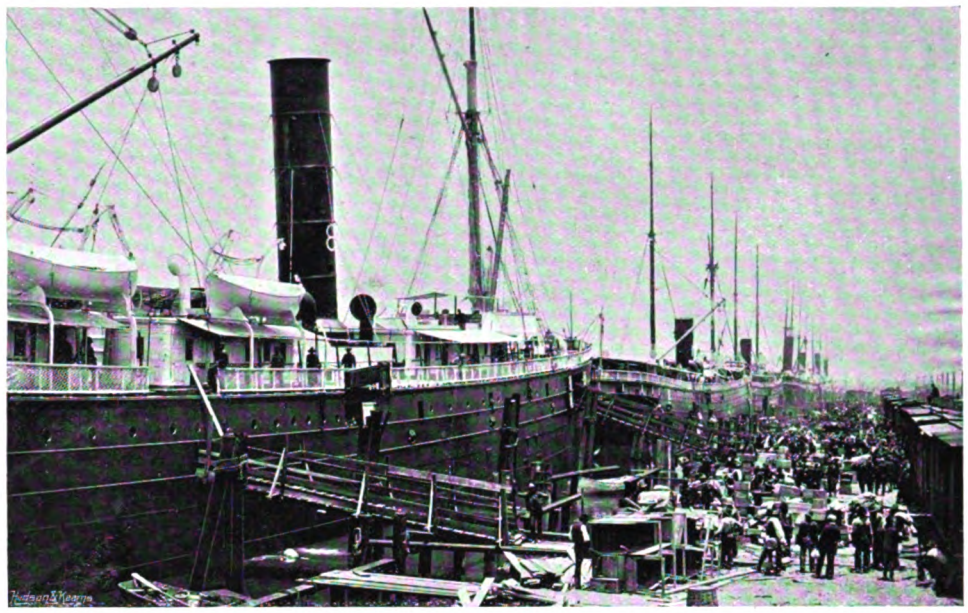

Photo. A Connor. *REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE PHILIPPINES* Copyright

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THE illustration which fills the lower portion of the first column of this page comes to us from France, and in it we see a group which shows that physical drill is not neglected in the French Army. It takes, however, a somewhat different form to ours, for the squad here depicted is receiving a lesson in boxing, an exercise which we allow our young soldiers to pick up independently in the gymnasium.

A PRETTY scene is that here represented, and one offering a most interesting historical contrast. In the foreground are two of the mighty battleships of the Channel Squadron, the "Resolution" and the "Prince George." They represent the very latest types of first-class battleships that we have now in commission, for the "Resolution"—or "Resy," as she is generally known in the squadron—is the prototype of all the battle-ships that have been built since the Naval Defence Act, and the "Prince George" is but an improved "Resy." And now compare these two with the old wooden hulk in the background and you get the difference between the Navy of forty years ago and that of to-day. For this old craft, now lying as a quarantine hulk at Motherbank, is the "Edgar," that was in 1865 the flag-ship of the last Channel Squadron that had wooden ships, and flew the flag of Sir S. C. Dacres when the French fleet visited Spithead after fifty years of peace between the two nations. The name "Edgar" is one of the oldest in the Navy, dating from the Stuart period.

Photo. Symonds & Co. *Portsmouth.*

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

IN the picture at the foot of this column we have a few members of the British Army who can boast that they have visited France in uniform. They are the band of the Kettering Rifles (a section of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment), here shown as it marched through Dieppe, which place it had visited to take part in a great musical competition. Over sixty bands

From a Photo. *by a Military Officer.*

TEACHING FRENCH SOLDIERS "LE BOXE."

Photo. W. Wood. Copyright

ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS ON FRENCH SOIL.

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competed, and the Kettering band well upheld its reputation, as it carried off no less than two of the chief prizes, of a money value of about £40. The visit was in every way a success.

AFTER his visit to Dover and Shorncliffe the Duke of Connaught went on to the Isle of Wight to inspect another regiment of which he shares with the Duke of Wellington the honour of being honorary colonel, viz., the Duke of Connaught's Own Hants and Isle of Wight Artillery. In our illustration the Duke is seated in the centre of the picture surrounded by the officers of the regiment, which is commanded by Colonel Moore-Lane, an old "gunner."

He was taken over to Sandown in the "Fire Queen," the Service yacht of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and after inspecting the fortifications dined with the officers of his regiment at the Ocean Hotel.

Photo. Hughes & Mullins. Copyright

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND OFFICERS HANTS AND I. OF W. ARTILLERY MILITIA

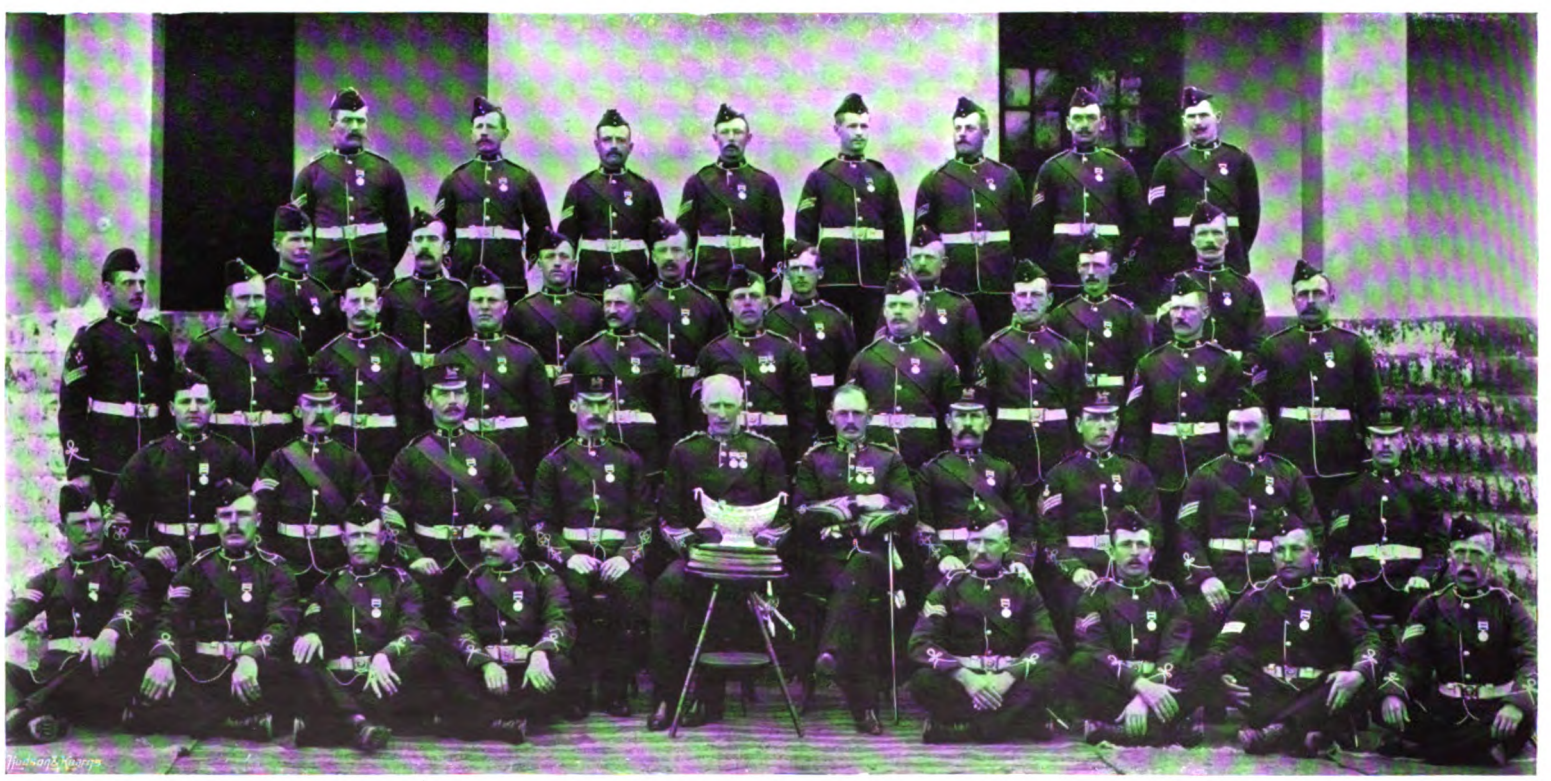
Captain Watson. Major Hulse. Lieutenant Nicholson. Lieutenant Knight.
Major Lainson. Colonel Moore-Lane. H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught. Lieut.-Col. Clayton. Major Gordon.

Photo. Lambert Weston & Son. *HEADQUARTERS STAFF, S.E. DISTRICT.* Copyright

THE South-Eastern command is that last inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, and the centre illustration of this page shows Major-General Sir H. M. L. Rundle, who commands the district, surrounded by the members of the headquarters staff. The major-general is seated in the centre of the picture, and is easily recognisable by the mass of orders and medals which bear ample testimony to the amount of war service he has seen. The tall figure attired in the uniform of the 1st Royal Dragoons who stands behind the general is his aide-de-camp, Captain Prince Francis of Teck.

VERY typical of a smart corps is the group in the bottom picture, which shows us the colonel, adjutant, warrant officers, staff sergeants, and sergeants of the 1st Battalion the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).

It will be noticed that scarce a man is undecorated, and one or two wear both the old and the last Indian General Service medals, which shows that they served both in Burmah and on the North-West Frontier. Colonel Collins, for example, does so, as also the adjutant, Captain W. J. T. Glasgow, who is seated on the colonel's left.



THE NON-COMS. OF THE "QUEEN'S."

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The Fighting in the Philippines.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

MANILA, *June 2.*

FROM day to day the work goes on of extending the area under control and forcing the insurgents back. It is slow work, and it does not surprise Americans here (much less Englishmen, who know more than Americans about undertakings of this kind) to find that stay-at-home philosophers of the type of Mr. Dooley are beginning to jeer. The facetious critic finds his opening on such occasions, and those who are bearing the burden can no more afford time to wipe him off than they can to stop and argue with the ubiquitous mosquito, whom the chortling critic closely resembles. There may be some, however, who feel disposed to think there is something in the depreciatory criticisms of the American Anti-Expansionist, who is first cousin of the Little Englander, and similar to him in shortness of memory, obliquity of vision, and abnormal development of the imagination. There is, after all, nothing like an honest photograph for chronicling indisputable facts. Here, for instance, is a scene at Malolos railway station. It is only a month or two ago that Malolos was the impregnable capital of the insurgents, the inaccessible seat of Aguinaldo's government. Untold difficulties stood in the way of the American troops—fortified posts, carefully-planned ambuscades, great ravines, troublesome brushwood, lack of means of transit, and desperate determination on the part o' Brownie to resist to the death. We in Manila knew nothing of the country, and here we were at a disadvantage as compared with the gentlemen at home, who seemed quite familiar with all its features, just as they are with all the rest of the world when occasion requires. We could not meet these criticisms at the time, but here is the best answer that can be given. This unpretentious building was the seat of the impregnable government which was to defy American generalship. It has now reverted to its original use as a peaceful suburban station. The natives who hang about it are the only specimens now in sight at Malolos of the untamed warriors whose unquenchable hostility was to have successfully baffled the advance of the civilised forces. The ambuscades, the treacherous ravines, and impenetrable brushwood were there all right as predicted, but a way has been found. The illustration gives a fair indication of the kind of country selected by Brownie for his points of defence, and his choice does him credit. Long combat with the Spaniards has sharpened his military wits, and at some of these points there has been a sacrifice of life, but it has been the brown skins as a rule that have been pricked. The actual loss of life on the American side in the advance to Malolos would have hardly

MALOLOS RAILWAY STATION.

THE RIGHT SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH.

THE PRIDE OF THE COMMISSARIAT.

From Photos. *CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.* *By Our Own Correspondent.*

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done credit to a latter-day labour dispute or a well-contested Presidential election. Transport difficulties were duly encountered, just as per programme. They have been as good as was said, and more also. The principal means of transport, when the railway was temporarily destroyed by the Filipinos, was the carabao. The carabao needs no description beyond the illustration, unless it is in the words of Kipling, adapted for the occasion :

"It's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat carabao an' 'is commissariat load."

"The 'orse—'e knows above a bit,
The bullock is a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman,
The mule—'e's just a mule."

"But the commissariat carabao, when all is said and done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan child in one."

The railway, however, is being restored as a going concern, and as the only substantial stone buildings in the interior of the Philippines are the Catholic churches, which the natives fail to appreciate as such, these are being used for fresh purposes. Caloocan Church, shown in an accompanying illustration, has been the headquarters of General MacArthur's division, after serving the rebels for the same purpose. The Kansas, Montana, and Iowa Volunteer Regiments, the Utah Volunteer Artillery, and the 3rd Regiment Artillery stormed it after a stiff fight, Dewey playing a heavy prelude with shell from the bay, about two miles off. The Manila-Dagupan railway and a small local steam tram-line both pass through Caloocan, and have been in good working order for some time under the American transport staff, conveying men and stores to the front. Some humourist has been busying himself painting on the cars the inscription "Kansas and Utah short line railroad." A further picture shows the Montana Regiment entrenched in rice-fields before Caloocan. The rice-fields make admirable entrenchments, for rice is grown in water, and the practice of the native cultivators is to level patches of ground dead-flat and bank up the edges, thus keeping the water upon the fields about an inch deep. In the dry season there is no water, and only the embankments remain. There are great stretches of country exactly like this—hundreds of square miles of little flat banked-up rice-patches, with clumps of bamboo here and there, and this is all the landscape there is in these parts.

CALOOCAN CHURCH AS A DEPOT.

MONTANAS IN THE RICE-FIELDS.

The California Volunteer Regiment has done a great deal of work in the outskirts of Manila. The men are here shown parading on the Luneta at Manila. They are among those who are accused of having expressed dissatisfaction at their retention in the Philippines. Nevertheless, there are many of them who are attracted by the rich prospects of lucrative trade afforded at Manila, and who purpose establishing themselves here permanently as cultivators, traders, or artisans as the case may be.

The horrors of war are depicted in the illustration of a scene in the rebel trenches beyond Santa Ana, in which the effect of American shrapnel is shown, the wretched victims being mangled, burnt, and torn to pieces, so that one would scarcely recognise that they had ever been living human creatures.

The Filipinos have apparently had enough fighting for the present to make them feel that there are other things to live for beside bloodshed Consequently, we hear from day to day of deputations from Aguinaldo, who first asked for an armistice of three weeks, and when that was absolutely refused, came back with a cool request for a suspension of hostilities over all the islands for three months! Evidently they are cooling down, but the preposterous nature of these requests shows that they need further lessons yet before we really settle down to the arts of peace.

From Photos. THE EFFECT OF SHRAPNEL *By Our Own Correspondent.*

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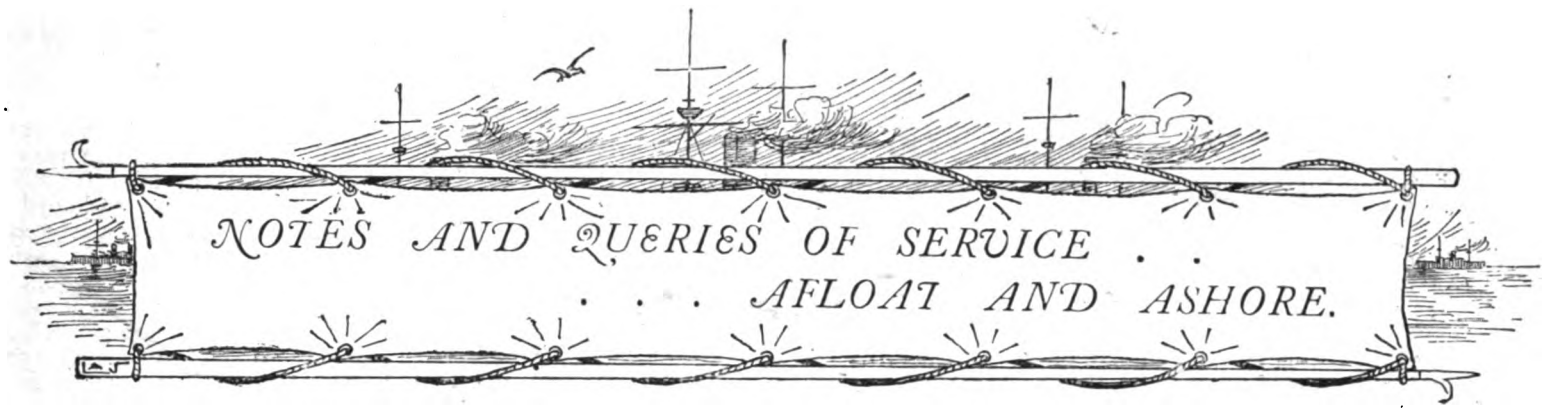

THE fine portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in uniform as colonel of the 10th Hussars, which forms our frontispiece to-day, is a pleasant reminder of the long and very close association of the Heir Apparent with a number of different branches of the Service. In the case of the 10th Hussars, the association is rendered the more intimate by the fact that it is the only Regular corps in which H.R.H. is actually a regimental colonel, having held that appointment since April, 1863. In the case of five other regiments he is colonel-in-chief, the appointments bearing date as follows: Rifle Brigade, August 3, 1868; 1st Life Guards, 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards, May 29, 1880; and Gordon Highlanders, June 11, 1898. His Royal Highness is also honorary colonel of a number of regiments, including the 4th Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire, the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers, and as captain-general and colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company of London he will lead that ancient corps past the Queen at Windsor to-day. As regards Army rank, the Prince of Wales became a brevet-colonel on his seventeenth birthday (November 9, 1858), and a full general four years later. He was gazetted a field-marshal on May 29, 1875, and in the list of officers carrying the bâton comes next to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

* * * *

"T C. A."—The "Resistance" and "Defence," the two first vessels built as "rams," carried double topsail yards when they were first commissioned, but the rig did not find favour, and they were subsequently altered, the "Defence" to a ship, and the "Resistance" to a barque, with the ordinary masts and yards. As drill aloft was in those days considered essential, and was carried out with immense rivalry in squadrons, probably the absence of royal yards and proper top-gallant masts was regarded as a drawback from this point of view; but when the Channel Squadron was in a gale off Lisbon in 1863 the two "rams" were considerably more snug and comfortable than the other vessels, with far less trouble to and exposure of the men. The "Agincourt" and "Minotaur" were, I believe, supplied at the outset with three square-rigged and two fore and aft rigged masts, with the ordinary yards; they are now barque-rigged. The barque rig was not commonly used in the old sailing days of the Navy, but there were a good many barque-rigged vessels among the sloops soon after the introduction of steam. The old sailing corvettes were almost always ship-rigged, though many of them were ridiculously small, according to modern ideas; the mizen royal yard of such a vessel was the merest broomstick, and appeared perilously slight for a man to lay out on. The brigs came next, and there were at one time a considerable number of brigantines, schooners, and cutters, which were equivalent to the modern steam gun-boat, and went all over the world, though many of them were by no means as large or seaworthy as the coasting craft of to-day. The barque-rigged vessel which was shown in No. 115 is the "Cruiser"; she was built as a composite screw sloop—under another name—in 1879; her engines were removed some years ago, and she is now a training-ship in the Mediterranean, the young seamen being sent to her in turn to learn handiness aloft.

* * * *

"WHEELMAN."—Military cycles have been tried on a large scale during the recent manœuvres in Germany and France. There have also been competitive trials in Italy between the folding cycle and the ordinary cycle of the Italian Engineers. Both patterns are reported to have given excellent results, notwithstanding the heavy rains which prevailed during the greater part of the month devoted to these exercises. The roads were covered with mud, but that circumstance was all in favour of the folding cycle, which was slung on the backs of the men when the roads became difficult, and for which it is claimed that it can be carried as easily as a haversack. This machine, invented by Captain Gerard, of the French infantry, thus forms no impediment to the cyclists marching and acting as ordinary infantry, and it seems still to hold the favourite place as a military bicycle. "Wheelman" should look up our previous articles on the subject.

* * * *

"C. B." wishes to know what is the procedure as regards the funerals of distinguished officers dying on half-pay? Unless the Government accords a State funeral, as was the case with the Duke of Wellington, who at the time of his death occupied the post of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, troops can be sent, but they go without arms, and there are no volleys fired over the grave. This was the method adopted when General Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, was buried at Portsmouth, near the garrison church. In connection with the funerals of great men, it is interesting to recall that the lying in state of Nelson was at the Painted Hall, Greenwich Hospital, while that of Wellington was at Chelsea Hospital, and both lie beneath the dome of St. Paul's. Nelson's funeral cost £14,698 11s. 6d.; while as regards his famous political contemporaries, Pitt's funeral cost £6,045 2s. 6d., and for Fox there was no State ceremonial at all.

* * * *

"HORSE-SHOE."—Yes, aluminium has been tried as a material for horse-shoes, and has been found to answer well. This metal has been used in the manufacture of camp utensils, and various parts of the soldier's equipment, in several continental Armies, but whether it will be generally adopted is as yet uncertain. Its lightness, durability, and extreme cleanliness render it the best material yet discovered for coming into contact with and carrying the drinking-water, tea, coffee, soup, and other food of the men. With regard, however, to its suitability for horse-shoes, the expense of the metal may be an obstacle, but it is believed that an alloy of aluminium can be produced at a cost low enough to secure its extensive employment in the manufacture of Army horse-shoes. The weight of the ordinary iron shoe constantly tends to loosen the nails and drag the shoe from the hoof. The aluminium shoe certainly keeps a firmer hold of the foot, resists the action of the acids inseparable from a stable, and has several other advantages over the common pattern.

* * * *

"SEA LAWYER."—"Bottomry" is a contract for borrowing money upon the keel or bottom of a ship; that is to say, the master of a ship binds the ship herself as a security for the loan. Another form of "bottomry" is lending money to a merchant on the hazard of a voyage, *i.e.*, the lender agrees to risk his money on the safety of a ship, and on the chance of receiving a high rate of interest if the voyage is a successful one. In the event of the loss of the ship, the lender has no claim against the borrower either for the sum advanced or for the premium. "Bottomry" may, therefore, be described as the highest form of marine gambling, the premium being usually a very high one, in consideration of the risks involved, but varying, of course, according to the nature of the voyage, the condition of the ship, etc.

* * * *

MOST people have probably forgotten that at the beginning of this century commissions in the Army were openly bought and sold. Mrs. Clarke, the stone-mason's wife, and mistress to the Duke of York, was, however, able to undersell the regulation price considerably. As Sir John Ashton says in the "Dawn of the Nineteenth Century," "Her scale of prices, compared with those of the regulation, were very tempting, resulting in a great saving to the recipient of the commission." Sir John gives the following table:

	Mrs. Clarke's Price.	*Regulation Price.*
A Majority	£900	£2,600
A Captaincy ...	700	1,500
A Lieutenancy ...	400	550
An Ensigncy ...	200	400

The scandal became so great that on January 27, 1809, a Parliamentary Committee was moved for and granted. Some attempt to whitewash the Duke of York was inevitable, and was made by the committee of investigation, but public opinion expressed itself so strongly on the scandals that the Duke had to resign.

* * * *

"ANNAPOLIS."—The Navy of the United States can scarcely be said to have had an independent existence prior to the establishment of the Navy Department in 1798. Before that time officers were selected from the merchant service and apportioned to the small number of ships provided by Congress, preference being given to those who had distinguished themselves during the Revolution. In 1797 the commencement of a new system was made by appointing to each ship eight midshipmen selected by the President from civil life, without any limitation as to age, education, or fitness. No provision, however, was made for the professional education of the young officers, and they had to pick up their work as best they could by keeping their eyes and ears open. In 1802 special instructions were issued to commanding officers to see that the "schoolmasters," *i.e.*, the chaplains, did their best to instruct the midshipmen in the science of their profession, while the young gentlemen themselves were informed that to acquire a competent knowledge of Naval tactics was a part of the duty they owed to their country. The chief drawback to this arrangement was that the "schoolmasters" themselves were frequently wholly ignorant of the subjects which they were expected to teach, having been selected at haphazard, and having undergone no special training. In 1813 a class of professional schoolmasters was introduced, but their appointment was limited to ships of the line, while the conditions of service and scale of remuneration were such as only to attract persons of inferior qualifications. In 1833 there appear to have been three Naval schools connected with the Navy yards at Boston, New York, and Norfolk respectively, but attendance at these, though recommended, was not compulsory, nor were would-be students even allowed their travelling expenses. It was not until 1845 that, after repeated representations to Congress, the present Naval Academy at Annapolis was founded.

* * * *

"E. P."—Whether the terms "bill" and "billed-men" are still used in any part of the Army I cannot say. I know, however, that in one at least of the regiments of Guards these phrases were employed up to forty years ago. "Bill" signified the punishment of confinement to barracks, and "billed-men" were those whose liberty was thus curtailed. I have made diligent search in books of military antiquities and customs without finding any trace of the word. I have, however, been told by a veteran officer, who was a Guards' adjutant in the first quarter of the century, that originally—though he did not say that it had lasted down to his time in its ancient form—men confined to barracks had a log fastened to one of their legs. Hence, no doubt, the word "bill," derived almost certainly from the French word *bille*, a billet.

THE EDITOR.

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The New Royal Naval College.

By DAVY JONES.

IN a remote corner of Devonshire, and on the right bank of the river Dart, stands the ancient and picturesque town of Dartmouth. Narrow streets, innumerable flights of steps, old houses with projecting gables, villas nestling snugly on the hillsides, everywhere clad with a most luxuriant vegetation—such are the things that first present themselves to the wondering gaze of the traveller who has just arrived at Dartmouth.

The Dart itself is, as many are aware, a very pretty river, confined between high and steep hills uniformly clad with verdure and trees, save where a village or creek diversifies the scenery and allows it to expand into a large sheet of water. Such a creek exists a very short way from Dartmouth, at Dittisham, a quaint-looking village with neat cottages, from the doors of which peer black-eyed and black-haired maidens, whose foreign looks form a singular contrast with the people of other parts.

The port of Dartmouth, being land-locked, is very safe, hence during the summer months it is the resort of numerous yachts. Such is the spot the Lords of the Admiralty have selected for the erection of the New Royal Naval College, which is destined to replace the old training-ship "Britannia." The New Naval College will occupy a site known as the Mount Boone estate, about 200-ft. above the river Dart, and from which is seen a beautiful prospect over river, sea, and surrounding country. The college itself, as may be judged from the illustration given last week, will be a beautiful structure, and, what is still better, it will be well adapted for the work in hand, and be far more comfortable and healthy a place of residence than the old ships in which Naval cadets are at present trained.

The front of the college will have a southern aspect, and will be approached from the river by a somewhat circuitous road leading to a central covered drive terminating in a splendid flight of steps, and leading to the main entrance of the college. From that central road branch off two other roads which lead up to the terrace itself. In front of and all around the college are extensive grounds, which are being laid out in a very tasteful manner, so as to preserve as much of the natural beauties imparted to them by woods and copses as the necessary alterations permit. A good deal of that work is now finished, and if everything is completed in as satisfactory a manner there will be no reason to find fault with anything.

So far the playing fields have been arranged in terraces, and one of them, the old cricket field, has been beautifully levelled, and is now being used, to the great delight of all, and especially of the cadets who have learnt how to appreciate a piece of flat ground in or about Dartmouth. The fact that the building itself will have a frontage of between 700-ft. and 800-ft. is sufficient to enable anyone to form an idea of its extent and importance. The whole structure will consist of semi-detached blocks of buildings raised on a terrace 34-ft. wide, to be known as the "Cadets' Terrace," and overlooked at one end by the windows of the captain's morning room, and at the other by those of the ward-room. At each end of the building are also smaller terraces for the captain and officers. Under the Cadets' Terrace is another one, covered over, which will be used as a playground in bad weather.

The interior of the building will contain a large hall, 90-ft. by 50-ft., and round it a series of class-rooms, besides a lecture-room, a steam study, a seamanship-room, and a reading-room. The dormitories will be on each side of the central line of the building. They will be arranged in pairs, with a lieutenant's room between each pair, and as the cadets will sleep in hammocks, and not in beds, special fittings will be provided for the slinging of hammocks and the reception of the cadets' sea chests. On the western side of the building will be found the cadets' dining hall and officers' quarters, whilst the eastern end will contain the captain's house and a chapel for 300 persons. The college itself is to accommodate 260 cadets, irrespectively of officers and staff.

The sanitary arrangements are on an ample scale, and nothing will be neglected to ensure their being as perfect as money and science can make them. Sick quarters, with sixty beds, will be built on the western side, and will consist of infectious and non-infectious wards, a doctor's house, and quarters for the staff of nurses. In short, nothing has been left to chance. Everything has been thought out, studied, and then incorporated in the plans, and that to such an extent that there is every reason to anticipate that when the building has been completed it will be found that nothing essential has been omitted or overlooked. The college is to be built of Portland stone and red bricks, and the roof covered with green slates.

The architect is Mr. Aston Webb, who was recently made an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Courts-Martial.

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

FROM time immemorial poets and authors have indulged in playful platitudes tending to scoff at Law as a peculiarly dry and dreary subject. More particularly has legal procedure been derided—Bardell *v.* Pickwick is one out of a hundred familiar instances—as containing the fewest possible elements of picturesqueness and romance. Yet, quite apart from the enthusiasm with which the *tot magna volumina legis* naturally inspire the real lawyer, there are, of course, many aspects in which Law has a singular fascination for the lay mind. With the lurid attractiveness of criminal law many skilful writers, notably Major Arthur Griffiths, have rendered us familiar. Nor is there wanting, at the Law Courts and Assizes, evidence that the outward and visible signs of the majesty of the Law have a genuine impressiveness for a nation which ranks justice next to freedom as a most cherished attribute.

Military Law is to some extent a thing apart, although, of course, it is essentially compacted of the same principles as those which render the civil law of England perhaps the greatest of all secular institutions. The civilian reader, by the way, may be cautioned not to confuse Military Law, which finds its highest form of expression in the Court-martial, with the "Martial Law" which is only proclaimed in circumstances of peculiar necessity or outrageous disturbance. We need not stay to recapitulate the painful instances of Martial Law in our own annals, but, by way of emphasising the distinction between Martial Law and the Law which governs a Court-martial, an admirable answer made by the Duke of Wellington may be quoted. He was asked to define Martial Law, and he defined it simply, neatly, and most accurately, as "no law at all!"

Now there is no mistaking the legal character of Military Law. The official manual of the subject—at this moment unfortunately out of print, but in course of reproduction—is a serious and most comprehensive work, to which several distinguished lawyers have contributed treatises. In any case it stands to reason that, as Courts-martial have the power of sentencing not only to imprisonment and degradation, but to death, they would never be tolerated as a peaceful institution unless they were conducted in strict accord with the principles of ordinary law and justice.

As to the attractiveness of Military Law as a study, it must be admitted that here we are on doubtful ground. There is no getting over the fact that Military Law in the abstract is anything but exhilarating, and of all the subjects in which the British officer is required to make himself reasonably proficient this is the least popular, and the one in which anything like distinction is least frequently attained. This is doubtless partly due to the fact that military crime is, in itself, as a rule, profoundly uninteresting. The manifold and thrilling question of marital infidelity, for instance, is not dealt with by Military Law. Where embezzlement is revealed it is usually the case of some unfortunate pay-sergeant in whom his captain has wrongly placed reliance, and who has misappropriated perhaps twenty or thirty pounds, not that of a Jabez Balfour, or an absconding cashier who has levanted with securities to the amount of many thousands. Even military murders are usually devoid of any but coarsely revolting features, the crime having generally been committed from motives of crude revenge, and in circumstances rendering detection prompt and easy.

The above facts notwithstanding, the study of Military Law in the concrete form of a Court-martial is not without a certain interest, while even from a spectacular standpoint a civilian may well be impressed by forms and observances which, to tell the truth, are apt to pall upon members of the Service after some few years' repeated experience of them. The mere fact that the Army should possess a code of its own may be one of the most natural things in the world, but the more one looks into such natural things the more instructive they become. Great writers have found less improving and many-sided subjects than the gradual process by which the arbitrary power of some great military leader, an Alexander or a Jengis Khan, has been filtered down into a system of military justice which permits the military offender to be fairly tried by a properly-constituted military tribunal. In our own history, too, it is interesting to trace the Court-martial back to a period anterior even to the passing of the first Mutiny Act and Articles of War, which since 1879 have been replaced by the Army Act. The first Mutiny Act was passed in 1689, and in "The Book of English Military Discipline" of James II., dated three years previously, we find explicit regulations

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for the conduct of Courts-martial, including a direction to the Judge Advocate to sit at the bottom of the Court-martial table.

Turning to the present day, we have in our Army four kinds of Court-martial—Regimental, District, General, and Field-General. The last-named is the form of Court-martial used on active service, the difference between the other three kinds lying chiefly in their respective powers of inflicting punishment. Thus a Regimental Court-martial can sentence a man to no more than forty-two days' imprisonment with hard labour; a District Court-martial can give up to two years' imprisonment; while a General Court-martial can award sentences of death and penal servitude. A Regimental Court-martial is composed of officers, usually three in number, belonging to the corps to which the prisoner belongs. On District and General Courts-martial officers serve as members who have been specially detailed in District or General Orders. Non-commissioned officers are not, as a rule, tried by Regimental Court-martial, and only General Courts-martial have the power to try an officer. As a matter of fact, privates and non-commissioned officers are not dealt with by the latter tribunal unless the state of discipline in a district, garrison, or corps renders a serious example expedient, or when the offender bears a bad character and severe punishment is required.

It should be clearly understood that neither officers, non-commissioned officers, nor men are sent for trial by Court-martial except after careful preliminary investigation of the case. When the proper authority has decided upon convening a Court-martial, a President and members of the Court are duly detailed in Orders, and a place and time appointed, an Orderly-room or the ante-room of an Officers' Mess — the latter more particularly in India—being the usual *locale*. The assembling of the Court is a very simple and business-like matter. At the head of the table the President takes his seat, in uniform, of course, and wearing his sword, the members, similarly attired, ranging themselves on opposite sides. Forms on which to write out the proceedings are provided, and these, with a Testament, and a copy of the Army Act, constitute, as a rule, the chief accessories. Prisoners brought before a Court-martial, if officers, warrant officers, or non-commissioned officers, are attended by an officer or non-commissioned officer having them in custody, or, if of lower rank, by an escort. They are not handcuffed, unless this is deemed absolutely necessary, but they are carefully deprived of their caps, or of any articles they can use as missiles.

A drumhead Court-Martial in the Peninsula.

It would serve no useful purpose to recapitulate in detail the procedure of a Court-martial, but it may be briefly mentioned that the members of the Court are sworn on the Testament to "well and truly try" the prisoner or prisoners brought before them; that the witnesses are sworn, as in a civil court, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; that prisoners are allowed to challenge the composition of the Court; and that in every way the greatest care is taken to ensure that the proceedings are conducted "without partiality, favour, or affection." It is noticeable in this connection that the prosecutor, who in the majority of District and Regimental Courts-martial is the adjutant of the prisoner's corps, is enjoined by the Queen's Regulations, especially when the prisoner is not assisted in his defence, to take care that no material fact is omitted which, if given in evidence, would tell in the prisoner's favour. Another point which may be mentioned is, that when the Court is cleared for the consideration of the verdict, the most junior member is asked his opinion first, in order that he may not be unduly influenced by the opinion of his seniors.

If the Court decides that the prisoner is not guilty—an eventuality which does not often occur in District or Regimental Courts-martial, owing to the thoroughness of the preliminary investigation—he is acquitted on the spot; but if the verdict is "guilty," the Court, having had the prisoner before it, and been finally cleared, proceeds to deliberate on its sentence. In doing so, of course, it has regard not only to the nature of the offence, but also to the previous character of the prisoner, which has been proved in evidence by the production of papers showing his previous convictions. Every sort of allowance is made, and in awarding imprisonment the locality and climate in which the prisoner has to undergo his sentence are taken into consideration. When sentence has been passed, the proceedings are duly signed and sent to the "confirming officer," who is usually the General Officer Commanding the District. When confirmed, the sentence is "promulgated," as a rule, on parade, and here sometimes a rather painful scene used formerly to take place. If the prisoner was a non-commissioned officer, and was sentenced to reduction to the ranks, his stripes were ripped off his arm; and in graver cases, where a heavy sentence by a General Court-martial was promulgated, an armourer-sergeant might be in attendance to put the prisoner in irons, the merciless clank of which had a very gloomy effect upon the assembled parade.

It is impossible to fairly judge Court-martial procedure by a civilian standard, because much of it is all but meaningless to civilian comprehensions. But unquestionably it strikes a very happy mean between military requirement and strict justice according to purely civilian ideas. It is, moreover, surrounded by all sorts of safeguards, not the least of which is the natural reluctance of every officer to deal hardly with a man who is evidently a good soldier, but who has been led into crime by drink or bad companions. Lastly, the sentences passed by Courts-martial nowadays are very different from what they were even so few as twenty years ago. Where in those days a man would almost inevitably get a year's imprisonment, he may often now get off with three months or less. Since 1881 punishment by flogging has been abolished in the Army, but fifty years prior to that it was in full force. Some idea of what is meant by this statement may be gathered from the fact that up to 1830 even a Regimental Court-martial had power to award 300 lashes. In 1825 a soldier was sentenced to 1,900 lashes, and actually received 1,200!

Courts-martial upon officers are happily very infrequent, and not infrequently, or at any rate more often than is the case with prisoners of lower rank, result in an acquittal. The trial of an officer proceeds on the same lines as a General Court-martial upon a private soldier.

Having dealt at some length, although very cursorily, with a serious subject from a serious standpoint, let us conclude our sketch with a story highly *àpropos*, but in lighter vein. In the days when duelling was still rife in our Army, especially in India, the authorities, anxious to put an end to it, determined to make a dramatic example of the next offender. They had not long to wait before one officer of rank "called out" another and shot him dead. At once the culprit was haled to Calcutta, and a General Court-martial was convened with unusual pomp and ceremony. Witnesses were brought up at great expense, officers were summoned from various parts of India to serve on the Court, and a terrible warning to military duellists was naturally expected. The Court assembled, and the evidence, which was as plain as a pikestaff, was duly heard. After a brief deliberation the Court then, to the utter disgust of the authorities, solemnly declared the prisoner "Not guilty," and honourably acquitted him in due course!

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Boat-cruising.

By Lieutenant Stuart D. Gordon, R.N.

Of the many different kinds of work to be fulfilled in Her Majesty's Service, boat-cruising is one which falls to the lot of but few to experience. Nowadays there remain only two classes of work which call for this kind of service, viz., surveying, and cruising in the suppression of the slave trade.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state that boat-cruising in itself differs widely from all other duties, and for the officers especially is essentially a contrast to the somewhat monotonously methodical existence on board a man-of-war. If a lieutenant is detached for a month's slave-cruising duty in one of the ship's cutters, instead of a cabin, which, if not luxurious in the matter of furniture and fittings, boasts, at all events, a bunk, he has for a couch the gratings in the stern-sheets of the boat. For companions, too, instead of the ward-room officers, Bluejackets, with possibly a midshipman, if he is lucky. Until he has become accustomed to the ceaseless rocking of the boat (even though she be at anchor) his nights have every chance of being dreamless—for the best of all reasons, that he will not sleep. Inured at last to thus being—at times violently—"rocked in the cradle of the deep," he will find that in the matter of rain-awnings there is much to be desired. During the change of the monsoon, on the East Coast of Africa, it does not rain, but sheets of water descend, against which even the stoutest canvas forms but a poor protection.

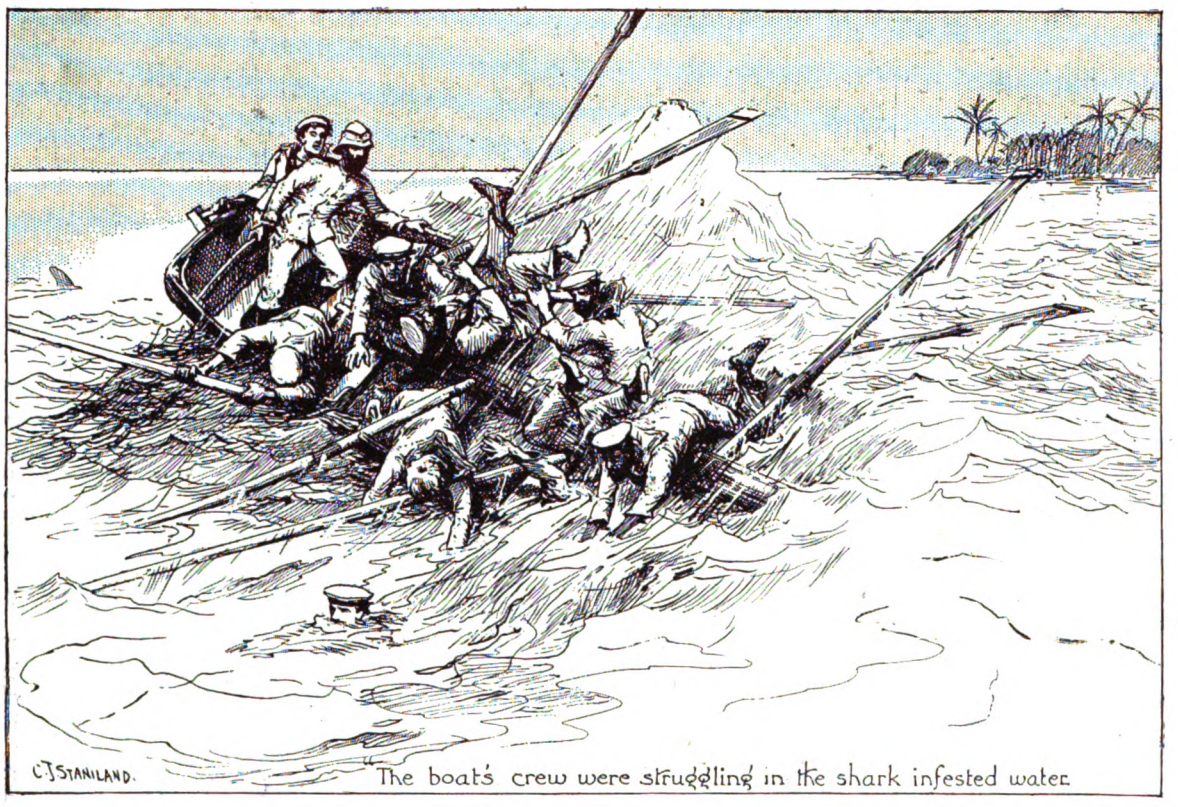
The menu cannot be said to be varied in its character, for salt pork alternates with salt beef and possibly canned mutton in the Admiralty ration, this being the same for officer and men. Ships' biscuit necessarily takes the place of the staff of life; and when it is remembered that the important matter of cooking is left almost entirely to chance, depending, as it does, upon the culinary ability of one of the boat's crew, it will be readily understood that this phase of a Naval officer's life is not one that would commend itself to a Sybarite.

A welcome variation in the *carte de jour* occurs when occasion arises to communicate with the shore. Then, not only is a stock of fresh provisions bought, but the opportunity is seized with alacrity by all to take the half-hitches out of one's legs by going for a good spin along the beach. To men accustomed to an active life the confined position necessarily adopted in a boat becomes after a time well-nigh unbearable. This can be the more easily understood when it is remembered that even walking up and down the deck is rendered impossible by want of space. In a 32-ft. cutter every available inch is occupied by men, arms, spars, sails, oars, provisions, and ammunition, and the boat not being more than 6-ft. across at her greatest breadth, it becomes a physical impossibility to stretch one's legs out to the full extent. In relation to this part of the subject, one soon learns by experience to avoid going to sleep on a grating. The writer once saw a man, who had been "green" enough to do this, wake up with the cross pattern—of the grating—so deeply impressed upon his back and shoulders that his comrades, amidst much horseplay and laughter, insisted upon utilising him as a draught-board, using bits of biscuit for draughts.

Touching the interpreters carried by the boats when cruising after slavers, they are, as a class, remarkably intelligent men, and the success of a cruise largely depends upon the information they collect, and the honesty of purpose with which they follow it up. That they deserve all credit for this latter virtue may be well believed when it is said that, whatever the amount of prize-money their efforts may procure for the ship, their personal profit is comparatively small, whereas the bribes they are offered, by owners and runners of slave-dhows, are by no means infrequent or unsubstantial.

Although himself a qualified interpreter in the Ki-swahili tongue, the writer used invariably to carry a native interpreter in his boat, and on boarding dhows would affect to be ignorant of the language. In this manner he has, on more than one occasion, heard a considerable sum of money mentioned as the price the owner was willing to pay for a misrepresentation of the facts. As often as made was the offer refused, and, indeed, generally led to the detention, if not the condemnation, of the dhow. It is easy to picture the consternation and rage of the Arab shipmaster on being informed, in his own language, by the officer that his conversation had been understood and noted.

The opportunities of landing, and thus getting fresh provisions, depend a great deal upon where the boat is cruising. Around Zanzibar and the adjacent island of Pemba these occur more frequently than on either the Comoro Islands or Mozambique Channel stations. It is not so many years ago that on the coast-line of the last-named part of the globe the dangers generally incidental to slave-cruising were added to by those to be met with at the hands of the inhabitants of those inhospitable shores. On one occasion a young officer, to avoid a fresh gale and heavy sea, ran his boat for one of the numerous rivers which appeared to afford shelter. Unfortunately he got stranded on the treacherous bar, and before they had time even to realise the danger of their position the whole boat's crew were struggling in the shark-infested water. Striking out for dear life, it was a "toss-up" as to whether they should make for the right or the left bank. Luckily, as it turned out, they chose the latter, when, having landed with but the clothes they stood up in, the natives, whilst offering a welcome, informed them that on the opposite bank the inhabitants were savage and bloodthirsty in the extreme, if not veritable cannibals. Another boat entering the river a couple of days later rescued them from their predicament, and enabled them to substantially reward their kindly hosts.



The boats crew were struggling in the shark infested water.

But among all the uncivilised and barbarous shores visited by the writer, the South-East Coast of Arabia holds the first place. It is a fact that so recently as 1884, at some of the places into which he took his boat, he was in the position of being the first white man the natives had ever seen, and the profound amazement they evinced, and their surreptitious attempts to test, with the moistened end of a black finger, whether the "white paint" came off, is a remembrance that will not soon fade.

From what has been said, it will be seen that he who goes boat-cruising does not secure what is termed a "soft billet." Nevertheless there are advantages in the life that may almost be said to outweigh the undeniable privations and discomforts.

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Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

Photo. W. M. Crockett. *BAG AND BAGGAGE FOR SEA SERVICE.* Copyright

Here are some lads who, having completed their training, are starting on their real career in the Navy—"young bears with all their troubles before them." When a ship is to be commissioned, notice is given to the captain of the depot, so many men and so many boys required on such a date for such a ship, and the company is told off in strict rotation according to date of last service, or, in the case of a boy, of qualification.

Photo. W. M. Crockett *WALKING AWAY WITH A "FALL."* Copyright

Some of our readers may wish to be informed what sort of "fall" it is which is capable of being "walked away" with. The term is applied to the rope, which, together with the blocks, forms a "tackle." The men are here using a tackle to hoist in ammunition, and when a load is hooked on, they simply walk away with the rope in their hands, and up it comes.

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—VIII.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

THE INSPECTION DEPARTMENT.

IT must be clearly understood that the inclusion of this important branch of the War Office under the comprehensive title of Ordnance Factories does not imply that it has any connection with them. To the casual visitor the fact that the manufacture and the inspection of Military equipment, etc., proceed side by side, is proof positive of their close relation, but this is not so in reality. In order to guard the Services from any inferior "material" being used for guns, etc., rigid inspection is made of every article, to ensure its being up to the required standard. In fact, throughout the whole of the Arsenal, the output of each department is treated by the I.G.O.F. as though it were the production of any private firm. As may be imagined, the work of the inspecting staff is of the most arduous description, and requires the services of a large number of highly-trained officers. By a series of mischances, since the time these articles were prepared, the chiefs of several of the departments have been replaced by others. In the case of the inspection branch, Lieutenant-General Sir Edwin Markham, K.C.B., R.A., an officer of the most distinguished character, has been succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Brackenbury, K.C.B., R.A., as Inspector-General of Ordnance Factories. But few Military men can have had a wider experience of men, matters, and actions than the new chief. He has been a private secretary to an Indian Viceroy, a military attaché at Paris, and an Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Ireland. So much for his worldly experience!

Photo. W. J. Wright.
LIEUT.-COL. W. N. LOCKYER, R.A.
Chief Inspector of Small Arms.

Photo. Tynan Bros.
LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. MARKHAM, K.C.B. R.A.
Lately Director-General of Ordnance.

He has served in the Indian Mutiny, 1858, the Ashanti Campaign, 1874, the Zulu War, 1879-80, and the Nile Campaign, 1884-85, and was specially promoted to major-general for his magnificent service in the last campaign.

So much for his war service, but he has had even further opportunities for advancing his country's interests in other directions. For five years he was Director of Military Intelligence, and brought his department to a high pitch of efficiency. Then for another equally long period he was a member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, where his ripe experience proved of the greatest value.

The inspection portion of the department he now rules is divided into two main branches—inspection and store-keeping. The inspection branch inspects and either accepts or rejects all new stores when supplied by the Ordnance Factories or contractors. It also inspects all stores returned to the factories for repairs. The Store-keeping Staff receives such as are accepted into store and issues them again to the Services as required.

Photo. Maull & Fox
LIEUT.-COL. C. F. HADDEN, R.A.
Chief Inspector of Warlike Stores.

The amount of work inspected in this financial year is estimated to total up to £4,500,000, a gigantic sum, the mere mention of which explains the need for the apparently formidable list of special officers employed in this department of the I.G.O.F.

It must be understood that these figures relate chiefly to Woolwich, and do not include the War Office staff, etc.

The inspection branch is divided into six divisions, which deal with stores as follows:

1.—Guns, carriages, ammunition, and Royal Engineer stores, under the Chief Inspector, Woolwich Arsenal, Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Hadden, R.A.

2.—Harness, camp equipment, and barrack stores, under the Chief Inspector of General Stores, Woolwich Dockyard, Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Watson, R.A.

3.—Small arms and machine guns under the Chief Inspector of Small Arms, Enfield Lock, Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. Lockyer, R.A.

4.—Steel at contractors' works under the Inspector of Steel, Sheffield, Major T. H. E. Acton, R.A.

5.—Position finding under the Chief Inspector, Colonel H. S. S. Watkin, C.B., R.A.

6—Chemical examination under the War Department Chemist, Woolwich Arsenal, Dr. W. Kellner, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

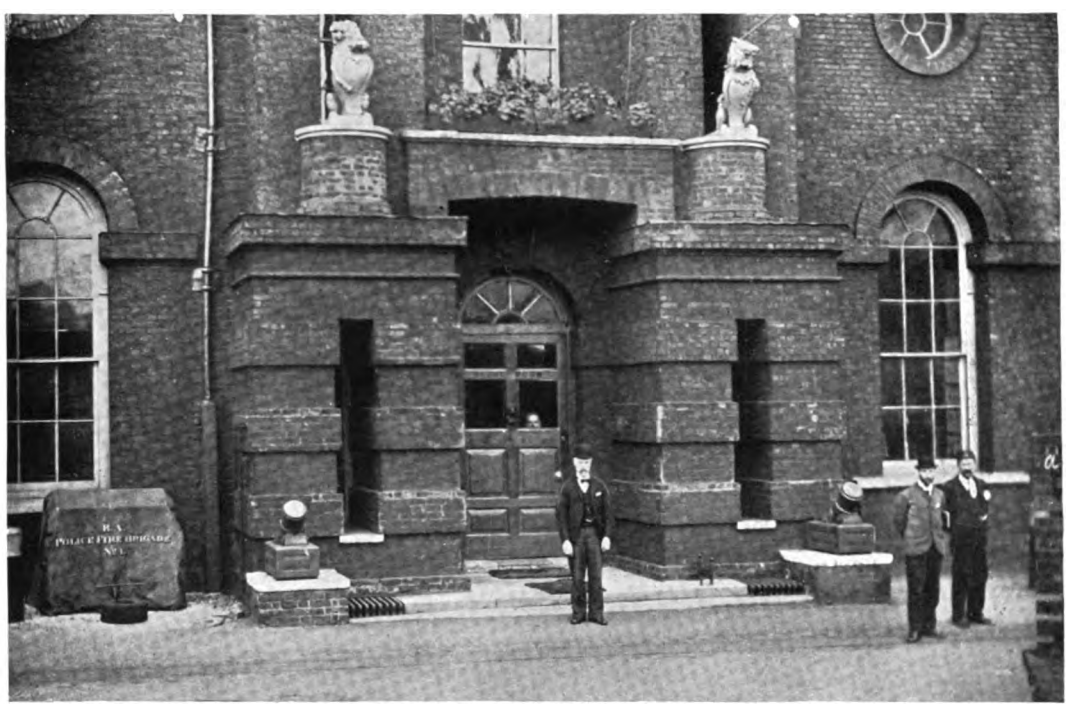

Photo. Copyright H. & K
EXTERIOR OF MODEL ROOM.
(In which are incorporated portions of Prince Rupert's Palace. See No. I.)

Photo. Busbridge
LIEUT.-COL. R. S. WATSON, R.A.,
Chief Inspector of General Stores.

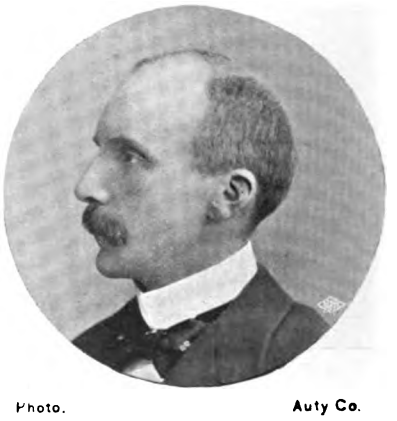

Photo. Auty Co.
MAJOR T. H. E. ACTON, R.A.,
Inspector of Steel, Sheffield.

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The officer in charge at Woolwich, Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Hadden, R.A., entered the Arsenal as a captain instructor in the Royal Laboratory in 1885. In 1888 he was appointed an inspector, serving in that capacity until appointed to the chief inspectorship in 1893. He was gazetted lieutenant in 1873, became major 1890, and lieutenant-colonel 1896. He has a staff of 6 majors, 10 captains, 5 lieutenants, and 906 foremen, writers, examiners, and boys. The staff is as follows :—

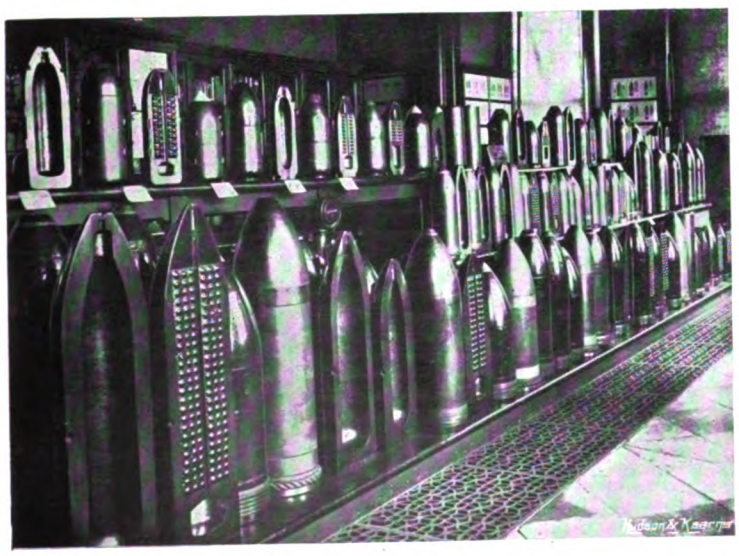
Chief Inspector—
Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Hadden, R.A.
Inspector of Guns—
Major A. H. P. Turner, R.A.
Inspector of Carriages—
Major T. F. Bushe, R.A.
Inspector of Laboratory Stores—
Major F. F. Minchin, R.A.
Inspector of Proof—
Major H. C. L. Holden, F.R.S., R.A.
Inspector of Royal Engineer Stores—
Captain H. M. St. A. Wade, R.E.
Assistant Inspectors—
Major L. T. Pease, R.M.A.
" E. Tinker, R.A.
" A. H. Wolley-Dod, R.A.
Captain H. R. Adair, R.A.
" E. S. Cooper, R.A.
" E. W. Davies, R.A.
" W. Moor-Lane, R.A.
" C. E. Phipps, R.A.
" R. P. Robinson, R.E.
" H. Waring, R.A.
Lieutenant N. E. B. Bellairs, R.A.
Equipment—
Captain Walker, Deputy-Commissary of Ordnance.
Lieutenant Robertson, Assistant-Commissary of Ordnance.
Patterns—
Lieutenant T. H. E. Anderson, D.O., R.A.
Royal Engineer Patterns—
Lieutenant G. Etherington, Coast Brigade, R.E.

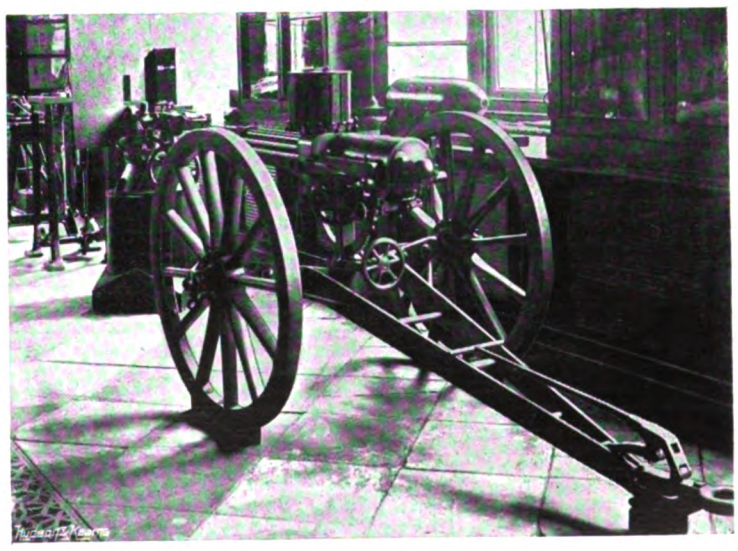
THE PATTERN ROOM

This Photograph required fifteen minutes' exposure.

EXTERIOR ORDNANCE OFFICE.

The recent changes in the direction of the Ordnance Factories require more than passing notice. In a War Office manned to a great extent by civilians it was quite in the fitness of things that strenuous endeavours would be made to "capture" the great manufacturing establishments and to instal civilian chiefs at their head. Ten years ago this experiment was tried both at Woolwich and Enfield, and in the opinion of impartial onlookers proved a failure. Devoid of special warlike training, and surrounded as he was by able and expert "mayors of the Palace" the civilian chief must have found his position a trying one. Responsible to the War Office both in its Military and also in its financial sense, he was liable at any time to have his plans upset by interference from above. Beside this source of trouble, he had to take part in the incessant friction between the inspection and the manufacturing departments, the former of which was not under his control. All this is now a thing of the past! At the head of *both* branches is the Inspector-General of Ordnance Factories, who is responsible to the Secretary of State for War. As artillerist it is his duty to provide the guns and to test them, whilst with an expert at the head of experts, and with a general officer with a unique experience in control of Military subordinates, it may be understood that friction will be a thing of the past.





Photos. Copyright. H. & K

INTERIOR OF MODEL ROOM.

INTERIOR OF MODEL ROOM, SHOWING AN OBSOLETE GATLING GUN.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 22, May 6, May 20, June 3, and June 17. The next will appear on July 15.*]

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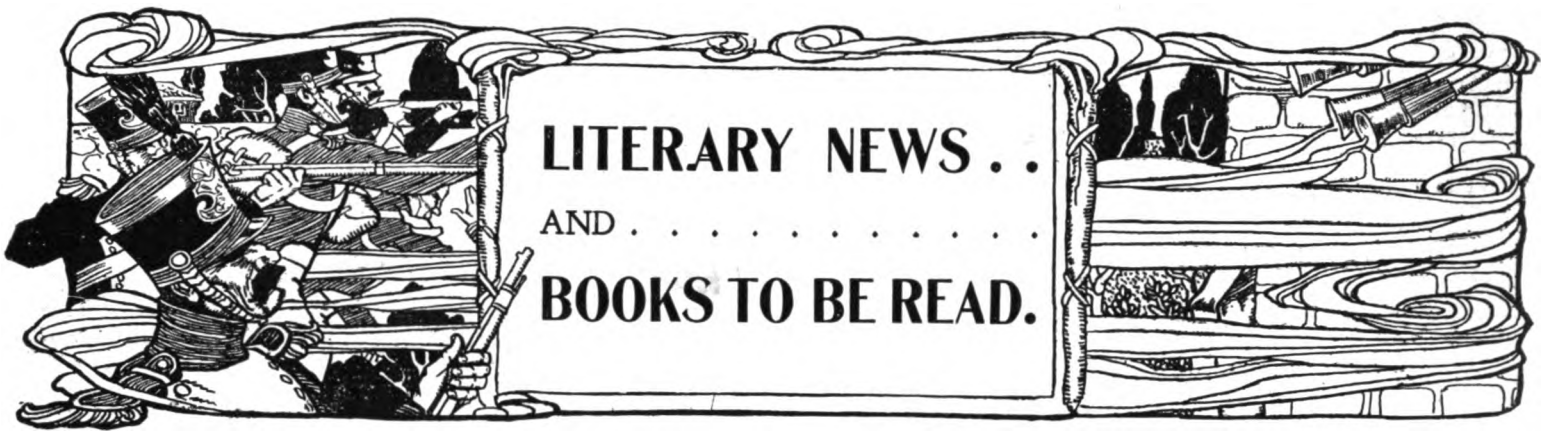
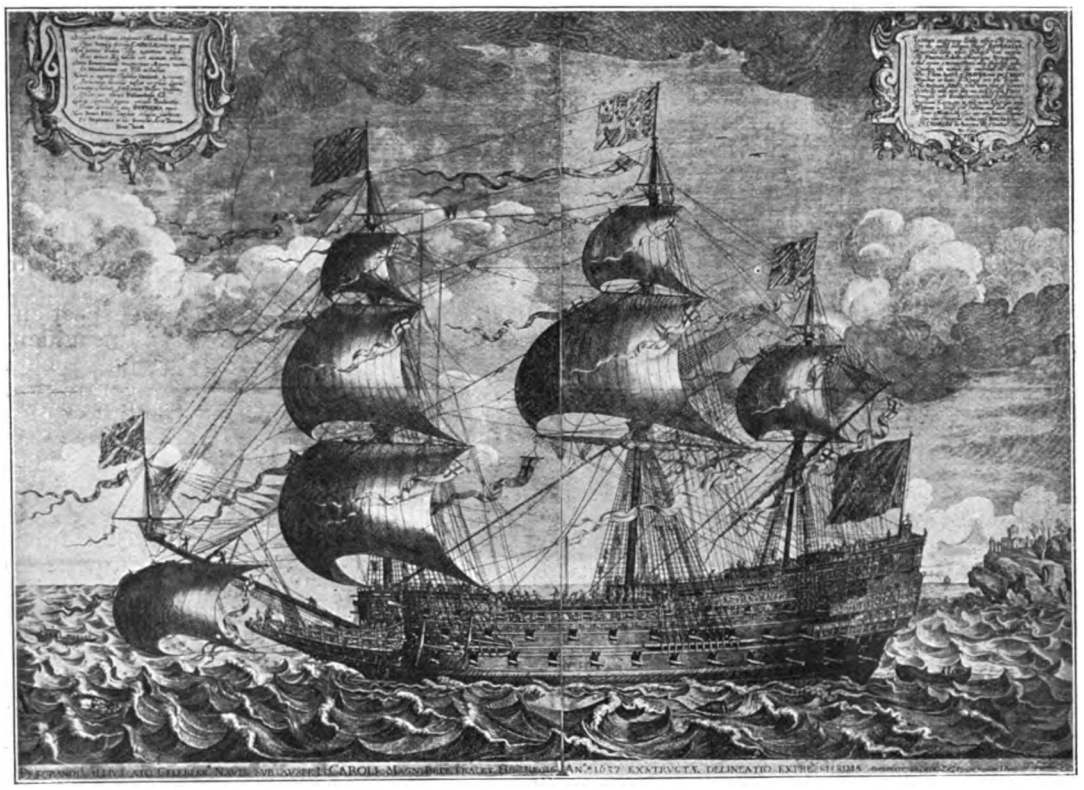


MR. LOUIS BECKE and Mr. Walter Jeffery have written a very agreeable and entertaining book in their "Naval Pioneers of Australia" (Murray, 7s. 6d.). The subject has never before been treated independently, and it is gratifying to find it in such competent hands. The authors have studied the latest sources of information, and have set on foot much original enquiry, so that their book is excellent in every way. There are some small errors, but these do not detract from the real merit of the narrative. Evidently the book is one for popular perusal, and I am particularly glad to find that the authors have been at pains to describe the conditions of sea-life in the days in which the discovery and exploration of Australia were carried on. Appropriate illustrations, in the way of portraits and figures of ships, have been found, but a great deal would have been added to the interest of the book if the pictures had been more numerous. The portrait of Cook is reproduced from Webber's painting in the National Portrait Gallery, and though evidently characteristic, is utterly different from the well-known portrait. Great interest attaches to these old seamen, who were not only the discoverers of Australia, but the pioneers in its development, and the men who brought together the materials for our later Empire-builders. Mr. Becke and his colleague have appreciated this side of their story, and it is a great merit of their pages that their heroes stand out strongly as individuals, and are reflected, as it were, in their achievements. Most of these men were excellent testimony to the discernment of Lord Palmerston when he used the words quoted as the text of this book: "Whenever I want a thing well done in a distant part of the world; when I want a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck, and plenty of common-sense, I always send for a captain of the Navy." I believe this is a judgment to which most administrators would assent.

* * *

An account of the early Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch explorers who touched the Australian continent, many of them without knowing it, brings us up to old Dampier, who was the first seaman to take a ship of the Royal Navy into Australian seas. The ship in question was the "Roebuck," a sixth-rate of twenty-four guns, and the authors seize the occasion to describe the classes of vessels in use at the time. But Dampier was not appreciated until the discoveries of Cook had shown the value of his work. In order to enforce the continuity of Naval tradition, the authors use in reference to him an illustration that may be quoted. They remind their readers that there died in Melbourne last year a son of Lieutenant Pascoe, flag-lieutenant of the "Victory" at Trafalgar. Now Nelson's Pascoe might well have been patted on the head by Cook, and the father of any of Cook's men might have sailed with Dampier. Unlike Sir Walter Besant, who in his delightful narrative draws a good deal from the "book of things forgotten" while telling us of Cook, Messrs. Becke and Jeffery confine themselves to a very succinct account of Cook's first voyage. It was a voyage of high importance for the exploration of Australia, because the great navigator, after discovering the strait between the two islands of New Zealand, surveyed the whole eastern coast of Australia, and passed through Torres Strait, thus proving that New Guinea was a separate island. It is here pointed out that Cook named Port Jackson, not, as is generally supposed, after a seaman in his ship, but after Sir George Jackson—who afterwards changed his name to Duckett—Joint Secretary of the Admiralty with Mr. Philip Stephens, after whom Port Stephens took its name.

It was to a Naval officer—Captain Phillips, afterwards an admiral, who may be said to have actually created Australia—that the foundation of Sydney in 1788 was due. Phillips exhibited a peculiar fitness and capacity for the difficult task of beginning and governing a new settlement. His enterprise, knowledge of men, and power of influencing and compelling them, were very remarkable, and the authors of this book rightly ascribe the qualities of the first Australian Governor to his sea-training. "Being trained in self-dependence, in the problem of supplying food to men, and in the art of governing them, as well as in the art of sailorising, the sea-captain ought to make the best kind of governor for a new and desolate country; if your sea-captain has brains, has a mind in fact, as well as a training, then he ought to make the ideal king." Governor Hunter, though an excellent seaman, did not quite rise to the standard, but he, like his successor King, also a Naval officer, held the country, though every man's hand was against him. Bligh honestly blundered, and not all the methods of Macquarie can be commended. These men were the pioneers and real founders of Australia, though the beginning of Empire was made by their successors; and when Australia became a place for free men, and no longer for felons, it marched forward on the path laid down by the Naval men of the earlier time, and justified the prediction of Phillips, that it "would become the most valuable acquisition England ever made." Mr. Becke and his colleague have done excellently with their subject. The book, of course, is full of dramatic interest, such as that belonging to the achievement of Bass and Flinders, those explorers whose work was great and very memorable in more ways than one, and it is eminently attractive and readable. Britons and Australians alike will wish to treasure it on their shelves. The part played by seamen in the creation of our Empire is not yet sufficiently appreciated, and there is no more fascinating story than that of the old navigators, who, having opened up the pathways of the world, set out valiantly on the work of its development.



THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS."
From "The Naval Pioneers of Australia" (John Murray).

* * * *

Some very interesting reminiscences of Waterloo are in the June number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. The best of them are from the papers of Commissary-General Tupper Carey, edited by his grandson, the Rev. A. D. Tupper Carey. He confirms everything that the Duke and others have said as to the mixed and generally wretched composition of our forces, but nevertheless gives some instances of remarkable courage and endurance. There was no "Dutch courage"; it was all genuine. The French used to say that our men were inflamed with drink, but the commissariat officer denies this totally. Some meat and biscuits had been given out to the men for their three days' march, but, with their usual improvidence, little of it remained for the last day, and they had no spirits at all. A French officer of the same department admitted to him that the French had casks of brandy on the field, with the heads off, from which men about to attack were allowed to help themselves. That there was a good deal of hardy courage in Wellington's despised soldiery, Commissary Carey fully proves. On the other hand, he can scarcely contain himself in his contempt for the utter cowardice of the Dutch-Belgians.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 127.] SATURDAY, JULY 8th, 1899.

Photo Cribb Copyright.

A SAILOR AND HIS LASS—HOME ONCE MORE.

This is a typical and pretty picture illustrative of a phase of Bluejacket life, the sentiment of which will appeal to all.

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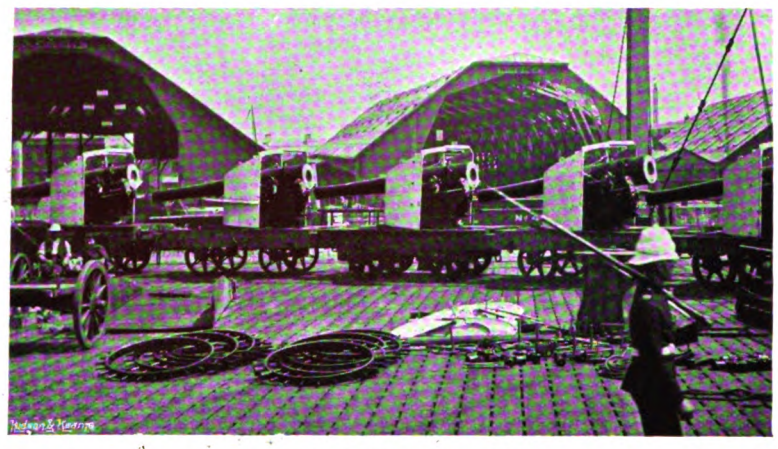
The Paying-off of the "Narcissus."

THE "Narcissus," which has just paid-off at Portsmouth, has only recently returned from a long commission on the China station. A picture of her entering the harbour was given in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED on June 24. Some incidents of the paying-off are here illustrated. One is that of a number of the guns which have just been removed from the vessel. The "Narcissus" is, in fact, to be re-armed, and so will be enormously improved in power of offence, for the old 6-in. breech-loaders that she has heretofore carried are now to be replaced by the new wire 6-in. quick-firer. The old guns she carried could, at a range of 2,000-yds., perforate about 9-in. of wrought-iron, whereas the new weapons she will mount can at this range perforate 13½-in.

In a second picture some of the ship's stores are shown ready to be landed in the dockyard. When a ship pays-off she passes into dockyard hands to refit, and until she re-commissions all movable fittings are returned to store.

The "Narcissus" has had a stirring commission in the China Seas, for many and important events have been passing in those waters. War has been pretty close more than once, and in the south part of the station there has been hot fighting going on, first between the Spaniards and Americans, and now between the latter and the Filipinos.

RETURNING THE SHIP'S STORES.



Photos. Cribb. REMOVING THE 6-in. GUNS. Copyright

If either of the combatants had owned the "Narcissus," she would surely have rendered good account, as, though a little out of date, she is fairly well protected by a belt, and carried a heavy armament for a ship of her date. Moreover, she belongs to a class all of which are superb sea-boats and most steady gun-platforms.

The "Narcissus" has during her late commission been commanded by Captain G. F. King-Hall, and it was this officer who hoisted the British flag at Wei-hai-Wei when that port was taken over from China by this country a little over twelve months ago. When in command of the "Melita" in the Mediterranean this officer rendered great service to a French war-ship that had run aground, and was for this act rewarded by the French Government with a present of Sèvres china.

With Gaunt's Brigade in Samoa.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE "RED CAPS."]

HERE at Apia we have fallen upon peaceable times, and "war's horrid trade" has ceased its din. The gentle roar of Pacific rollers breaking on the outer reef in the shimmering flood of sunshine, and the placid swish of the waves of the great lagoon coming almost into the very street, strike no angry note. The palms and mangos cast their welcome shade upon the sultry way, and an appearance of sleepy quiet has descended upon a place that was lately filled with war, and where the air was apt to be rent by the voice of the Snider or the rattle of the busy Nordenfelt, when the sniping friends of High-Chief Mataafa attempted at night to raid the town. Those who have witnessed the work of Lieutenant Gaunt's gallant brigade, and have seen how these ebony Samoans—licked into shape under British hands—have taken with keen relish to the trade, will understand better than you at home can how news of the appointment of the international commission, just when decisive action was hoped for, brought some vexation with it.

Photo. Davis. OFFICERS OF GAUNT'S BRIGADE. Copyright

Lieut. Hickman (Capt.). Lieut. Gaunt (Lieut.-Col.). Lieut. Heathcote (Major). Lieut. Lewis (Capt. and Adjt.). Tulia. Lieut. Shuter (Capt.).

Gaunt's "Red Caps," the "ever-victorious" army, have been the life and soul of the operations against the rebels. Thoroughly understanding native warfare, and knowing every inch of the ground, they have been a splendid instance of what a good officer can make, even in a brief time, out of the fighting power of savages. Discipline and cohesion are what distinguish these fellows from some of the levies of friendlies who on several occasions have made but a sorry show. Now that Mataafa has withdrawn his men beyond the boundary prescribed by Admiral Kautz, and by Captain Stuart of the "Tauranga," senior British officer, one may admit that he has made a good fight, and displayed considerable knowledge of fortification in maintaining his position within less than two miles of Apia for several weeks. He occupied a series of fortified posts extending for a distance of fully two miles, and to capture these by assault would have been a serious business.

Captain Sturdee has displayed the greatest interest in the "Red Caps," and Lieutenant Gaunt has been indefatigable in knocking some 300 of them into shape, while Lieutenant Heathcote ("Torch"), Lieutenant Lewis ("Tauranga"), Lieutenant Hickman ("Royalist"), and Lieutenant Shuter ("Porpoise") also spared no effort in their work of drilling and training the friendlies. If the Germans had not

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inspired the Mataafans, it may be taken for granted that the rebellion would have collapsed long ago. That valiant soldier Von Bülow, with his rebel band, has done no little to stimulate the zeal of Mataafa's more timid followers, and it was partly owing to the help of the managers of German plantations near Apia, at Vailele and Vaitele, that they were able to maintain their positions on the hills. Of course the ships could not shell these places, and the "White Caps" thus secured shelter.

After the severe loss in the engagement of April 1, it was decided to leave most of the bush fighting to the organised friendlies, reserving the Bluejackets and Marines mainly for the defence of Apia, and to act as supports and reserves. They have taken, of course, a very active share in all the punitive work upon the coast. I accompanied one expedition along the northern shore of Upolu against Mataafan villages, when the "Porpoise" had a large party of Gaunt's "Red Caps" on board, all eager for the work. Arrived in the morning at the scene of our exploit, the boats were manned, six in all, and, towed by an American launch, proceeded along the fringing reef until a practicable opening was found. Meanwhile the "Porpoise" had opened the ball with a 6-in. shell, and the rattling Nordenfelts and American Hotchkiss joined in the fun. Lieutenant Gaunt then gave the word, and bending their backs to the work, the Bluejackets soon ran the boats on the shore. Then the red-turbaned friendlies swarmed up the coral beach, and with something of fiendish delight gave the village to the flames, the crackling of wood mingling with the rattle of the guns. Let me say that missionary stations, Malietoan houses, and neutral properties have been carefully guarded from injury. On this same expedition the "Porpoise" shelled a distant rebel village, and before the day's work was over more than thirty boats had been captured in a creek, of which a few were seized for use, and the rest destroyed. All such expeditions weaken the rebels, for nothing impresses a savage so much as swift retribution for his wrongdoing. There was much other fighting in April, and a very severe engagement took place in the attack on Vailima,

TULIA, CHIEF VIVANDIERE AND WATER-CARRIER.

THE MAIN STREETS OF APIA—"RED CAPS" RETURNING FROM A RAID.

which had been occupied by the Mataafans of Savaii, Aua, and Atua before the close of the month. They contemplated an attack upon Apia on two sides, but the offensive tactics of Captain Sturdee and Lieutenant Gaunt disconcerted their plans. The "Porpoise" and "Tauranga" shelled the position for an hour, and two parties then advanced. Lieutenant Gaunt led the attack, having 140 of his "ever-victorious" "Red Caps" in the centre, 250 Tutuila men on the right, and 300 Tuamasana under Tamasese on the left. Lieutenants Lewis, Heathcote, Shuter, and Hickman were in command of sections, while Captain Sturdee, with Lieutenants Cave and Vaughan and about 80 Bluejackets and a Maxim, advanced as a reserve. The men of Lieutenant Gaunt's own brigade rushed forward without flinching under a severe fire, but it was heartrending to see how the untrained fellows hung back, notwithstanding all the angry exhortations of the officers. Nothing could bring the skulkers on, and at length Lieutenant Gaunt, with his own men and about 100 of Tamasese's, resolved to assault. They rushed at the fort, four of the leading men being shot before they reached the rampart, but the rebels were swept out helter-skelter, carrying most of their dead with them. A tell-tale German flag was captured, which Tulia, the Taupo village belle and chief vivandière, with the royal scarlet on her head, seized in triumph. A determined attempt was made to capture the next fort, and for four hours a heavy fire was exchanged, but though the ships again shelled the position, the attempt had to be abandoned. The enemy lost heavily, and our side had five killed and twenty-two wounded, but it was a triumph for Gaunt's brigade.

The fair Tulia's flag was handed to him, and he said the flag of a friendly nation should not be disgraced, that it had been carried in fair battle, and should be returned to the Samoan belle as her right and trophy. The same night the "Porpoise" and "Tauranga" again bombarded the Mataafan position with effect. Seven men were killed by one shell, and there was a regular stampede, the veritable network of forts at Vailima being found abandoned on the following day.

Photos. Davis

No. 1 COMPANY VOLLEY FIRING OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN GUARD.

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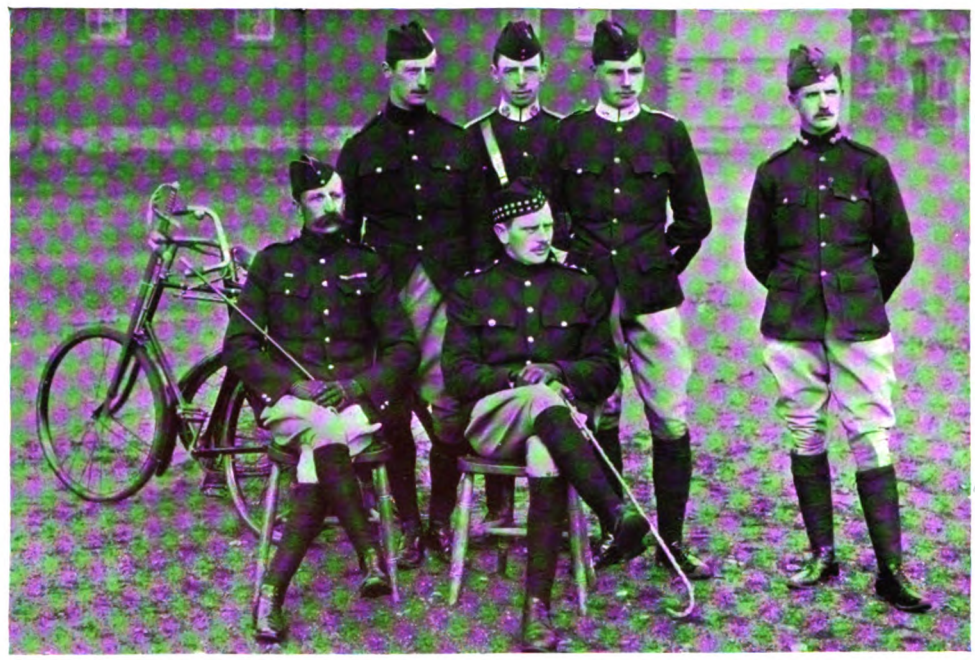
The New Army Cyclist Corps.

IT is gratifying to learn that the experiment the War Office was recently induced to make of adopting bicycles into the Army gives every promise of proving more satisfactory in working than those most enthusiastic on the subject had dared hope.

The men selected to form the corps are daily becoming more proficient in their duties, and although France had a long start in cycling militaryism, we have every reason to anticipate that ere long our thin red line on wheels will have become quite as adept in the management of their machines, and the execution of the tactics set them, as the Frenchmen themselves. Following the illustrations we recently presented to our readers, we are now able to reproduce other scenes of cycling life in the British Army.



THE OFFICERS.

Lieut. S. Hay, 2nd Cam. H'rs. *Lieut C. D. Shafto, 1st Durham L.I.* *Col. Alderson.* *2nd Lieut. G. de C. Le Marchant, 1st Lanc. Fusiliers.* *Capt. McMicking.* *2nd Lieut. B. P Lefroy, 1st R D. Fusiliers.*

Our first illustration shows the officers of the various companies in training—Colonel Alderson, who is responsible for the organisation of the corps, Lieutenant S. Hay, of the 2nd Cameron Highlanders, Lieutenant C. D. Shafto, 1st Durham Light Infantry, Second Lieutenant G. de C. le Marchant, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, Second Lieutenant B. P. Lefroy, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and Captain McMicking, and to them is due praise for the admirable manner in which the corps has acquitted itself. In our second illustration, the corps is seen on parade, whilst the third snap-shot depicts a detachment of the Royal Fusiliers mounting their bicycles.

The companies at present in training are not exclusive cycling companies, the idea being that their place, after training, shall be taken by other companies. Thus a cyclist regiment will be established at minimum cost, which, when duty demands, will be available as a separate unit in the field, just as at the present time is the Mounted Infantry.

THE NEW CORPS ON PARADE.

Photos. Knight. A DETACHMENT OF ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS MOUNTING. *Copyright.*

Each corps drills for a period of six weeks, and when in training is attired in its own regimental uniform, with the exception of the knickers and puttees, which are provided by the cyclist company, and have to be returned into store.

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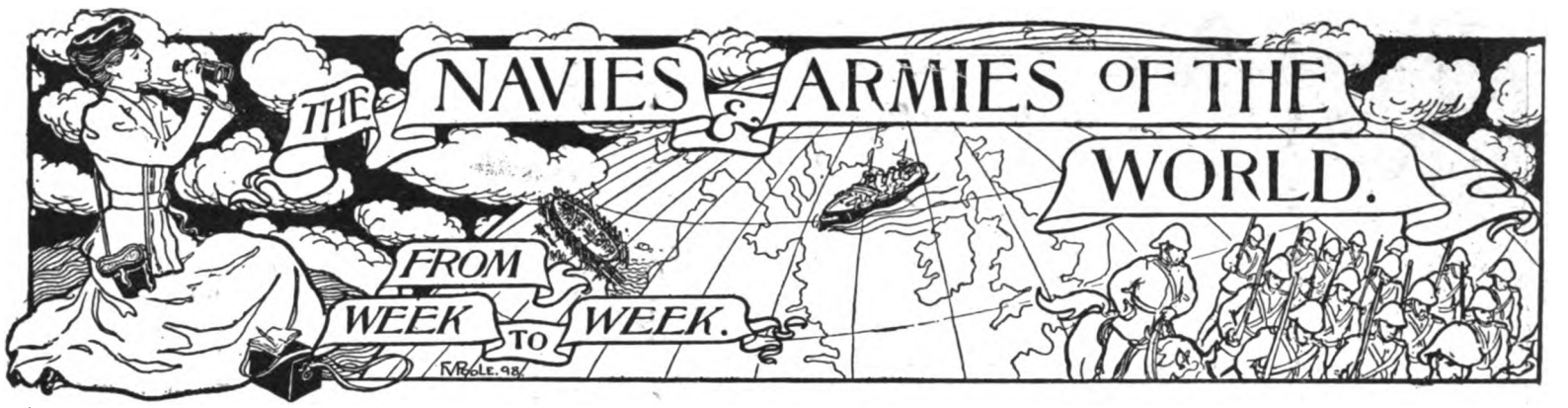

THERE is a decidedly disagreeable passage in a letter by "Volunteer Historian" in the *Times* of July 1. The subject is the employment of sergeant-instructors of the Volunteers on recruiting duty for the Army. "Volunteer Historian" is concerned to prove that it is very bad for the sergeants, and he gives an example. "The most typical case I know," he says, "is not that of a sergeant who took to drink, but of one who lost the respect of the tradesmen of his country town (whom he was in the habit of instructing in their Volunteer duties, and amongst whom he was a Military deity). This man, who had brought in many recruits, declined to frequent any more of the pot-houses aforesaid." Now, if we take the writer's facts as above dispute, the moral of his story is that the tradesmen of that country town were the means of inflicting some injury on the recruiting service of Her Majesty's Army. And, be it observed, they had no excuse for withdrawing their respect from the sergeant. On the writer's own showing, he had not been injured by the "pot-houses aforesaid." Meanwhile, he had been the means of withdrawing others from their supposed bad influence. It was all for the good of the recruits he picked up that they should be in a regiment; so that the tradesmen contrived to injure their own townsmen as well as the service.

* * * *

It may be that this story, like many another which is told in good faith, and in the firm conviction of its absolute truth, would not stand cross-examination. But even if the fact is not exactly as the writer states it, his case in point reveals the existence of an unpleasant amount of snobbish sentiment in regard to the Army, and the telling of it, in so far as it has any effect at all, can hardly do good. Why should the sergeant not go to the pot-houses, which, after all, are the cafés of England, and the places where he is most likely to find an opportunity of talking to possible recruits? And then, is not this tone more than a trifle offensive both to recruiting sergeants and the Army? It is a very odd way of helping on the Queen's Service—in which a Volunteer ought to have a direct interest—to tell the sergeants that they are engaged in work which is essentially degrading, and to imply, if not to say so in so many words, that the men they collect are riff-raff. This is precisely the tone concerning the British Army which Rudyard Kipling denounced in his well-known verses. If the Volunteers are going to become an obstacle in the way of keeping up the strength of the regular Army, some of us will have to revise certain of our opinions. It is very annoying to a Volunteer corps to find that its instructor is unable to attend to it because he has recruiting to look after. Complaint is reasonable in those circumstances, but it is quite another thing that the Volunteers should consider their sergeants too good to do such vulgar work as recruiting.

* * * *

Our friends the French seem to be fixed in the determination to make things as unpleasant for themselves as they well can. That at any rate is one moral of the story of Admiral de Cuverville's quarrel with the Ministry of Marine. The gallant admiral has said that M. Fleury Ravarin had no right to publish a letter in which he spoke of the present French system of coast defence as "engendering confusion and preparing defeat." As he told his correspondent to make any use he pleased of the letter, he does not appear to have much right to complain. "Any use" includes publication. But the question is, not so much whether the admiral was right in the phrase he used to M. Fleury Ravarin as whether France is likely to get any good out of the discussion about its coast defences as it is conducted. M. Fleury Ravarin may be right in saying that the present system is absurd. To put the coast defences under the War Office, except the batteries commanding roadsteads, which are under the Navy, and to put the colonial troops under the Minister of the Colonies, does seem a trifle confusing. The rational course would be to put all batteries and all troops under the War Office, seeing that the work they have to do is Military. But this will not be done without exciting the intense anger of the Navy. The Naval School asserts that it ought to have the control of the batteries at Naval ports, and of the Infanterie de la Marine—the colonial troops. Why? A shore battery at Brest is after all only a shore battery, and colonial troops which are operating hundreds of miles inland in Africa or Asia are not necessarily connected with the Navy. What strikes one as looking ill for France is that the Naval School has not the least scruple in declaring that, if the Army wishes to annex the colonial troops, it is because it is greedy for more places and more decorations. The Army, in fact, thinks more of its own vanity and interests than of the good of the country. If that is true, the outlook for France is unpleasant; and the case is not much better if it is not true, for then the partisans of the Navy show a great deal of spite and a plentiful lack of fairness to the Army. Somebody is very ill-conditioned here, and be he Naval or be he Military, he is a Frenchman, and is abusing other Frenchmen.

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The Press has not failed to reaffirm, on the occasion of the late Review, the common saying that the Honourable Artillery Company represents the old Artillery Garden. There are those who affirm that this is a common error, and that there is no connection between the two. On the face of it, the persistence of the corps established by Henry VIII. was hardly within the bounds of possibility, when we think of the sweeping dissolutions and disintegrations of the fighting forces of the country in the seventeenth century. In a general way, too, it may be affirmed that, unless a continuity of this nature can be proved instantly and beyond dispute by written record, it is then a mere legend. If it were true that the Honourable Artillery Company is the old corps, it would be about the senior of all the armed forces of the world. One of the regiments of the Spanish Army claims to have been in existence since the reign of Charles V., which would be of about the same antiquity. The first five regiments of the line in the French Army are supposed to represent the soldiers of that Duke of Guise who was murdered by Poltrot de Méré. They were taken into the service of the Crown by the Queen Mother Catherine of Medici, and, so it is contended, have not been disbanded since. Even here the claim must surely be subject to some doubt. After the final fall of Napoleon in 1815, the French Army was disbanded and a new one formed. This of itself ought to make an entire solution of continuity in the history of all regiments. The mere fact that under the new establishment, as under the old, the regiments were numbered, would not prove that the same numbers made the same corps. A change in numbers, in fact, is nothing. We have altered a numeration repeatedly, but that does not show that the corps have been changed. Continuity in the case of a regiment means that there has been an unbroken succession of officers. Where a corps has been disbanded there was an end of it. Another may be raised to take its place, but in that case the new-comer is the representative and successor of the old, not its descendant. The Royal Regiment of Marines does not represent the Admiral's Regiment of Charles II.'s reign, nor the regiments of Torrington and Pembroke of King William's. Those forces were disbanded and others raised to replace them.

* * * *

With the most virtuous intentions to maintain silence on the subject, one cannot wholly keep off the Dreyfus affair. Certainly, the circumstances of his return are worthy of the melodramatic character of the whole story. If the Government had wanted to make the event as like a chapter in a serial story as possible, it could not have gone to work better. To land the prisoner in a storm, and in the middle of the night, at an out-of-the-way little Breton fishing town, was precisely the most shilling shocker-like course which could well have been followed. Whether it was the most dignified is a question on which there can be very little difference of opinion, at least here. Why on earth could not Captain Dreyfus have been landed by day, and in the dockyard at Brest? The only reason is that the Government did not feel confident of being able to keep order among its own servants and the mob, which is profoundly discreditable to the French Navy and Army if it is right, and pretty disgraceful to itself if it is wrong.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 9, 1813.—The investment of St. Sebastian by Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, began.

July 11, 1708.—The Duke of Marlborough defeated the French under the Duc de Vendôme at Oudenarde. The allies were 80,000 strong, the French 86,000. The loss of the allies was about 5,000 killed and wounded, that of the French 6,000, besides 9,000 prisoners.

July 12, 1856.—The evacuation of the Crimea was completed. 1857.—Havelock's victory over the rebels at Futtehpore.

July 14, 1763.—Action at Cutwa, in Southern India.

July 15, 1857.—Havelock defeated the rebels at Aong and Pandoo Nuddee. Our loss was only 30 killed and wounded.

JULY 9, 1745.—Action between the "Lion," 60, and the French "Elizabeth," 64, in the North Sea, while the "Elizabeth" was escorting the Young Pretender to Scotland. The fight was undecisive, the "Lion" being too crippled to follow the "Elizabeth," whose consort, a small frigate, with Prince Charles Edward on board, continued her course and reached Scotland.

July 10, 1808.—Boats of the "Porcupine," 22, cut out a 6-gun polacre at Port D'Auzo, guarded by three 24-pounder gun-boats, under the fire of two batteries, a tower mounting cannon, and a strong force of infantry on the beach. Naval medal.

July 11, 1804.—Boats of the "Narcissus," "Seahorse," and "Maidstone" boarded and fired twelve settees at La Vandour, Hyères Bay, moored close to the beach, and protected by a battery and force of infantry.

July 12, 1801.—Saumarez' night action off Trafalgar. Sir James Saumarez, with one 80-gun ship, four 74's, and a frigate, chased and attacked a combined Franco-Spanish squadron of two 112-gun ships, one 96, three 80's, three 74's, and three frigates. The two 112's took fire and blew up, and one French 74 was taken, the result of the action avenging the previous check that Saumarez had received at Algeciras on July 6 from the French ships of the combined squadron.

July 13, 1795.—Admiral Hotham's undecisive engagement off Hyères with the French Toulon Fleet. The French "Alcide," 74, struck, but took fire and blew up, and the action was ordered to be discontinued before our van ships could close with the enemy, though already within gunshot.

July 14, 1780.—Capture of the French frigate "Belle Poule," 32, by the British "Nonsuch," 64, off Belleisle, while the former was assisting to convoy a number of merchantmen. The "Belle Poule" made a gallant resistance for two hours before yielding.

July 15, 1796.—Action in the North Sea between the "Glatton," 56, and a French squadron of two 50-gun ships, two 40's, one 28, and two 22-gun corvettes. The "Glatton" was armed with 68-pounder carronades, and the weight of her first broadside into the leading Frenchman so scared the French squadron that they promptly made sail out of gunshot and into Flushing Harbour.

I WOULD like to draw the attention of my photographic contributors to the absolute necessity there is of their being thoroughly accurate in the descriptions sent me with photographs. It is not often that I have to correct errors in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, but owing to wrongly-described photographs there are no less than two in the issue of June 24. In the article "A Famous Danish Regiment," the centre figure on the first page is not Prince Christian of Denmark, as described, but Prince Jean of Orleans. In the group on the same page showing officers at lunch in the barrack grounds, the officer in the French cap is not Prince Jean of Orleans, who is not in the group. I may add that when that group was taken, Prince Christian, sitting next to Colonel Bartels, who then commanded, was a second lieutenant. The officer seated next to him is the one who now commands—Colonel Lemvig.

* * * *

AGAIN, in the article entitled "Schoolboy Soldiering," the Berkhamsted Corps, which is the cadet battalion of the 2nd V.B. Bedfordshire Regiment, and forms the centre picture, is labelled Harrow Corps. Both corps wear grey with dark blue facings, but the Harrow Corps wears the flat forage cap instead of the Service pattern one the lads in the picture are wearing. The lowest picture is described as the Bedford Corps, whereas it should be Dulwich. Dulwich Cadet Corps, which is affiliated to the 1st Surrey Volunteers (South London), is one of the few school corps clad in rifle-green, whereas the Bedford Corps are Engineers affiliated to the 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers.

"Form, Form, Riflemen Form!"

By COLONEL ROBERT W. ROUTLEDGE,
Late Commanding 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers.

THE Volunteer Movement is one of the most extraordinary that the world has ever seen. More than once in history nations and peoples have risen against foreign and domestic oppressors and succeeded in freeing themselves, but for the youth of a great nation like ours to enrol themselves voluntarily, and to devote their time, often at a great sacrifice to themselves, to learning the duties of soldiers, and to make themselves fit to strengthen the Regular Army, should the necessity arise for a sudden increase in its numbers, is a fact quite unprecedented.

The movement started in 1859, owing partly to a misapprehension of the real effect of modern inventions, like steam and iron, upon Naval strategy, and partly to the tall talk of certain French colonels. Thousands of men of all avocations, principally from the upper and middle classes, rapidly enrolled themselves, and set to work to learn the elements of drill, and the use of the rifle.

Afterwards, artillery and engineer regiments were formed, and a small body of cavalry, these three arms of the service settling down to their work in the same earnest manner as their infantry comrades had already done.

Few people expected the movement to be permanent, and none dreamed that the force would ever become so efficient as it is believed to be at the present time; experienced soldiers, while doing all in their power to foster and develop the military spirit, shook their heads with Burleigh-like sagacity, and prophesied that in a few years it would expend itself and die a natural death.

It is not in the scope of this article to trace the Volunteer Movement from its birth to the present time now that it has reached a healthy and vigorous middle age, but to emphasise the progress it has made by pointing out the difference in the volunteer of 1859 and his successor of to-day.

At first the formation and government of corps assimilated more closely to clubs than regiments—they chose their own officers and uniforms, and every man bought for himself the rifle that he considered the best shooting weapon. Military discipline was hardly known—it cannot be learned in a day—and many whimsical irregularities were perpetrated at which the force can now afford to laugh.

The privates of one metropolitan regiment wore officers' scarves, and in two of the senior ones the men proceeded to drill in uniform, wearing officers' swords, which they exchanged for rifles on reaching headquarters. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men all appeared to be on an equality, walked to and from drill together, and conversed with one another in a chatty and affable manner before falling in.

Many could not be persuaded to have their hair cut to a soldierly length, or to dispense with whiskers and beards; they came to parade half in uniform and half in mufti, and sometimes when the weather was threatening provided themselves with umbrellas. They had no military great-coats, and when considered necessary wore those of every-day life.

Of course these mistakes gradually righted themselves; such faults had only to be pointed out to prevent their being committed again; the men were quite as sensible and as much in earnest as those now in the force, they made errors through ignorance, and were only too pleased when some competent person drew their attention to the fact that they were not acting exactly in a soldier-like manner. They had to submit to some ill-natured chaff from cads and street-boys, and our excellent friend *Punch* bantered them in a good-natured manner peculiarly his own. The men of 1859 were the pioneers of the movement, and their purpose and intentions in becoming volunteers were as commendable as those which animate their successors.

Adjutants were appointed by the War Office; they were chosen from officers who had retired from the Service by the sale or resignation of their commissions, some had risen from the ranks, a few were from the Militia, many of them had been on the shelf for some years and were not quite in touch with recent changes in drill and too old to assimilate themselves to the different conditions of the Regular and Volunteer Forces.

It must be admitted, however, that most of them were

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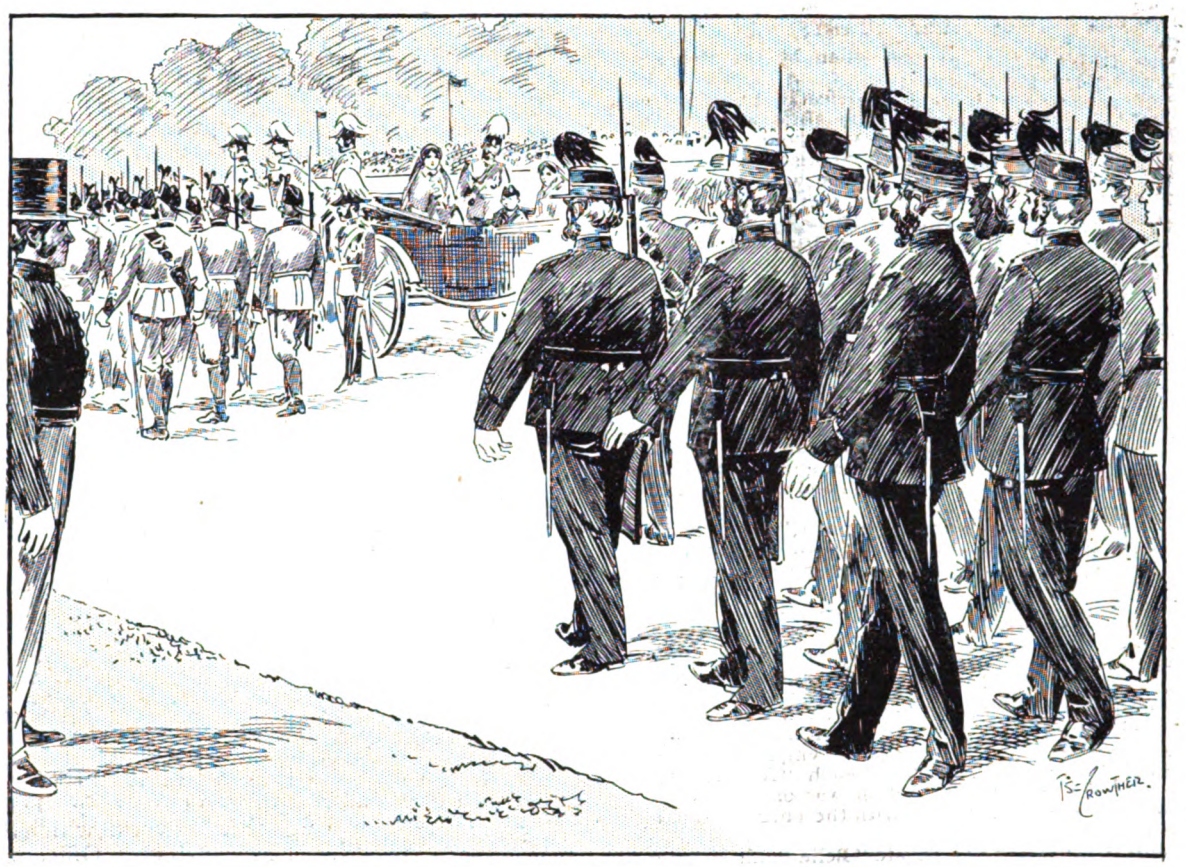
well-fitted for the post, rendered excellent service, and left their mark for many years after they were relieved from duty on the regiment to which they were attached, and which they had assisted to form. It is not an easy berth to fill, and many an officer, excellent in other respects, would be out of place as an adjutant of volunteers.

It was much more difficult to find the right man in the early days of the movement, when all ranks had to be instructed, as they were quite ignorant even of the rudiments of drill, and did not know what discipline, in the military sense of the word, meant.

To fill the post properly, required a man with a thorough knowledge of his duties, possessing an even and persevering temperament. They were assisted by drill-instructors, all old soldiers, and their combined efforts gradually brought order out of chaos, and with the help of zealous volunteer officers laid the foundation of the present force, which in the written and spoken opinions of our most experienced and responsible military chiefs has added so largely to the defences of the country.

Books and returns were not properly kept, nor were they officially inspected, The writer knows of a case which would not be credited now. A new adjutant appointed to a corps asked the sergeant-major to show him the books, and was informed by that functionary that he need pay no attention to them as they were all lies, adding, "that need not trouble you, Sir, because we tell them all for you."

To one man, above all others, the success of the movement is due, and all volunteers owe a deep debt of gratitude to their first inspector-general, Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Montagu M'Murdo, G. C. B.,* who never lost his confidence in the force he had helped to create; he stood up for it through good and evil report, and had the satisfaction of finding all his well-founded opinions fully justified by the result of his early and persevering exertions.



The Queen Reviewing the Volunteers in Hyde Park (1860).

There are some of the first commanding officers of volunteers whose names must be remembered in this connection, amongst whom should be mentioned the late Lord Ranelagh, the Earl of Wemyss, better known as Lord Elcho, the Duke of Westminster (then Earl Grosvenor), Lord Wantage, then Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., Sir John Villiers Shelley and others.

Her Majesty the Queen, always foremost in encouraging any patriotic movement, held a Volunteer Review in Hyde Park on June 23, 1860, when a force of over 20,000 men was assembled. Nothing beyond a "march past" was attempted, and when it is considered for how short a time the force had existed, it is wonderful how well this test of efficiency was withstood.

Another Royal Review was held at Edinburgh later in the year, which passed off with equal success.

An important change was made in the appointment of adjutants, which had the best effects. Instead of a retired soldier, an officer (usually a captain) was posted for five years to each battalion, he was seconded in his own regiment, and returned to duty with it when he had completed his term; by these means the Volunteers became more in touch with the Regular branch of the Army, and as the adjutant, in most cases, came from the regiment to which the corps he had been appointed to belonged, a real connection was formed between the officers and men of the Line and Volunteer battalions of the same regiment, which was productive of the happiest results.

Schools of instruction for officers were formed in London and Aldershot. The staff consisted of a commandant and adjutant, with a sergeant-major and other drill instructors, all experienced soldiers; classes of militia and volunteers, about thirty in number, the latter largely preponderating, were formed and carefully taught drill and discipline for a period of one month, at the end of which they were examined by the commandant, and if found proficient were awarded certificates, and entitled to have the letters P.S. added to their names in the Army List; every volunteer officer had to obtain this within two years of the date of his first commission if he wished to remain in the force.

Certificates of efficiency could also be awarded to those who were not able to give up the required time to join the schools, by boards of officers, in which case they were entitled to have the letter P. attached to their names in the Army List.

Some time in the "seventies" opportunities were given to battalions and companies to proceed to Aldershot for eight days, to be attached to the brigades of the Division, and do precisely the same work as the Regular soldiers there; these were productive of very great improvement to all those battalions who availed themselves of this privilege; they mixed thoroughly with their comrades of the brigade, and learned many a valuable lesson not to be taught elsewhere.

Any spectator seeing a battalion marching to the station for conveyance to our great military centre would not recognise the men if he met them returning to head-quarters after their eight consecutive days' training there, during which time they were under the Army Discipline Act.

In the remarks of the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, about the best friend the Volunteer Service ever had, on the field-day which concluded the Volunteer week of last year, appears the following:—"The volunteers showed marked improvement in the manner in which they moved in the field. They carried out the orders given to them more silently than was formerly the case, and there was now better co-operation between the various units."

Volunteer officers can now obtain certificates of proficiency in tactics, and can qualify for the appointments of instructor of musketry and signalling, and a glance at the Army List will show what a large proportion of them devote themselves to the long hours of study and practice necessary to obtain a knowledge of these accomplishments.

Though the Volunteer Service has made enormous strides and falsified many predictions hazarded about it when it first sprang into life, those composing it are well aware that much remains to be done to render the force really efficient. Battalions and corps vary very much; all are not equally good, as the authorities well know through the reports of inspecting officers.

Brigadiers should take opportunities of paying surprise visits to the battalions under their command when drilling or manœuvring by themselves, as by so doing they could form a better opinion of the capacity and fitness for command of the lieutenant-colonel, and of the efficiency of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men.

Those brigadiers who can get the whole of their command together at a military camp for even eight days' consecutive work learn more of its real condition than can be acquired by seeing it at a dozen annual inspections.

* Died March 2, 1894.

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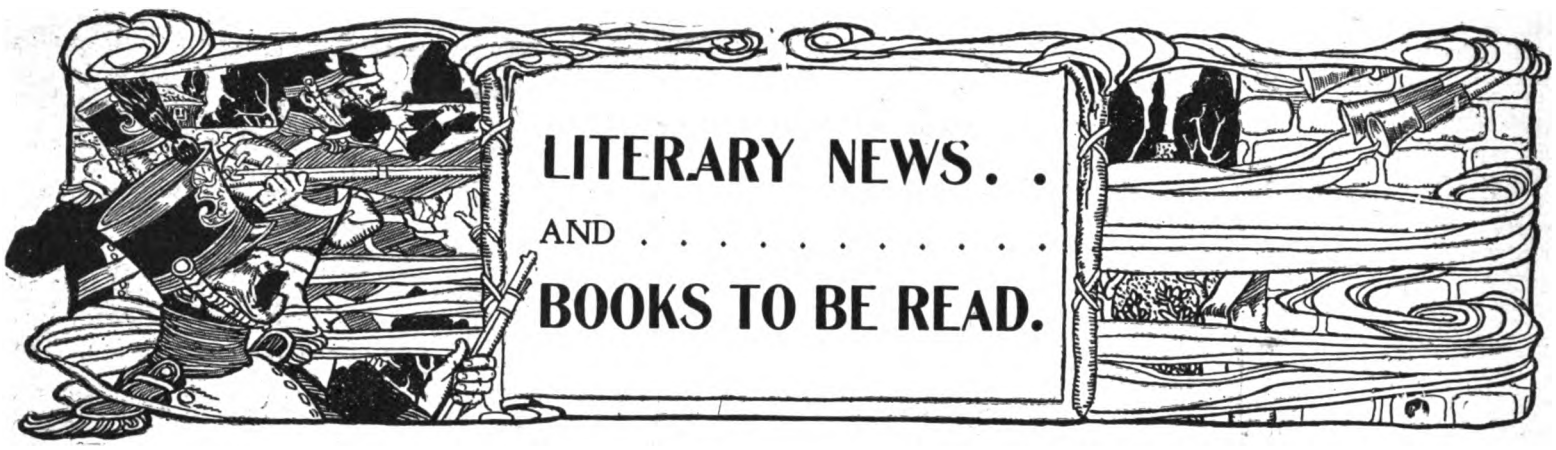

IT is well known that Colonel H. B. Hanna, formerly of the Punjab Frontier Field Force, and late in command at Delhi, is a stern critic of the policy pursued by the British Government and the Government of India upon the frontier and in the affairs of Afghanistan. He has no patience with the "Forward Policy," which he vigorously denounces, and he has even urged the view that it would be wisdom to retire. Though one may not agree with him upon every point, it must be admitted cheerfully that he has done very excellent work that commands respect. The first volume of his history of "The Second Afghan War, 1878-80: Its Causes, its Conduct, and its Consequences" (Constable), is published in the earnest hope that it may deal a deadly blow at the Forward Policy. Even while Colonel Hanna was writing he saw the errors of judgment which he deplores crystallised afresh into a policy, and already involving India in new complications which it was his dearest desire to avert. He therefore worked rapidly, multiplying his proofs and enforcing still further his arguments, so that, if possible, his conviction might be driven home into the minds of his countrymen. It is, therefore, very greatly to his credit, in these circumstances, that his volume is not a pamphlet, but good history. It would be possible to admit all that Colonel Hanna says in his impeachment of past administration, and yet to withhold assent from what would seem to be the inevitable conclusion. If our suspicion of Russia has been a nightmare, if the Ameer has always been our good friend, and we have treated him very ill, we must still say that, having put our hands to the plough, we cannot stand still in the furrow. It may be a sorry thing that the "white man's burden" is born of his own folly, but it is a burden not the less to be carried. There is a quotation in Colonel Hanna's title-page from a resolution of the House of Commons, to the effect that the maintenance of an inviolable character for moderation, good faith, and scrupulous regard for Treaty should be the simple grounds on which the British Government should have endeavoured to establish influence over the Native Powers of India That excellent resolution was passed after the first Mahratta War, and while the war with Mysore was in progress; yet it cannot be pretended that the proceedings of Warren Hastings, which were causing so much obloquy at the time, were anything else than an ultimate advantage to India. The fact is that the Forward Policy is no new thing in our history, either there or elsewhere, and the great truth is demonstrable that our rule has endured because it has been exercised in the interests of the races we subject; which is not to say that we have not made great errors in our dealings with Afghanistan, nor that the wisdom of retaining Chitral, for example, may not reasonably be debated. Neither may it be doubted that our true interest is to strengthen Afghanistan, and to consolidate our relations with that country.

* * * *

These are general considerations suggested by Colonel Hanna's remarkable volume, and the most interesting way of dealing with it will be to summarise its arguments. It is wholly occupied with the causes and preliminaries of the war. Briefly it may be said that the general contention put forward is that we had no real ground for suspicion of Russia, and no justification for our attempt to force upon the Ameer the presence of British residents in his dominions. Colonel Hanna gives an excellent and scholarly account of the various steps in our negotiations with Shere Ali—the views of Sir John Lawrence in opposition to the course adopted, Sir Bartle Frere's memorandum, the remonstrances of Lord Northbrook, the mission of Sir Lewis Pelly, and the attitude of the Ameer. He then points out that the views of the British Government rapidly grew. In 1875 we desired merely residents at Herat and Candahar; in 1876 Lord Lytton demanded that Afghanistan should be freely opened to all Englishmen, for whose safety the Ameer was to provide. "But what impresses one, perhaps, even more strongly is the proof that Lord Lytton had not only adopted Lord Salisbury's views, but that he found pleasure in clothing them in the most frankly brutal form. What was this earthen pipkin that it should presume to dream of remaining independent of the two iron pots between which it was privileged to be allowed to swim down the stream of time?" Viewed, however, in the light of stern truth, says Colonel Hanna, the barrier between Russian ambition and India is exactly the same as that which stands between British ambition and Russian Turkestan, viz., the indomitable spirit of the Afghans and their country's extraordinary sterility and inaccessibility. There is, however, certainly no ambition among us to seize Afghanistan, and the question of accessibility on the side of Russian Turkestan depends very greatly upon the development of railways in that region. The book is, of course, very argumentative, and it is outspoken in its terms; but it is most interesting and instructive, and many of its conclusions cannot be gainsaid.

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This is a book for soldiers and politicians, but the summer season requires lighter things also, and I am reminded of the sea and woods, of nutting, blackberrying, fishing, wildfowl shooting, and other holiday delights by a pretty guide to "East Coast Scenery" (Jarrold, 1s. 6d.), which is upon my table. Stories, too, there must be to beguile the leisure hours. Many books might be selected from the new edition of Whyte-Melville's works, which Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing, and in which "Rosine and Sister Louise" has just appeared, admirably illustrated by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. Capital, too, are "The Adventures of Captain Horn," by Frank R. Stockton, of which Messrs. Cassell have just published a new and cheap edition—the third. Mr. Stockton is a vigorous, telling, and brilliant writer of picturesque stories, as many people know. A book that girls and the young will like, and that will give pleasure to their elders by its simple and natural character, is "In Kings' Houses," by Julia C. R. Dorr (Duckworth). It is a delightful romance cast in the days of Queen Anne, opening in Windsor Forest, prettily told with sentiment and pathos. That it gives us the true flavour of the Court of Anne, or true history, I will not aver, but there is something very charming about it. The Churchills, and many other famous people of that time, pass through the pages, but they are seen in the glass of fancy, and not exactly as they were. It is a pretty book, prettily illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

* * * *

There is a good deal of character in "A Gentleman from the Ranks," by H. B. Finlay Knight (Black, 6s.). It is a story that will divert and interest. The ranker, though a very gallant fellow, is not a gentleman-ranker, but of humble origin, and therefore, when he is welcomed into the bosom of the family of a brother officer, whose life he has valiantly saved, he feels very much like a fish out of water. It is in developing the character of his hero that Mr. Knight is least successful, and the captain is a rather unattractive personage. Nevertheless, his advent into the domestic circle at St. Ebbs works wonders there. Mrs. Lepel, though she has a son grown to manhood—the officer rescued on the Frontier—and two daughters, is a beautiful widow, and susceptible of the tender passion, which she evokes also in the awkward Martin. There is not much romance in this love-making, but it has an important place in the story. For Mrs. Lepel has a daughter Georgie, by far the best character in the book, a girl with the heart of a woman but the assumed manners of a man, who talks slang, and is in her element in stable and hunting-field. She also falls in love with Captain Martin, and thereby hangs the tale. It is the way with some novelists to tie knots that can be unloosed only after the fashion of Alexander. Mr. Knight cuts his Gordian knot in the last chapter; but it would be unfair to disclose the *denouement*. There is a villain in the piece, and an element of humour is provided in the vagaries of a curate who aspires to Georgie's hand. In one chapter Mr. Knight deals very charmingly with childhood. But his achievement is in the creation of his unconventional heroine, and the events arising from her unfortunate attachment are skilfully managed. It is a well-told tale, interesting from start to finish, and with excellent dialogue and description.

* * * *

Very amusing indeed is a special number of *Le Rire*, which has been published with English text in this country—"apply to the Veber's." It is that number satirising the Emperor William's visit to the Holy Land, upon which displeasure fell officially in France. It held up a friendly Sovereign to ridicule, but I think the German Emperor, though he might formally disapprove, must have laughed heartily all the same. Sooth to say, the print is not at every page *virginibus puerisque*, and there is an unpleasant touch where the august traveller is represented in a manner that will be suggested by the following extract, which I give also to illustrate the grotesque humour of the thing: "Mr. Cook knows how to take me on my weak side. After all, why should I not be an aeronaut? *Quo non ascendam?* To what height shall I not ascend? All Jericho was plastered with bills bearing the following announcement: This day the new Messiah will make an ascension in the balloon called 'The Never-to-be-forgotten Grandfather.' Departure at 3 o'clock precisely." But it is really very harmless, and the humour is extremely droll, while the pictures are exquisitely funny. I cannot tell the reader where to procure this remarkable sheet, because I do not know, but the Paris office of *Le Rire* is 10, Rue Saint Joseph.

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"The Complete Illustrated History of the Dreyfus Case" (Nilsson and Co., 9d.) is capital, and is selling, I am told, very largely. It is almost wholly pictorial, there being but a single page of text, occupied by a diary of the famous case. The pictures number 300, and there is not a personage associated with the case, Dreyfusard or anti-Dreyfusard, nor a prominent incident connected with it, omitted from the list of illustrations. It is an exceedingly interesting venture, and it is the publishers' business to know how they can issue it at the price.

* * * *

There are some things in the July magazines to which it is worth while to draw attention. In *Chambers's Journal* Captain I. S. A. Herford gives his recollections of the attack on the Redan. He was serving at the time in the 90th Foot, and was appointed to the working party of his regiment on that memorable day, and succeeded to the command of it when his seniors were wounded. The business of his party was, by continuing the sap, to draw off the Russian fire from our retreating men, and afterwards to bury the dead. Our failure, he says, was not unexpected, and he severely censures those who mismanaged the attack. There is a capital account in *Cassell's Magazine* of gunpowder making at Messrs. John Hall and Son's works near Faversham, well illustrated. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge concludes in *Harper's Magazine* his chapters on the Spanish-American War, and among the many pictures is an admirable portrait of Admiral Dewey. He is quite sure that the Americans are in the East to stay, and will claim their share of the trade, and further that the interests of this country and the United States are identical in maintaining an open China. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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Mobilising the Naval Reserves.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

THE series of pictures here given depict some matters in connection with the partial mobilisation of the Fleet for Naval manœuvres which has just taken place. To absolutely approximate, during the piping times of peace, to the conditions that would prevail if war were suddenly sprung upon us is, of course, an impossibility; but the conditions are approached as nearly as possible, and in its main features the partial mobilisation for the Naval manœuvres represents just what would be taking place in the home ports if this country was on the verge of a war. Of course the annual manœuvres and the order for a mobilisation of the Reserves does not come to the dockyard officials as a complete surprise. The exact day is not known, but it can be guessed pretty closely, and for some time beforehand both material and personnel are being got ready.

Photo. Cozens. THE A RESERVE AT PORTSMOUTH Copyright

To begin with, let us glance at the permanent conditions, that is to say, the extent to which we are always prepared for war at home. Firstly, as regards material, there is always in commission the Channel Squadron, with its eight battle-ships, two first, two second, and two third class cruisers. Then there is the First Reserve Squadron, comprising the Coastguard and Portguard ships, numbering ten battle-ships and four cruisers. This squadron is complete as regards munition and stores, but as to men it has the crews of the vessels completed only to the extent of two-thirds of the full war complement of each ship. To it may also be added the two small battle-ships that are partially commissioned as tenders for the gunnery schools at Devonport and Plymouth, and attached to it also are the eight torpedo-gun-boats in commission as tenders. The mobilisation of the Coastguard ships is a matter of only a few hours, for each of these vessels can at once collect sufficient coastguardsmen, all picked Bluejackets belonging to its district, to fill the ship up to its full complement.

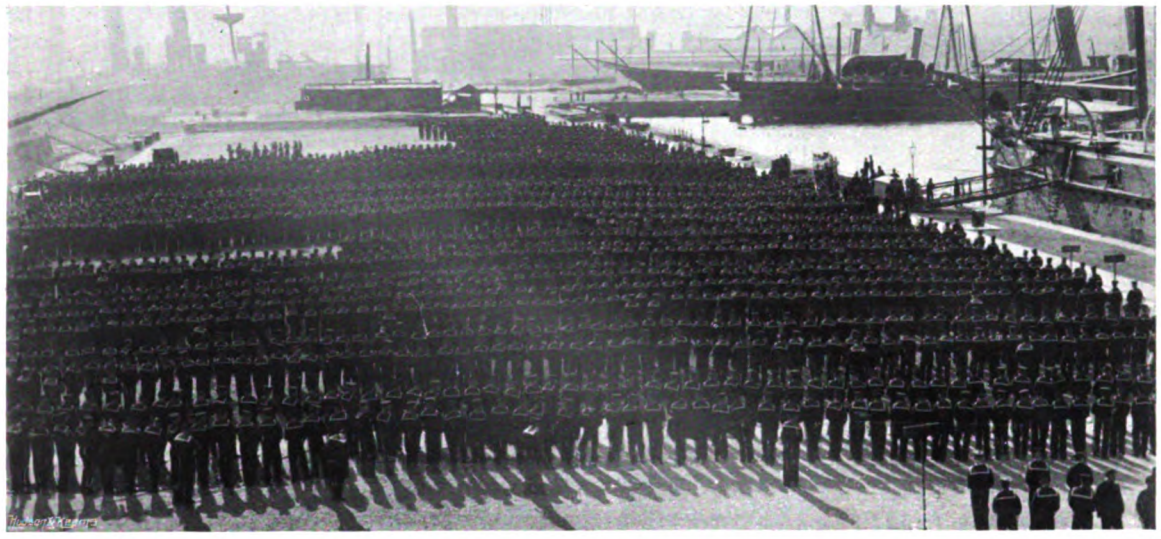

Photo. Cozens. MEN OF THE PORTSMOUTH DEPOT TO MAN MOBILISED SHIPS. Copyright

Finally, as a nucleus for the formation of the large flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers that the requirements of war would call into instant being, there are the twenty-four destroyers of the instructional flotillas that are always in commission.

There is, therefore, always to hand two strong battle-ship fleets, but these are weak in their proper quota of scouts and look-out ships. The fairly-strong torpedo flotilla would have also to be increased largely to meet all the demands which war would make upon it. For it must be remembered that it would have not only to hold the Channel and home waters against the enemies' torpedo-boats, but also to supply the two battle-ship squadrons with sufficient craft to ensure their adequate defence against torpedo attack wherever they might happen to be operating. The fleets, again, would, in the case of war, have to be strengthened by whatever battle-ships happened to be ready and available, but not in commission.

The demand made on the sources of supply at the dockyard ports, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness, would be to furnish crews, stores, and munition for the battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers in the Reserve. As regards the first-named, the men are available from four sources: (1) The Naval depôts; (2) the Naval

Photo. W. M. Crockett. MOBILISED DESTROYERS AND CRUISERS AT DEVONPORT. Copyright

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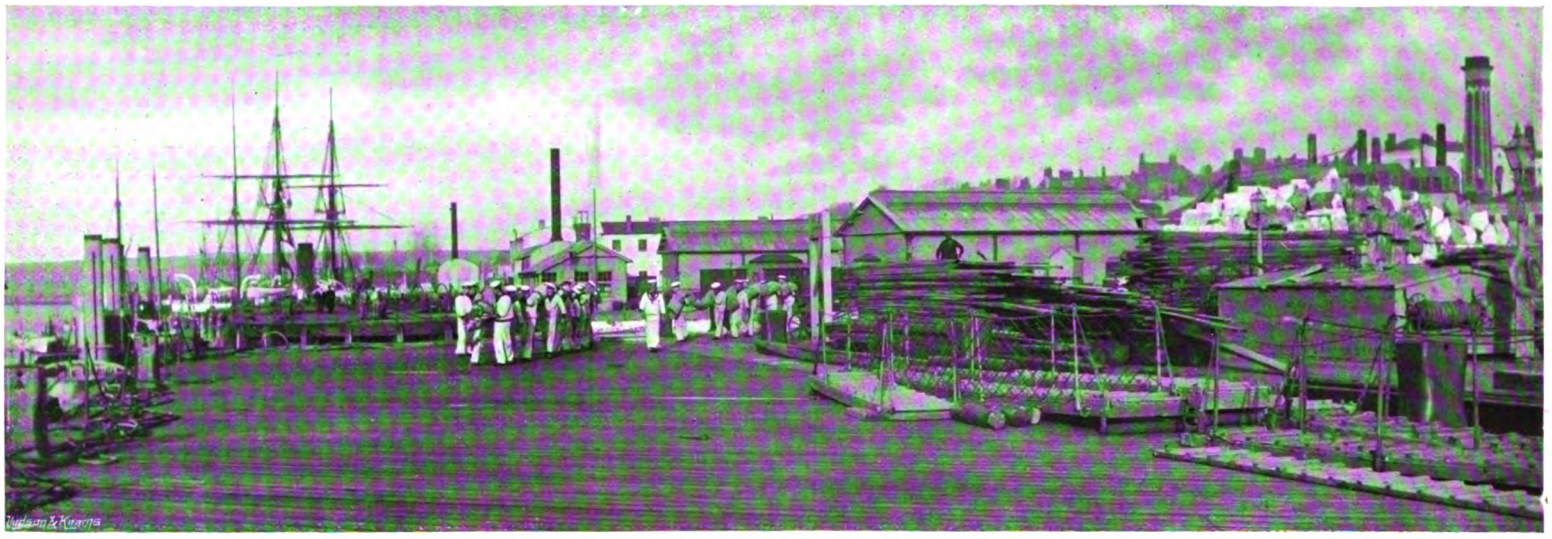
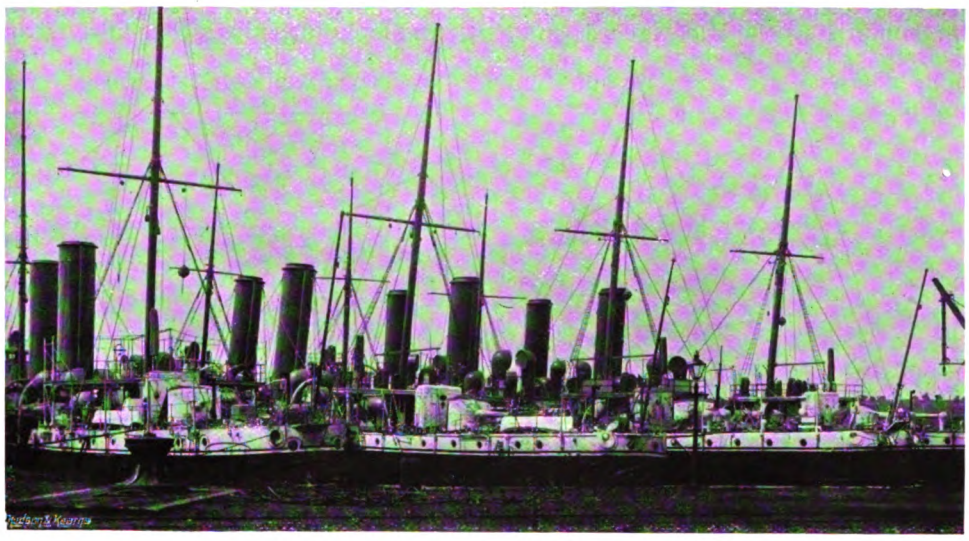


Photo. T. J. Allen. Copyright

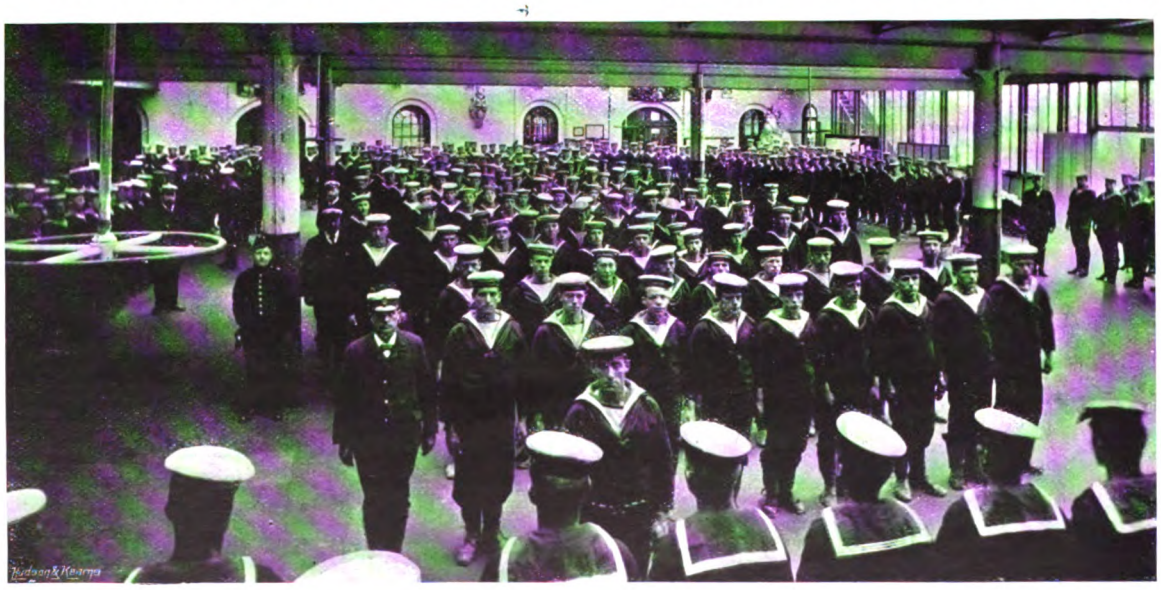
WORKING PARTY DRAWING STORES AT KEYHAM.

educational establishments, where a large number of men are always under training; (3) the Coastguard; and (4) the Royal Naval Reserve. Moreover, for manœuvres there are always to hand the crews of such ships as happen to be paying-off at the time. Take, for instance, the condition at Portsmouth to-day. In the Naval depôts there are some 4,000 Bluejackets, stokers, and Marines. Passing through the Gunnery School at Whale Island are ratings to the extent of about 1,500 men, while passing through the Torpedo School, the "Vernon," are about another 1,000. Finally, four cruisers, the "Narcissus," "Pallas," "Fox," and "Intrepid," have just paid-off, and their crews are available. Roughly, there are therefore to hand at Portsmouth alone some 8,000 men, and at the other ports in proportion. Then there are the coastguardsmen, the first drafts of which go to their own ships, though there would be still enough left to leaven the younger men forming the crews of some of the other ships, and yet leave enough on shore to keep the signal stations fully equipped. The Royal Naval Reserve men are for a partial mobilisation called out in small numbers, and only in order to give them training. Many of them, of course, are already in the Channel Squadron under instruction. Though their services are utilised for manœuvres, it is, in the main, for instructional purposes that the coastguardsmen and Royal Naval Reserve men are called out on these occasions, for it is their function, as a reserve, only to be employed to commission reserve ships on the actual outbreak of hostilities, and to act also as a reserve of trained men ready to fill the wastage that will at once ensue when the hostile fleets commence operating against one another. As regards stores and munition, the matter is a simple one, for at each dockyard ample quantities of both are kept constantly in hand, and require only to be put on board. Coal, too, is stored largely, for every ship must start with her bunkers full. A large war reserve of coal is always in hand, and never allowed to diminish below a given quantity.



THE A RESERVE AT CHATHAM.

The illustrations herewith show in graphic manner both the personal and material elements of the Reserve which will be brought into play by the order for a partial mobilisation. The ships in the basins at Portsmouth and at Chatham and those in the Hamoaze at Devonport belong to what is called the A Division of the Fleet Reserve. The Fleet Reserve is composed of the A and B Divisions. To the first belong those ships which are in complete order, and require only to be commissioned and supplied with stores to be at once ready for sea. In the B Division are all vessels which are undergoing minor repairs, but which could, if necessary, be rapidly got ready. Behind the Fleet Reserve is the Dockyard Reserve, in which are included all ships undergoing big repairs, such as re-armouring or re-engining. Then there are also the ships built or building, in every stage of progress. Other pictures illustrate the men who are now manning the vessels which are in readiness for any emergency. The stalwart bodies of Bluejackets forming the Reserves at Portsmouth and Sheerness are typical of the forces at all the ports. A wire from the Admiralty, and men march on board their ships; the stores are drawn and distributed, and before sundown all the vessels are ready for sea.



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THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY RESERVE AT SHEERNESS.

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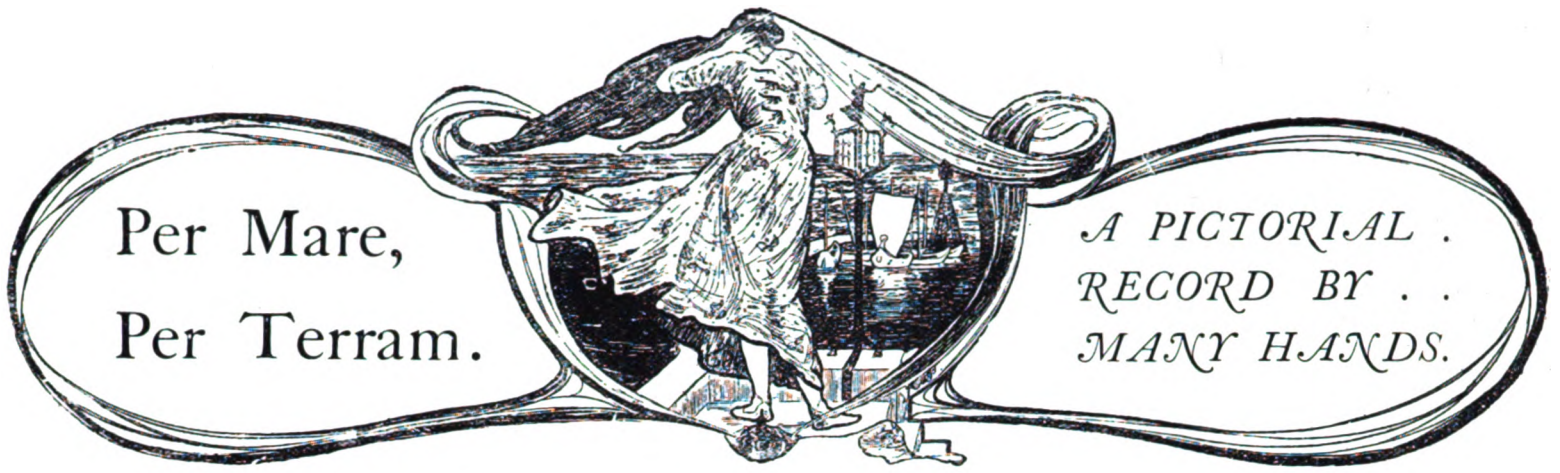

Photo. Charlet.n & Son.
MAJOR-GENERAL B. A. COMBE, C.B.

GENERAL COMBE, whose portrait is here given, has just vacated what is perhaps the most important district command in Ireland, that of the Curragh, to take up the command of a first-class district in India. It is by no means his first experience of India, for General Combe has seen in that dependency of the Empire much and arduous service. Indeed, he is one of the few officers still on the active list who came to Queen's regiments direct from a British regiment of the old Honourable East India Company's service. His first commission, bearing date August 27, 1860, the day before his 19th birthday, was as cornet in the Bombay Army, though the same day saw him transferred to the 21st Light Dragoons, formed of volunteers from the Bengal European Cavalry when the forces of the Company were finally transferred to the Crown. And probably the regiment is to-day one of the best known to the man in the street, for it is now the 21st Lancers, the heroes of Omdurman. Combe served with the 21st for the thirteen years that elapsed before he obtained his troop, and was both instructor of musketry and, for five years, adjutant to his regiment. Soon after his promotion he was transferred to the 10th Hussars, in which he obtained his majority in 1881, and in which he remained until, in 1886, he was appointed to command the 19th Hussars. His staff service has been long and important. As a captain and major he was both D.A.Q.M.G. and A.A.G. in Bengal, and for a year military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India. Prior to the command he now vacates he had a brigade in Bombay, and afterwards the cavalry brigade at Aldershot. As will be gathered by the string of ribbons on his left breast, he has seen much war service. He wears the Abyssinian medal for service in that arduous if bloodless campaign, and was present at the action of Arogee and the capture of Magdala. During the Afghan War of 1878-80 he was first brigade-major of cavalry, and afterwards D.A.Q.M.G. was mentioned five times in despatches, and gained the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel. For this campaign he wears the medal with four clasps and the Cabul to Candahar star, as he was present at the capture of Ali Musjid, at the battle of Charasiab, in the operations around Cabul, in the famous march, and at the battle of Candahar. His well-earned C.B. came to him as a Queen's Birthday honour in 1889.

Photo. G. Lekegian & Co.
GORDON'S AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Photo. J. Fuller.
CAPTAIN R. L. GROOME, R.N.

THE officer whose portrait heads this column has just vacated the command of the "Repulse," one of the battle-ships of the Channel Squadron, to assume one of the most important positions open to an officer of his rank in the Service, viz., that of senior officer on the South-East Coast of America station. This is the only one of our Naval stations commanded by an officer not of flag rank, and the tenure of the position carries with it the rank of commodore of the second class. The only other captains' commands which confer the right to fly the broad pennant of the commodore are those of Naval officer in charge at Jamaica, the command of Training Squadron, Naval officer in charge at Hong Kong, and the Naval officer in charge of Newfoundland waters during the fishery season. Captain Groome has not had the luck to see any war service, though he has just completed thirty-eight years' service, having entered as a Naval cadet in June, 1861. He was appointed sub-lieutenant in 1868, and served four years in that rank, but his subsequent promotion was fairly rapid, for he became commander in twelve years, and got his post rank six years later, in 1890. He is still a young man, not having yet reached his fifty-first birthday.

Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright
THE PRISONER OF THE KHALIFA.

THE two pictures here given are very typical of the changes that fate may bring about, and afford a striking contrast. From pasha to a

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prisoner in chains is an experience more interesting to look back upon than pleasant to undergo. On that terrible day in the January of 1885 when Khartoum fell before the hordes of the Mahdi, Ibrahim Fouzy Pasha was aide-de-camp to General Gordon. In our first picture Fouzy Pasha is shown wearing the uniform of his rank in the Khedivial Army. In the second picture we see the prisoner of the Khalifa clad in the patched "jibbeh" worn by the Dervishes, in his hand a Mahommedan rosary, and heavy, roughly-forged shackles around his swollen ankles.

Photo. Robinson & Thompson. Copyright

THE WINNING CREW OF THE "CONWAY" AND "WORCESTER" BOAT-RACE.

Compton, Bow. Brodie. Bourke. Rev. E. Lambert, M.A., Coach.
Mr. Tozer, Assist.-Trainer. Addison, Stroke. Long, Cox. Pinson. Davids. Capt. Miller, "Conway."

IN the Navy Sports, held the other day at Chatham, few events created more amusement than the wheelbarrow race, in fancy costume, illustrated below. The competitors wore most varied

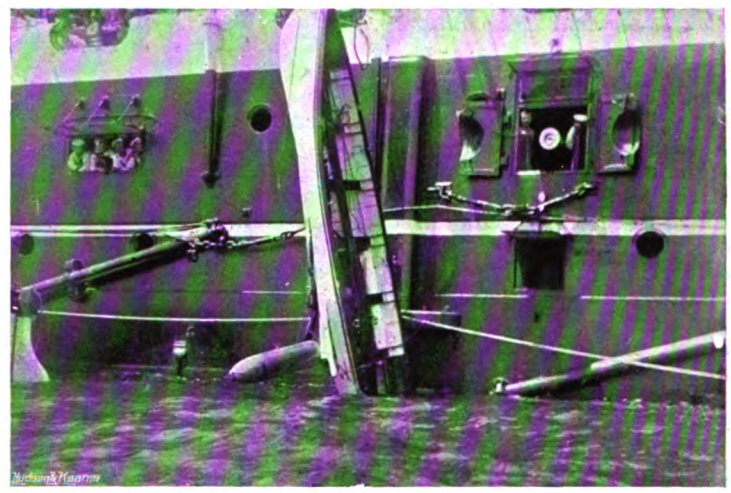
Photo. J. Fuller. Copyright

A WHEELBARROW RACE AT CHATHAM

costumes, and as the wheelers were blindfolded, ludicrous incidents abounded. The winners were two writers, Messrs. McLaughlan and Tidbury, the former being wheeler.

TO the mercantile marine, the boat-race between the two great training-ships for that service, the "Conway" and "Worcester," is an event which arouses as much interest as does the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in the members, present and past, of the two great Universities. The race was first instituted in 1890, and was this year rowed for the tenth time. Four years it has gone to the Thames vessel, the "Worcester," viz., 1890, 1892, 1893, and 1896, whilst this year makes the sixth, and the third consecutive, win for the "Conway," and the handsome shield now goes for custody to the training-ship that lies in the Sloyne, a tributary of the Mersey. The race is rowed alternately on the Thames and the Mersey, and this year the struggle took place over a two-mile stretch of the latter river. The "Worcesters" eventually won by twenty lengths, their time being a little over 19-min. for the two miles. The stroke of the crew was Cadet Addison, who is at the end of the seated row, and next him is the cox., Cadet Long. The crew were coached by the clergyman seen in the picture, the Rev. E. Lambert. Captain Miller, who commands the "Conway," stands to the left of the crew.

IT is not often that a torpedo is seen in the position here depicted, but such might recently have been seen on the Mediterranean station when the "Anson" was carrying out her torpedo practice at targets. One torpedo fired suddenly swerved—as torpedoes have a way of doing sometimes—and struck the whaler that had been sent away to recover and tow back the torpedo to the ship. The midshipman in charge saw that an accident was inevitable, and, as Naval officers usually are, was quite equal to the occasion, instantly ordering his crew to jump to the bow or stern of



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer*

"E DUNNO WHERE 'E ARE."

the boat, according to their positions. Of course the boat was sunk, and the men had to swim for it, but fortunately no harm came to anything but Her Majesty's property.

Photo. L. Jenks. Copyright

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE CAPE AND HIS STAFF.

THE Naval Brigade has conducted many little campaigns in Africa entirely "on its own," and in any of our big operations in the Dark Continent it has always taken a full share. Should trouble be now brewing for us in South Africa, the Navy will play a very big part, and the organisation of the Naval Brigade will fall on the officer who, with his staff, is shown in the accompanying illustration—Rear-Admiral Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G., the

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Commander-in-Chief at the Cape. Sir Robert Harris immediately prior to his going to the Cape was second in command in the Mediterranean. The officer on his right is his flag-captain, Captain R. C. Prothero, who commands the "Doris," while seated on the ground in front is his flag-lieutenant, Lieutenant Malcolm A. Kennard. The officer on his left is his secretary, Paymaster C. E. A. Woolley.

Photo. J. Pittuck. Copyright

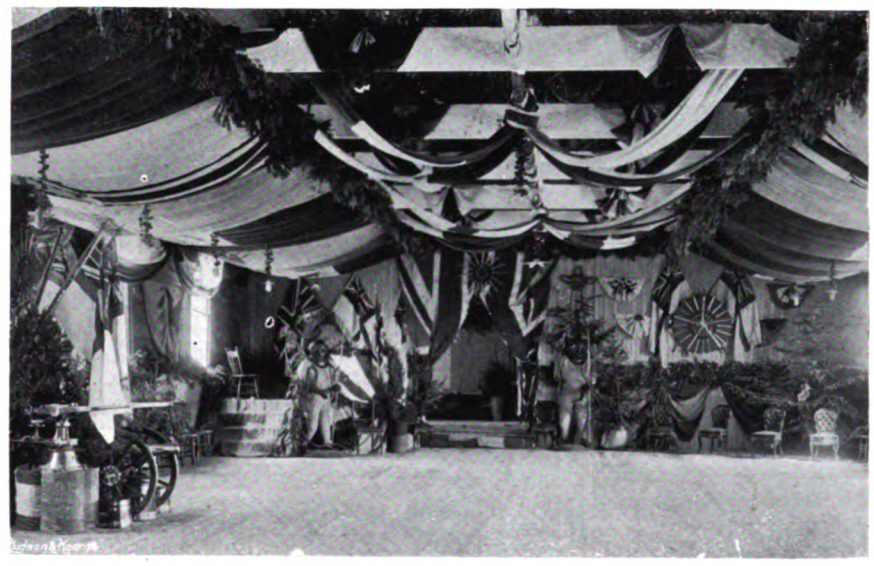
SUBMARINE MINERS' TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

THE stalwart tug-of-war team shown in the above illustration belongs to the 30th Company of the Royal Engineers, and won the 120-st. competition at the last Naval and Military Tournament held in the Western District. The 30th is one of the eleven submarine mining companies of the Royal Engineers, and is now serving at Plymouth, the headquarters of the Western District. There is nowadays considerable talk of organising a Naval Tournament, and if it comes off, and submarine miners of the Royal Engineers, whose work somewhat affiliates them to the Navy, are allowed to compete, the team above illustrated should render a good account of itself.

IN the matter of decoration, all social functions at which the Royal Navy is host stand out unique. In the Navy itself the officers and crew of the "Vernon," the great torpedo school of the Navy, enjoy the highest reputation for artistic talent in this direction. But we think that a glance at the accompanying illustration will show that their comrades on the Pacific station run them pretty close. Our picture shows the sail loft at Esquimalt, the headquarters of the Pacific station, transmogrified into a ball-room for a dance given by Capt. Finnis and the officers of the "Amphion." Think of the loft with its bare whitewashed walls, its floor grimy and greasy with the beeswax and tallow that sail-makers use at their work, and heaped with piles of canvas, sails, or awnings sent on shore for repair. Think of that picture and look at this. By a judicious use of bunting the sombre loft is made a blaze of colour, and the flags of all the world illumined by the electric light led in from outside—by leads which, as will be seen in the picture, are artistically decorated with wreaths—turn the whole into a scene in fairyland. Can you not imagine it, with the pretty costumes clothing still prettier figures—for Canadian girls have superb figures, and dress with *chic*—mixed with the blue, white, and gold of the Navy, the scarlet of the soldiers, and the black and white of the civilians? Note the entry guarded by the grotesque and yet powerful-looking figures arrayed in the diver's dress, the bright, polished field-gun, and the trophies of arms, and you can realise how true to Nature Kipling was when he wrote:

"Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second War.
And since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"

The seats for the wall-flowers are in evidence in the picture, and we may be sure that the cosy flirtation nooks have not been forgotten.



From a Photo. *A NAVAL BALL-ROOM* *By a Naval Officer.*

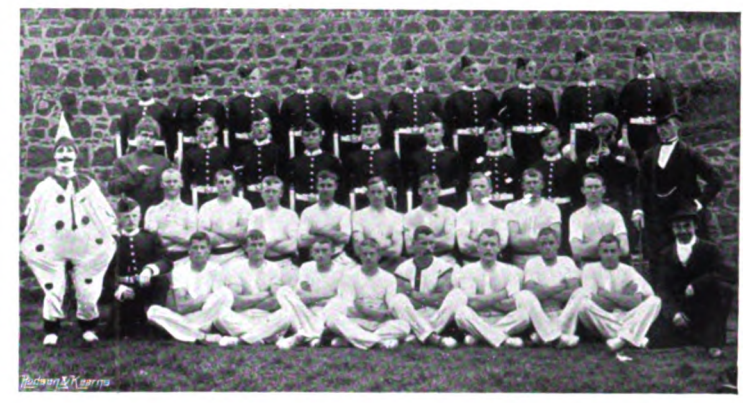


Photo. Cluett. Copyright

YOUNGSTERS OF THE 2nd WILTSHIRE.

THE old 99th, originally the Lanarkshire, and afterwards the Duke of Edinburgh's Regiment of Foot, is to-day the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment (the Duke of Edinburgh's), and is now stationed in the Channel Islands. The other day the regiment gave an entertainment in the St. Julian's Hall at St. Heliers in Guernsey, in aid of the Cottage Hospital in the island. All taking part in it were recruits of less than six months' service, and, despite the difficulties that now hamper the authorities in recruiting, a glance at our illustration will show that the Wiltshires are able to attract to their ranks sturdy youngsters. The physical drill, dumb-bell exercise, and gymnastics were excellent, and the faces of the clown and minstrels on the right and left of the group show that a strong leaven of humour enlivened the entertainment.

WE have now become quite accustomed to look upon Gibraltar as a "Guards'" station, and to find Her Majesty's Guards forming a guard of honour for the reception of a foreign dignitary outside the British Isles comes quite natural. Such an incident is represented in our illustration, which depicts the landing of the Governor of Algeciras at the Ragged Staff Wharf at Gibraltar, where he had come to pay an official visit of courtesy on the celebration of the Queen's Birthday. The Spaniard, we may feel quite assured, was duly impressed with the physique and bearing of the British soldiers.

Photo. Freyone. Copyright

A GUARDS' GUARD OF HONOUR AT GIBRALTAR.

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IN MEMORIAM, THE "VICTORIA," JUNE 22, 1893.

JUNE 22 is one of the saddest and yet perhaps one of the most glorious historical dates in the annals of the Royal Navy. Sad, for it saw one of the most terrible disasters that has occurred during the Navy's whole history; glorious, as it once more proved that for discipline and pluck in the hour of trial the British Navy is still unequalled. For June 22 is the anniversary of the loss of the "Victoria."

Our illustration shows the monument erected by the survivors to their comrades who lost their lives, and depicts it decorated as it is annually on the day by the ever-lessening number who still survive to commemorate the sad event.

TWO things are characteristic of us as a nation. One is that we take a licking—when we get one, which is not often—without grumbling over it or endeavouring to minimise it. The other is that even when we are beaten we have a way of coming out of the business with a certain amount of *éclat*. Both traits were brought into evidence at the recent International Rifle Match. We were beaten, and most distinctly badly beaten. But one of the team, Sergt.-Instructor Wallingford of the Hythe School of Musketry Instructional Staff, the champion of the British Army, and a winner at Bisley last year of both the Prince of Wales's and Duke of Cambridge's prizes, just saved the situation, for he won the prize for the highest individual aggregate in the prone position. Our men shot the match with the Lee-Metford Service rifle, which could only be eased down to a 4-lb. pull. The Danes and Italians also shot with their Service rifles, but were able to ease them to a 2-lb. pull. The other nations were firing with match rifles which had what were practically hair triggers. Our illustration shows the sergeant firing in the prone position.

THE MAN WHO SAVED THE SITUATION.
S.I. M. Wallingford at the Belgian International Rifle Match.

THE LATEST RED CROSS—NAVAL NURSING SISTER MISS I. SMITH.

NURSE ISABELLA SMITH, a reproduction of whose photograph is shown above, is a sister of the Naval Nursing Staff, and one of the latest to earn the distinction of the Order of the Royal Red Cross. During the last Benin Expedition Miss Smith was the senior nurse in charge of the hospital ship, which was the P. and O. ss. "Malacca," and she was assisted by Sisters E. M. K'Eagh and K. M. Negus, and to their care and skill many a man now doing good work for his Queen and country owes it that he is still to the fore.

Photo, Clarke. Copyright

OUR FUTURE WOLSELEYS—A CADET INSPECTION AT SANDHURST.

LAST week Sir Evelyn Wood made the usual half-yearly inspection of the Sandhurst cadets. Sir Evelyn Wood's few brief words of soldierly advice, that went straight home to the hearts of the youngsters, will probably bear fruit in the lives of many of them.

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The Queen at Aldershot.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Royal Review at Aldershot last week, although not to be classed in the same rank as the Jubilee Review of 1897, and one or two other similarly historical spectacles, was nevertheless of singular interest and importance. The fact that it was the first great Review of the kind of which Sir Redvers Buller has had the direction, coupled with the somewhat lurid aspect of affairs in South Africa, lent to the function an impressiveness which was strongly accentuated by the successful character of the display, and the splendid appearance of combined smartness and genuine efficiency exhibited by the troops concerned.

MARCH PAST OF THE BLACK WATCH.

The Review was held on the Queen's Parade, Laffan's Plain, than which it would be difficult to imagine a much more suitable *locale*. The parade included a cavalry division and two infantry divisions, numbering in all some 15,000 men, and the packed mass of spectators included a very brilliant, and, in justice to the feminine element, it may be added a very attractive representation of all that is best and brightest in London, as well as in Aldershot, society.

One of the accompanying pictures illustrating this

ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT—Spectators near the Saluting-point.

fine Review, that of the spectators near the flagstaff, has a general interest which will be readily appreciated. The "Own Correspondent" of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, having discovered that he is "one of the crowd" depicted, is personally inclined to attach undue importance to this fact, but, subject to editorial direction, has to be content with merely mentioning it as evidence of his presence in the best position available.

The march past was very finely carried out, and, as usual, the Scottish battalions were by no means the least attractive item in this always popular portion of the programme. There were three present, the 2nd Scottish Rifles, the 2nd Black Watch, and the 2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, the last a newly-recruited battalion which promises admirably, and has done wonders already in the matter of "shaking down." The Black Watch were in splendid trim, and compared favourably with any battalion on the parade. They swung past the Queen's carriage with that free stride which distinguishes Highlanders anywhere, and were very heartily applauded by a discriminating crowd.

The picture of the Queen watching the Review needs

Photos. C. Knight. *THE QUEEN WATCHING THE MARCH PAST.* Copyright

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little comment. An onlooker who, like myself, was in full view of Her Majesty throughout the march past, is able to testify to the singularly critical interest which Her Majesty displayed in the various individual corps assembled under her eye. Using her binoculars freely, the Queen studied each corps, as it passed her carriage, with great minuteness, and in several instances her face lit up with very obvious appreciation. In the case of the New South Wales Lancers, a squadron of which marched at the tail of the cavalry division, she not only scrutinised the ranks with extreme attentiveness, but bowed twice with that kindly graciousness which is so characteristic of our Queen.

Our last picture shows the foreign Military Attachés who were assembled at the saluting-point, partly to watch the Review, and partly in ceremonial recognition of the Queen's presence. The picturesque diversity of uniforms thus represented always lends a welcome touch of added colour to the functions in which these officials take part.

Photo. C. Knight. THE FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHES. Copyright.

Inspection of the R.M.A., Woolwich.

THE inspection of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, familiarly known as the "Shop," has just been carried out by the Commander-in-Chief, and, as usual, the function was highly interesting and well attended.

From a number of different points of view this inspection, and that of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, have a significance, sentimental as well as practical, which it is impossible to over-estimate at a time when Military education *does* mean so much and *may* mean so very much more.

At the inspection which we illustrate the usual routine of report-reading, speech-making, and examination of sketches, etc., was gone through, in addition to the inspection parades of which we give two interesting pictures, one showing the spectators watching the cadets at bayonet exercise, the other the parade in review order. So far as drill goes, these inspections almost invariably indicate a very high standard of excellence, when the comparatively short time that can be devoted to this branch of the cadets' education comes to be considered.

Several interesting announcements were also made, as, for example, the awards of the Queen Victoria medal to Mr Spaight, of the Pollock gold medal for distinguished proficiency to Mr. Hordern, and of the Tombs Memorial Scholarship for the senior Artillery cadet to Mr. Beamish.

The "Shop" may have its faults as an educational institution, but the Sappers and Gunners which it has turned out are living proofs of its genuine capacity to fulfil a very important *rôle*, that, namely, of producing officers who can be both scientific and practical soldiers, a combination of qualities badly wanted in these days of scientific warfare.

R.M.A. INSPECTION—BAYONET EXERCISE.

Photos. G. Higgins. R.M.A. INSPECTION PARADE. Copyright

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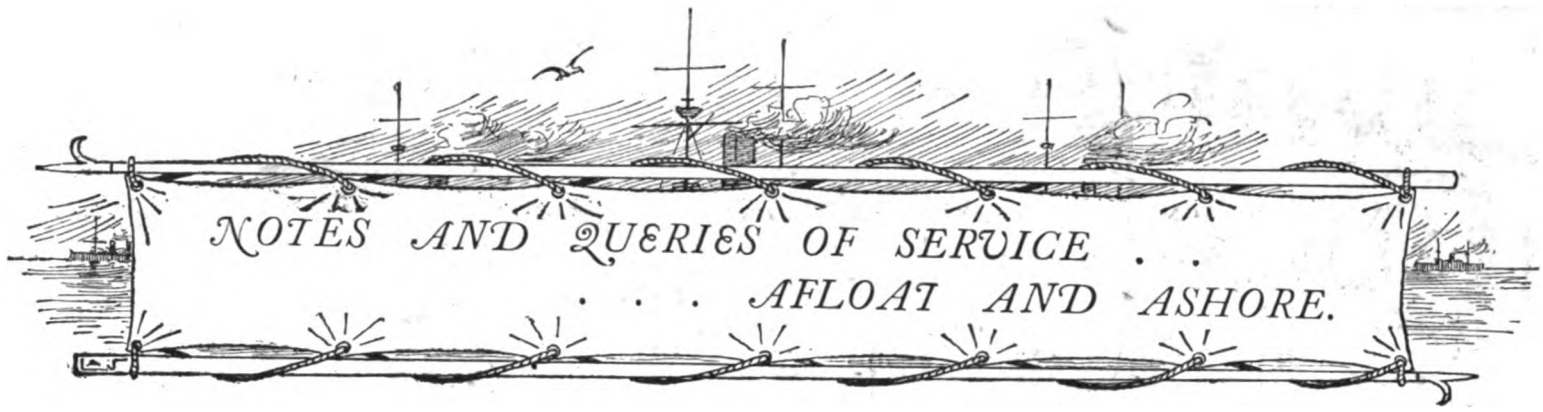

IT is not generally known that the Coldstream Guards possess, besides the Queen's colour and Regimental colour of each battalion, a State colour. This was given to them in the reign of William IV. as a special mark of Royal appreciation of the services rendered by the regiment. The State colour is only borne on special occasions. For instance, in the Jubilee Procession of 1897 it was proudly displayed. The colour in some respects resembles the Queen's colour of the 1st Battalion, in that in the centre is the Star of the Order of the Garter. The star is surrounded by a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, symbolising the three countries of the Union, and is surmounted by a crown. Unlike the Queen's colour, the State colour bears the battle honours of the regiment inscribed on it. In each corner is the Sphinx, for services in Egypt. On the left of the centre ornament can be discerned the word Talavera, and opposite to it is Lincelles, while inscribed on scrolls below the centre are Inkerman, Alma, Sebastopol, Barrosa, Peninsula, and Waterloo. It is interesting to note that William IV. also gave the regiment the bearskin cap, which was previously worn only by the Grenadier companies. The bearskins of the Coldstream are distinguished from those of the other regiments of Guards by a cut scarlet feather. *(See page 384.)*

* * * *

"T. C. A."—There are no vessels built nowadays for the Navy with auxiliary sail power, though there are still some in regular commission which are capable of making a voyage under sail. This is occasionally useful on the Australian or Pacific stations, where the distances are great, and coaling stations not always handy; but the advantage gained does not compensate for the drawback of having such top-hamper to dispose of before going into action, when it can but be a hindrance and a danger. The only real use of rigged vessels at the present time is as training-ships, it being still considered advisable that the men should know how to handle sails, etc.; and there are plenty of obsolete ships to supply this need for many years, even should it continue to be considered necessary, which appears doubtful.

* * * *

"K. S. B." (Dublin).—Yes, there are several bullets of the so-called Dum Dum type, namely, with weakened points to make them expand or mushroom on striking. For instance, the Tweedie and Allport bullets are weakened by slots. The Bertie-Clay bullet has the core exposed at the point. The Webley is cupped out. The Service Mark IV. is a nickel-cased bullet having a hole punched into the point, forming an axial recess 3-8-in. deep by 1-10-in. in diameter, but it is giving trouble. It is found that the core is liable to be blown through, leaving the nickel case sticking in the bore of the rifle. The Berthon bullet appears to be a likely one; this bullet has the core inserted in two segments, which separate by centrifugal force and double up on striking, thus expending all their energy immediately on the object struck. It is said to have more stopping power than any of the above, and will only travel a short distance after first graze, though it can be used at any range. The Service ·303 above described will travel close upon 4,000-yds. after first graze, and consequently is dangerous for sporting purposes in certain countries.

* * * *

"KAFFRARIA."—The 19th Lancers, disbanded in 1821, and revived again as the 19th Hussars in 1861, was the third regiment to bear the number 19. It was raised in the home counties for special service in India in 1781, under the title of the 23rd Light Dragoons. This regiment, by the way, must not be confounded with the 23rd Lancers—raised as the 26th Dragoons in 1796, and disbanded as the 23rd Lancers in 1817. Soon after the regiment's arrival in Madras it was renumbered, and became the 19th Light Dragoons, under which title it won great renown during a quarter of a century of Indian service. It took part in the campaigns against Tippoo Tib in 1790-91, and again in 1799, when it served in the battle of Mallavelly, and witnessed the fall of Seringapatam. It was employed under General Wellesley in the Deccan in 1800-1, and against the Mahrattas in 1803-4. For its distinguished conduct at the memorable battle of Assaye the regiment received the badge of the howdahless elephant—which is now borne by the 19th Hussars. The regiment came home in 1807, and in 1813-14 two squadrons which had been sent to America saw some very rough service on the Niagara Frontier. On the disbanding of the 23rd Lancers, the 19th was made Lancers. It was disbanded in 1821, when reductions were made after Waterloo, and several cavalry regiments were disbanded.

* * * *

"E. H." writes asking for particulars of an illustration which appeared in our issue of December 3, 1898. In the illustration in question, above the mess-plate of the 3rd Hussars there was a picture of a battle, and my correspondent wants to know what the battle was and is the scene depicted. I must apologise for my delay in answering, but the query has necessitated writing twice to India for information—my first letter went astray—the 3rd Hussars being stationed out there. The picture, which is by Ernest Crofts, R.A., and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year it was presented to the regiment, represents the charge of the 3rd Light Dragoons (as the 3rd Hussars were then called) at the battle of Moodkee on December 18, 1845, when Sir Henry Hardinge defeated 20,000 Sikhs under Sirdar Tej Singh. In this battle, it will be remembered, Sir Robert Sale, of Jellalabad fame, was mortally wounded.

"N. P. C." asks how many uniforms, British and foreign, the Prince of Wales has a right to wear? In the first place, His Royal Highness is a field-marshal. Then he is colonel-in-chief of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and of the Royal Horse Guards. He is also colonel of the 10th Hussars, and captain-general and colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company. Besides these he is honorary colonel of the following: The Norfolk Artillery (Eastern Division R.A.), the 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 4th Volunteer Battalion Suffolk Regiment (the Cambridge University Volunteers), 1st Volunteer Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the 6th Volunteer Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps (for service in which battalion he wears the Volunteer Decoration), 2nd Volunteer Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's), the 2nd Regiment of the Ghoorka Infantry, the 6th Bengal Cavalry, and the Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteers. He has also the right to wear a Naval uniform as an honorary Admiral of the Fleet.

* * * *

THUS there are seventeen British Naval and Military uniforms in which the Prince may appear. He has also four foreign uniforms, namely, as honorary colonel of the 5th Pomeranian (Blucher) Hussars, the 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussars, and the Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons, and *a la suite* of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards. The uniform of the 5th Pomeranian Hussars is a crimson coat and dark blue trousers. The 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussars wear blue coats and red trousers. The Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons have dark green tunics and blue trousers. The 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards are red coated, with light blue facings and dark blue trousers.

* * * *

"H. B."—In the Navy every officer or man not employed in a civil capacity belongs to a ship. Thus, officers studying at Greenwich or employed at the Admiralty may belong to the "President." The officers and men at the gunnery establishment at Whale Island are said to be borne on the books of the "Excellent," and the men wear that title on their cap ribbons. When the Diamond Rock, off Martinique, was captured, it was commissioned with official sanction as a sloop-of-war under the command of a lieutenant, and with a crew of 120 men. In commissioning the rock, the guns had to be got up by hanging the sailors from the precipitous sides of the rock to haul up the 18-pounders and 24-pounders—no light task when it is reflected that two of the 18-pounders had to be hauled to the summit, or 600-ft. high.

* * * *

"THE interesting paragraphs," writes "Flag," "which have appeared from time to time in 'Notes and Queries,' tempt me to comment on the numerous occasions on which vessels have been deceived by friendly ensigns being hoisted. An instance occurred a few months ago with a Spanish gun-boat which sailed right into Manila Harbour and was captured by Dewey's fleet. A typical instance was the capture of the French frigate 'Volontaire' in 1806, just after we had taken the Cape Colony. The frigate had as captives 217 British soldiers, and seeing the Dutch flag flying on the fort and shipping she sailed into the harbour, when she received an unexpected welcome from the British fleet. It may be surmised that there were 217 of her passengers who were not averse to the change of fortunes which resulted. Lord Dundonald's ruses have already been referred to, but it is interesting to mention one of them by which he deluded a Spanish ship by hoisting the Danish flag, and a man dressed as a Dane informed the Spaniard that they had plague on board!"

* * * *

S. R. TALBOT.—The cost of an assistant-clerk's outfit on joining the Royal Navy is about £60. During the period he is an assistant-clerk his parents have to pay £20 a year, private allowance, to supplement his yearly pay of £45. After twelve months' service as assistant-clerk, and provided he is 18 years of age, he may, on passing the necessary examination, be promoted clerk with a salary of £73, which is considered sufficient to maintain an officer of that rank without assistance from his friends. On promotion to clerk he requires a frock-coat and sword, the cost of which is about £10. At the age of 21 he may, after passing the requisite examination, become an assistant-paymaster with an income of £91, increasing periodically until the maximum of £209 is attained. About £18 is requisite for the additional uniform of an assistant-paymaster. The following expenses are obligatory: Messing and mess subscriptions, 40s., servant and hammock-man, 10s. monthly; equal to £30 a year. There would then be left £35 as assistant-clerk, £43 as clerk, and £61 as assistant-paymaster, for maintenance of outfit and private expenditure.

* * * *

I AM asked to state that at the East Surrey (31st and 70th) Regimental Dinner, at Limmer's Hotel, the following officers were present: Major-General T. E. Swettenham (in the chair); Colonels Bateman, Harris, Huskisson, Mitford, Sir Terence O'Brien, K.C.M.G., Phillips, Roupell, Saltmarshe; Majors Backhouse, Benson, Gillman, Pearse, Smith, Thomas; Captains Gilbert-Cooper, Gorman, Ionides, Keble, Packman, Tew, Tufnell, Wynyard; Messrs. Colquhoun, Johnson, King-Church, Robinson, Smalley. General Sir George Greaves, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., colonel of the regiment, was unable to preside owing to indisposition.

THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER I.

JACK ASHORE.

ON a hot afternoon in the month of July, when the shadeless streets of Dockhaven lay sweltering in the full glare of the sunshine, a sailor emerged from the back door of a squalid lodging-house, and looked cautiously about him. The narrow alley in which he found himself was one of the numerous side streets leading into a commercial artery of the port. It was the sorry playground of some of the dirty little urchins who are the chief product of the local industry; and a dozen children sprawled in the dry gutters, intent upon a game of marbles. The children did not look up from their game as the sailor drew near. Had they done so they might have noted a favourable specimen of the modern Bluejacket, and have read kindly sympathy in his pleasant face.

"Poor little devils!" he said, softly. "Fathers at sea, mothers out charring, and big sisters tired of minding 'em." He stopped, and bent down with his hands upon his knees, watching the game.

The section of the main street beyond the alley lay in the full glare of strong sunlight, the prospect being bounded by a slop-shop on the further side of the thoroughfare. Even as he watched the children's play, the sailor frequently glanced up the alley, noting with keen eyes all passing forms silhouetted against the yellow oilskins in the slop-shop window. His caution was rewarded, for presently three men, dressed in the plain blue uniform of the water police, slouched into view and stopped short. Instantly the sailor darted into a doorway, and hid himself from their observation. The porch was narrow, but he placed his broad back against the door, and held himself erect and motionless.

Attracted by this Naval manœuvre, the children lost interest in their game, and fixed their eyes upon the sailor. Here was an element of danger upon which he had not reckoned.

"Little beggars!" he said, authoritatively; "get on with the game, and don't look at me." He spoke with necessary firmness, and secured momentary obedience; but still from time to time wondering glances were directed towards the doorway.

One boy, a little older than the rest, grasped the situation. His acumen was painfully precocious, for he was but eight years of age. "They aint gone yet," he announced. "They're jawing an' looking this way."

"May the Lord look sideways on 'em," muttered the sailor. "Smart lad," he added, with an approving nod to the child. "Keep your weather eye lifting, sonny, and report progress."

By this time the children had steadily resumed their inquisitive scrutiny of the sailor, and some of the younger ones laughed, and pointed at him with grimy fingers. He saw the futility of further remonstrance, and began to rap upon the closed door with his fist.

"You won't get in there," said the boy, dispassionately.

"Why not?" asked the sailor.

"It's old Mother Pollen's house, and she's always boozed."

"She oughter be ashamed of herself," said the sailor, in his best Sunday-school manner. "Women," he added, "oughter be kept off booze by Act of Parliament. What do *they* want with such things?"

A sharp exclamation from the boy cut short his moral philosophy.

"Well," said the sailor, quietly, "what is it, my lad?"

"They're coming down the alley," said the boy, eagerly.

The sailor hitched up his loose sleeves, and spat upon his hands. "Good lad," he said, approvingly. "When they reach the next door but one, you hold up your hand."

"Shall you fight the three of 'em?" asked the boy, admiringly.

"My son," replied the sailor, "there's a time to fight, and a time to run away. This little affair's going to be betwixt an' between the two. I'm going to make a running fight of it. Stand by to hold up your hand."

They fell into silence, the boy watching the advancing police, the sailor watching the boy. The excitement of the little lad contrasted strangely with the devil-may-care coolness of the sailor. The former had doubts as to the issue of the coming fight, the latter had none. He stood erect in the doorway, listening to the footfall of the enemy, mentally estimating the range. The bronzed cheeks above his trim brown beard did not grow paler as he waited, but his keen blue eyes hardened, and the pleasant mouth closed firmly. Ned Bunter looked his best at this moment, and at his best he was a handsome, well-built man, in the full prime of physical vigour. Aged about thirty, he looked a trifle older, though his red-brown beard had no tinge of grev in it. His forehead was broad and straight, but rather low; the eyebrows were well marked; the eyes, of light blue colour, were quick, and lent intelligence to a face that was more generally pleasing than remarkable. Looking at him casually, you would have said, "There goes a jolly sailor"; but it is likely that you would not have distinguished him clearly from a dozen other bearded sailors that might be met in Dockhaven streets after working hours. There is something in a sea life that robs men of strong individuality of appearance. If a Bluejacket of the Royal Navy retains any obvious characteristic, he is generally labelled "nosey," "ginger," or the like. In effect, there are but two types—sailors clean shaven, and sailors with beards. Had Nelly Pratten witnessed the cool courage of her lover in the impending tussle, she might have waved social prejudices and altered the course of this history. Nelly Pratten, however, saw even less of his prowess than the man in the last row of the pit sees of a popular drama. She was cut off from Ned's stage by some two miles of solid masonry.

"What are they doing now?" asked the sailor, sharply.

"Still coming this way," said the boy, "an' looking up at the winders."

"They're after me, sure enough," muttered Bunter; "but they aren't sure of the house. Sonny," he added, still in the same low tone, "I'm going to leave a bob for you on this doorstep, and some coppers for the other kiddies."

The boy smiled incredulously, but a moment later his eyes dilated, and he threw up his hand.

Instantly the sailor darted forward. The water police were close upon his hiding-place, and so sudden was the attack of Bunter, that they had no time to note his features. They saw a bearded sailor charging impetuously up the alley, and instinctively they spread to bar his progress. There was

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a whirl of blue serge, a few excited shouts, and the sound of quick blows given and received, as Bunter burst through his opponents. The central policeman went down like a ninepin before the impetuous onslaught; the right fist of the sailor had crashed into his face. In his fall, the man cannoned heavily against the comrade on his left, and both came to the ground together. The third policeman was more fortunate. He parried the blow aimed at his jaw, and made a clutch at the collar of the sailor. For one moment the issue was doubtful, but the sheer impetus of his attack gave Bunter the advantage. The hand of the policeman gained but an insecure grip of the loose clothing, and he, too, was swept off his feet as the sailor jerked himself free and sped onwards. Thus, on the old Nelsonian principle of attack, Ned Bunter broke the enemy's line; but he left in the grasp of the third policeman part of his blue jean collar.

The man who had borne the brunt of the attack was in no haste to commence the chase, but lay cursing and groaning upon the ground. The other two scrambled to their feet and began to run. Glancing back, as he reached the end of the alley, Bunter saw that he had secured ten yards' start. In the open country he would have been well content with his advantage, for he was swift of foot; but here, in the crowded streets of the port, the shouts of the water police might draw the town constables to their aid. This danger in his mind, Bunter ran but a few yards up the main thoroughfare, and then dived down a side turning before his pursuers had rounded the first corner. After threading the by-streets of the quarter for some minutes, he reduced his speed to a steady walk.

To his original offence of over-staying leave Ned Bunter had thus added resistance to the police. Wholly undisturbed by his misdeeds, he took his way towards the home of Nelly Pratten.

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CHAPTER II.

CASTE PREJUDICES.

JOE PRATTEN, the father of the fair Nelly, kept a beer-house in Anchor Lane, a street lying between the Cobden Road and the beach. Although the Harp and Crown was a "tied" house, and supplied very indifferent ale to its patrons, Joe was reputed a warm man, with substantial savings.

Ned Bunter, A.B., was by no means the only customer of the house in Anchor Lane who found the sour and heady ale sweetened by the arch smiles of pretty Nelly. As for Ned, it may be safely affirmed that he scarcely heeded the poor quality of the beer. To the risk of his fine constitution, he had partaken of it freely for several months; and, in his presence, no man dared suggest that the beverage had a fault.

For Nelly Pratten was, in truth, as winsome a charmer as ever set ablaze the inflammable heart of a British sailor. In her dark eyes lurked a laughing challenge to all mankind that was daringly echoed by her red lips; her hair was black and wavy; her nose a saucy little feature; her complexion delicately clear; her skin smooth as satin. To these attractions Nelly owed many suitors, but she combined with her beauty the charms of youth and maidenly vivacity. She was an empty-headed maid of merry moods; and Ned Bunter, who had worshipped beauty in many lands, credited her with every grace and virtue under heaven, save one in which she was obviously lacking, even to the eye of love.

The heat of the day was declining, but still severe, when Bunter pushed open the swing-doors of the private bar and saw Mrs. Pratten dozing behind the counter.

"Why, Ned," said the lady, drowsily, "I thought the 'Grunter' was just about sailing."

"She sails at daylight, I believe," replied the sailor, indifferently. "Where's Nelly, ma'am?"

"Resting in the parler. We're always slack at this time of the day."

"I'm going in to say good-bye to her."

Mrs. Pratten nodded assent, and dozed off again; so Bunter passed behind the bar and turned the handle of the parlour door.

Miss Nelly was lying upon a slippery sofa, reading a romance of high life. So absorbed was she in the fortunes of certain lords and duchesses that she did not notice the presence of the sailor until he announced himself by a timid cough.

"Lawk! how you startled me, Mr. Bunter."

"Did I?" said Bunter, humbly. "I'm very sorry, Nelly."

"Of course you did," said Nelly. "And besides," she added, with some displeasure, "you said good-bye to us yesterday."

"I know," said Bunter; "but you didn't answer that question, Nelly."

Nelly at once changed the subject. "How did you tear your collar?" she asked.

Bunter looked disconcerted, and fumbled with the residue of the garment.

"Quick Ned! The rats are here asking for you."

"You've been fighting," said Nelly, sharply.

"Only a bit of a scrimmage, Nelly. I couldn't avoid it."

His shame-faced manner roused the girl's suspicions. "How comes it that you're ashore?" she demanded.

Bunter hesitated.

"I see how it is," said Nelly, scornfully; "you're breaking your leave. I don't believe you've been on board the 'Grunter' at all!"

"I couldn't go till I'd seen you again," pleaded the sailor. "You wouldn't give me an answer yesterday, so I stayed ashore. I'd have been here earlier, but I was told the water rats were after me, so I had to lie snug."

"Careful!" echoed Nelly, indignantly. "How can you be so reckless?"

"Only say you'll marry me, Nelly," retorted the sailor, "and I'll turn over a new leaf and be as steady as a Sunday-school teacher." He tried to take her hand, but she repulsed him haughtily. "I see you're riled," he said, miserably. "I wouldn't have done it if you'd been nice to me yesterday. I *had* to see you again."

For a moment the girl was touched by his earnestness, and her dark eyes softened; but her glance fell upon the torn collar, and her thoughts reverted to the well-dressed lords of her favourite literature.

"Mr. Bunter," she said, coldly, "you have no right to blame me because you've got yourself into trouble. I didn't answer you yesterday because I like you too much to wish to give you pain."

"Blame you, Nelly," protested the sailor. "Lord! I'd do a week's cells any time to win a kiss from your pretty lips." He made as though he would claim that reward in advance, but the girl drew back.

"A week's cells!" she said, contemptuously. "Do you think that the way to win my respect?"

"No, I suppose not," he admitted.

"Since you insist upon my answer," she resumed, "you shall have it. I like you very much, Ned, but I will never marry a common sailor. If you really love me, do something to prove it."

"What can I do?" he asked, eagerly.

"Get on in the world," said Nelly, promptly. "Do you think I want to live in a back street and take in washing?"

"If you'd wait a few years, Nelly, I'd try to pass for a

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boatswain; and a boatswain's an officer, you know, and wears a sword."

"Yes, a warrant officer," said Nelly, scornfully. "A boatswain isn't good enough, Ned."

"Perhaps you want to be a captain's lady and ride in your carriage," said Bunter, ironically.

The girl coloured angrily, and her eyes flashed. "Plenty of girls no better than me have married lords and earls," she said. "Perhaps I could marry a captain if I put my mind to it."

"Look here," said Bunter, earnestly, "I can see what it is, Nelly; you've been stuffing your pretty head with those rotten books!" He pointed scornfully at the penny weekly.

Nelly tossed her head, but the sailor had grown impatient, and was in the mood to speak his mind about the upper classes of society. "A captain!" he cried, bitterly. "I'm as good a man as any darned captain in the Service, and know my work better than most of them know theirs. If I had the chance, I dare say I could command a ship every bit as well as some skippers I've sailed with."

"It is easy to say that," observed Nelly. "You haven't got the education of an officer, nor yet the manners."

"Plenty of men no better than me," echoed Bunter, "have risen to be lords and earls. In the Navy," he added, bitterly, "a man has no chance of getting on. I might get made a boatswain; but that won't do for your ladyship. I see what it is," he continued, with rising anger, "you're one of those girls that don't know the difference between a man and a suit of clothes. I'm good enough for Joe Pratten, and your mother has known all along what I wanted at the Harp and Crown; but I see now that I've been a fool, and that you've only been keeping your hand in with me, waiting for the lords and earls to come along."

As the sailor poured out his reproaches, Nelly grew pale and her eyes dropped. Never had she liked him better than at this moment. She felt that he was breaking through the toils and asserting his manhood. She did not want to marry a common sailor; but it was hard to let such an ardent lover drift out of her life. Torn with doubts, hesitating between love and ambition, she was too proud to let him see that his reproaches wounded her.

"Ned," she began, timidly, "if I could only believe that you——"

But the momentous sentence was never completed, for at that moment Mrs. Pratten rushed into the room and locked the door behind her. "Quick, Ned!" she cried, "the rats are here asking for you. If you go out the back way they may not catch you."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bunter, dismally; but he did not move.

"Mother! how can you encourage him?" said Nelly, reproachfully; "it would be much better for him to surrender quietly."

These words roused in Bunter the spirit of opposition, and he sprang to the back door.

"Miss Pratten," he said, bitterly, "seems very anxious to send me back to my ship; but I've a mind to stay ashore for good and all. I wish you good-day, miss." Turning to the mother, he said, gently: "Good-bye, Mrs. Pratten. You've helped me all you could, but a common sailor isn't good enough for her. She wants a lord, or a captain at least."

Nelly held out her hands, imploringly, but Bunter had turned his back and did not see the pretty gesture.

"Ned!" she cried, "where are you going?"

"To the devil!" replied the sailor, recklessly, as he passed out of the room and shut the door behind him.

* * * * * * *

It was without any clear plan in his mind that Bunter quitted the Harp and Crown and walked sullenly away. He was in the mood to resist authority, and reflected dully that strong drink, and plenty of it, was the best cure for the heart-ache. The colour and zest of life had faded. There was no longer any stimulant towards good conduct, and he decided to stay ashore until his money was spent. Momentary indecision caused him to walk slowly, so that he had scarcely reached the end of the short street when he heard the patter of footsteps behind him. Glancing back, he saw the three men of the water police whom he had assaulted and evaded earlier in the day. Finding themselves observed, they shouted to him to stop, and began to run towards him, upon which Bunter took to his heels. The quarter of the town through which the sailor thus ran was not so rich in by-streets as he could have desired. The police were so close to him at the commencement of the chase that he was obliged to trust to speed, and endeavour to increase his distance. Unfortunately, too, he was imperfectly acquainted with the topography of the vicinity, so that he was afraid to keep to the back streets, for fear of striking a *cul-de-sac.*

(To be continued.)

Discipline and the "Cat."

By COMMANDER H. N. SHORE, R.N.

THE reaction which has set in of late against the infliction of physical pain for wrong doing is largely responsible for a noticeable tendency in some quarters to regard the Naval officer of the old wars as of an essentially cruel and tyrannical disposition. As a matter of fact, however, a proneness to tyrannise has never been confined to any particular class or epoch; and if, as must be conceded, Naval discipline during the Napoleonic wars was often barbarous in its severity, we must remember that this was the effect of causes which are little understood or appreciated at the present time, and for which the Naval officer was in no sense responsible. The fault really lay in the system under which the Naval Service men were recruited. Acting on the principle that, as the Fleet *must* be manned, therefore the end justifies the means, the authorities had no option but to fall back on the press-gang; and, holding that every creature of the male sex was fit food for powder, they filled up the ships with the most heterogeneous collection of bipeds that was ever got together—jail-birds and "United Irishmen"—convicts and "decayed gentlemen"—forgers and murderers—the whole were handed over to the unfortunate Naval officer to lick into shape in the shortest possible time. As old Commodore Thompson declared, "in a man-of-war you have the collected filth of the jails," and the surprising thing is, not that the "cat" was used freely, but that discipline was ever established at all; and, as no "certificate of origin" was sent along with the people, an officer could never know whether he had to deal with an honest fool or a cunning criminal, so that the lot of a respectable sailor during the first few months of a ship's commission was anything but enviable.

The chief end and aim of the authorities on the outbreak of war was to hurry the fleet to sea. The fitness of the several ships for meeting the enemy was immaterial. A craft with guns on board was a "man-of-war"—a crowd of men was a "ship's company"—even if, as often happened, there were barely sufficient seamen on board to steer, and none who had seen a shot fired in anger. Still, as long it was possible to point to a goodly number of ships at sea the authorities were content. They had done their share. The rest lay with the officers—and the "cat!" Protests on the part of captains were unavailing. "They must do the best they could," with the result that Her Majesty's ships were too often hurried off to meet their doom, the captain and officers to bear for the rest of their lives the stigma of defeat, if not worse, the crews to pine away the best years of life in French prisons. In effect the Admiralty said: "We have given you the raw material, and with it you've got to beat the enemy; how you do it is a matter of indifference to us; you have autocratic power over your men, short of capital punishment, and if you can't knock them into shape that is *your* look out." And when the honour of the flag, the safety of the ship, professional reputation, and every prospect of advancement were at stake on the issue of an encounter which might take place at any moment, can we blame captains for resorting to methods of discipline which shock the more humane feeling of the present generation?

"Oh, but look at Collingwood!" I hear some one exclaim. "There was an instance of a captain who preserved discipline without flogging." True, but Collingwood was a man amongst thousands, and systems of discipline are framed with a view to the average man. And even Collingwood maintained discipline by the *fear* of the cat, and even worse, seeing that, on one occasion, he threatened to "head a man up" in a cask and throw him overboard. Moreover, If I mistake not, he frightened bad characters into good behaviour by the threat of sending them to flogging ships, thereby making the admission that the fear of the cat was, in many cases, the only means of preserving discipline, and that the too free use of it by other officers enabled him to dispense with it entirely. As a matter of fact, the "use" of the cat was universally recognised in days when the "filth of the jails" was shot into Her Majesty's ships, and no one saw the least cruelty in its use as an instrument of discipline. It was its "abuse" that almost invariably defeated the end in view, provoking a spirit of savage resentment which, in more than one notorious instance, broke into open and disastrous mutiny. Extraordinary times called for extraordinary means, and when the very existence of the nation was at stake people were not over nice in the means employed for securing their own safety. It is only of late years, while in the peaceful enjoyment of the security our ancestors obtained for us, that we have discovered that the men who fought and bled and laid down their lives for our benefit were a set of cruel tyrants.

May we not truthfully say, in the words of Ernest Renan, that "the most fatal error is to believe that one serves one's country by calumniating those who founded it?"

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The Hampshire Militia.

QUITE apart from any connection with Aldershot, Hampshire possesses a fair number of important Military associations. Its capital, Winchester, where H.R.H. the Prince of Wales the other day laid the foundation-stone of the new barracks, is the Rifle Depôt, as well as the headquarters, of the 37th Regimental District, which feeds the Hampshire Regiment. The county supports a first-rate Yeomanry corps, the Hampshire Carabineers, a Militia and two Volunteer Artillery corps, Militia Submarine Miners and Volunteer Engineers, and one Militia and five Volunteer battalions of infantry. When to this notable representation we add the fact that the headquarters of the Southern District are at Portsmouth, we must surely reckon Hampshire as, for its size, only second to Middlesex in Military interest and importance. It would be strange if such a county did not produce a first-rate Militia battalion, and a glance at our pictures, which were taken on the camping ground, Fort Grange Field, Gosport, will satisfy anyone who "knows these things" that the 3rd Battalion Hampshire Regiment is up to the very best form of the Old Constitutional Force.

THE OFFICERS OF THE HAMPSHIRE MILITIA.

A particularly interesting picture is the group of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men in possession of war medals. The Hampshire Militia makes a special point of encouraging old soldiers of the 37th and 67th, which constitute the Line battalions of the Territorial regiment, to join its ranks, and the result is that nearly all the non-commissioned officers and a large number of the privates have put in at least some years in the Regular Army. Of these, as will be seen from our group, some three score have had the further advantage of having seen active service. The value of such a leaven in an organisation like a Militia battalion is incalculable. During the first few days of their training most Militia corps find the shaking-down process rather a trying one, but where there are a number of old soldiers at hand, things are rendered much easier. It goes without saying, too, that the general tone, smartness, and efficiency of a Militia battalion are sensibly improved by the presence of a number of men in the ranks who almost mechanically do their work in a thoroughly up-to-date and professional fashion.

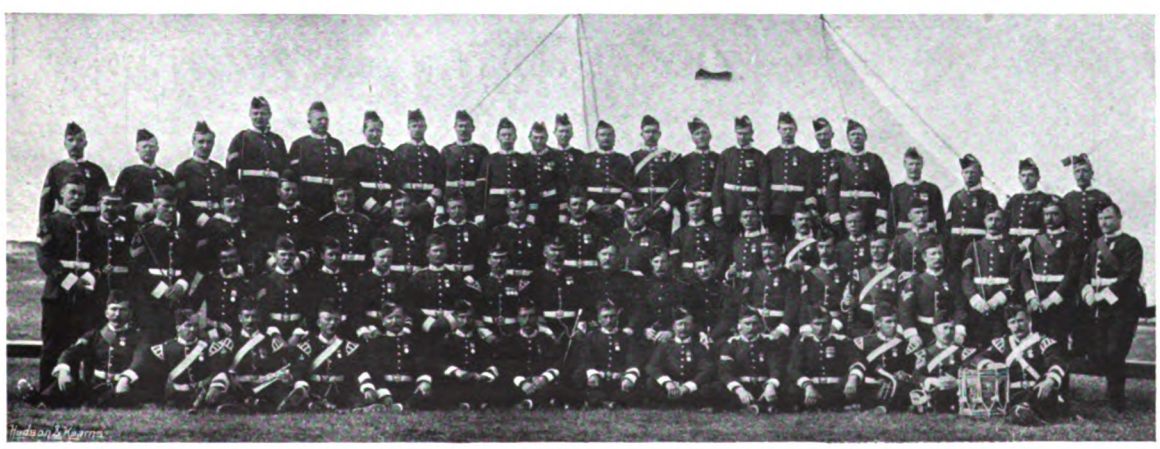
A SENTRY OUTSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS.

The officers in the medal group are Captain and Hon. Major Powney, who saw service as an officer of the Grenadier Guards, Captain and Adjutant G. H. Nicholson, and Captain and Quartermaster E. Hampton.

In the group of officers of the battalion the central figure is the inspecting officer, Col. F. Cochran, then commanding the 37th Regimental District. The battalion has as its honorary colonel General Sir John Davis, K.C.B., who preceded Sir Baker Russell in the Portsmouth command. The present lieutenant-colonel commanding is the Earl of Selborne, who was appointed to succeed Colonel Howard-Brooke in April last.

The three remaining pictures show the regiment on inspection parade, the band—a very fine one—playing during lunch on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit on June 8 last, and the sentry over the officers' mess. The latter is, as will be noted, an ex-Linesman, and he looks it!

The exigencies of space prevent our supplementing these brief notes, as we would like to do, with an historical sketch compiled from the sumptuous volume in which Colonel Lloyd-Verney has with loving industry collected the annals of his corps. All we can do is to recall the fact that in its early days the Hampshire Militia was embodied, and served both



Photos. H. W. Salmon. A WAR MEDAL GROUP—HAMPSHIRE MILITIA. Copyright.

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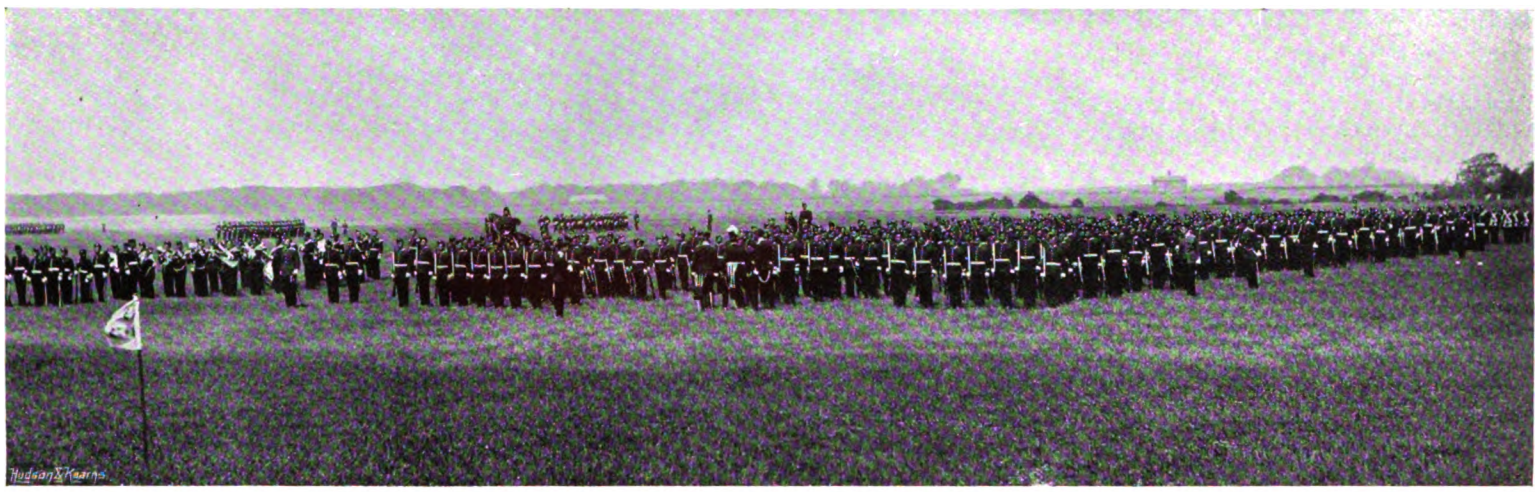
in Scotland and Ireland. It was encamped in Hyde Park at the time of the Gordon Riots in 1780, and at various times marched all through the South and West of England. One voyage to Ireland in 1798 was painfully abortive. Embarking at Cowes 1,100 strong in two of Her Majesty's ships, the regiment was "buffeted about by storms and contrary winds for *five weeks*," and then returned and disembarked at Lymington without ever having reached Ireland at all!

THE BAND OF THE 3rd HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

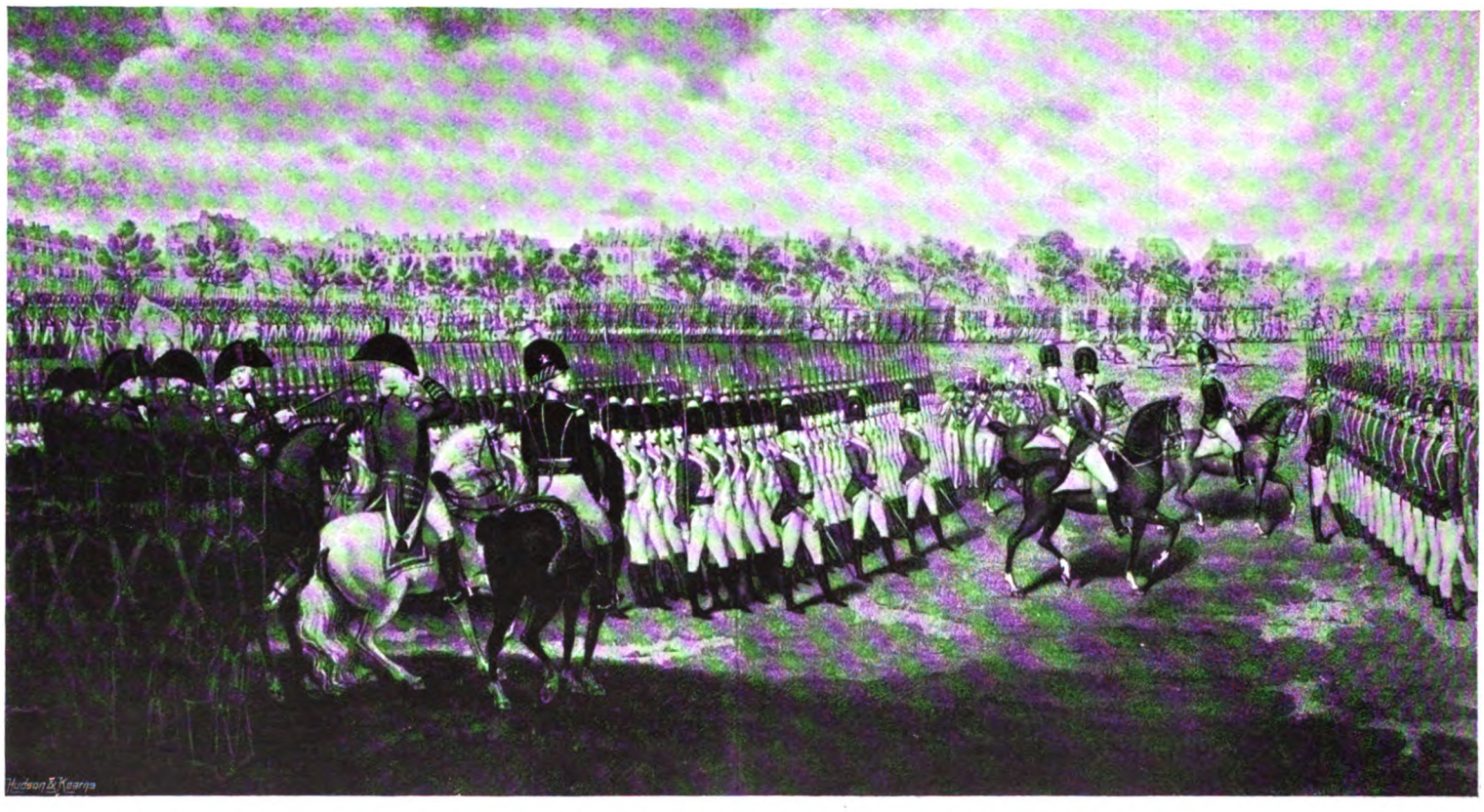
As far back as 1760 the Hampshire Militia were employed in guarding French prisoners at Sissinghurst, a duty which one can well imagine they found a somewhat irksome one. Yet mention of it is interesting as recalling the very varied uses to which Militia were put more than a hundred years ago.

Nowadays in any great war we may take it for granted that a fine corps like the 3rd Hampshire would not have to fret out its soul in guarding prisoners, quelling riots, or being tossed about for five weeks on end in a transport The material of which such a battalion is composed is so good, and its training approximates so closely to that of the Line, that in any great warlike convulsion necessitating a real mobilisation we might expect to see a dozen or more Militia corps well in the forefront of the proceedings.



Photos. H. W. Salmon. *THE HAMPSHIRE MILITIA—AN INSPECTION PARADE.* Copyright

The Volunteer Review.



GEORGE III., THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND DUKE OF YORK REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK, June 4, 1799.

From a Painting by E Davis.

The Volunteer Review held on Saturday appropriately celebrates the centenary of an important epoch in the history of volunteering. The year 1799 is memorable as the starting-point of the great Volunteer revival. George III. on June 4 in that year, his sixty-first birthday, caused all the Volunteer regiments and armed associations of London to be brought together for review in Hyde Park.

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A Valuable Element of Naval Power.

THERE has been a good deal of talk lately about the Naval Reserve, and last year some very conflicting statements were made in the House of Commons and the Press on the subject. Many people say that, if the Naval Reserve men are chiefly those employed in large merchant steamers, we could not get them in time of war, as so many of the vessels would be chartered as transports and store-ships; but it is probable that the number of Reserve men who are actually serving in such vessels is not as large as is usually imagined, a great many being yachtsmen, and in coast or shore employ.

Here, however, in the illustrations, we have a good idea of what kind of men we may expect to find on board a big steamer; and our readers will probably agree that it would be a good thing if there were plenty of them, for they convey the impression of being the right kind of stuff.

"CALLED TO ATTENTION!"

The scene is the deck of the "Ormuz," one of the Orient Line of steamers, lying at the time in Sydney Harbour, and the Reserve men have been mustered for a little drill under some of their own officers, who have qualified so as to be able to carry it out. One squad is under Sub-Lieutenant P. N. Layton, second officer, and another under Sub-Lieutenant B. L. Gace, chief officer. A hypercritical expert might, no doubt, find some fault with the attitudes, both in rifle and cutlass exercise, but they are a "dour"-looking lot, and would give a good account of themselves. The "Ormuz" flies the Blue Ensign. Her captain is Lieutenant Ernest A. Veale, R.N.R.

THE R.N.R. MEN AT SWORD DRILL.

In order to join the Naval Reserve, a man must first produce satisfactory proof, usually from the Registrar-General of Seamen, that he is what he represents himself to be.

Armed with this document he presents himself on board one of the drill-ships for Naval Reserve men, and is examined by the medical officer as to his physical fitness. This being satisfactory, he is duly enrolled, and is initiated into the mysteries of gun, rifle, and cutlass exercise to as large an extent as can be managed in twenty-eight days. This course has to be repeated once in every twelve months; but if a man has been absent he is allowed to make up arrears, and if he is likely to be absent he can take some drill in advance or by instalments of seven days at a time. It is, of course, necessary to make it as easy as possible.

Under the new regulations, however, it is intended that Reserve men shall actually go afloat in a man-of-war for six months; and it remains to be seen how this can be made to work.

A first-class Naval Reserve man gets £6 per annum as a retaining fee, 1s. 4d. per day while at drill, and 4d. per day lodging allowance. A second-class man gets £3 5s. retaining fee, and much the same for drill and lodging. No man can become a first-class Reserve man unless he has been in a foreign-going vessel.

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HOW TO USE THE SWORD-BAYONET.

The Royal Naval Reserve is an auxiliary element of strength upon which the Empire would count in case of war. As the Royal Commission on manning the Navy said, Her Majesty "possesses in the Merchant Service elements of Naval power such as no other Government in the world enjoys." It was to bring together these elements that the Reserve was formed, and we cannot do better than quote from that excellent work, "Under the Red Ensign," by the late Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., which, edited by Lieutenant J. B. J. B. White, R.N.R., is, in connection with this subject, full of valuable information. "There is one institution," he says, "that every well-conducted and competent merchant seaman should join, and that is the Naval Reserve.

Landsmen who may get to sea under the disguise of seamen are unfit, and are therefore not eligible for this creditable and highly-respectable and patriotic institution. It is composed of the very bestof good British seamen only. It is the cream of the Merchant Service. To join it is therefore one of the most honourable as well as one of the most useful things a sailor can do."

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"A MARK OF ROYAL APPRECIATION"—THE STATE COLOUR OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 128.] *SATURDAY, JULY 15th, 1899.*

Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—IX.

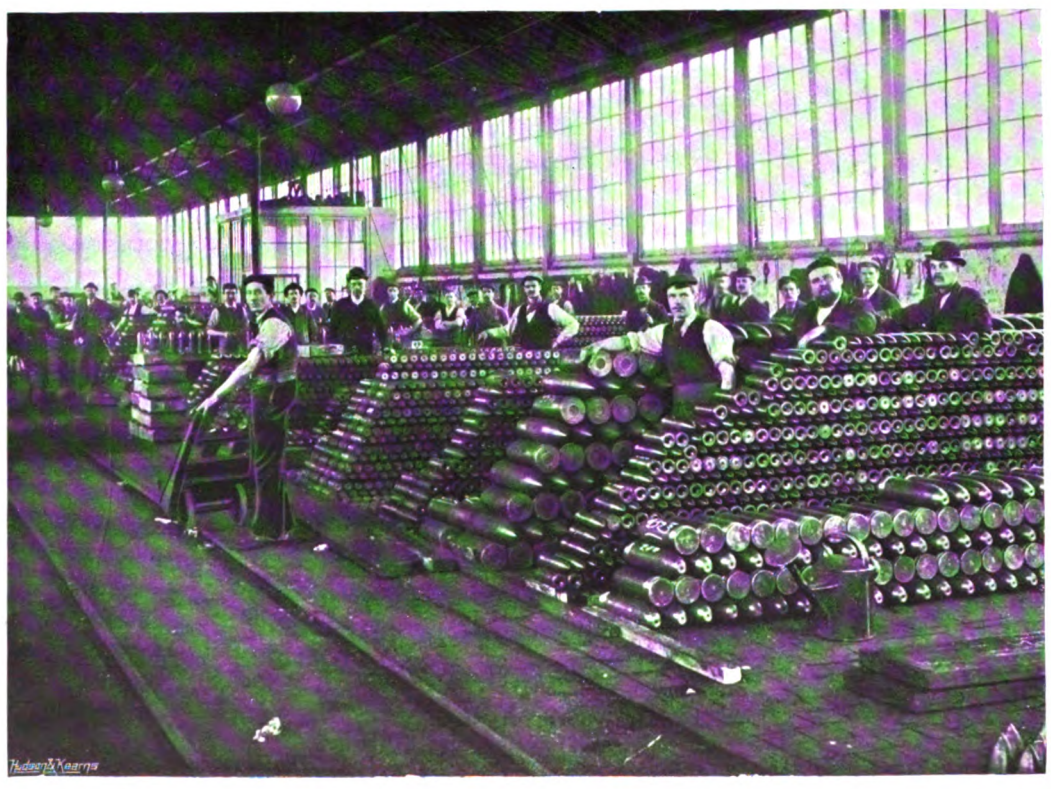
By Frederick G. Engelbach.

THE INSPECTION DEPARTMENT.

OFFICERS OF THE INSPECTION STAFF, WOOLWICH.

Lieut Anderson, R.A. Capt. E. W. Davies, R.A. Capt. T. G. Tulloch, R.A. Capt. H. Waring, R.A. Capt. S. A. Walker, A.O.D
Lieut. A. P. Robertson, A.O.D. Capt. R. P. Robinson, R.E. Major E. Tinker, R.A. Capt. C. E Phipps, R.A. Capt H. R. Adair, R.A. Major A H. Wolley Dod, R.A.
Major L. T. Pease, R.M.A. Capt. H. M. St. A. Wade, R.E. Major T. F. Bushe, R.A. Lieut.-Col. C. F. Hadden, R.A. Major H. C. L. Holden, R.A. Major F. F. Minchin, R.A. Major A. H. P. Turner, R.A

THE history of the rifle bullet was thoroughly examined in an earlier chapter, and need not again be referred to. There remains, however, the interesting career of the ·303 bullet and its cartridge before it is finally passed for service. Incredible as it may sound, not one single cartridge of the millions turned out escapes the lynx-like survey of the Inspector-General of Ordnance Factories and his myrmidons. Let us suppose that the sixty strands of fine cordite which composes the 30-grain explosive charge has been inserted in the brass cartridge case, and that the 215-grain bullet has been fixed firmly in its place. There now remains the gauging and weighing, and for this purpose the new cartridges are taken in thousands to a large shop. Here many men and lads are waiting to gauge them, that is, to closely examine them, in order to weed out any obvious failures. Every cartridge has to pass easily through a hole the exact size of the breech-chamber of a Lee-Metford rifle, and, in addition, to satisfy the critical eye of the examiner. In this shop 167 men and 168 boys are employed, and their weekly tale of cartridges amounts to between 2½ to 3 millions. When gauged there still remains the weighing, and this process is distinctly one of the features of the Inspection Department. The machine employed in this delicate work is almost human in its intelligence, and is similar to those employed at the Bank of England and the Royal Mint for weighing sovereigns. The method of procedure is as follows:—The cartridges are fed into a species of drum, which allows them, one by one, to slide down to the pan of a small scale. If the weight is so far exact as to satisfy the machine, it depresses the scale, and the cartridge slides off into a box below. At the same moment a steel arm sweeps across from right to left. If the pan of the scale has fallen, nothing happens; but if the cartridge is light and fails to lower the scale, the bar pushes it off into another receptacle. There is a wonderful fascination in watching the methodical way in which the machine works. It appears to reflect for a moment, then suddenly makes up its mind and drops its burden, without the least chance of any mistake, into its appropriate box.



Photos. Copyright H. & K.

CONTRACT SHELL EXAMINATION ROOM.

When weighed the cartridges are loaded into the long flat boxes so familiar to everyone, the boxes we have seen piled up on one of the trains in our illustration of the Royal Carriage Factory. An accurate record is kept of the cordite used in each boxful, so as to trace, as far as possible, the reason, should a misfire occur later on of the failure.

So much for the cartridges; let us notice the same critical examination proceeding with shell. Every one is inspected, whether coming from the trade (for many thousands have to be purchased) or from the Royal Laboratory. The illustration

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No. 2 is a view of the contract shell examination room, in which the enormous number of 8,000 shells are dealt with each week. Each one of these is gauged, weighed, and examined as regards its interior by an electric lamp. In this way any crack or flaw invisible from a cursory examination is at once detected.

There only remains the gun inspection, which by the very nature of things cannot be carried out in any particular shop. When complete, the monster is surveyed from every possible point of view, to discover cracks or other flaws. Then by means of long screw presses, soft pieces of gutta-percha are forced against the inner lining of the gun, and then withdrawn, and the surfaces carefully examined. Cracks become visible in this way which would be quite impossible to detect by any other method. Steel, whatever may be its

GAUGING CARTRIDGES.

quality, always remains rather an unknown quantity, and may develop cracks, which, if passed undetected, might lead to great calamities.

A recent writer in the *Chronicle*, in some remarks that he made upon the method of making appointments in the Ordnance Factories, strongly animadverted on the fact that one officer recently appointed had retired from the Service, and had had no war experience. Therein the writer betrayed

WEIGHING CARTRIDGES BY AUTOMATIC MACHINE.

an ignorance of his subject which completely nullified his strictures. Practical knowledge of the processes of manufacture is an absolute necessity for a useful ordnance officer. How can a man, fresh from his military duties, take up satisfactorily the severely technical work required in the manufacture and the inspection of ordnance unless his whole energies are rivetted on the subject? The ripe knowledge of guns, steel, proof duties, and the other arsenal work, can only be acquired by years of patient study. Looking at it only from the country's standpoint, it is a misfortune when a man who has become really an expert in his new duties is compelled to revert to his more mechanical "soldiering." The writer, prior to his visits to Woolwich, Enfield, and Waltham Abbey, had an idea, common to many, that a soldier must necessarily wear a uniform, and be constantly drilling his regiment or battery. In the course of time he has learnt to know better, and to realise what a debt of gratitude he and countless other tax-payers owe to men who, for a rate of pay which in civil life would be miserably inadequate, devote their science and skill to the task of keeping our weapons up to the required standard. Almost every improvement in warlike material owes its origin to these scientific soldiers, and one wonders why the world hears so little of them; but the British officer is a bad advertiser.

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PACKING AMMUNITION.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 22, May 6, May 20, June 3, June 17, and July 1. The next will appear on July 29.)

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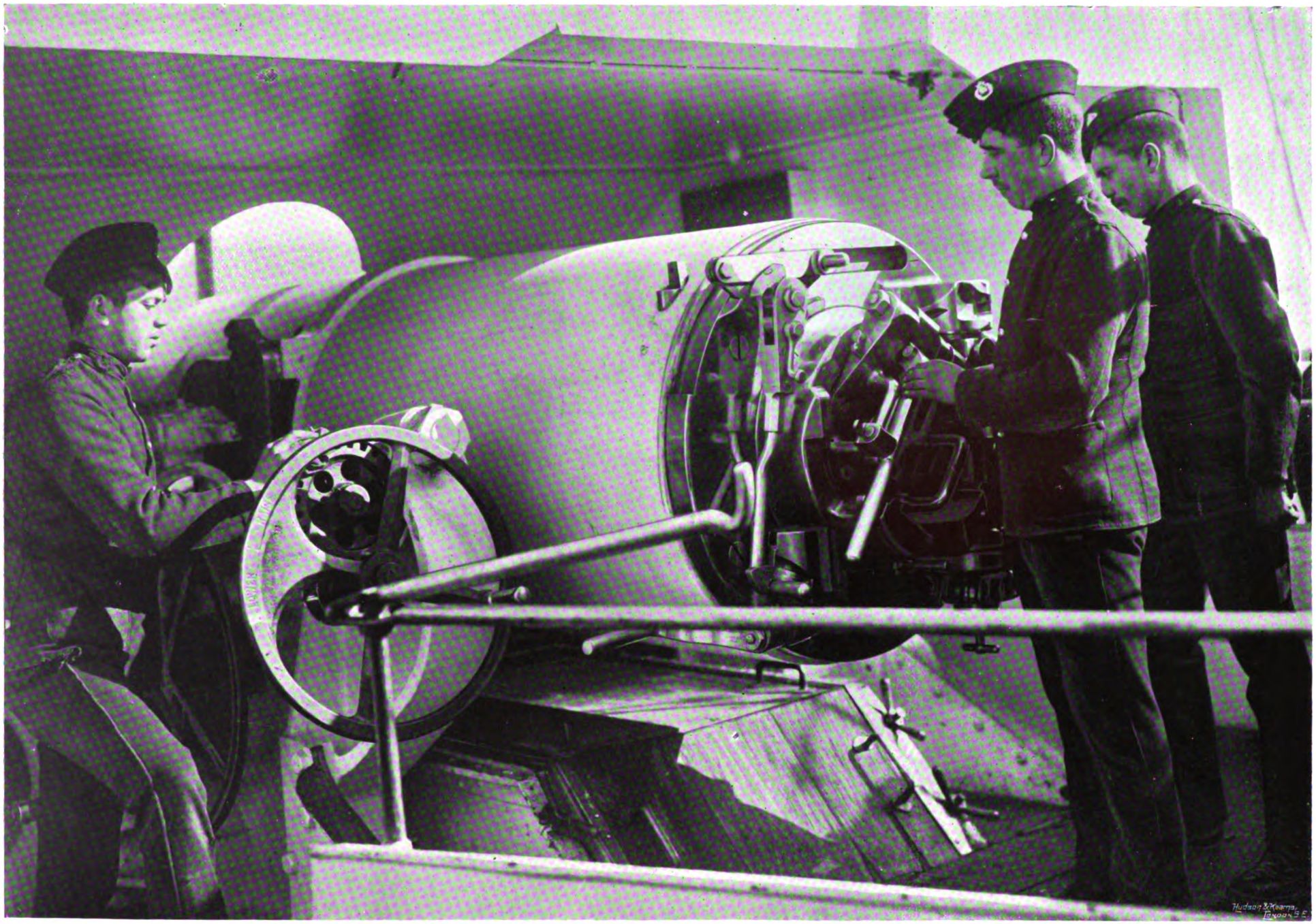

Photo. W. M. Crockett

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POLISHING UP THE BIG GUN.

One of the first processes in a newly-commissioned ship is to get everything polished up and the dockyard dirt rubbed off. A picture is here given of some Marines engaged in cleaning up the mechanism of one of the big 9·2-in. guns. The body of the gun is painted nowadays, as the glassy polish formerly in fashion is considered to be disadvantageous in aiming; but the steel and gun-metal of the breech mechanism, etc., afford some scope for the efforts of the Marines, who are past masters in the art.

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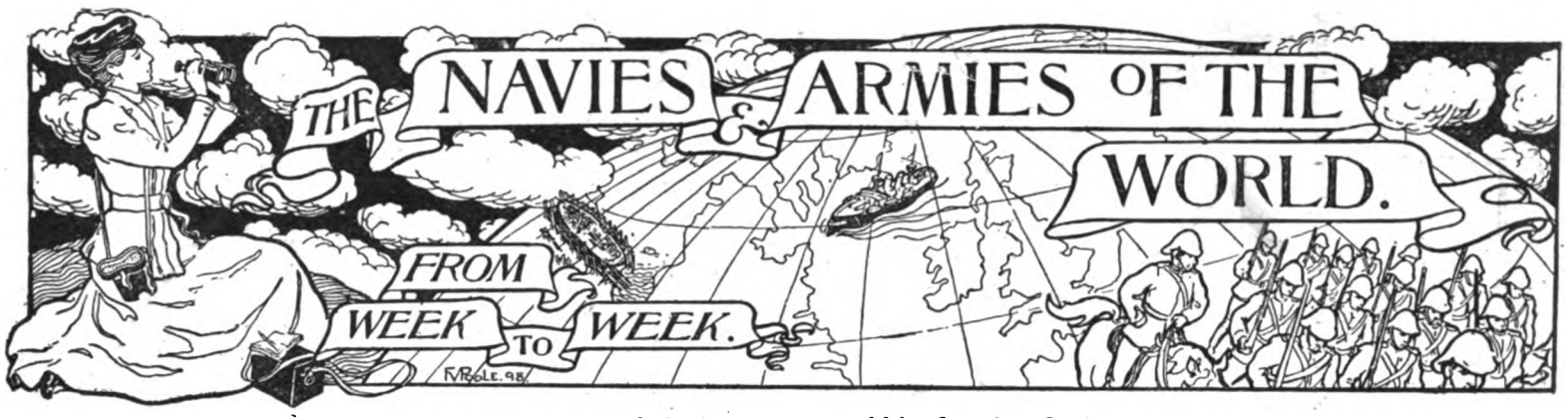

BY far the most interesting Military event of the last week for us has been the introduction of Lord Lansdowne's Ballot for the Militia Bill in the House of Lords. What can be said by way of minimising the importance of the occasion is obvious. The Bill is not meant to pass this session. There is even, strictly speaking, no necessity for a Bill. It is already the law that the Militia can be kept up to the establishment strength by use of the Ballot, but Parliament suspends the action of this law every year. If the Suspensory Act were not passed, the Ballot would come into force at once. Neither is the use of compulsion as a means of keeping up our armaments a new thing. On the contrary, it is only in this century and since the end of the Great War that we have relied wholly on voluntary enlistment. Everybody has heard of the press for the Navy. Few have heard that we pressed men for the Army till well into the last century, but it is none the less the case. During the Great Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars there was a regular system of direct and indirect compulsion. Were the need to arise again, we should do what we have done before. The point is, that the Secretary of State for War, who would not act without the consent of his colleagues, has thought it advisable to lay a Bill before Parliament for amending the operation of the Ballot if ever it is needed. A step of this kind is needed, one presumes, or else it would not be taken. The need for it is very candidly stated by Lord Lansdowne. The Militia is below its proper strength, and cannot be got up to it. Moreover, there is a very unpleasant probability that we have got to the extreme limit of what we can do in the way of voluntary enlistment for the Army.

* * * *

Modest as the Bill is, and careful as Lord Lansdowne was to make its modesty quite clear, it is a very serious warning to the country. We have had to increase the Army by 25,000—on paper. In reality we have secured just less than half, and have done that only by reducing the Reserve. Now this increase is needed to enable the Army to meet the ordinary calls of peace and small wars. The moral of the story is that we have stretched the stuff till it is cracking. The World Empire is bringing its obligations with it, and they will not diminish. If things go on as many expect in South Africa, we shall be under the obligation to maintain a relatively large garrison in those parts for at least a generation; and it must be got somehow. That is one of the results of wandering from the "right little tight little island doctrine." Lord Lansdowne spoke of the possibility that we might have to try reliance on larger proportions of native troops. But Lord Lansdowne knows as well as any man what reliance to place on "native" troops. The men you have to rely on become your masters. It is a very keen saying of Bacon's that, "as for mercenary forces . . . all examples show that, whatsoever estate or prince doth rest upon them, he may spread his feathers for a time, but he will mew them soon after." We had our own experience of what the process of "mewing" is like in 1857, and have no wish to get another lesson. Lord Lansdowne, as any public man in this country must needs do, showed extreme reluctance to entertain the idea of compulsory service. For all that, he has to look towards using the Ballot again as a means of increasing the Militia directly and the Army indirectly. He must be a hopeful man who supposes that the latest addition of 25,000 men (not yet obtained) is the last which will be needed. On the whole, the Bill is a kind of gentle poser for the country. My friends, you see how things are; and what do you think about it and propose to do?

* * * *

There was a kind of irony in the fact that Lord Lansdowne's speech introducing his Militia Ballot Bill was to be read in the papers on the very day on which the Volunteers were inspected by the Prince of Wales and marched past him on the Horse Guards' Parade. It was a fine spectacle, and it reflected immense credit on the patriotism and honesty of workmanship of the Volunteers. There is no other country in the world—at least not in Europe—in which so many men would be found to fit themselves by real efforts in their leisure for the defence of the country. So far as the unprofessional eye can judge, they seemed to do their marching and so forth as well as men could who have never been drilled every day of their lives for a good space together; and that is surely no inconsiderable achievement. One felt that if those men were embodied in camp for six months and intelligently practised, they would be on a level with most troops. Yet here we are, complaining, very gently and with protests, that the idea of compulsion is far from us, making a confession that the voluntary system won't do. And what is more, it won't. The Volunteers cannot come into action till the country is invaded. They are no help in the work of garrisoning and policing a World Empire. They cannot even relieve the regulars by taking over garrison duty at home and near home, for numbers of them, officers and men, would be ruined if they were embodied for three months. To collect to repel a raid, or to fight the "Battle of Dorking," if it comes to that, is one thing. To remain under arms for a long period is quite another. But raids are remote, and invasion on a great scale will come only with the end of all things. What is wanted is the garrisoning and the policing.

* * * *

Speaking of the Review as a spectacle, one is a little sorry for those who have to trust to pictures for their idea of it. One contemporary presents the British public with a portrait of the Grand Duke Michael, in which he appears clean-shaven. Now the Grand Duke has a moustache which would be a credit to any military gentleman, and a sufficient foundation of beard. On the same sheet Lord Wolseley is represented as leading the London Fusiliers past the saluting point with his sword held upright from the hip. Now it would either have been at the actual salute or refused. Accuracy in matters of this kind is perhaps not sufficiently a point of honour with our illustrators. A few years ago they used to allow themselves astonishing liberties in portraying the uniforms of the Navy. I have among other things a recollection of a cartoon in which Mr. *Punch* represented a Naval officer with the two stripes of a lieutenant on his sleeve, and the gold-edged peak to his cap. It was, in fact, a hocus-pocus uniform made up by taking the marks of different ranks. Till lately the Navy was notoriously ill-treated in this way. On the stage they thought nothing of representing a Naval officer who was supposed not to be on actual service, and to be staying in a country house as a guest, as wearing his uniform always. And such uniforms as they were. It was rather the thing for the stage Naval officer to have a cavalry officer moustache, and to wear a broad leather belt with a big brass buckle, not over his coat and as a support for his sword, but as the obviously necessary means of keeping up an indispensable part of his dress. We have amended this somewhat, but there is room for improvement.

* * * *

The uniforms seen last Saturday give an opening for some remarks. Why do people say that the traditional red coat of the British soldier is so very conspicuous? As the Volunteers poured out from beneath the shadow of the trees on Carlton House Terrace and flowed into the sunlight the red was not, on the whole, more visible than the green or grey. In the shade it was more distinct than the green, but in the sunlight the green stood out much more sharply. The grey, again, made a very clear mark in the shade, and was quite visible enough in the sun. The uniforms round the saluting-point made a curious mixture. Our own were gentlemanly and handsome enough, apart from the always absurd cocked hat, which is incapable of explanation or justification on any rational grounds. As much cannot be said for some of those worn by foreign officers present, with the exception of the uniform of the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard worn by the Grand Duke Michael, which in my opinion is the perfection of the dress of a mounted soldier, workmanlike and easy, and also handsome by dint of being good in colour and proportion, and absolutely simple.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Torpedo Attack and Defence.

By H. PRATT.

THE invention of the torpedo as a weapon of warfare created something in the nature of a scare in the days when it was first brought before the notice of Naval authorities. Its method of attack was so different from anything which had previously been known that, notwithstanding its early inefficiency, the new implement was looked upon with deference by many Naval officers, although in some quarters it shared the same fate that many another valuable invention has done. It was both thought lightly of and, indeed, ridiculed by those whose experience should have taught them that in most inventions there is, at least, a modicum of practical value, and that it is always wiser to suspend a definite judgment until proof is forthcoming that there is nothing or something, as the case may be, in a given proposal. It need not be explained here that in those early days the torpedo was not the developed instrument it is to-day. Its vagaries, to say the least of them, were amusing, and frequently caused scares alike to friends and foes. But since then there has been continuous development, until now the torpedo is a force to be reckoned with by all those nations who make any pretence of possessing a fleet of combative powers.

Naturally the advent of the new weapon brought the necessity on the one hand for efficiently making use of it, and on the other side the absolute need of constructing proper means of defence. In the first place existing war-ships were altered and new ones were so built that they could use torpedoes, until nowadays nearly all the ships in the British Navy are fitted with discharging tubes. In addition, special fast flying torpedo-boats were also designed, and these caused the construction of still faster destroyers. During recent years so great an advance has been made in the speed these new craft can attain that it is little short of marvellous. Indeed, the opinion has been expressed by several experienced and high foreign officials that the construction of destroyers, of which England possesses a larger number than all other maritime Powers put together, has struck the death-knell of the heavy battle-ship. Without going this length, the opinion may be expressed that torpedo-boats and destroyers have introduced new methods of Naval warfare which are still in process of development.

The designing of different and more subtle craft has followed in the wake of the above-water torpedo-boat, in the shape of submarine boats. The same perfection which has been attained with the earlier craft has not at present been arrived at with the latter vessel, although in the opinion of some it has a large future before it. If it can be properly developed, the below-water boat will create as many changes in the tactics of Naval strategists as its more visible forerunner has done. It has already been demonstrated with a measure of success that this improved weapon of Naval warfare has potent destructive capabilities, and it now only remains for inventors to solve what is without question an interesting and intricate problem.

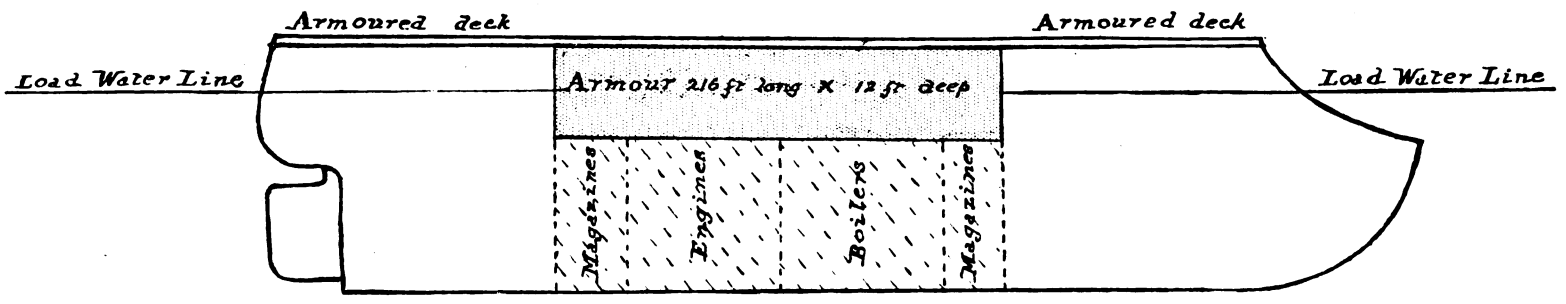
Whilst the several Naval Powers are busily engaged in practically developing the construction of these submarine torpedo-boats, it is most necessary to consider what countervailing means there are at disposal to protect our costly battle-ships against the attacks of these formidable antagonists whose mode of attack seems calculated to alter the methods of Naval defence. The submarine boat is not, however, entirely a modern invention, for it dates from the time of the American War of Independence. Since then, especially of late years, its progress and development have been from time to time rendered more conspicuously and imperatively necessary by reason of the above-water portions of battle-ships having been rendered almost invulnerable by the use of heavy armour plating of from 9-in. to 18-in. in thickness, which can only be penetrated by guns of the largest calibre. It will be seen from one of the accompanying illustrations, representing a section of the "Formidable," that although the above-water parts are well protected, the greater portion of the vital compartments of a battle-ship below the water-line are at present unguarded.

The difficulties which attach themselves to the above-water form of attack, and the superiority of the torpedo over the gun as a weapon of destruction for under-water warfare and against the more vulnerable part of the ship, will be appreciated at once. It is true that battle-ships are provided with torpedo-tubes to discharge these deadly missiles should the opportunity arise to bring their effectiveness into operation, but the game of modern warfare is not likely to be played in quite such an open-handed and above-board manner as by a torpedo engagement between one line-of-battle ship and another. In addition to this mode of attack there are the torpedo-boats already mentioned, which are constructed of the slightest possible material, in order to enable them to obtain a maximum of speed so as to approach the largest battle-ships in a cat-like manner, and to prey upon them under cover of darkness.

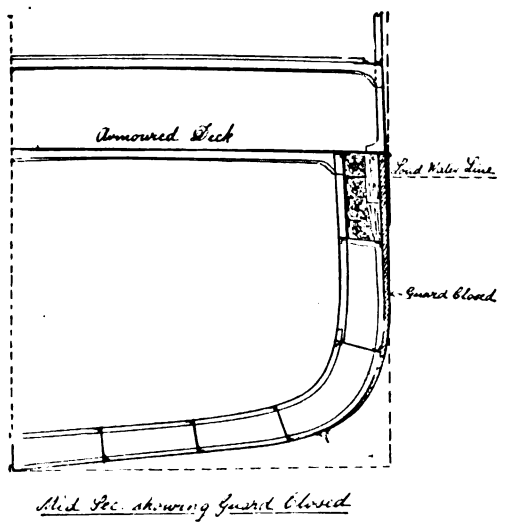
Hence the game of war, by the introduction of these torpedo craft, has made the employment of quick-firing guns a necessity. In consequence of the rapidity and accuracy of the fire of these guns, an attack upon a battle-ship by a torpedo-boat, even under the most favourable circumstances (when shrouded by darkness or fog), is regarded as a dangerous enterprise for the torpedo-boat and its crew, as its presence may at any moment be revealed by the search-lights of the battle-ship singled out for attack. Then shot or shell from the battle-ship's quick-firing guns—delivered from each gun at the rate of one in every 8-sec.—would cause instant destruction to the torpedo-boat, owing to the latter's extremely frail construction.

Thus, again, the chess-board of Naval warfare needs another expedient to meet this contingency, and to enable a torpedo attack to be successfully made without exposing the attacking vessel and her crew to the danger of instant annihilation from the shot and shell of quick-firing guns. Hence the advantage of a submarine boat when so improved and developed as to enable it to approach near enough under water to attack a battle-ship, to deliver its death-dealing blow, without exposing the vessel to the destruction it would otherwise risk from the quick-firing guns of the attacked battle-ship. There is no end to the possibilities of this newer form of warfare, should submarine attack become a reality. These altered possibilities of Naval attack would, therefore, necessitate some equally altered conditions of defence. When it is considered that by far the larger part of the battle-ship is under water, and at present almost undefended, it will be seen that an urgent necessity of this character demands no unequivocal or dilatory dealing. It, therefore, becomes essential, with the least possible delay, to find an invulnerable defence against the attacks of torpedoes, whether discharged from above or below water.

In stating that the under-water parts of battle-ships are almost undefended against torpedoes, it might be thought by



Section of the "Formidable," showing side armour.



Mid Sec. showing Guard Closed

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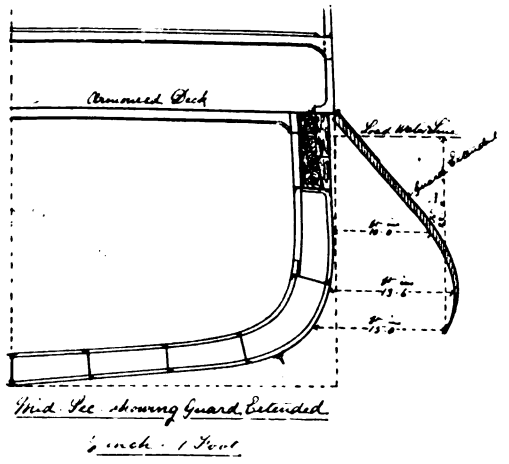
some that the use of torpedo-nets as at present employed by our own and other Naval Powers had been overlooked, but that is not so. It is nearly twenty-five years ago since wire-netting was first suggested to protect ships against torpedo attack. At that time torpedoes travelled at a very low rate of speed, carried a comparatively small explosive charge of about 28-lb. of gun-cotton, and could not be directed at a target with any degree of accuracy of aim. Many years ago, under these elementary conditions of torpedo attack and defence, the wire nets were considered to answer fairly well the purpose for which they were intended. But alterations of conditions have given the torpedo attack an immense advantage over netting which has been described as a "wire death-trap."

The modern locomotive torpedo travels at the rate of 30 knots, carries a charge of 200-lb. of gun-cotton, and is armed at its head with a torpedo-net cutter, the invention of a Naval officer. Consequently this mere fringe of network is now both old-fashioned and practically worthless, and other means are necessary to-day to circumvent such onslaughts, by providing a reliable defence against the terrible attacks of torpedoes. Another disadvantage of the wire-netting protection is that some amount of valuable time, to say nothing of the arduousness of the task, is consumed in shifting the great steel nets (each section of which measures about 15-ft. by 20-ft., and weighs something like 400-lb.) from where they are stowed to the sides of the ship, where they are connected and attached to the booms in one continuous length.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs has led to the consideration of the possibility, and the invention, of an



entirely different method of defence, and one, to judge from the model the writer has examined, which is entirely superior to the older form of protection. Whether the invention will stand the severe tests of practical demonstration remains to be seen; but this much can be said, to all appearances it undoubtedly provides a satisfactory solution to the problem of proper provision against torpedo attack, whether from above or below water vessels. One can only hope that the ingenuity of Dr. G. Horatio Jones, the inventor of the new means of defence, will receive the reward the entailed labour and thought deserve. The invention is not altogether a new one. When it first saw light there were several important objections which necessitated some changes in detail. But as it seems these difficulties have now been met and overcome, nothing more is needed than that the system should be put to a practical test.

Dr. Jones's invention introduces a series of steel plates so joined as to form a protective guard to the vulnerable parts of the ship's hull, and is so made that the contour of the plates accurately fits the shape of each particular part of the ship which they are intended to protect. But the protection is not given by the guard when it is ordinarily resting against the hull. In this case it would simply act as another steel skin, and no advantage would accrue from its separateness from the vessel. The defence is given when the guard is so extended that between it and the ship there is a cushion of water of something like 15-ft. This means that it would be impossible for a torpedo to drive itself against the vitals of the attacked vessel. Even if it succeeded in penetrating the guard no real harm would be done.

And here another improvement steps in. The guard is not now constructed of solid pieces of steel, as was at first the case, but is lighter, and yet at the same time more rigid, than before. It does not act as a dead weight or reduce the speed of the ship as when first devised. The guard is released into its defensive position, and also regains its normal place at the side of the ship, by means of hawsers, which run from her side to the lower surface of the guard. Thus one of the objections to the original invention has been removed, by the placing of this controlling power—which in the first scheme took the form of suspending davits, thus having the possibility of being destroyed by the enemy's guns—out of shot range. When in actual use, unlike the present net system, it will be possible for the ship to which Dr. Jones's shield is fitted to maintain a fair rate of speed, so that in actual warfare the mobility of a fleet would be preserved. In view of this advantage, it is, perhaps, needless to mention another, yet it is hardly a minor improvement that the new system has over the old, and this is, that the ship can be prepared for defence against torpedoes much more speedily, and, in addition, does not claim the services of all hands aboard, as does the preparation of the net defence. Apparently the only existing weakness in the invention is the method of its attachment to the ship, but this is a detail which cannot be properly settled until the guard is put to a practical test.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 16, 1797. — Destruction of the French 28-gun frigate "Calliope" and a convoy of store-ships for Brest in Audierne Bay, on the Brittany coast, by Commodore Sir J. B. Warren's frigate squadron, on duty keeping the Channel clear of French cruisers and privateers.

July 17, 1761.—Capture of the French "Achille," 64, by the "Thunderer," 74, off Cadiz, after a sharp action at close quarters, decided by the "Thunderer" running her opponent alongside and boarding. The affair is of peculiar interest as a line-of-battle ship duel on the high seas—a rare occurrence in history.

July 18, 1545.—Sinking of the "Mary Rose" at Spithead, when going into action with a French fleet which was making an attempt to land invading forces in the Isle of Wight.

July 19, 1806.—Capture of the French "Guerrière," 40, by the British "Blanche," 38, off the Faroe Islands, after a long chase on July 18 and sharp close quarter action for ninety minutes between midnight and 1.30 a.m. on the 19th. The exceedingly smart handling of the "Blanche" on the occasion made this one of the most famous frigate fights of the Great War.

July 20, 1814.—Expedition up the Potomac by the boats of Rear-Admiral George Cockburn's squadron off the Chesapeake, to destroy a large quantity of American army stores at St. Leonards. The affair was completely successful.

July 21, 1588.—The Spanish Armada off Plymouth, and the preliminary attack on its rear squadrons by Lord Admiral Howard and Drake's divisions of the English fleet.

July 22, 1801. — Cutting out of the French 20-gun corvette "Chevrette," moored under the batteries of Camaret, at the entrance of Brest Harbour, and close to part of the Brest fleet, by the boats of the "Robust," 74, and frigates "Doris," "Beaulieu," and "Uranie." While part of the boarders attacked on deck as usual, part dashed aloft, and lay out and cast loose the sails, the ship being carried off bodily, almost before the boarders below had crossed cutlasses with the enemy. These for their part were so scared at the ship going off that they called for quarter speedily.

JULY 16, 1760.—Battle of Emsdorf, in Germany, in which the allies, commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the British contingent being commanded by the Marquis of Granby, were victorious. The French were commanded by the Duc de Broglie. The 15th Hussars distinguished themselves.

July 17, 1857.—Brigadier-General Havelock, having defeated Nana Sahib outside Cawnpore on the 16th, entered the town.

July 18, 1812.—Successful rear-guard action by the British army under Lord Wellington. During the first portion of the affair General Cotton, afterwards Lord Combermere, commanded. The French army was commanded by Marmont. The scene of this fight was in the Vale of Carrizali.

July 19, 1769.—The fort of Patna captured by Major John Adams from the Subadar of Bengal.

July 21, 1810.—General Craufurd, with about 5,000 men and six guns, driven across the Coa by Ney, with 24,000 men and thirty guns. British loss 316. French loss 1,000. The French failed to force the passage of the river.

July 22, 1812.—Lord Wellington defeated the French army under Marshal Marmont at Salamanca.

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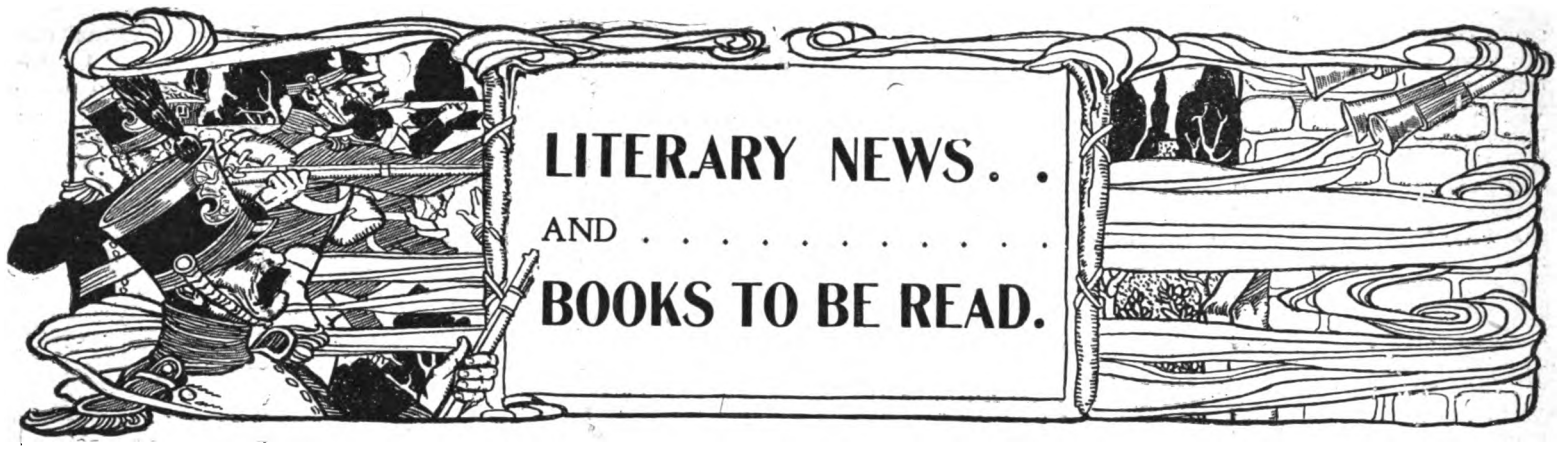

TWO books shall occupy this page to-day, one of them Naval and the other Military, but both historical. Many readers of this paper are, of course, acquainted with the work done by the Naval Records Society. That work is the publication of original papers, memoirs and so forth, illustrative of Naval history, and already a goodly shelf may be filled with the volumes that have been issued. A rather curious thing is that very few of these works have been devoted to the great war with France, which, after all, affords the most interesting and instructive study. It is therefore somewhat pleasing to find Mr. John Leyland's "Blockade of Brest, 1803-5," filled with the evidences of a very important period of that history. The title has presumably been chosen for want of a better, but certainly it is far from explaining what the book is about. As we all know, when war broke out, after the brief Peace of Amiens, Nelson was despatched to the Mediterranean, and there maintained a long watching blockade of Toulon, until the French eluded him and went to the westward, while he turned to the east to find them. While this was going on Admiral Cornwallis was in command in the Channel. His own station was off Ushant, with the ships blockading Brest, but it was his business also to keep a watch upon Lorient, Rochefort, or any other place where the French had ships in the Bay, as well as on those which ran into Ferrol and Corunna. It is this business that Mr. Leyland is concerned with, but he glances also at the blockading or watching operations of Saumarez, Keith, and Sidney Smith, who were further to the east.

* * * *

His hero, Cornwallis, brother of the famous Marquis, was an excellent seaman in the estimation of his contemporaries—how excellent was not known until the publication of this volume. He was a "gallant, good officer," "admirable Cornwallis," to his comrades in arms, "Billy Blue" to the men on the lower deck, sometimes "Billy Go-tight," "Coachee," or "Mr. Whip" to those who knew his rubicund countenance, which reminded them of that of a coachman, though there is reason to believe he was of abstemious habits. He once befriended Nelson, and inspired him, when a young captain, with the ideas that ruled the hero's life. He taught him that a Frenchman could always be beaten if we fought him long enough, that the Frenchman could be got at more easily than some supposed, that men did not know what they could do until they tried, and that, if it was ever wrong to fight, it was an error on the right side. These excellent and very characteristic sentiments for a fighting man will not be found in Mahan's "Life of Nelson." They are contained in a valuable letter of Nelson's published in Mr. Leyland's book. It is a curious thing, these being Cornwallis's sentiments, that he never was in command in a really great engagement—though he was present in several, and notably in Rodney's action of April, 1782—and that his public fame rests on a clever and resourceful retreat from an overpowering French fleet, when he encountered Villaret-Joyeuse in June, 1795. Henceforth certainly his reputation must rest upon the tenacity of his blockade of Brest and the masterful seamanship with which he held command of the Bay of Biscay.

* * * *

It is true that the French, at least at the beginning of the blockade, were in a deplorable case, and Mr. Leyland's remarks on this matter are something of a revelation. They did a clever thing truly in getting all their line-of-battle ships, save the "Duquesne," across from the West Indies to safety in ports on this side. Cornwallis was never full of lamentations, but he must have deplored the want of frigates which made possible this success of the French, whereby they secured for themselves the services of a number of ships which were against us at Trafalgar, and from the mizen-top of one of which Nelson was shot. But in every other respect the situation of the French was pitiable. In this book we find Napoleon issuing stringent orders as to seamanship training. Rear-Admiral Dordelin at Brest was to harass the English continually, and to protect the coastwise trade, but not to risk his ships. At the same time poor Caffarelli, the Naval prefect, was reporting that a ship could scarcely put her nose outside the harbour without being snapped at. The fact is, that Napoleon's sublime and masterful self-confidence blinded him when he encountered the impossible. It was a character discerned in other parts of his career, and most of all in the Russian Campaign. His plans in 1803-5 were excellent in theory; in practice they were bound to fail. Men were short for the ships and the forts, and building materials were not at hand. "Cet état est affligeant; cet état fait pitié; toujours des contrariétés"—such is the refrain of the prefect's despatches.

* * * *

On our side there certainly was no such unpreparedness. The ships, on the contrary, were almost ready for sea, and proceeding to their stations; a regular system of sending them to refit in port was soon in operation, and the frigates were cruising to the westward in increasing numbers as the months passed by. The result was that deadly compression upon the vitals of France which Captain Mahan singles out as the strongest mark of the exercise of sea power, and "those storm-beaten ships upon which the soldiers of the *grande armee* never looked lay between them and the dominion of the world." Of course, the documents Mr. Leyland has printed from the national archives of England and France, and from certain private collections, do not throw light upon the internal conditions set up in France, but they leave no doubt as to the supreme bar that the fleet interposed between the ambition of Napoleon and his object. The book is a complete exposition of the system of blockade adopted—which, be it observed, was not intended so much to keep the French in as to bring them to action when they came out—and it is striking testimony to the sleepless vigilance and the splendid endurance and courage of our officers. There is, of course, more to tell in the succeeding volume, but the perusal of Mr. Leyland's introduction to the present one, still more of the papers he has collected, will give a new idea of the qualities as men and as seamen of our old officers. It is a chapter added to Naval history, for James passes over these events briefly, and not without falling into errors. The story deserved to be told as well as Mr. Leyland has told it, and will add to his already deservedly high reputation as a capable and trustworthy writer on Naval affairs.

* * * *

The Military book of which I spoke has reference to the personal side of Army life. It is a very splendidly illustrated and finely printed "History of the Dress of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, 1625-1897," by Captain R. J. Macdonald, R.A. (Sotheran). Captain Macdonald is not only a careful historian, but also an accomplished artist, and his water-colours of the uniform of various periods, both in character and colouring, are excellent. Nothing better could be desired, and Messrs. Goupil in Paris have brought their highest skill to the reproduction of them. This, in fact, is an *edition de luxe*, produced under the care of the committee of the Royal Artillery Institution, and supported by a strong list of subscribers. I have never seen any English book upon uniform so well done, and one cannot but feel a little regret that the plates had to be printed abroad. Captain Macdonald speaks very modestly of his drawings, attributing to them only the merit of accuracy. That they certainly possess; but their artistic merit is also very high. The book commences with the reign of Charles I., when authentic information is accessible; but there was no absolute uniformity until about 1815. The costumes of the old master gunner of Dover, with his linstock and calipers, of the stout gunner of the Commonwealth, of the gay soldier of the Restoration, and of the peruked artilleryman and "matross" of the Jacobean time, are excellently illustrated both in colours and black and white.

* * * *

It is extremely curious to trace the decline of the peruke, the introduction of tie and bob wigs, the long Ramillies tail, and the well-pomatumed or larded and powdered club. At the end of the last century, and early in this, extreme importance was attached to the pomatum, curl, and powder of the club, and patterns of the correct curls were kept in every adjutant's office. The late General A. C. Mercier, R.A., left reminiscences which are among the most interesting things in this book. "Lord!" he says, "what funny things our dressing-boxes were in those days!" Indeed they were! In 1798 his own head was doctored at Woolwich. On the top the hair was cut close, and the stumps well rubbed back with hard pomatum, which was made in sticks. By dint of perseverance the stumpy hair was forced out of its natural direction and made to grow backward. The remainder of the crop was gathered into a queue behind, which was to be 10-in. long, and to be tied close to the head. He avers that sometimes the fortnightly barber tied the queue so tight that it was difficult to close the eyes. The dandies, however, affected a looser tie. The unfortunates whose hair was not long enough had imitation queues of chamois leather, with a tuft of hair at the end spliced on, and, as for the gunners, they had false queues of black leather, which they cleaned and polished like their shoes. A stiff rosette of black leather was then stuck on with a hook.

* * * *

The ridiculous fashion changed for the officers, who presently appeared with long thin queues of whalebone, to which were attached streamers of silk, and at length, as the crown of absurdity, the queues were tied round the neck and lost all pretence of being the man's own hair. One wonders how hard campaigning could be carried on under such conditions, and it is reasonable to suppose that the dandies kept their follies for the town. Indeed, General Mercier was of opinion that the earlier Peninsular campaigns killed the queue, though he remembered himself wearing the appendage in 1809-10. He records that the first Royals retained their queues longer than any other regiment, and only surrendered them when the officer commanding threatened to have them cut off if they appeared on parade on a particular day. Much of this amusing account of military hair-dressing applies to the Army generally, but the old Artilleryman gives also a good deal of information concerning the uniform and equipment of his own arm. The account is carried on to the present time, and all the details are illustrated by Captain Macdonald's pen-and-ink drawings. It may truly be said that his volume, though specially devoted to the Royal Artillery, applies in some degree to the whole Army. The coloured drawings are all based on two or more authorities, and accuracy has been attained. The book will attract both soldiers and civilians, and those who are interested in theatrical or fancy costume will find a mine of information in its pages. Captain Macdonald must be commended highly upon his success in completing so well his remarkable undertaking.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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Our New Irish Artillery Camp.

THERE can be no mistake as to the up-to-dateness of the set of pictures we here present to illustrate the Royal Field Artillery at practice in the Glen of Imaal. This valley, which is situated in County Wicklow, Ireland, has only very recently indeed passed into the hands of the War Office, and it was not until the end of this last May that its echoes were first waked by the resonant throat of a 15-pounder. Since then the Irish batteries of the Royal Field Artillery have used the Glen of Imaal freely for practice purposes with excellent results, and we are glad to have had the satisfaction of procuring for reproduction the first series of photographs taken of this new and highly-successful camp.

WATERING HORSES.

Those who see a battery of Artillery on parade, in its way perhaps the most completely scientific product of military art and training, are apt to forget how essential it is to the efficiency of such an unit to have practice under conditions approximating to those of actual war. When one further comes to reflect what those conditions are, it begins to be apparent what a difficult matter it is to get hold of a piece of ground on which anything like useful Artillery practice can be carried out. During the last few years it has been borne in upon us as a nation that even our infantry rifle necessitates the greatest care in the selection of a safe as well as suitable range. It will be readily understood, then, that in the matter of shooting alone it is a serious thing to find a stretch of ground which will allow projectiles to be used that would sometimes require very high and massive butts to stop them a distance of three miles from the muzzle of the gun.

Then, again, there is the question of manœuvring. It is most important for a battery of Horse or Field Artillery to be trained not only to preserve its dressing and accomplish its turnings with faultless accuracy on a level parade, but also to manœuvre freely in combination with other batteries over as rough ground as is met with in actual warfare. In this respect the great English Artillery Camp at Okehampton, on Dartmoor, meets the requirements splendidly, but Glenbeigh, which was until lately the centre of Artillery practice in Ireland, was sadly lacking. The Glenbeigh Camp has, accordingly, been altogether discontinued in favour of the Glen of Imaal, which closely resembles Okehampton in its natural character-

CROSSING A FORD.

Photos. P. Charleton & Son. *ARTILLERY CAMP, GLEN OF IMAAL.* Copyright

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LORD ROBERTS ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS OF THE 2nd BRIGADE DIVISION, R.F.A.

istics. Mountainous, rocky, and boggy, the Glen of Imaal range is almost ideal for purposes of instructive manoeuvring, and its safety is unquestioned. Small wonder, then, that Artillery experts are now waxing enthusiastic over the new acquisition, and that the War Office does not at all regret the very serious trouble and expense which were necessary to secure the valley, for the local opposition to the establishment of a practice camp in the Glen has been most determined on the part of landlords, tenants, and priests alike. It is pleasant to be able to add that since the actual formation of the camp a complete change has come over the spirit of the vale-dwellers and their neighbours, and instead of preserving an attitude of sullen resentment, they have veered round to one of cheery and interesting welcome. Whenever there is a country holiday the peasants from miles round flock into the camp to see the "shooting" and to foregather with the soldiers. Doubtless this is partly due to the amenity of the Irish character, but certainly some credit should be given to the Gunners themselves, who have fairly won the hearts of the Glen folk by their consistent courtesy and good-fellowship.

A GUNNER LAUNDRYMAN.

Turning to our pictures, let us first take a glance at the general view of the camp, with its neat rows of tents and waggons, its pleasant aspect of combined orderliness and breezy freedom, and its extremely pretty and restful surroundings. There is no harder-worked man in the British Army than the Field Gunner, and we may take it for granted that his work presses very much less heavily upon him when it is done amid healthy moorland and delightful greenery than it does when the landscape chiefly consists of brick buildings and a dusty parade.

To many of our readers the stirring scenes of life and work in camp as indicated by our remaining pictures will appeal more forcibly than the general view. In three of these the presence of a useful stream, the river Slaney, is happily evident. Especially bright and realistic are the snap-shots of the horses being watered and of the 28th Battery crossing the Ballyvogan ford. In the former the workmanlike look of the men and their mounts needs little comment; in the latter there is a happy unconsciousness of sitting for a picture which makes the figures a genuine addition to a very pretty landscape. In a third picture we see the stream being utilised for a very homely purpose—washing an earnest Gunner's clothes. We say "earnest" advisedly, because the "dhobi" is evidently on business bent, and seems to have an excellent notion of what he is about. He has his washing board resting on two stepping-stones, while he himself stands in the water "mighty convanient," as the local critic would doubtless remark. Two other pictures come into a somewhat different category. In one we have the guns in an interval of firing, the Gunners "standing easy" and looking at the targets through the telescopic sights; in the other Lord Roberts appears in the act of addressing the officers of the 2nd Brigade Division at the conclusion of the annual practice for the year.

Photos. P. Charleton & Son. Copyright

A LULL IN THE FIRING.

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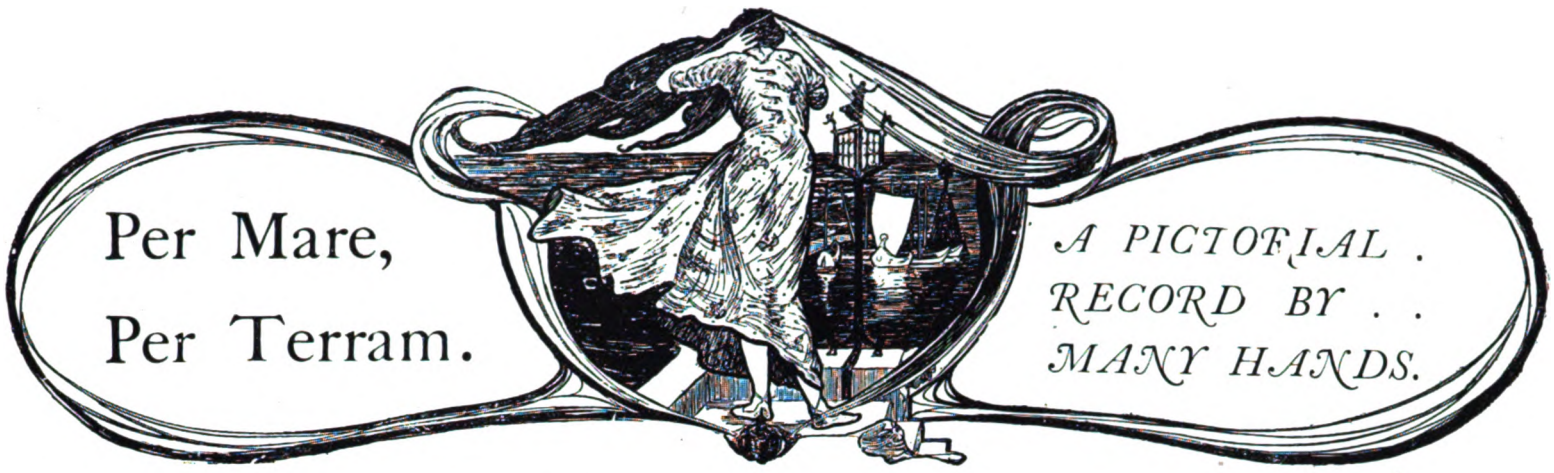

Photo. R. Holz.
CAPT. BIR BIKRANI SINGH, C.I.E.
Commandant Sirmur I.S. Sappers.

THE smart and soldierly-looking young officer in Engineer uniform whose portrait heads this column, is Kunwar Bir Bikrani Singh, the son of H.H. the Rajah of Sirmur, one of the ruling Native Princes in the Punjab. Since 1885 Bikrani Singh has commanded the Sirmur State troops, and in September, 1889, Her Majesty conferred on him the honour of a commission as lieutenant. In 1890, Sirmur provided its quota to the Indian Imperial Service troops, the State contingent taking the form of a corps of Sappers and Miners, and to the command of which Lieutenant Bikrani Singh was appointed. Since 1895 he has been attached also to the corps of Bengal Sappers and Miners. During the late campaign on the North-West Frontier the Sirmur Sappers was selected as one of the Imperial Service corps to be ordered on active service, and it went to the front as part of the 2nd Division of the Tirah Field Force. Both commander and corps did excellent service during the campaign, and the former well deserved the rewards he earned, he being raised to the rank of captain and appointed a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. It is Captain Bikrani Singh's proud boast that he is the first Native Prince who has served on a campaign actually in command of his own Imperial Service troops.

A VERY sporting competition is that for which Messrs. Davenport of Birmingham have presented the superb cup here depicted to the 1st Vol. Batt. Warwickshire Regiment.

The competing teams have to march five miles to the range, the time allowed being an hour and three-quarters. They then get five minutes' rest and fire seven rounds, independent, at the target lying down. The men are then allowed twenty minutes for rest and to clean rifles, and are marched back, the time allowed being one hour, with the same penalties for being over time as on the outward march. The cup is one of the finest shooting trophies we have seen for a considerable time, and the conditions for the competition are such as to make it a prize to be proud of, and it will form an interesting addition to the mess-plate of the regiment. It was shot for on Monday, July 3, the winners being F Company.

A SPORTING TROPHY TO BE PROUD OF.
1st Vol. Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

NO wonder the crew here shown are well pleased with themselves, and have decorated their boat with the Gallic emblem so prominent in the bow, for they are indeed "cock of the walk," being the cutter's crew who have won for the "Impregnable" the silver challenge cup held by the winning ship in the Inter-Training-ship Boat Race. This annual race is participated in by crews from all Her Majesty's training-ships.

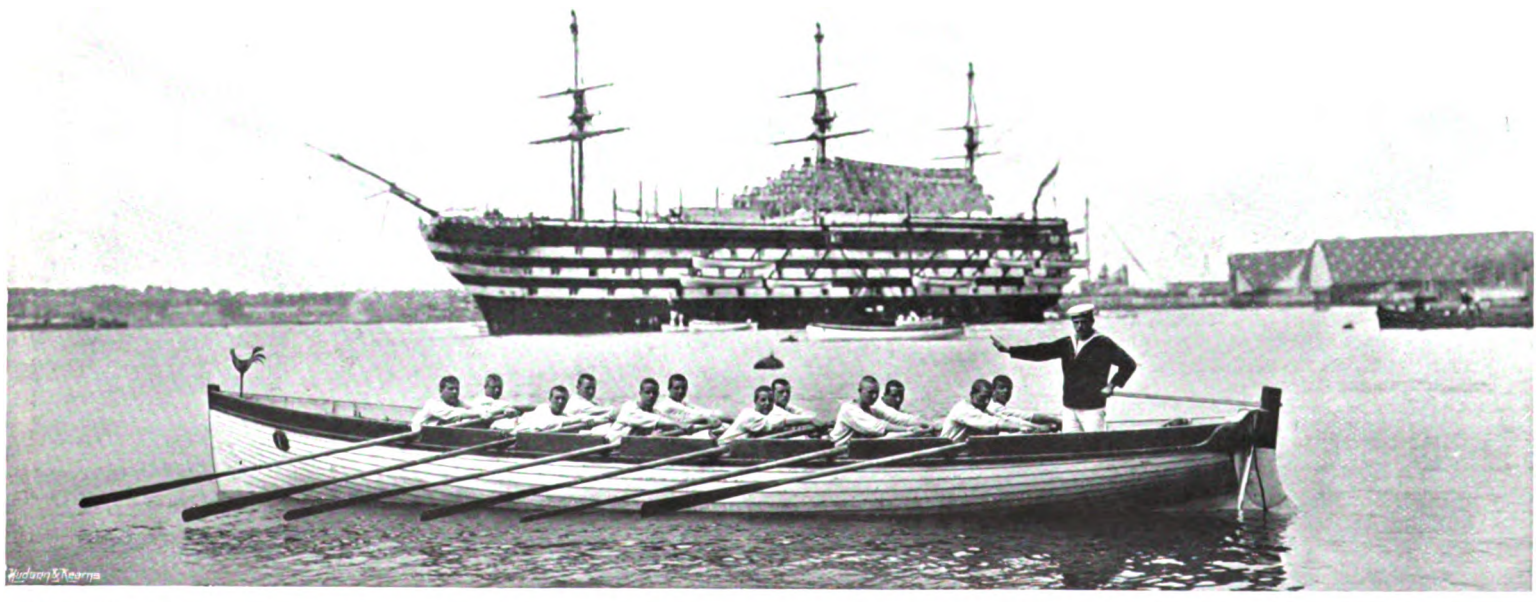

Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE "IMPREGNABLE"—"COCK OF THE WALK."
WINNERS OF THE INTER-TRAINING-SHIP CHALLENGE CUP.

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AN interesting Service wedding has recently taken place at Simonstown, when the charming daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir R. Harris, Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, was married to Lieutenant R. Johnstone, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. The four bridesmaids were all sisters of the bride, and the best man was Lieutenant Chester Master. The bride was given away by her father, who figures in our illustration. Amongst the presents were a silver mirror from the ward-room of the flag-ship, the "Doris," a silver photograph frame from the officers of the "Barracouta," a silver jardinière from the officers of the "Thrush," and a ruby and gold bangle from the officers of the Naval establishments.

Photo. Jenks. Copyright

A SERVICE WEDDING.

Miss May Harris and Lieutenant R. Johnstone, K.R.R.

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright

TRANSPLANTING ONE OF THE OLD HUTS AT ALDERSHOT.

CHANGED considerably from the Aldershot of the early days is that great school of training for the Army at home in all field exercises. Now the troops permanently stationed are lodged in barracks, temporary visitors being placed under canvas. One of the few remaining wooden huts was that used as a chaplain's quarters, and the removal of a portion of it by some men of the Devons for use as a cricket pavilion is shown in our illustration.

THE cooking for troops when on field service is a matter of importance, for men cannot work unless properly fed, and cannot be properly fed unless the food be properly cooked.

Much attention is paid to cookery in the Army, and there is at Aldershot a school of cookery, to which selected non-commissioned officers are sent to undergo a training to qualify them for the position of sergeant-cook. The value of the instruction which is there given has already borne good fruit.

Our illustration shows the patent oven for field use belonging to the 2nd Norfolks. The whole installation comprises four ovens, four square boilers, and sixteen kettles, and one fire will cook for 500 men at a time, while the whole can be carried on two camels.

Photo. J. Thomson. Fermoy.

FIELD SERVICE COOKERY.

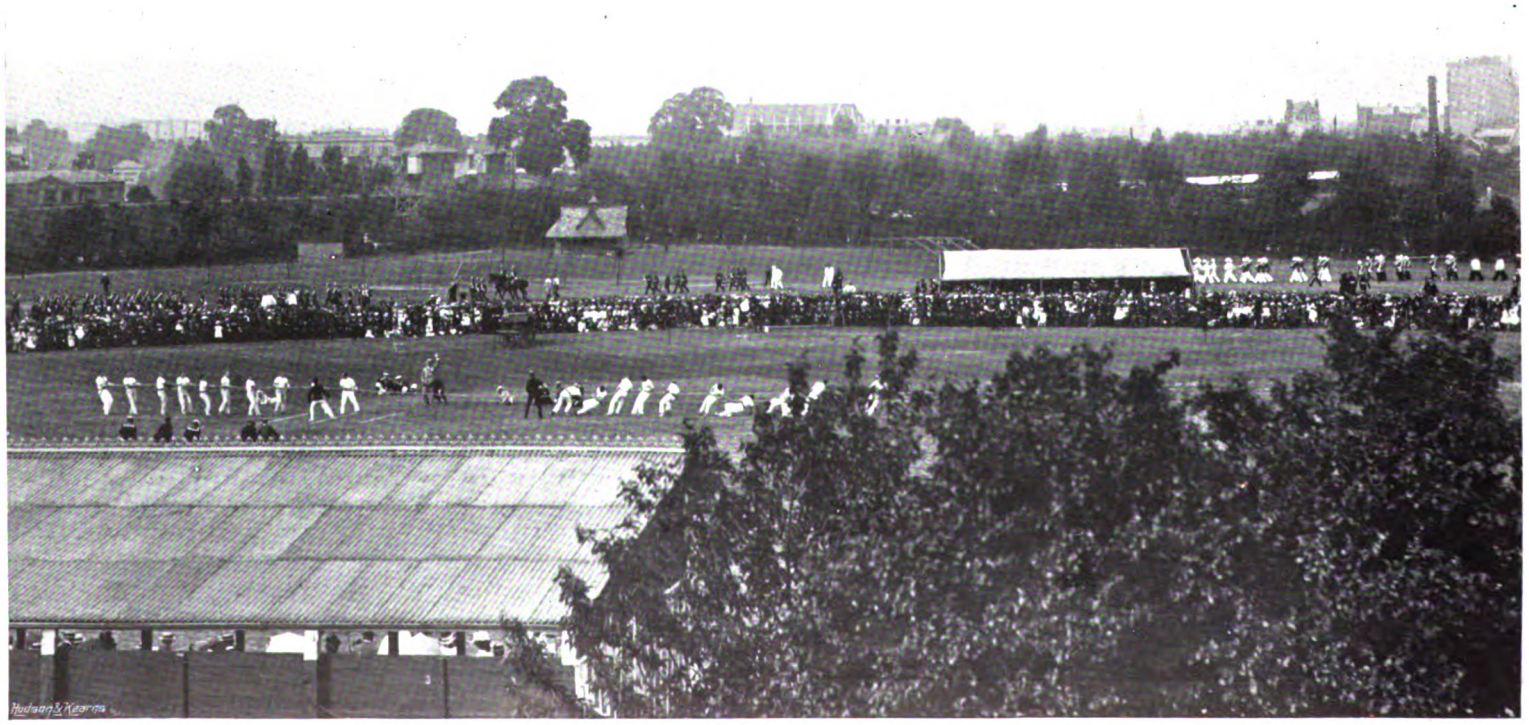

Photo. Cribb

THE UNITED SERVICE RECREATION

NAVAL AND MILITARY ATHLETIC

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THE country all about Netley is an ideal place for children, and no soldiers' children have a better time than those whose fathers are there stationed Our quaint little illustration is a group of the children of the garrison school. The military taste has already developed, for "the band" is well in evidence, as is also the sturdy standard-bearer with his Union Flag. As military uniforms get less stiff, boys will probably wear them in the same way as sailor suits are now worn by children.

Photo. Webb. *THE BAND AND COLOURS.* Copyright
Children of the Netley Garrison School.

OUR centre picture is of pathetic interest, for it represents the graves of the gallant Anglo-Saxons who fell side by side in Samoa. In the foreground, with the anchor wreath on the cross, is that of Lieutenant Freeman, of the "Tauranga." Behind are the two white crosses that mark the last resting-places of leading Seamen Prout and Long, of the "Royalist." The four graves to the right are, reading from the left, those of Seaman Edsal, Coxswain Butler, Ensign Monaghan, and Lieutenant Lansdale, of the U.S.S. "Philadelphia."

Photo. Herbst. *UNITED IN DEATH.* Copyright
Graves of the British and Americans who fell in Samoa.

THAT they fail to keep a sharp look-out on the beer provided for consumption by Tommy Atkins cannot be charged against the Government. Before issue the beer is tested by a duly-qualified civilian analyst, as shown in our

Photo W. Wood. Copyright
TESTING TOMMY ATKINS'S BEER.

illustration, where the analyst is seen ascertaining its specific gravity. The beer is sent to him in sealed bottles, and the tests are made monthly.

THE illustration at the foot of these pages is unique, inasmuch as it gives a perfect panoramic view both of the ground and spectators of the United Service (men's) Recreation Ground at Portsmouth, which is such a boon, not only to the garrison and fleet, but to the town itself.

Our view was taken on the occasion of the Naval and Military Athletic Sports of the Southern District. On the left is seen the very exciting final in the tug-of-war won by the Royal Marine Artillery from the Berkshires. In the right picture the winners are seen collecting in the arena, while the men forming up in the background are those who took part in the great pageant illustrative of the life, duties, and uniforms of the Royal Marines.

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GROUND AT PORTSMOUTH.
MEETING, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

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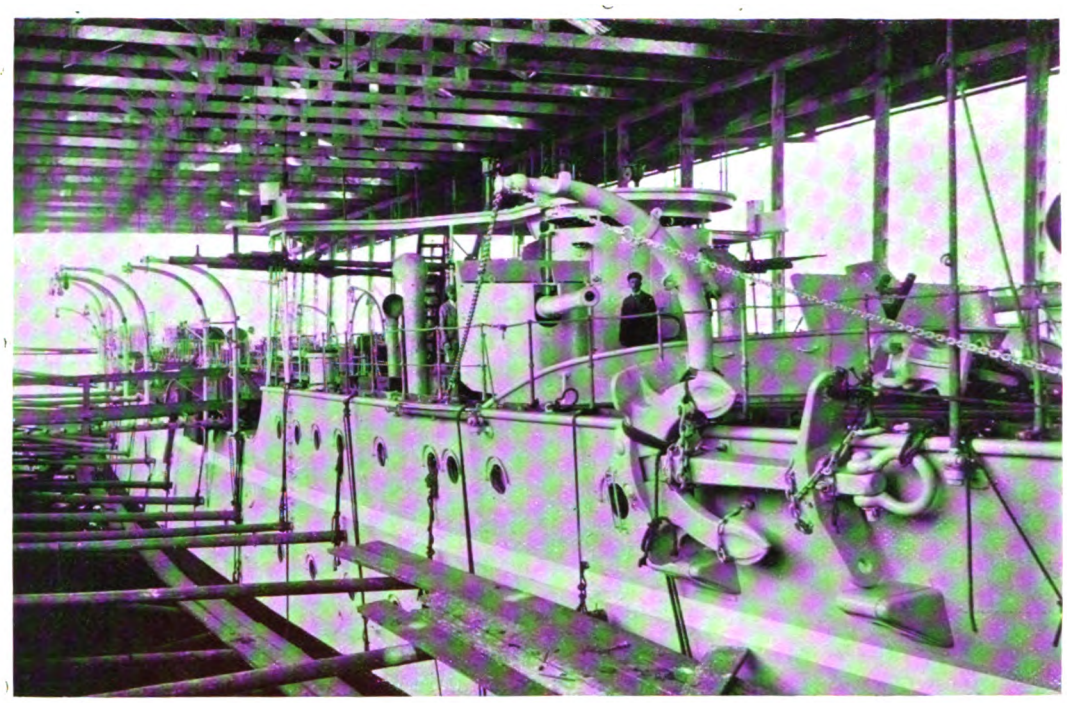

Photo. *A NEW CRUISER.* Copyright
The "Pioneer" Floated out of Dock at Chatham.

ONE of an excellent type of third-class cruisers was added to the Fleet a few days ago at Chatham, when the "Pioneer" was floated out of the dock in which she is depicted in our illustration. The "Pioneer" is one of a numerous class comprising eleven ships, and is a sister of the "Pelorus." This latter was the prototype of the class, and is the ship in which Rudyard Kipling for two successive years attended the Naval Manœuvres, and in which he gained the experience which has enabled him to enrich British literature by that most charming of books, "The Fleet in Being." The christening ceremony was charmingly performed by Miss Andoe, the eldest daughter of the Rear-Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, and the service was conducted by the Rev. W. Oxland, dockyard chaplain. Amongst those present were the Admiral Superintendent; Sir Charles Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore; General Fraser, commanding the Thames District; and Colonel Bird, commandant of the Chatham Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

Photo. Thiele. Copyright
THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

THE Honourable Artillery Company is one of those corps with which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been long and closely connected, and in her 80th year his Royal Mother has had the pleasure of seeing her son, in his capacity of captain-general, lead the corps past her at a review recently held in the Great Park at Windsor. First came the Prince, and next the Earl of Denbigh, the colonel commandant, heading the three arms into which the corps is divided, viz., horse artillery, field artillery, and infantry. Next the Artillery trotted past in splendid formation, and then the line was reformed, the advance made in review order, and the Royal salute given. The Queen graciously expressed to H.R.H. the great pleasure all had given her, and her regret that so long an interval had passed since she last inspected the corps. It was interesting to note, by the way, how keen the corps is on keeping up its traditions, for as the Queen passed the enclosure reserved for the veterans of the corps she was greeted by the staccato shouts of "Saye," "Saye," "Saye," the cheer of the corps known as "Artillery Fire."

THE inspection of the troops at the Curragh by the Duke of Connaught took place on Tuesday of last week, and our illustration represents His Royal Highness reviewing the Inniskilling Dragoons, of which regiment he is colonel-in-chief. The Duke and Duchess were the guests of Lord and Lady Roberts. The display concluded with a grand march past. As the troops filed by the flag-staff the Duchess of Connaught received the Royal salute.

Photo. Lafayette. *Dublin.*
INSPECTION OF 6th INNISKILLING DRAGOONS BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

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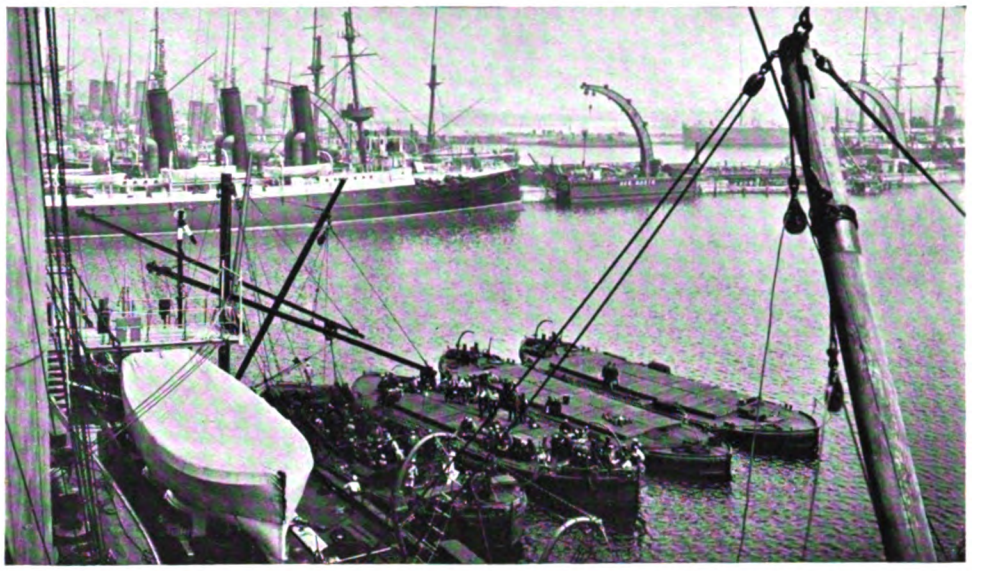
Naval Manœuvres—Assembling the Fleets.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

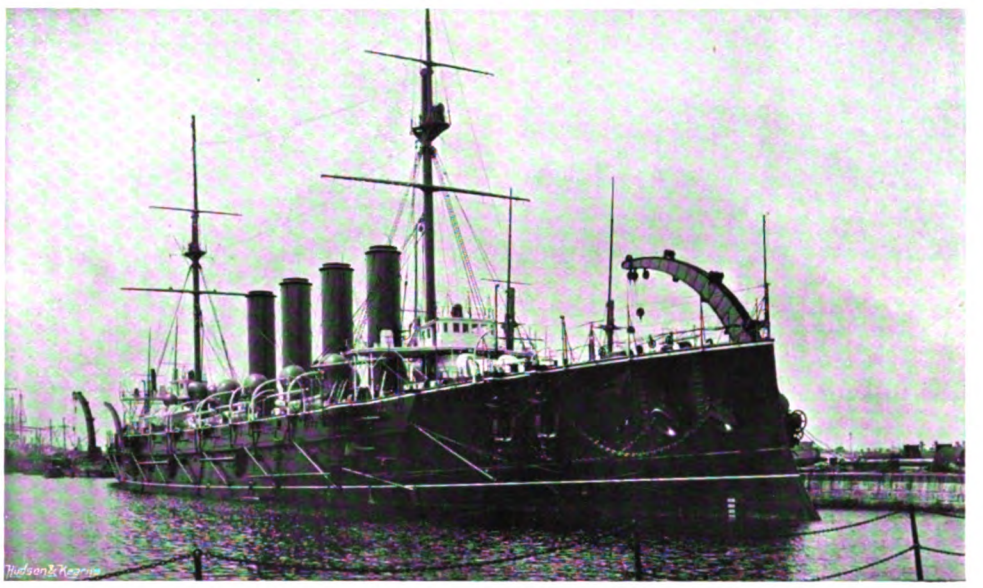
THE partial mobilisation of the Reserves which we described last week will, ere this copy of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is in the hands of our readers, have taken place, and the ships which have hoisted the pennant are now at, or on their way to, their ports of assembly. The call on the Naval ports to supply crews for the vessels now commissioned has been thus apportioned: Chatham turns out the first-class cruiser "Argonaut" and the second-class cruisers "Diana," "Vindictive," "Apollo," "Andromache," "Terpsichore," "Sappho," "Brilliant," "Mersey," and "Arethusa." Portsmouth mobilises three first-class cruisers — the "Andromeda," "Europa," and "St. George"—and four second-class—the "Gladiator," "Mercury," "Latona," and "Sybille." From Devonport come only second-class cruisers, eleven in number, viz., "Juno," "Æolus," "Sirius," "Cambrian," "Charybdis," "Pique," "Retribution," "Rainbow," "Spartan," "Thames," and "Forth." Each port also contributes two destroyers and a quota of torpedo-boats. No absolutely new types will commission this year, but a few of the very old ones are in evidence. The "Mercury" is the first steel-built ship we ever built; the "Arethusa" is the first partially-protected cruiser added to the Fleet; and the "Thames" and "Mersey" are the first ships to which we applied the principle of complete deck protection.



PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.
The "Prince George" Coals from Lighters.

The other ships, with the exception of the "Argonaut," "Andromeda," "Europa," "Vindictive," "Gladiator," "Juno," and "Diana," belong to the programme laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The "Argonaut," "Andromeda," and "Europa" belong to the same class of first-class cruisers, and are in fact reduced "Powerfuls." They will appear at manœuvres for the first time, but for some time their sister ships, the "Diadem" and "Niobe," have been in commission in the Channel Squadron.

The "Vindictive" and "Gladiator" are also ships of a class that see manœuvres for the first time, but also have had two of their class, the "Arrogant" and "Furious," in commission in the Channel Squadron for some time. These four cruisers are very interesting ships, for they are specially strengthened to act as rams, have double rudders, and possess great manœuvring powers. Finally, the "Juno" and "Diana" made their *début* at the Naval Manœuvres of 1897.



A HEAVY CRUISER.
The "Europa" ready for Sea Service.

On the fixed date the men are marched on board, each man having information given him of his stations, and they soon shake down.

Stores are then drawn, steam raised, and the ship taken out of harbour. The work is by no means yet over, for the ship has to make a trial run, which gives the engine-room complement some insight into the peculiarities of their engines, and brings to light any minor defects, etc. As the ships repair to the various ports of their assembly, the day or two occupied in so doing are well utilised. Remember that the ship's company has to learn much before it is quite at home.

All boats' crews have to be told off, and each soul in the ship has to learn his exact place for fire drill, general quarters, when boats are manned and armed, to close water-tight doors or to get out collision mats, and all this can't be done in an hour.

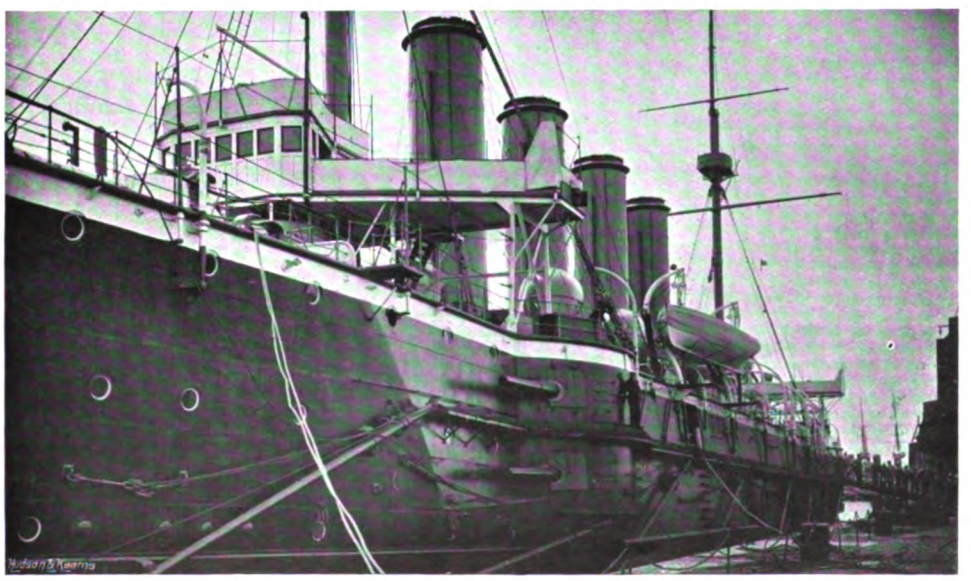
The stations for all these various exercises have to be read to the crew, and more than once have they to be practised before each man jumps to his post at the given signal with that absolute certainty and celerity which is a *sine quâ non* in the Royal Navy.

Arms also have to be distributed, burnished up, and stowed in the racks. So it will be seen that the first few days after mobilisation are an exceedingly busy time for every soul on board, from the captain downwards.

The men have now learned their way about their ship, and when they join the fleet they have next to learn how to comport themselves as a unit of the whole organisation.

The first thing the admiral will do when he has got his fleet together is to arrange it into what are called organisations.

There are generally three, or perhaps more, organisations, and each ship knows



Photos. *BUILT FOR SPEED AND STAYING* *Copyright.*
The "Argonaut" receives her Company.

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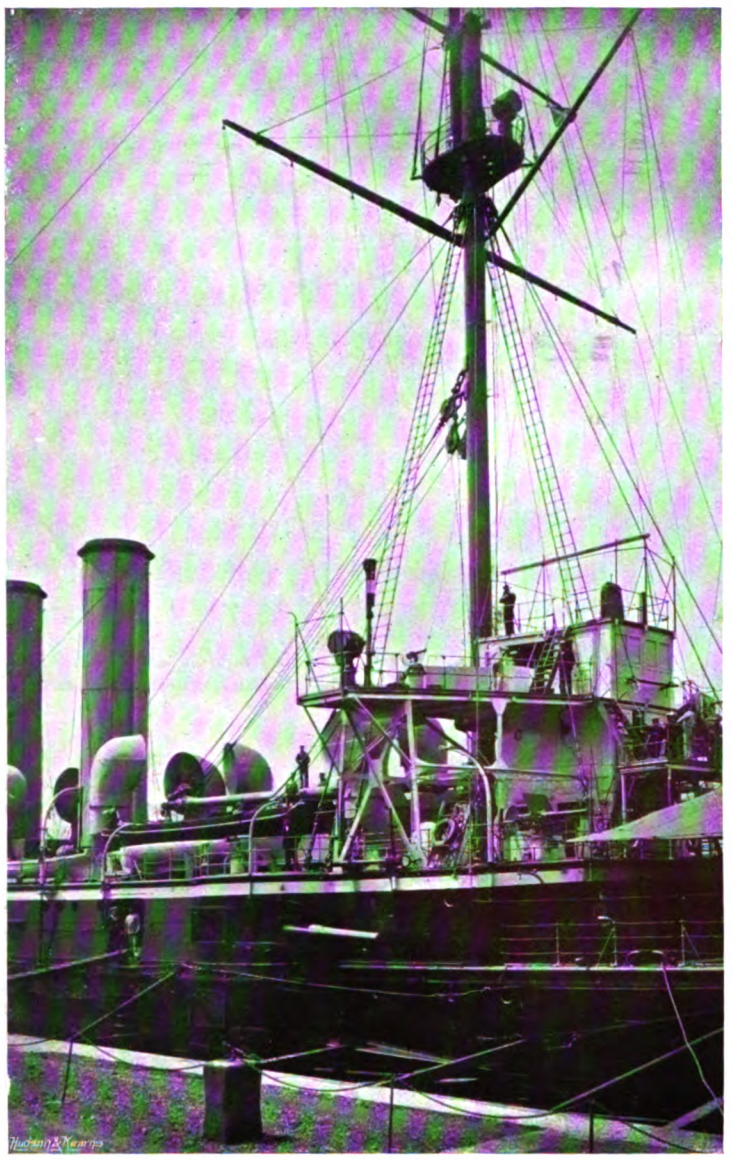


ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "DIADEM."
Waiting for Orders.

its exact place in each. The battle-ships are divided into divisions and sub-divisions, the cruisers grouped, and the look-out ships told off.

It is necessary to have several organisations, as the admiral may require to change from one to another at any time, according to the work he is undertaking or the nature of the evolutions he wishes to perform.

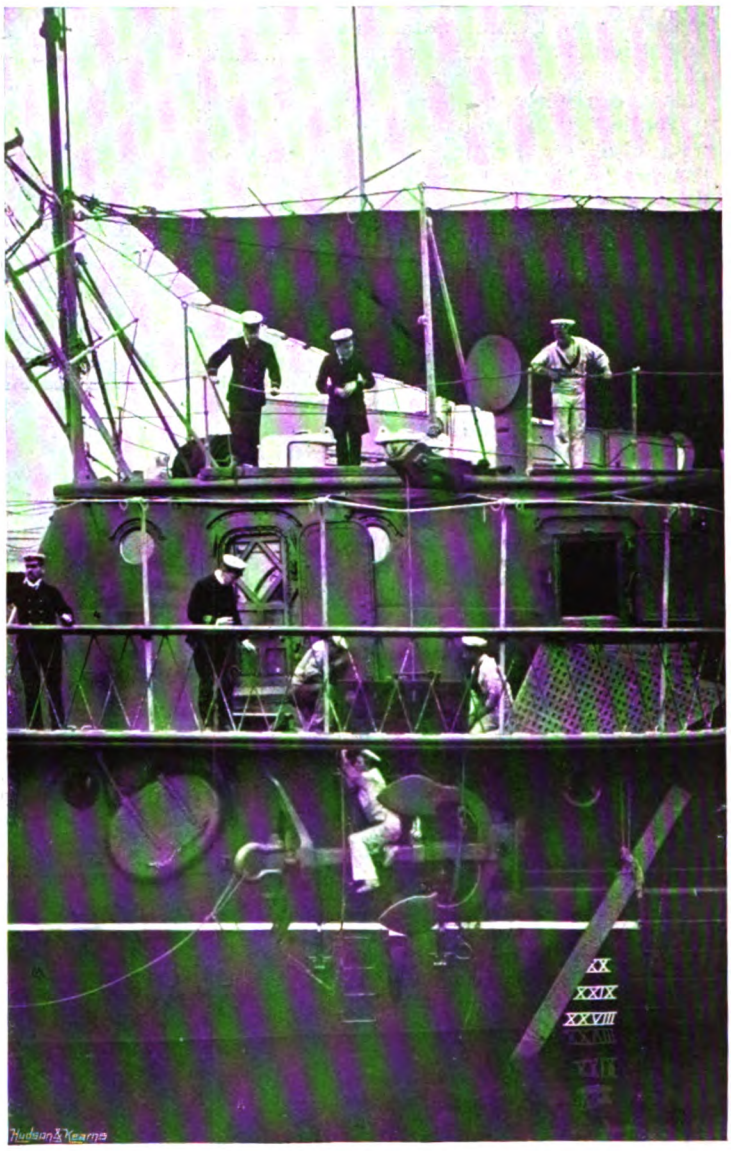
The manœuvres commence by a week of preliminary exercise, during which the fleet is constantly practised at steam tactics. Each ship thus learns its place in the whole organisation, the fleet grows used to working together, and the admiral to handling it. Then comes the period of mimic war, and the value of the knowledge then gained is incalculable.

Officers are now putting into actual practice the theoretical knowledge of strategy and tactics they have acquired, and officers and men are practising their work and handling their ships under simulated war conditions. Finally, at the close of the operations, the fleet proceeds to sea for gunnery and target practice.

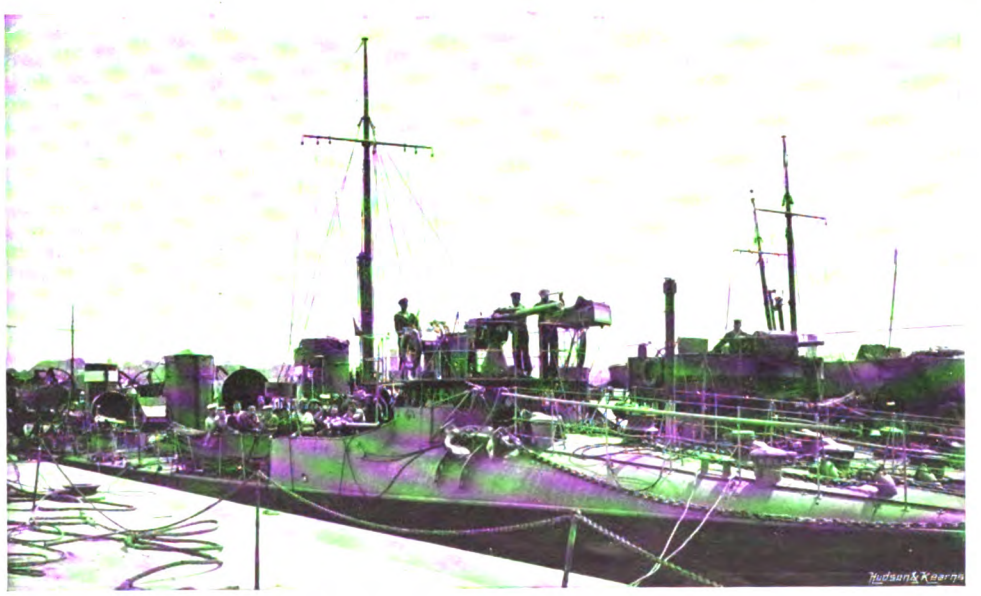
At the time of my writing the scheme of operations has not been divulged, this matter being, as a rule, kept a secret until just before they begin. It is quite natural that this should be the case, as otherwise one side might learn something about the other which would give it an advantage. Of course this necessity of secrecy does not apply to what may be called the "general idea," but the authorities probably imagine that if they begin to afford information to the Press it will be difficult to know where to stop.

It is surprising how easily a landsman may give away a piece of material information most valuable to the enemy without intention, and indeed without knowing what harm he is doing.

One year of the manœuvres a correspondent was "marooned" for mentioning in a letter that the ships of the fleet to which he was attached were taking in deck cargoes of coal. It was hard on the journalist to be sent ashore, but when we remember that the opposing admiral was actually able from this little piece of news to frustrate his antagonist's plans, it does not appear that the punishment was unfitted to the crime. Our illustrations speak for themselves. Two important operations are there shown.



THE "JUPITER" IN DOCK.
Stowing an Anchor.



Photos. A FEW OF THE TORPEDO FLOTILLA. Copyright

In one picture the "Prince George" is seen coaling, and another depicts the stowing of an anchor on the sister battleship, the "Jupiter."

Two of the new first-class cruisers, the "Europa" and "Argonaut," are given, and a third picture shows a fine view of the upper works of their sister, the "Diadem."

Finally, we see some of the torpedo flotilla, which will in all probability play an important part in the mimic war of the Naval Manœuvres of 1899

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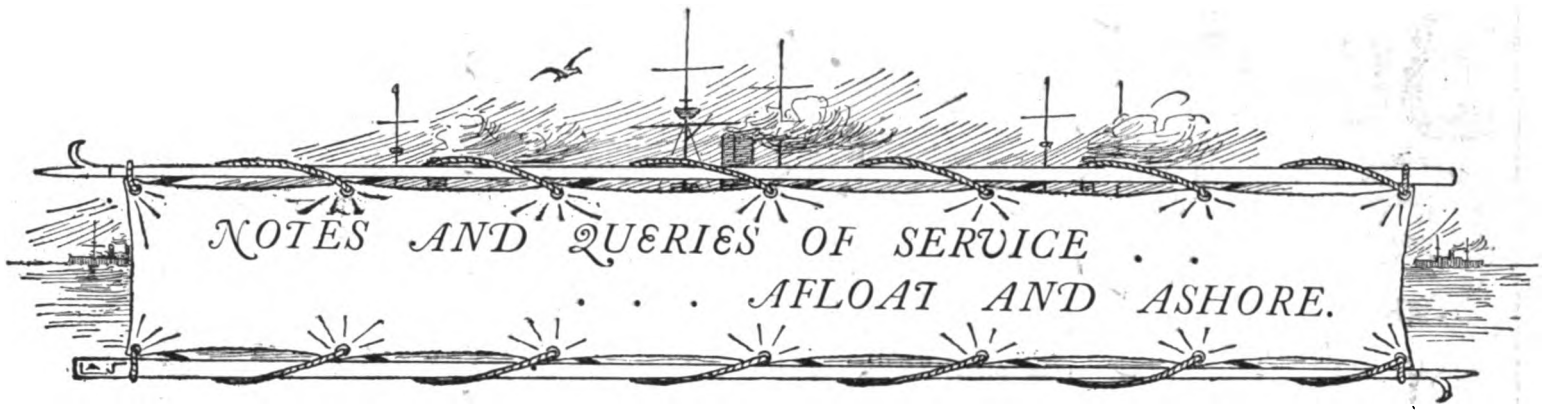

By the retirement for age of Major-General Sir J. Heriot Maitland, Major-General Sir Bindon Blood, heretofore supernumerary, becomes "pukka" on the list of the establishment of effective general officers. At present Sir Bindon is holding the command at Meerut, one of the first-class districts of the Punjab command. Few officers in high command in India have seen more distinguished service than has Sir Bindon Blood. He served through the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-78, and went straight from the North-West Frontier to South Africa, where the Zulu Campaign brought him his brevet of major. From thence to Egypt, where the campaign against Arabi gave him his brevet of lieutenant-colonel. In 1895 he was chief of the staff with the Chitral Relief Force, making his mark for future command, and earning his K.C.B. A picked man, he was at once turned to when the arduous frontier campaign of 1897-98 had to be undertaken, and to him was entrusted the control of the Malakand Field Force, his services in that capacity earning him his brevet of major-general. At its close he was selected for the important command he now holds. He is now about fifty-seven years of age, of which nearly forty have been spent in active soldiering. *(See illustration on front page.)*

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A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The case of the 'Dædalus,' recently referred to in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, was not the only occasion, previous to the 'Narcissus,' when an unknown sea monster has been reported by one of H.M. ships. Rather more than twenty years ago the Royal Yacht 'Osborne,' being on a voyage in the Mediterranean and off the North Coast of Sicily, sighted something of the sort, which was thus described by Lieutenant W. P. Haynes: 'My attention was first called by seeing a long row of fins appearing above the surface of the water at a distance of about 200-yds. from the ship, and on our beam. They were of irregular heights, and extended about 30-ft. or 40-ft. in line. In a few seconds they disappeared, giving place to the fore part of the monster. By this time it had passed astern, swimming in a direction opposite to that we were steering, and as we were passing through the water at 10½ knots, I could only get an "end on" view of it. The head was bullet-shaped, and quite 6-ft. thick, the neck narrow, and its head was occasionally thrown back out of the water, remaining so for a few seconds at a time. It was very broad across the back or shoulders, about 15-ft. or 20-ft.; and the flappers appeared to have a semi-revolving motion, which seemed to paddle the monster along. They were about 15-ft. in length. From the top of the head to the part of the back where it became immersed I should consider about 50-ft., and that seemed about a third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal. I cannot account for the fins, unless they were on the back, below where it was immersed.' To men of science it seems astonishing that the 'Osborne' did not even check her speed, or the 'Narcissus' alter her course, to investigate the marvellous creatures encountered. Should such an opportunity ever occur again, it is to be hoped that energetic action will be taken, and the effect of a quick-firing gun tried, for the carcase of a monster such as is pictured by either report would be a prize invaluable to zoologists."

* * * *

"F. C. H." has a friend, a trained and efficient electrical engineer, who has heard that with his knowledge he could join the Royal Engineers as a sergeant and receive about 30s. a week. That is all moonshine. "F. C. H.'s" friend would have very little chance of rising to the rank even of lance-corporal R.E. for some considerable time after enlistment, and meanwhile his pay would be nearer 10s. a week than 30s. As a recruit he would be posted to one of the depôt companies at Chatham, and have to undergo a course of training in drill, the construction of field-works, the use of explosives, and other military duties belonging to the corps, before being posted to a service company and employed at his trade. It would probably be at least a year before he had any opportunity of bringing his special knowledge into play, and even then his advancement would necessarily depend upon the current demand for electricians, of whom a fair number are annually turned out by the Chatham School of Military Engineering. The R.E. certainly affords good prospects for good men, but the chevrons of a sergeant and 30s. a week have to be arrived at by degrees, which "F. C. H.'s" friend would probably find a little tedious.

* * * *

No society existing does more excellent and useful work than the National Association for the Employment of Reserve Soldiers, whose fourteenth annual report has just reached me. If anything tends to lessen the recruiting difficulty it is the work done by this society, and to it the Inspector-General of Recruiting bears testimony in his last report, describing it as contributing "in no small degree to the increasing popularity of Army service." Some idea of the excellent work the association does may be gathered from the fact that whereas in the year ending March 31, 1886, it placed in employment 174 men, last year it found billets for no less than 6,160. The association charges fees neither to the men nor to the employers, and only registers men with good character.

* * * *

"MINIE."—The breech-loading system as applied to what are called arms of precision was known so far back as 1540; but the age was so decidedly wanting in mechanical skill that the idea was put to no practical use. In the seventeenth century the art of rifling the barrels of muskets was well known, but as no attempt was made to combine with it the principle of loading at the breech, the piece had to be loaded at the muzzle, and considerable power had to be applied to force the bullet into the grooves of the rifling so as to give it the necessary rotatory motion. In 1823 Captain Norton, of the 34th Regiment, invented a bullet of a cylindro-conoidal shape, and this was really the basis from which all modern improvements started. Captain Norton's efforts, however, were not appreciated by the authorities, and nothing came of the idea. Thirty years later Captain Minie, of the French Army, invented the elongated bullet made upon Norton's principle, which was afterwards so much used by continental armies. By the force of the explosion this bullet expanded, and so was forced into the grooves of the rifling, thereby giving a far longer range, greater penetration, and much more precision. The Minie rifle was first used in the Russian War. It is also interesting to note in this connection that the revolver was first brought into use in European warfare during the Crimean campaign, and indeed more than one officer of the unfortunate Light Brigade owed his life solely to being armed with this form of pistol.

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WITH reference to the descriptive article on the new Artillery Practice Camp in the Glen of Imaal, which appears elsewhere in this number, it may be added that special interest was attached to the practice of the 2nd Brigade Division R.A., as the 28th, 76th, and 90th Batteries are all armed with the new converted carriage for quick-firing which was recently issued from the Royal Arsenal. Further, this was the first camp of the 90th Battery, which was only formed last August, but is now up to its establishment and fully equipped. Lord Roberts and Major-General Boyce Combe, with their respective staffs, went on different days to the Glen of Imaal camp specially to watch the practice of the 2nd Brigade Division. They scrutinised the working of the new carriage with great minuteness, and were apparently much pleased with the results obtained. The present Secretary of State for War has done much to advance the best interests of the Army, but in no direction has he fostered progress more surely and more conspicuously than in the matter of training grounds, and, if he had done nothing else, he would long be remembered as a War Minister for his purchases of Salisbury Plain and the Glen of Imaal.

* * * *

"HORSEMAN."—I quite agree with you as to the cruelty and uselessness of long-distance rides, and I had hoped that we had heard the last of such exhibitions. It is reported that one took place not long ago in Italy, and that a number of good horses died in consequence. There is very little scientific knowledge to be gained by riding a horse to death, and no true horseman would desire to increase his horse-lore at so heavy a sacrifice of his most cherished feelings. In this country, where the best horses are to be found, and where the noble animal is better understood than he is anywhere else, where also there is more racing and hunting than in any other country, long-distance racing receives no countenance. The element of true sport or fair play is wanting, and the operation is merely the needless infliction of extreme agony and undeserved death on the most willing and valuable four-footed friend of man.

* * * *

THE fiat has now gone forth that in future no non-commissioned officers or men of the regular Army are to be allowed to take part in any sports, fetes, etc., that are not entirely under the control of the Military authorities. A special exception has, however, been made in the case of the Naval and Military Tournament which comes off at Tunbridge Wells at the end of this month. This, however, will be the last private tournament in which soldiers and sailors will be allowed to take part. Boys from the training-ship "Warspite" are entered, and the Navy will also be represented. There are four events open to officers, and ten to non-commissioned officers and men, and the competitions are of the usual character. The tournament, which takes place at the Agricultural Show Grounds, has for its secretary Mr. W. A. Semple, of the London Rifle Brigade. After all expenses are paid, the surplus will be devoted to charity, the amount being divided amongst various Military charities and the Tunbridge Wells hospitals.

* * * *

EVERYONE knows that the Bank of England suspended cash payments in 1797, writes a correspondent, but few people are aware that the step was brought about by the panic resulting from the landing of 1,400 French troops in Pembrokeshire. The troops surrendered a few hours after landing, but, judged by the results achieved, this absurd enterprise was more than justified. The people, with their minds excited by this event, were easily hoaxed into the belief that another force had landed. The alarm spread from Bristol, where it was proposed that the 2,000 French prisoners at Stapleton should be lowered into some collieries near by, so that their military guards might be reduced. A financial panic took place throughout the country in consequence of the ridiculous fuss made. In Latimer's "Annals of Bristol" we read that "the hoarding of gold had become prevalent in the latter months of 1796 in consequence of the invasion alarms, and when news arrived of an actual descent a rush was made on the banks for repayment of their notes. On Saturday, February 25, the bullion in the Bank of England was reduced to £1,272,000, with every prospect of being exhausted on the following Monday. The Privy Council, however, met on Sunday and ordered the bank to suspend cash payments."

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in the hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight.

CHAPTER II. *(continued.)*

BEFORE he had covered a quarter of a mile he began to feel renewed interest in life, and a very keen desire to baulk the water police of the official reward. He knew that his capture would enrich them by some 40s., and that the money would be deducted from his pay. Soon he drew clear of the side streets and turned down a broad terrace of lodging-houses, past which the tram-cars travelled on their way to the beach. Already he had distanced his pursuers, but their shouts were a source of danger, and might, as he knew, cause him to be obstructed by the town constables. The pavement being thronged by pedestrians, Bunter took to the road and followed the tram lines, now and again glancing back at the panting policemen. Presently he had gained so much ground that a bend in the road hid him from their sight. Without slackening speed, he tried to calculate if it would be safe to change his direction; but again he was deterred from so doing through his fear of being trapped in a by-street. At this moment a tram-car caught him up, and, with happy inspiration, Bunter boarded it and took a seat inside the vehicle.

"A warm day for running, mate," observed the conductor as he clipped the ticket.

"I'm training for the garrison sports!" said Bunter.

"If perspiring is any criterion of speed you ought to get a gold cup," returned the conductor.

The car did not pull up until it reached the terminus near the beach. From his seat within the vehicle Bunter still caught occasional glimpses of his jaded pursuers, as they followed far in the rear of the car. At a point where the road intersected two others, the three policemen stopped and seemed to confer. They were clearly in doubt as to the one he had taken.

Bunter leant back in his seat and chuckled. His mirth seemed to scandalise two elderly ladies seated opposite, for they cast sour looks at him and edged away. Again Bunter looked back, and his merriment ended. He saw, with some anxiety, that his pursuers had chosen the road to the beach. The car stopped, and Bunter alighted. The short ride had partially rested him, but the sun was still too hot to make running enjoyable, and he was suffering from thirst. His eye fell upon a long row of bathing-machines close at hand, and without hesitation he ran towards them. The dip of the beach hid him once more from the police. He felt confident that they had not seen him alight from the car, as they were still far behind.

Bunter trudged across the shingle to the ticket office. Here an old man who took the money and kept the towels was placidly dozing. The sailor was spared the task of rousing the attendant, for at this moment a well-dressed, bearded gentleman who had just alighted from a fly rapped at the pigeon-hole and demanded towels. Bunter stood aside whilst the gentleman was served, and then tendered his sixpence. The attendant took the money, handed out the towels and bathing-drawers, and immediately dozed off again in his chair.

"I suppose," said Bunter, "I can use any machine I like?"

There was no reply but a snore, and he did not press the question. He selected, at random, a machine next to the one that the bearded gentleman had just entered. Confident that he had now baffled the police, Bunter began to undress with the intention of enjoying a swim.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALUE OF CLOTHES.

THE lively strains of a military band were wafted to the ear of Bunter as he removed his clothes. It was Wednesday, and the usual concert upon the adjacent pier had drawn the people from the beach, leaving it bare, save for the boats, bathing-machines, and a few drowsy boatmen. The shadeless benches upon the road above the beach were unoccupied, and no more bathers came to disturb the slumbers of the aged pensioner in charge of the towels. A thick haze, due to the heat, obscured the horizon; the sea resembled in its calmness a great sheet of green glass, slightly splintered at the edge where it met the pebbly shore. In the roadstead lay the cruiser "Grunter," her yellow funnels conspicuous in the strong sunlight, her slender masts and scanty rigging proclaiming her a daughter of modern science with whom her old wooden ancestors would have blushed to claim kin. Bunter, who recognised the cruiser, observed her with professional interest through the open door of his machine.

Though drafted to her from the depôt, to take the place of a time-expired seaman, he had not as yet set foot upon her deck. He wondered, as he scanned the vessel, if his kit had been sent on board, and, if so, what he should do for clothes if he were successful in evading capture until after the cruiser had sailed. But the prospective loss of clothes did not alter his reckless determination to stay ashore.

The coldness of Nelly Pratten rankled in his breast, and he was much tempted to sever all connection with a career in which he had no hope of such advancement as might win her favour.

These gloomy reflections were disturbed by the movements of the bearded gentleman in the adjacent machine. He had plunged into the cool sea with an impetuosity that sent some splashes of water into the face of the sailor. Bunter watched him idly as he floundered into deeper water and headed seaward with powerful strokes. The man swam well and rapidly, and seemed to have no fear of the currents. Bunter remembered that it was slack water, and reflected that a strong swimmer, as the man appeared to be, might go far out with safety. A small yacht lay at anchor nearly half a mile away, and soon Bunter guessed that the swimmer was making for it. "Further than I should care to swim on a hot day," he thought; and he decided that it would be more enjoyable to float about near the shore. He was still within his depth and close to the machines, when, turning his eyes towards the beach, he saw his old enemies again. They were seated upon a bench in full view of the machines, and all three

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were mopping their brows with red bandana handkerchiefs. Bunter stood still, his head just clear of the water, and considered the position. Had they traced him to the bathing-machines, or were they merely resting there after fruitless search? The ruse which he had adopted to evade them now seemed stupid and reckless. He wished that he had braved the heat and trusted to his legs instead of to hide-and-seek tactics.

Quietly and cautiously he regained the bathing-machine. Whilst hurriedly drying his body, he reconnoitred the enemy through the small aperture in the back of his machine, and saw that the policemen were disputing. One of them was gesticulating as though expounding a theory, and pointed several times towards the pier. The other two shook their heads and made signs of dissent. Presently the man who had pointed towards the pier strolled away in that direction. The others remained seated for a minute or two, and then, to the dismay of Bunter, rose and walked towards the slumbering guardian of towels.

"If the old man tells them I'm here," he thought, "they'll nab me, as sure as eggs." This new danger in his mind, he threw down his towels and turned round to reach his clothes. As he so turned he faced seawards and his eye fell upon the little yacht and the head of the distant swimmer. His face brightened, and for a moment he stood motionless, in swift thought, watching the tiny speck that looked more like a floating bottle than a man's head. "Here goes," he muttered, with sudden decision. "Hang me if I don't try it."

Swiftly gathering his clothes into a bundle, and snatching up his socks and heavy boots from the floor, he stepped out of his own machine into the shallow water and entered the one next door. He was quick with his fingers, and, within five minutes stood fully dressed in the well-cut clothes of the absent swimmer. The only portion of the new dress that gave him much trouble was the shirt collar; but, with some risk of strangulation, he managed to fasten it. The brown boots were rather tight to feet accustomed to the ease of Naval "half-boots." They were also too long for him, but Bunter did not care. The light tweed suit fitted him fairly well. The coat was a little tight under the arms, the trousers rather too long, but he remedied the latter defect by turning them up. Finally, he placed the straw hat of the absent swimmer upon his head and regarded himself complacently in some six inches of mirror. "By the Lord Harry," he murmured, "I look a regular toff. Blow me if there aint something in clothes, after all."

Glancing seaward again, he saw that the owner of the clothes was returning, but was still some distance away. With admirable coolness Bunter completed his precautions. He hung his discarded uniform upon the pegs of the machine, and looked carefully about to make sure that no property belonging to the absent owner had been left behind. Then, taking a gold-mounted walking-stick from a corner, and carrying in his left hand a pair of gloves, the sailor jumped across to his own machine, gathered up the wet towels that he had left there, and passed on to the beach.

He had taken but a few paces in the loose shingle when the two water policemen advanced towards him. Uncertain what to do, Bunter stopped and regarded them. The impulse to run was strong upon him, but he resisted it and stood still.

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men, touching his cap; "might you have noticed a Bluejacket whilst you was bathing?"

"Yes, my good fellow," replied Bunter, assuming a slight drawl; "a sailor was in the machine next to mine."

"Had he a brown beard, sir, and a torn collar?"

"He had a beard, certainly," said Bunter; "but I didn't take stock of his clothes."

The policeman turned sharply to his comrade with a look of satisfaction. "It's our man, sure enough, Joe," he exclaimed.

"May be, may be not," returned the other, stolidly.

"I tell you it is," insisted the first speaker, confidently. "We'll nab him as he comes out of the machine door."

"What has the man done?" enquired Bunter, carelessly.

"Breaking his leave, sir," explained the policeman. "We've been after him half the day, a-running till we're fit to bust."

"If he's the man you want," said Bunter, "he is still in the water. I wish you good-day."

"Good-day, sir," returned both the men. "And thank you, sir, for the information," added the first policeman.

"Not at all," said Bunter, loftily. "It is the duty of every good citizen to assist the police."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind assisting us to collar him, sir?" suggested No. 2, with a grin. "He's rather a violent customer."

"I'm not on," said Bunter, shortly. "I don't fancy being plugged by violent sailors."

He left the policemen and walked on to the ticket office to return his towels. The attendant received them without comment, and Bunter, still moving deliberately, gained the road above the beach. Hesitating which way to go, his course was decided for him in an unexpected manner.

"Here you are, sir," cried the driver of a fly that stood near at hand. "This is your keb, sir."

"All right," said Bunter, and he walked towards the vehicle.

"You said I might wait, sir," explained the driver, "and take you back to the hotel."

"So I did," said Bunter, cheerfully. The man opened the door and the impostor took his seat. "Here's a rum start," he reflected. "I wonder who I am. Suppose I find a wife and family waiting for me at the blessed hotel."

The driver mounted his box and the fly started. "Stop!" cried Bunter, when they had gone a short distance, and the driver complied.

"What is it, sir?" he asked.

"Those policemen are going to nab a sailor," Bunter explained. "I want to see them do it." By standing up in the fly he was able to overlook the beach.

"I thought they were after somebody," said the driver. "There was a sailor got into the machine next to your'n, sir." By this time Bunter felt assured that the driver had no suspicion. The success that had attended his daring ruse so far gave him increased confidence, and he began to regard his exploit as the most original frolic in which he had ever indulged. He felt little compunction in permitting the stranger's arrest, for he had no doubt that the gentleman would speedily regain his liberty. He pictured with delight the chagrin in store for the water police, and felt avenged for the inconvenience that he had suffered through their dogged pursuit.

They had not long to wait. As Bunter had foreseen, the stranger presently emerged from the bathing-machine,

"Hard blows were given and received."

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dressed in the only clothes available. Whatever his reluctance to assume the garb of a Bluejacket, modesty and the conventions had prevented him from seeking redress in bathing-drawers. As the gentleman set his foot upon the beach the policemen sprang upon him, and then ensued a struggle that was watched with interest by Bunter, the driver, and the boatmen in the vicinity. Taken by surprise, the gentleman fell upon the shingle, with the policemen clinging to him; but he was clearly a man of spirit, for he struggled manfully to free himself, using both fists and feet with considerable effect. The three men rolled over and over in the shingle until the gentle slope of the beach brought them to the water's edge and the sea wetted their clothes. The unaccustomed shock of cold water caused the police to relax their grip, and the gentleman was the first to gain his feet. Before they could close with him again one of the policemen received a blow in the face that sent him staggering back into the water, and, for a moment, his comrade faltered.

"He's a game 'un," chuckled the driver; "but why the blazes don't he run for it!"

Bunter said nothing, but he, too, admired the stranger's pluck and felt a twinge of remorse. The unequal combat gave him a better opinion of gentlemen than he had previously felt for the class. Still standing on guard, and ready to strike, the supposed sailor seemed to be arguing angrily with the police. Bunter guessed the purport of his argument, and awaited the result with misgivings. The policemen, apparently, were not moved by his remonstrances, for they soon ceased to reply and rushed at the gentleman again. This time the men of law gained the advantage, for the gentleman was growing exhausted. Hard blows were given and received, and blood was seen to stain the face of the gentleman.

"It's too bad," muttered Bunter. "Why doesn't he give in and explain later?"

"They've got him down again," cried the driver, excitedly.

"So they have," sighed Bunter, "and I see another rat over there running towards them."

"Well, he oughter have bunked when he had the chance," said the driver. "It's all over, sir, and they're putting the darbies on him."

"Very well," said Bunter, thoughtfully; "drive to the hotel."

CHAPTER IV.

BURNING THE BOATS.

As the fly rolled slowly towards his unknown destination, Bunter leant back against the faded cushions and reviewed his strange position.

Impressed more than he cared to own by the personal courage of the bearded gentleman, he felt strongly disposed to make amends for the inconvenience that he had caused him. He was loath to rob him of his clothes, and fell to considering how he could restore them without imperilling his own liberty. In a few hours, at most, the gentleman would probably obtain his release and return to the hotel. He would be accompanied, no doubt, by the water police or by a Naval patrol, in which event Bunter felt that his frolic must terminate ingloriously. Although anxious to restore the borrowed clothes, he did not see his way to walking the streets naked. He was naturally a modest fellow, and feared to offend the decorum of Dockhaven. Presently a better plan occurred to him. He thought that he would write a letter to the unknown, explaining how he had been tempted to masquerade as a civilian, and he would offer to return the clothes in exchange for his own uniform. On second thoughts he had to abandon this plan also, for he saw that he could not trust the stranger to come alone to any place assigned for the exchange of clothing. He bore no ill-will towards the unknown, but it was possible that the latter might be less forgiving.

Whilst he was still puzzling over the difficulties of reparation, the fly stopped at the entrance of the Osborne Hotel. This hotel, though Bunter knew it merely by sight, was one of the best in the town and quite the dearest. It was conveniently situated about midway between the commercial and fashionable quarters of the port, and overlooked the sea. Royal Princes had sometimes laid their gracious heads upon the pillows of the Osborne; belted earls had spoken favourably of its cellar; and the wealthy nobodies made it their resting-place during the regatta week.

As the fly drew up, a portly servant of the hotel, wearing faded evening dress and grey side whiskers, came out to open the cab door. "We've put your luggage in the hall, sir, as you directed," he said. "Dinner will be ready in half-an-hour, sir, as you ordered."

"Oh!" said Bunter, doubtfully, and then, putting more authority into his manner, he added with superfluous dignity, "Very good." He ascended the steps, and paused in doubt in the spacious hall.

(To be continued.)

Conduct Under Fire.

By EXPERIENCE.

THE diversity of behaviour exhibited by different individuals when under fire can only be accounted for by the fact that diversity of constitution varies that apprehension of danger which excites everyone, in greater or lesser degree, to provide for his own security upon the approach of evil.

Although the courage that grows from constitution is held to be less meritorious than that which arises from a sense of duty, the former is perhaps of greater value, so long as it lasts. Ignorance of the full extent of existing danger is a distinct advantage, the proverbial dash of young soldiers clearly demonstrating the folly of wisdom.

With experience comes a change, but fortunately after the courage of ignorance has disappeared, and before the courage of duty has had time to develop, there remains a wholesome fear of unpleasant consequences which might result from any undue exhibition of excessive personal caution. At the same time there is present in every army a small percentage of constitutional cowards, men who exaggerate the danger to themselves and allow mind to influence matter until physical collapse results.

The description of one (black-powder) fight by one of the actual fighters—the Atbara and Omdurman cannot be accepted as typical of future smokeless-powder battles between European troops—would vary very little from that of others if all alike could be relied upon to confine themselves to what they saw and experienced while the fight was in progress. At one moment you are surrounded by comrades, at another the front is clear; in the former case you strive to keep your finger off the trigger of your rifle, in the latter you blaze away on the off chance of the enemy being in the line of fire.

In the open, when anything of a stand is made, and as fortune inclines first to one side and then to the other at different parts of the field, which field often extends for miles, if it happens that out of the smoke and dust strange uniforms suddenly appear, it is just a toss-up which side stands its ground. There is a momentary pause, rifles seem to go off of themselves, and the next moment the scene has changed; how, none of the actors in it could say. Perhaps a man has turned to the right or left, and those near him have followed; any way, the front is again clear, and so this sort of apparently hole-and-corner fighting goes on around you, while the real battle always seems to be raging somewhere else.

A corporal in the army of General Faidherbe, which fought against General Manteuffel the two days' battle of Bapaume, near Arras, in the north of France, in January, 1871, when subsequently asked by a friend to give an account of the part he played in that stubbornly-contested field, where both sides claimed the victory, said that from beginning to end of one of the days he never got more than 500-yds. away from his original position. An open undulating country, he found himself on the reverse slope of some rising ground, a deeply ploughed field; that over this rise he trudged backwards and forwards and round about all day long, but never more than that 500-yds. from the starting-point, and never nearer than that to the enemy, generally very much farther away; that around him men fell, killed and wounded, that he escaped without even a scratch, and that he saw nothing which could guide him in forming an opinion whether his side was losing or winning; and he added that he expended the whole of his ammunition, and that he hadn't the remotest idea if he had hit anybody.

A young English officer related his experience of the first time he was under fire in the Indian Mutiny, on which occasion he never saw one of the enemy, except the dead and wounded, until the affair was over. His company advanced through some breast-high cover, discharging their rifles as they moved on, and by the time they got a clear view the mutineers had disappeared.

There is a very realistic description of what the private soldier experiences, even in the biggest of battles, in Zola's account in "La Débâcle" of a company of the 106th which practically remained throughout the day of Sedan in a cabbage-field and not until the evening, when the colonel volunteered the information, did the men know whether it was victory or defeat.

The battle-pieces by popular artists on the walls of exhibitions are not more fanciful in their conception than if these artists had elected to illustrate a naval action in the moon where, we are told, there is no water.

For those who are not immediately under fire and occupy more or less safe points of vantage it is a different matter, but in getting a view of the mass they necessarily lose sight of the individual and know nothing about him; hence the spectator's description of a battle differs very considerably from that of an active participator.

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The Army Medical Corps at Work.

THE everyday ailments and sicknesses of soldiers necessitate, even in times of peace, the engagement of quite a little army of doctors and of competent attendants. The Medical Staff Corps, as this branch of the Army is called, consists of about 2,500 non-commissioned officers and men, and is officered by members of the Army Medical Staff. The uniform of the corps is blue with black facings and scarlet shoulder knots.

The men are enlisted for three, seven, twelve, or twenty years. They must be at least eighteen years of age, unmarried, be able to read manuscript and write legibly, and must produce a certificate of character from a satisfactory source. They must pass the usual physical examination of recruits for the regular Army, and must, in addition, be certified as fit for the special duties of the corps by the medical officer who examines them, and be finally approved by a field officer of the corps. All recruits, wherever enlisted, are sent to the depôt of the corps at Aldershot, where they undergo four months' training. They are first taught the elements of infantry drill, and are thoroughly grounded in stretcher, ambulance, litter, and cacolet drill, and go through a modified course of instruction in musketry.

This occupies two months, and during the remainder of the time they are instructed in bandaging, rendering first aid to the injured, in the methods of removing the wounded from the field, and in the medical arrangements made for an army in the field. At the end of the course they have to pass an examination in these subjects, and if they are found to possess the requisite knowledge and sufficient aptitude for their duties, they are drafted to one of the companies of the corps. But if they are found to be incompetent for their medical duties, they are transferred to some other branch of the Army.

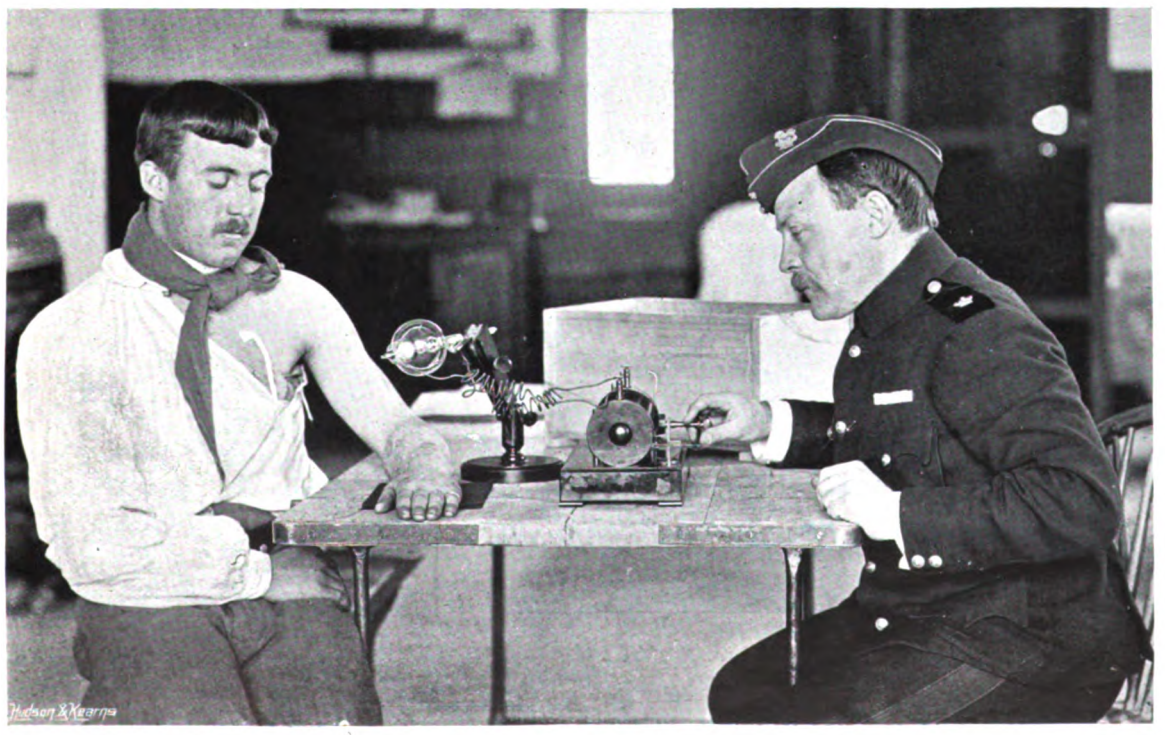
As soon as a recruit passes the course of instruction at Aldershot he is graded as a third-class orderly, and receives corps pay at the rate of 4d. a day, in addition to his regimental pay of 1s. 2d. a day. After about six months' service, third-class orderlies, if zealous in their work, are promoted to be second-class orderlies, and receive 6d. a day corps pay.

Second-class orderlies who show special aptitude for nursing or cooking are promoted to be first-class orderlies, and receive 8d. a day corps pay. These men are, by special regulations, reserved for nursing and cooking for the sick alone, and are never employed on any other duty.

The Army Medical Staff keeps itself well up to date, and no new ideas likely to be of service in caring for the physical welfare of the soldiers are allowed to go unheeded. Thus, one of the accompanying illustrations shows a patient who is undergoing the sunshine and open air treatment for consumption. Then, again, with every Army corps in the field the medical staff is supplied with radiograph or Röntgen ray apparatus. How very useful this instrument is in time of war was demonstrated the other day by Major Battersby. He was selected for service in charge of the Röntgen ray apparatus in the Soudan, where the temperature varied from 100-deg. to 122-deg. Fahr. in the shade. After the battle of Omdurman 121 British wounded were conveyed to the surgical hospital at Abadiah. Of that number there were twenty-one cases in which the bullet could not be found or its absence proved by ordinary methods. In twenty out of these twenty-one cases an accurate diagnosis was arrived at with the help of the rays, the odd case (suffering from a severe bullet wound in the lung) being too serious for examination at the time.

DISPENSING MEDICINES.

THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION.



Photos. R C Ryan. THE USE OF THE X-RAYS. Copyright.

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The senior medical officer in charge of the hospital said: "The Röntgen rays proved an invaluable assistance in localising the exact position of bullets, and in many cases rendered probing of wounds unnecessary . . . In many cases the X-rays prevented much suffering to the patient, which would have been caused by probing, the use of the finger, or enlarging the wound in the ordinary search for the bullets, as the skiagraph at once indicated the exact position of the bullet. In other more complicated cases the Mackenzie-Davidson method localised the exact position of the bullet, so that the surgeon was at once able to come to the conclusion if operative interference was judicious or otherwise. If considered advisable, the removal of the bullet was much facilitated by the diagram previously indicating exactly where the projectile was to be found." In another illustration we see the chiropody class at work. A group of men are being instructed in the care of the feet, under the supervision of the medical officer. It is obvious that the marching powers of a regiment depends largely upon the condition of the men's feet, and the chiropody classes have already done much good. Soldiers are now being taught how to treat blisters and corns, and to keep the nails properly trimmed, and in general how to keep the feet in good condition. During the last manœuvres the effect of this care was particularly noticeable. In one regiment there was not a single case of lameness sent to the hospital. It would thus appear that one fertile source of "falling out" is now in a fair way of being eliminated.

THE HOSPITAL COOK.

Photos R. C Ryan. Copyright.

PRACTICE FOR THE NEW CHIROPODY CLASS.

In a hospital the kitchen is a very important matter, and this fact is not lost sight of in the Army institutions. When the Duke of Connaught first visited the Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot, and had been shown over the kitchen, he said: "I have now seen the two finest kitchens in England. One is at Windsor Castle, and the other is in the Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot." The cooking is performed by specially trained men of the Medical Staff Corps. Our illustration depicts a soldier cook who has served in the Army nearly twenty years.

The Suffolks in Camp and at Sea.

THE 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment recently returned home from Malta, and is now quartered at Dover, where they soon gained much popularity. The men seem to have left an excellent character behind them in the Mediterranean. Correspondents who are in a position to judge, from being constantly brought into contact with the men,

From Photos.

ON THE TROOP DECK.

By a Military Officer.

DIVINE SERVICE.
An Officer Reading the Lessons.

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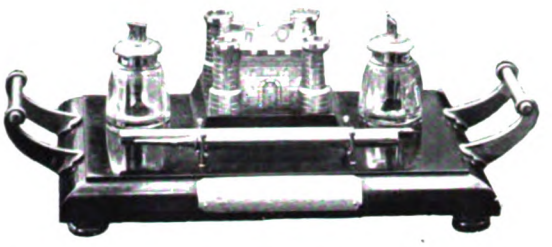
say that it is rarely that a battalion has left Malta with a better record, and that the conduct of the men reflected great credit on the county from which the regiment is recruited. It is pleasant to be able to record such opinions, for the Suffolks have a glorious reputation to uphold.



THE BADGE OF THE REGIMENT AS AN INKSTAND.

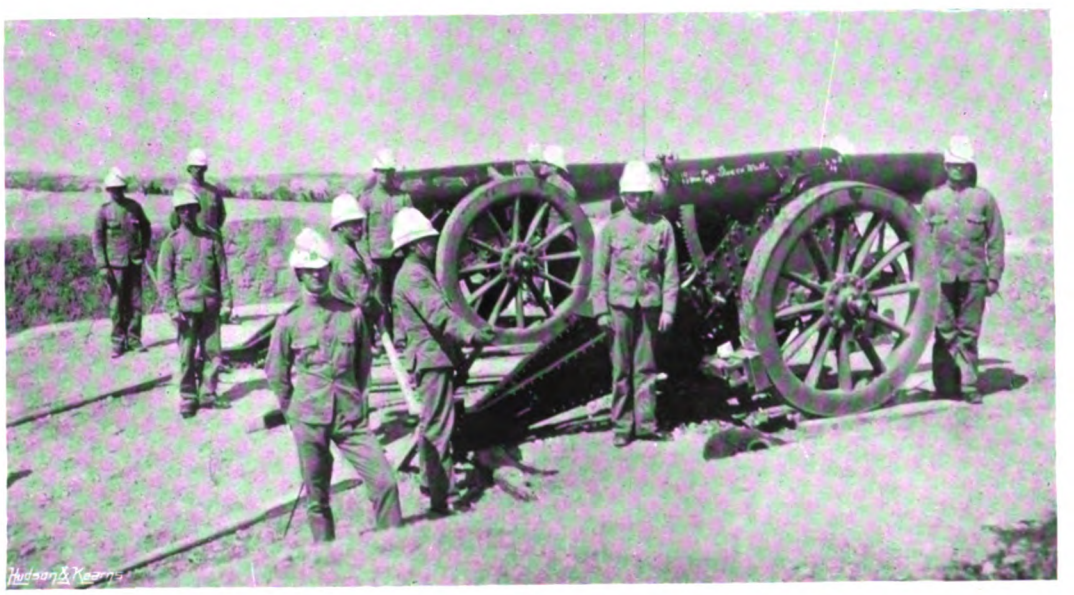
Just after the Restoration, in 1660, a number of independent companies of foot were formed to garrison the King's forts and castles at home. Amongst them was a company commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, to which was assigned the duty of keeping watch and ward at Windsor Castle. At the time of the Monmouth Rebellion other companies, raised at Yarmouth, Lynn, and elsewhere in East Anglia, were added, and thus was formed, in 1685, under the command of the Earl of Lichfield, the regiment of foot which became the 12th Foot, and is now known as the Suffolk Regiment.

The 12th was one of the six regiments of British infantry that took part in the memorable field of Minden on August 1, 1759, which, as Smollett says, "overthrew everybody of horse and foot that was sent against them." In 1769 the 12th went to Gibraltar, and from 1778 to 1783 was engaged in the famous defence of the Rock during the last and most famous of the thirteen sieges it has withstood—the longest siege of modern times. The regiment's services there are commemorated in its present regimental badge, the Castle and Key, and the motto, "Montis Insignia Calpæ" (the crest of the Rock of Calpe). These insignia, it is interesting to note, were originally granted to the place by Henry IV. of Castile, in 1462, after its capture from the Moorish King of Grenada. Before receiving this distinction, the regiment had no badge except the White Horse of Hanover, which was long worn on the flap of the bear-skin cap by its grenadiers and drummers in common with those of all other foot. One of our illustrations shows the regimental badge in the shape of an inkstand, which forms one of the most highly-prized pieces of the regiment's plate. The 1st Battalion came back from Malta on board the hired troop-ship "Jelunga." The voyage was pleasant, and the men bore with the tediousness and discomforts of their life on board much better than troops usually do. This may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that the battalion has had rather more voyages in the last seven years than usually falls to the lot of troops in that period of time. In 1892 they returned home from India, and after five years spent at Colchester, Warley, and Aldershot, were ordered to Malta in 1897.

The bulk of the men were, therefore, old hands at accommodating themselves to life at sea. To judge by our illustration of a group of men on the troop deck, the men would seem to have enjoyed the voyage. The group is, of course, off duty, and the men seem as happy as possible. They took very kindly to their duties. A certain amount of "swabbing," that is washing and scrubbing the decks, has to be done every day, and after breakfast a party of men under their own non-commissioned officer lend a hand at the work. The daily duties for the military are detailed by the sergeant-major of the regiment just as on land, and on the orderly sergeants, just as on land, falls the task of naming the individual men for the particular work. In addition to the swabbing and sweeping there are other fatigues to be done by the soldiers, and there are, of course, guards, regimental police, etc., just the same as in barracks.

THE CANTEEN CART.

Sunday on board is also in many respects very like Sunday ashore. There is church parade in the morning; service is held on deck. One of the first things that strikes one in a trooper on Sunday is the difference between Naval and Military etiquette. The sailors stand, cap or hat in hand, all bareheaded during the service, while the troops remain helmeted. The service is read by a chaplain, if there be one on board, and he is often assisted by the commanding officer of the troops, who takes the lessons sometimes, a case in point being shown in one of our illustrations.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

BIG GUN DRILL WITH 5-in. B.L. GUNS.

There are many worse places than Malta at which to be quartered. Byron sang truly when he bade farewell to Valetta the capital:

"Adieu, ye joys of La Valette;
Adieu Sirocco, sun and sweat;
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs,
How surely he who mounts you swears."

With this pithy description of Malta we must remain content. Considerations of space forbid us to say more. It only remains to mention the last of our illustrations, and to point out that over the stripes on the hood of the canteen cart are painted the regimental colours, which are white, with the red cross of St. George. The original uniform was scarlet faced with white.

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Increasing the Japanese Navy.

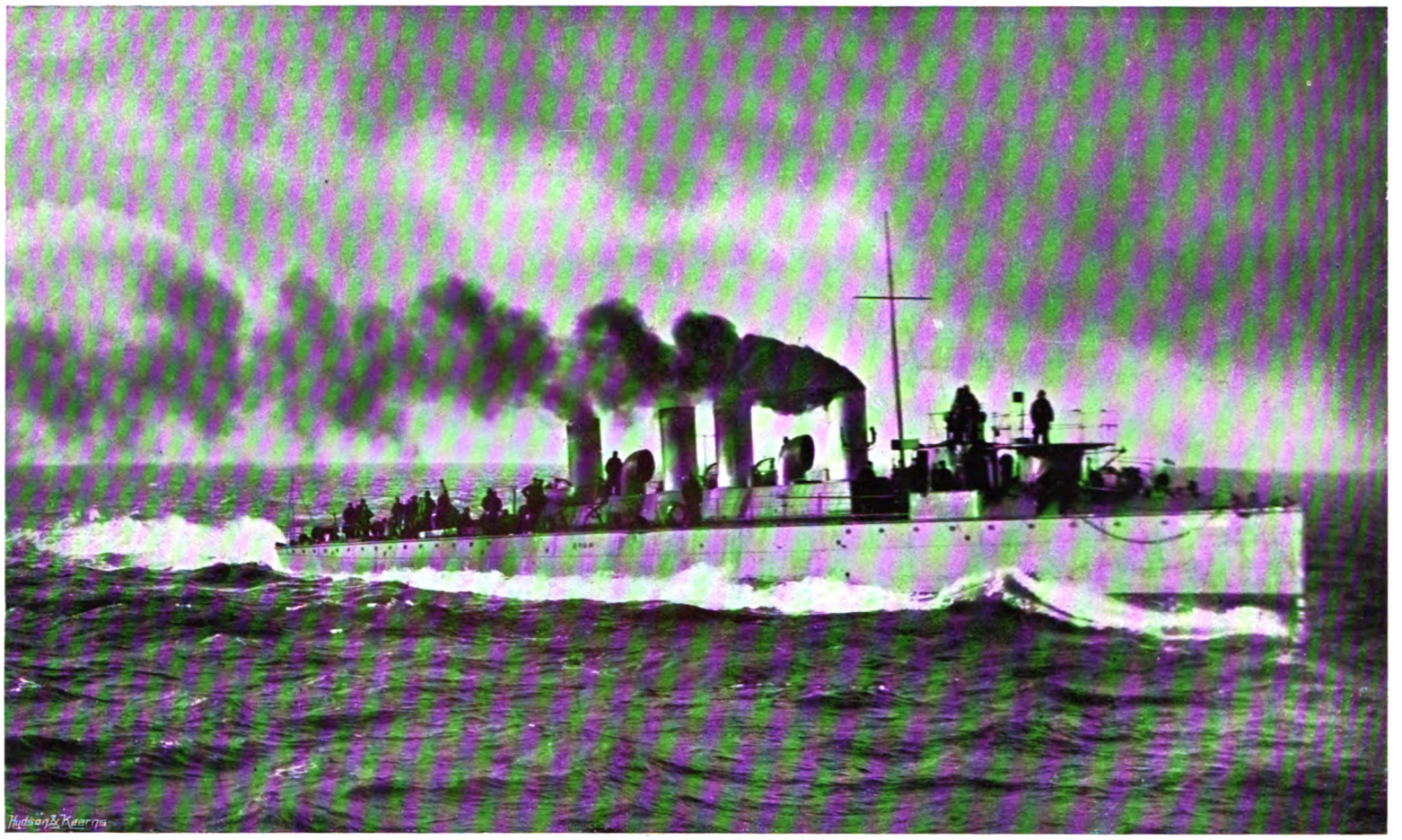

Photo. by Permission of *Messrs. Yarrow.*

THE JAPANESE DESTROYER "AKEBONO."

The latest addition to the Imperial Japanese Navy is the fine destroyer here shown, one of six contracted for with Messrs. Yarrow and Co. of Poplar. She has a speed on paper of 31 knots, but as a matter of fact she averaged over this in her trials, in one run attaining to no less than 32¼ knots.

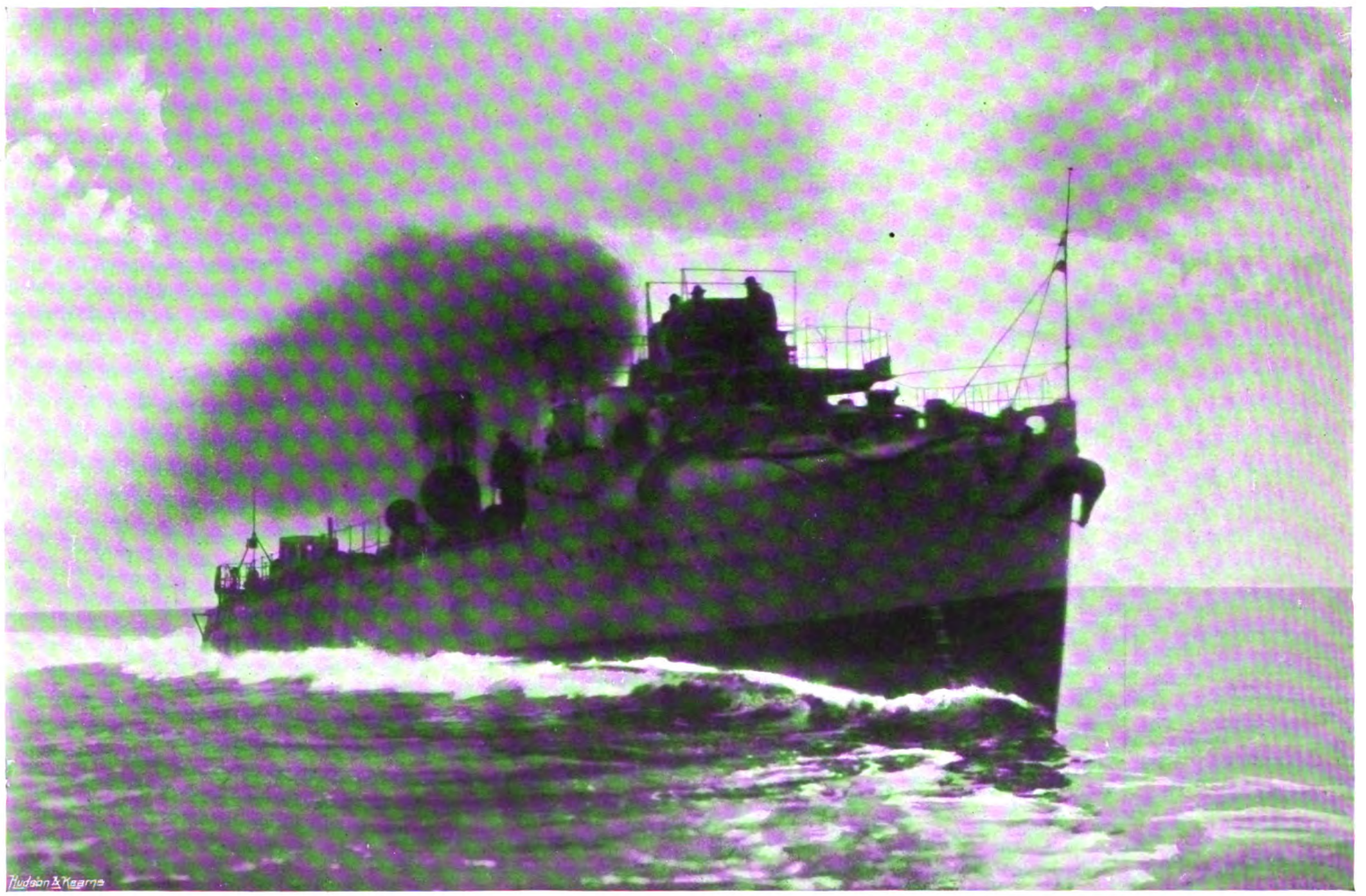

Photo. by Permission of *Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft.*

THE JAPANESE DESTROYER "SHINONOME."

At the same time that the contract for six boats went to Messrs. Yarrow, six others were ordered from Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick, the latest of which is here illustrated. They are not so speedy as the Yarrow boats, being for 30 instead of 31 knots. They are also 10-ft. shorter, as they are only 210-ft., and have also a foot less beam.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 129.] SATURDAY, JULY 22nd. 1899

Photo. Gunn & Stuart Copyright

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. C. ST. CLAIR.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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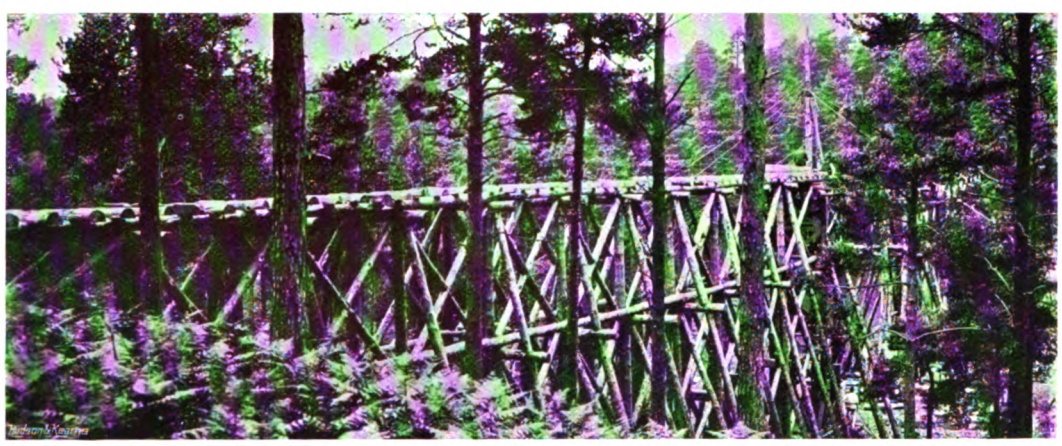
A Notable Bridge.

THE Bridging Battalion of the Royal Engineers, under Major J. L. Irvine, R.E., has just returned from an encampment on Longmoor Down, Woolmer Forest, some seven miles from Petersfield. In the course of little more than six working weeks the battalion constructed the wonderful bridge of which we are privileged to reproduce three striking photographs; and a careful study of the following details respecting this remarkable structure will, we are well assured, bring several convictions forcibly home to the majority of our readers. Of such convictions, perhaps the most impressive one will be to the effect that a corps which can do work of such extent and quality in so limited a space of time must indeed be "bad to beat" in the matter of either scientific attainment or all-round efficiency.

LOWERING BATES GIRDER INTO POSITION.



BRIDGE IN WOOLMER FOREST, TRESTLE PORTION.

The bridge was designed for an imaginary railway of 2-ft. 6-in. gauge, and its length was 432-ft. It was constructed to sustain a dead weight of 1½ tons per foot run; in other words, the bridge would have carried a train weighing 650 tons, a much heavier weight, of course, than any which, in practice, would ever have rested upon it. It is almost beyond belief that on an average a daily detail of seventy-five men, only ten or twelve of whom were carpenters, while 25 per cent. were either recruits or untrained soldiers, constructed this bridge, almost entirely of fresh-cut timber, in forty-four working days. The feat is the more interesting from the fact that all the bolts, nuts, dogs, spikes, etc., except for the patent girder in the centre part of the bridge, were made by the R.E. smiths on the ground, and that the timber, after being felled, had to be carried three miles.

The bridge was built chiefly of wooden trestles made of trees placed 12-ft. apart and cross-strutted so as to present a lattice-like appearance. Having been erected for purposes of instruction only, it has not been left standing. Its glory departed with a series of bangs on June 23, when it was blown up with gun-cotton.

Photos. C. Knight. *BRIDGE FROM ABOVE, RAILS REMOVED.* Copyright

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Wireless Telegraphy from War Balloons.

WHEN the poet, dipping into the future a long half-century ago,

> "Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy Navies grappling in the central blue,"

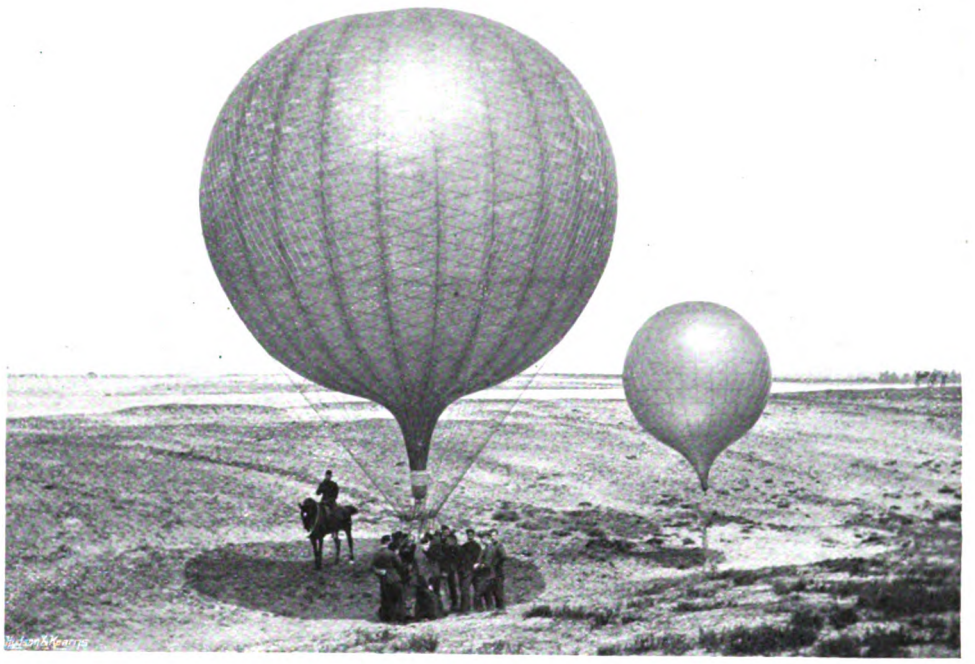
his imagination conjured up a vision which in a very few years may become a stern reality. But, in the meantime, peace has its victories as well as war, and certainly the latest peaceful development in connection with Military aeronautics is much more pleasing to contemplate than the gory Tennysonian forecast.

It is a trite saying that in Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy we have one of the most distinctly epoch-making discoveries of all time. The invention, too, has been so clearly and so repeatedly described in scores of popular prints that any detailed description of it here is wholly unnecessary. But, as an introduction to the study of the system in connection with war balloons, it may briefly be stated that the distance over which a message can be transmitted along the etherial waves depends on the height from the ground at which the wires of the transmitting and receiving apparatus respectively are placed. In the experiments carried out between Boulogne and the English Coast the wires at each station were run up the side of poles, and in later experiments the masts of ships have afforded the required altitude. From poles and masts to balloons is an easy and almost obvious transition.

But something more than a convenient theory is necessary to successfully apply a great principle to the requirements of a particular profession. For months past the Military authorities have been keenly alive to the value of wireless telegraphy for warlike purposes; but it is only within the last few weeks that practical demonstration on a large scale has been attempted, and it is pleasant to be able to record the fact that the demonstration in question was an undoubted success.

RECONNAISSANCE IN MID-AIR.

It is pretty generally understood that for the present our Army is content to use the balloon almost exclusively for purposes of reconnaissance. When any other nation wants us to "grapple in the central blue" we shall doubtless be ready to oblige it, but, so far, the captive balloon is the only recognised adjunct to Military operations, and a very useful and practical adjunct it sometimes is. But it has the disadvantage of being rather a cumbrous piece of apparatus which cannot always conveniently follow, or even remain in serviceable touch with, the General Officer commanding. Various ways of communication can, it is true, be used, but until Marconi's wireless telegraphy was employed the other day at Aldershot, no absolutely satisfactory means of transmitting to the general the information gleaned from the reconnoitring balloon was available.



RECONNOITRING AND RECEIVING BALLOONS.

Photos. C. Knight. GETTING READY THE TRANSMITTER. Copyright

The plan adopted in the Aldershot experiments was very simple.

Two balloons were used, of about 11,000 and 1,000 cubic feet capacity respectively. The larger balloon does the reconnoitring, and has the transmitting apparatus, while the smaller balloon that accompanies the general contains a small receiver, connected by a wire with the ground. The general may be miles away from the reconnoitring balloon, but can receive a message in a few seconds.

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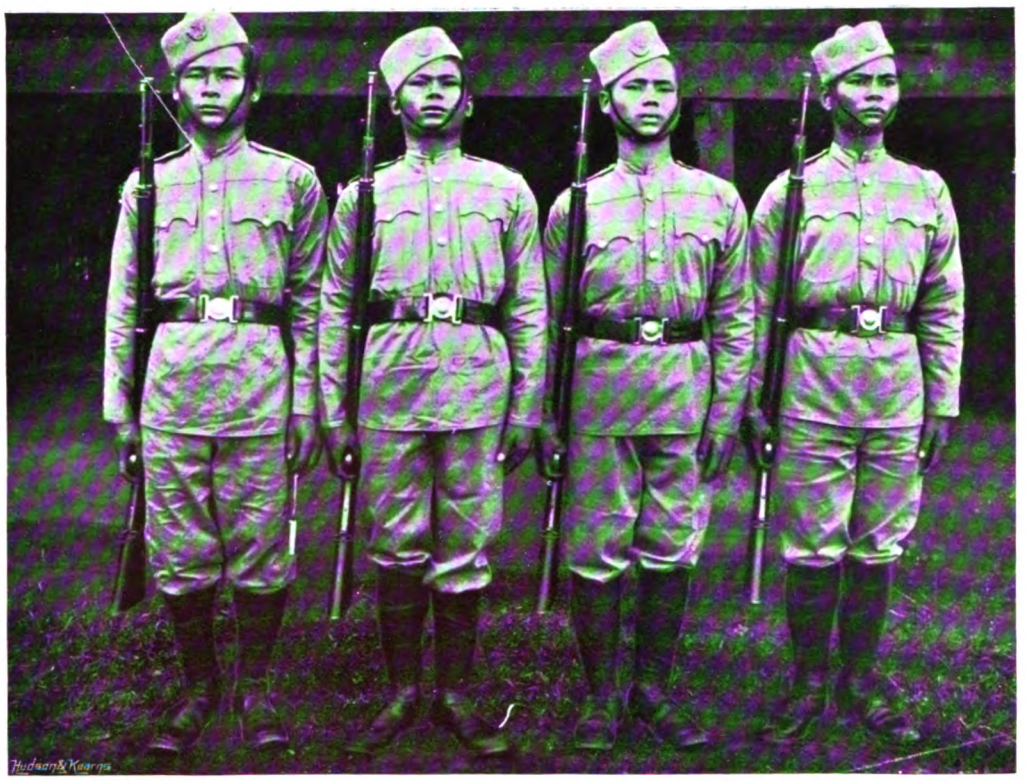
Karen Military Police.



KAREN MILITARY POLICE—SEPOYS

THIS journal is indeed fortunate in its correspondents. Not a week passes without our receiving, in addition to acres of letters and square miles of photographs on every-day Service subjects, something of entirely new and unique interest which has been sent us by some kindly well-wisher in the most remote regions where our fellow-countrymen are to be found. The present series of pictures, for example, has not only never been published elsewhere, but represents a race which has never been photographed before. Superstition renders the Padoung Karens and Karennis most hostile to the ordinary photographer, and the subjects portrayed in these pictures only consented to be taken because the operator was an officer in whom they had especial confidence.

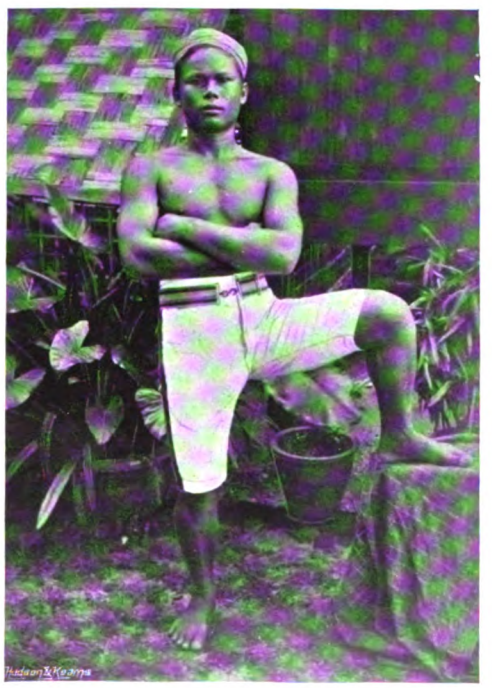
The Karens, of whom there are many tribes, live in the mountainous parts of Lower Burmah and in the Southern Shan States. They have been enlisted to the number of about 1,000 in two of the Burmah Military Police Battalions, and make excellent sepoys of the Ghoorka type. They have always done very well on service, and it seems probable that before long regular regiments of them will be raised.

Incidentally it should be mentioned that the Burmah Military Police are not policemen in our sense of the word. They are organised in battalions, which, to all intents and purposes, are most efficient irregular corps, and, as a matter of fact, they have seen a considerable amount of hard active service. In India and Burmah, as well as at home, the whole of our military strength is not to be found neatly catalogued in the Army List, and there is no sort of doubt that in any great emergency the Native Military Police would suddenly come into the most useful prominence. As it is, they do their work quietly and thoroughly, trusted alike by the civil and military authorities, and are not infrequently charged with the entire conduct of important and difficult operations. For corps with such responsibilities good men are necessary, and it would seem that the Karen recruits fulfil all requirements admirably.

In appearance the Karens much resemble the familiar Ghoorkas, but are more muscular. Like the fighting classes of India, they are wonderfully smart at picking up their drill and handling their arms. Born and bred on the mountains, they are famous at hill-fighting, but a little slow on the plains. The Karen makes a specially useful native soldier, as, being a demon-worshipper, he has no caste, and will eat anything. The Karens, as a race, are thoroughly loyal to us, and during the last Burmese War they gave us much assistance against the Burmans, not only voluntarily but without pay.

It is quite in accord with our previous experiences in India and Further India (as Burmah used at one time to be commonly called) that we should succeed in attracting the Karens to our service. We always succeed sooner or later in making friends with highland tribes, because one way or another we are always ready to meet them halfway. If they want to fight—as the Ghoorkas once did—we fight them, and compel their respect. If they want to be friendly, we take them into our service, and lead them against someone else. A simple policy, but a very effectual one with simple hill-folk.

RED KAREN WOMEN.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.
A GOOD KAREN RECRUIT.

A PADOUNG KAREN WOMAN.

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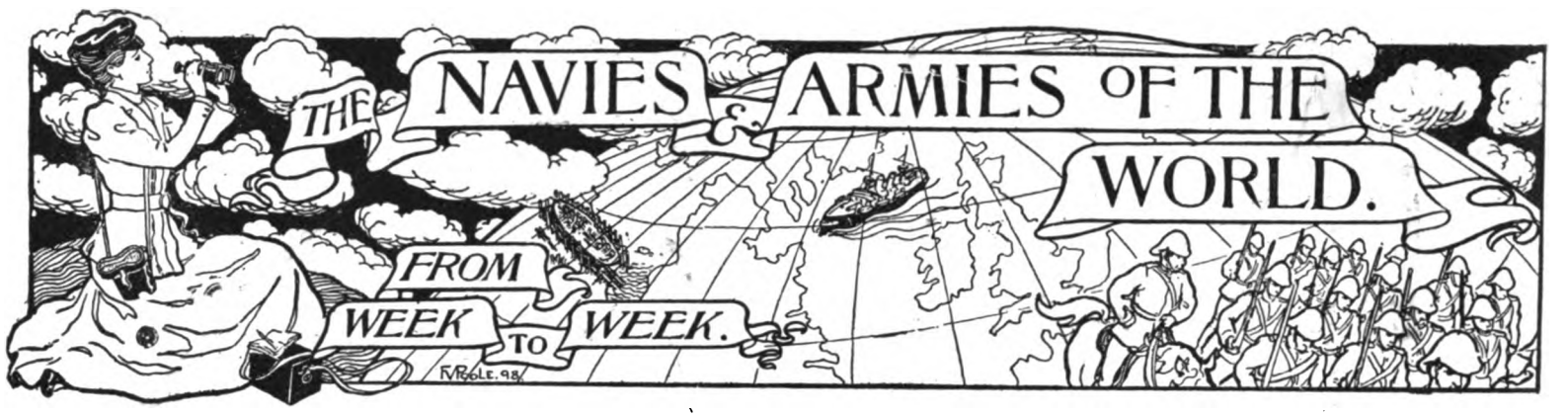

THE French, who have a taste for statues, have put up one to the famous Naval constructor, Dupuy de Lome, at his native place, Lorient. Occasion has been taken, as was but natural, to sing his praises, and above all to record that he twice gave his country the preponderance over other Naval Powers. There is a good deal of poetry in this. Dupuy de Lome was a vigorous administrator and a most ingenious ship-builder. But it takes more than good ships to give preponderance at sea. If that were enough, France would have been preponderant on blue water at several periods since the reign of Louis XIV. Pepys has told us how much the fine vessels of D'Estrées were admired by us when they first came into our waters in the reign of Charles II. In the early eighteenth century, though the French Navy was much neglected by Cardinal Fleury, our neighbours yet built far finer vessels than ours. So did the Spaniards, who at that time drew their constructors from France. It is a common-place in our Naval history that when the "Princesa," 74, was taken in 1740, after resisting three English vessels of the same nominal rate as herself for a whole afternoon, she was found to be 500 tons larger than any of them. She was, in fact, equal to our three-decked ships of the second rate. Meanwhile, we patched up old ships out of mistaken notions of economy, and built our new ones by stupid rules of thumb. For all that, France and Spain were not preponderant in the war of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War. The truth is that the mathematical faculty of the French, and their mechanical ingenuity, which are great, shine in ship-building. But a Navy preponderates not by the merit of its ships, but by the way in which they are handled.

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Our American cousins have enriched their already copious political vocabulary by the word "Algerism." It seems to have been invented to define an incompetent Secretary of War who will stick to his place, and will not be turned out. Such a person is a nuisance, but Americans must forgive us if we find him and his position more than a little amusing. What is the good of being a model republic if you cannot get rid of one of the evils of an "effete European monarchy." Mr. Alger might just as well be the Comte D'Alger and be in office for the misfortune of his country by the favour of a King's Mistress, some Pompadour or Dubarry. The sort of things he is said to have done are just the sins charged against the Ministers of the *ancien régime* in France. Incompetent officers are appointed by intrigues, bad food is supplied to the soldiers for corrupt reasons, camps are put in unhealthy places to favour railways, members of the sovereign people in arms for their country die of quite unnecessary fevers, the voice of the American people is raised in reprobation, but, like the ill-behaved young Greek gentleman who lost a good marriage by breaking into a wild dance which ended by his standing on his head, Mr. Alger does not care. Yet the news from the Philippines contains nothing to show that America can afford to dispense with a capable Military administration, but rather the contrary.

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There seems to be a good deal of rather sharp criticism of the volunteers going on in Scotland just now. Sir Arthur H. Grant has remarked on the singularly easy-going habits of members of at least some corps, who address their officers whom they happen to know in private life as "Sandie" or "Jock" "when both in uniform and on parade." The same "citizen soldiers," as the phrase goes, appear at the shooting points with their tunics unbuttoned, and wear brown paper screens over their eyes even after they have done shooting. It would seem therefore that the habits which lately caused the War Office to dispense with the services of one corps are not unknown elsewhere in Scotland. But in the main what Sir Arthur H. Grant criticises, and his strictures are repeated by Mr. William Reid of Wick, with no small vigour, is the shooting. Their complaint is not a new one, and has been heard in the South. The substance of it is that the kind of shooting done by the volunteers may be a very good way of training for the noble sport of pot-hunting, but is no preparation for the business of war. The volunteer takes his time, a convenient position, various mechanical aids, and has a big black and white target to shoot at. As the critics justly remark, he would have to do with less on the field of battle. That kind of shooting would hardly come in his way in war, unless, indeed, he were sniping an invader in the Pass of Killiecrankie. But we trust it will never come to such an extreme. The moral of Mr. Reid's letter and of Sir A. Grant's is a perfectly sound one, namely, that if the volunteers are going to practise soldiering they ought to do it seriously, and in conditions approximating to the actual work of war. Whether they will ever shoot, or can reasonably be expected to shoot, like the Boers of twenty years ago, is a question. The Boers do not now keep that level themselves, for they are no longer huntsmen who have to shoot for their dinners. But the volunteers ought to be fairly on a level with well-practised troops, which is not the case.

* * * *

When are we going to see the end of this weary Peace Conference, so called? And what a farce it is! So far it has done nothing. All the world goes on with Military and Naval Manœuvres as if no such meeting had ever taken place. And we know perfectly well that everybody will continue to go on as if nothing had happened. No doubt the diplomatic gentlemen by whose mouths the different Governments of Europe speak, profess that nobody wants to fight. Of course nobody does, unless he has a sufficient reason; but we knew as much before. As for the measures which have been taken to avert war, or to make it more humane, they are of a futility which beggars description. An arbitral tribunal may be set up to which everybody can refer if he likes, but if he does not like there will be nothing to compel him to have recourse to its good offices. But this was the case already. There are always neutral Powers which are prepared to act the friend of both sides. Then, as for the recommendations the Conference has made tending to humanise war, they strike one as childish for the most part. Take the rule, or proposal for a rule, that bombs are not to be thrown out of balloons. If one is to be killed by a bomb, what does it signify whether it is dropped from a balloon or fired out of a gun. Even as regards the non-combatant inhabitants of towns, it cannot greatly matter to them whether the explosive which brings down their houses comes from overhead in a more or less direct line, or in a parabola out of a cannon. It comes from overhead in either case, and is equally unpleasant. What makes the Conference most particularly absurd is that the great Powers concerned could so easily forward the cause of peace by resigning all ambitious designs on their neighbours.

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There is, in a small way, something highly comic in the obvious terror with which the French regard the Sénégalais soldiers of Major Marchand. The black heroes have been kept in a quiet corner at Toulon till the last minute, hurried up to Paris, indulged with one peep at a theatre, and packed off at five in the morning. It seems that these fine fellows are great at crossing Africa, but are sadly unruly. There appears to have been a real fear at the French War Office that they would break out and do something violent. Probably this anxiety had no excuse. Unless the valiant Sénégalais got at the drink they were not at all likely to do anything extreme, but rather to be exceedingly awed by the sight of Paris. On the whole, the dread felt of them, if we suppose it to be serious, speaks very ill for the discipline which the French have succeeded in establishing among their black regiments. In all likelihood the fear of disorder among the Sénégalais is a pretext, and they have been packed off because the Government is nervous about the fuss others might make over them. It is all one more example that French politicians with their Army are in the position of the man who had the wolf by the ears.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 23, 1695.—The covered way of the horn-work at Namur stormed by the allies. The Royal Scots distinguished themselves upon this occasion. 1839.—The gates of Ghuznee blown in by bags of powder, and the place stormed by a column under Colonel Denny. The garrison of the place consisted of 3,500 Afghans, of whom 550 were slain. Sir John Keane, the British commander, was created Lord Keane for this achievement.

July 24, 1763.—The lines of Mootjeil, held by the troops of Mir Cassim Ali, Nawab of Bengal, carried by Major Adams with 750 European troops, 1,200 Sepoys, and a body of Native cavalry. This success gave Moorshedabad to the British. 1759.—General Amherst, with 6,500 British and 5,000 provincial troops, on July 22 arrived in front of Ticonderoga, on Lake George. On the 24th the Grenadiers of the force occupied the enemy's lines, which they maintained in spite of a sharp artillery fire. On the same day a superior number of French attacked a British force near Fort Detroit, on the frontier of Canada, and after three hours' sharp fighting were routed, the French commander and many of his officers and men being made prisoners.

July 25, 1813.—Soult attacked General Byng's division, which was in position on the rocks of Attobiscas, with Clausel's corps. Byng maintained his position. General Cole's division was also attacked, he having 11,000 bayonets against 30,000 of the enemy. These actions are called the battles of Roncesvalles. On the same day took place in the Pyrenees the battle of Maya; 3,000 British troops were opposed to 30,000 French, under D'Erlon. The French lost 1,500 men, the allies 1,400.

July 26, 1758.—Louisbourg, the capital of Cape Breton, surrendered to Major-General Amherst. The British had 12,000 men, with twenty-one sail of the line, besides frigates and other smaller vessels. The French, including Canadians and Militia, had 3,150 men, with five sail of the line, and seven smaller vessels. The siege began on June 11, and cost the French 523 killed and wounded. Wolfe was one of Amherst's brigadiers. 1793.—Two Austrian columns, and one column of British Hanoverians and Hessians, under General Abercromby, carried the horn-work of Valenciennes. 1809.—The first day of the battle of Talavera. The British lost 800, the French 1,000 men. Marshal Victor commanded the French.

July 28, 1809.—Second day of the battle of Talavera, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under Marshal Victor. The loss of the French was 7,256 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and twenty-three guns. The British loss was 4,713. 1813.—Battle of Sauroren, in the Pyrenees, Lord Wellington commanding the allies, Marshal Soult the French. The French lost out of 25,000 men 1,802 killed and wounded. The loss of the British was 2,600 men, out of 12,000 engaged.

July 29, 1813.—Skirmishing near Sauroren.

JULY 23, 1588.—The second battle between the English Fleet and the Spanish Armada, fought off Portland. Taking advantage of a shift of the wind, the Spaniards tried to corner the English against the Dorset Coast, but the English outmanœuvred them, and with a fresh shift of the wind in the afternoon themselves attacked, the battle ending in a drawn fight, but with moral advantages greatly in favour of the English.

July 24, 1704.—Attack and capture of Gibraltar by Rear-Admiral George Byng's squadron—fifteen British and six Dutch—of Sir George Rooke's fleet. The firing lasted six hours, and some 15,000 shots were sent into the Spanish works, driving the enemy from their guns, after which the boats of the fleet were sent in and the fortress stormed.

July 25, 1666.—The famous "St. James's Day Fight" of the Second Dutch War, when Prince Rupert and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, completely defeated De Ruyter's fleet off the North Foreland.

July 26, 1800.—Capture of the French 8-gun brig "Cerbere," in the French Naval port of L'Orient, by the boats of the British cutter "Viper." A dashing night affair, successfully carried out, for which a special sword of honour was given and the Naval medal.

July 27, 1778.—Indecisive fleet battle to the westward of Ushant, between Admiral Keppel's fleet and the French Brest fleet. The two fleets exchanged broadsides, after which, owing to a misunderstanding of signals by Sir Hugh Palliser, second in command, the action was not renewed.

July 28, 1588.—The night attack by fire-ships on the Spanish Armada, anchored in Calais Road, which practically was the turning point of the campaign.

July 29, 1811.—Attack and storming of Fort Marrack, Batavia, by two boats of the "Minden," 74. The place was surprised at midnight, and, though defended by a strong body of Dutch troops, was taken by only 35 men, under Lieutenant Edmund Lyons.

The Red Cross at Sea.

By JAMES WILSON.

A FAMOUS scientist once remarked that it was incumbent upon us to raise the science which consoles and heals to a level with the science which destroys. This, it may safely be said, has been done; but it is in the application of this healing science that we are behindhand at the present time—at any rate, as far as Naval warfare is concerned. It was on this account that the question of hospital-ships was raised at the Peace Conference, and the means discussed for ameliorating the sufferings likely to result from a Naval battle. Most of the delegates vied with each other in asserting that their own country was not *unconcerned* about the comfort of the sick and wounded, and practically the only point settled at the Conference, and that upon which the various representatives were generally agreed, referred to the conditions for diminishing the sufferings of those who might be wounded or disabled in a conflict between the fleets of rival sea Powers.

The delegates agreed upon the rules to be observed by hospital-ships which are in attendance upon fleets, and determined that such ships should be allowed to care for the wounded men of either belligerent without molestation. But it must be remembered that these rules will be nugatory unless the Governments represented by the delegates choose to ratify what has been agreed upon. According to one of the principal newspaper correspondents at the Hague, the rules and regulations for the conduct of hospital-ships during a Naval war, when stripped of their legal jargon, are as follows: All hospital vessels will be treated as neutrals on their fulfilling certain conditions. Thus, their number and names must be announced beforehand to both belligerents, and every hospital vessel must attach herself to one or the other fleet, with the consent of the admiral in command, who thereby assumes responsibility for her good behaviour. Before this stage in the proceedings is reached she must have been inspected by the other side, and must remain always liable to be again inspected by either belligerent, which can resort to certain specified means of satisfying itself that everything is fair and above board. Hospital-ships must not station themselves in the line of battle, but remain well behind until the signal is hoisted for them to advance. If captured, they will continue their humane work as before under the protection of the captor. Shipwrecked men who may be landed wounded or ill at a neutral port, with the consent of the local authority, must be guarded by the latter in such a manner as to prevent them from again taking part in warlike operations. The cost of the maintenance or burial of such shipwrecked persons shall be borne by the State of which they are subjects.

If the Naval Powers represented at the Conference approve of these rules, about which there is some doubt, it is probable that such countries as Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and the United States will fit out hospital-ships of their own and depend upon the beneficence of no charitable society, although vessels fitted out by such organisations will doubtless be found near the scene of hostilities, and must there conform to the above rules.

As might have been expected, Great Britain was the first to make use of hospital-ships, for even in the days of rope and canvas vessels fitted up for the reception of the sick and wounded were sent out with the fleets under Howe, Jervis, Nelson, and other great Naval heroes. In recent years the fitting out of the mail steamer "Malacca" for service as a hospital transport to accompany the Benin Expedition will be fresh in the minds of the majority of the readers of this paper. She was intercepted at Gravesend, taken to Deptford, and in ten days left as a fully-equipped hospital-ship, although, as was explained in an article on "Hired Transports" published in this paper on July 23, 1897, the operation included the laying of an entire supplementary deck and the installation of an additional ventilating apparatus and condenser, the removal of cargo, the shipping of forty water tanks and 1,200 tons of coal, in addition to the innumerable details and stores required to adapt her for the desired purpose. At Deptford everything necessary, from the largest down to the smallest detail for the fitting out of a hospital-ship, is kept in readiness, as well as a list of vessels whose owners are always willing and even anxious to hire them to the Admiralty for the purpose of being transformed into this necessary addition to a fighting fleet. The "Solace," referred to later on, is practically a replica of the "Malacca" when the latter vessel was made ready for service. The reader can rest

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assured that in time of war every large British squadron will be accompanied by hospital-ships, whether the rules agreed to at the Hague are accepted by the Powers or not.

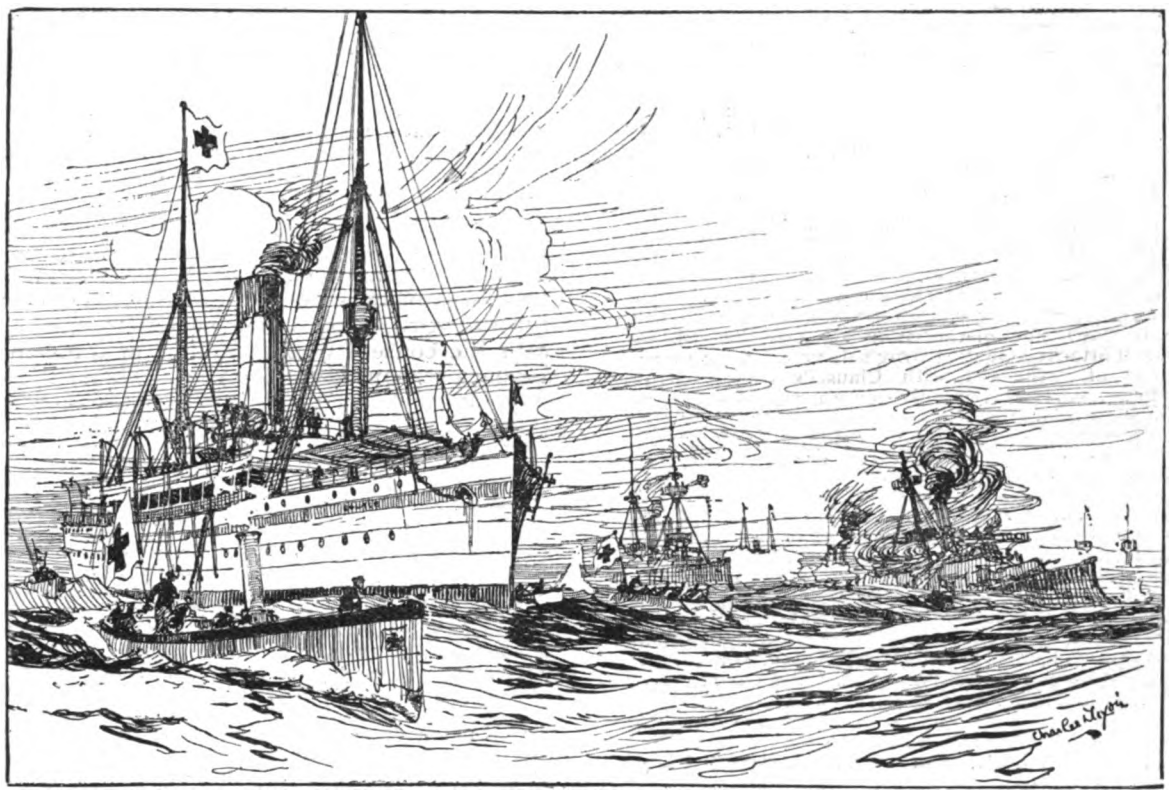
Hospital-ships have been used in many of the wars in which this country has been engaged, as, for instance, the "Victor Emanuel," which did excellent service during the Ashanti War of 1873-74; the "Ganges," which was made good use of during the Egyptian War of 1882; and the "Coromandel." All these vessels were fully described in the Army Medical Reports issued about a couple of years after the time of the wars for which they were prepared.

A good specimen of a hospital-ship of the present day is the "Solace," the ambulance or hospital ship which was commissioned on the outbreak of war between Spain and the United States, and which is even now being used for the reception of the sick and wounded American soldiers and sailors who have taken part in the war which is being waged between the Filipinos and the nation which risked so much to free them from the yoke of Spain. An excellent and lengthy description of the vessel appeared recently in the *Medical Record*. From this account one gathers that the "Solace" was originally named the "Creole," and was a fine passenger steamer. She was acquired by the United States Navy Department, and fitted up for the reception of sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. Her present name is most appropriate. She displaces 3,800 tons, is 375-ft. long, and is capable of steaming from 14 knots to 17 knots, or nearly 20 miles an hour. In the holds and lower deck are stowed the ship's stores and provisions for the crew and patients, and the medical and surgical supplies. These latter are stowed away on the forward upper cargo deck, and in the same place is a large steam steriliser, which, as may be guessed, is of the greatest value in a vessel of this description. The quarters for the crew of the vessel are situated on the main deck forward, and immediately abaft this is a ward for thirty-six cots, two tiers, and abaft this again a ward for sixty-eight berths, two tiers. The bunks are easily accessible, and the two wards are well ventilated, a most important consideration in a hospital-ship. A plentiful supply of water, both hot and cold, can be obtained in the wards. An elevator, which will easily hold a cot or stretcher, connects the after ward with the operating-room above. Abaft this ward we find a large saloon with state rooms on either side, intended for the use of convalescent officers. Cold storage rooms, refrigerating machines, and ice-houses are also situated on this deck, in addition to a steam laundry, and further towards the stern, abaft the engine-room, is an emergency ward capable of accommodating fifty men. If the "Solace" was in attendance on a squadron during a naval engagement this ward would, of a certainty, be filled to its utmost capacity, if, as has been calculated, quite a third of the officers and men engaged in a fight at sea between two squadrons of equal strength would be killed or injured in some way. The few hundred men which the "Solace" is capable of berthing would therefore represent but a very small portion of those needing attention at the hands of the surgeons. The fighting ships themselves would not be able to attend to one-fifth of their wounded; and from this it can be gathered that the presence of several hospital-ships during the progress of a battle is essential to the complete carrying out of the humane principles of warfare advocated by the members of the Peace Conference.

The upper deck of the "Solace" has on it a large operating-room fitted with a couple of operating-tables of the regulation pattern, and all the latest and most approved instruments and appliances which would be found necessary after an engagement. The surgeons' sterilising and washing rooms, together with the dispensary, are also on this deck, as well as cabin accommodation for the senior surgeon and chief apothecary, and a mess-room for the officers. The promenade deck is given up to the cabins of the other officers and to various offices. The after part of this deck is so arranged that in the case of any men being brought on board suffering from contagious disease it can be isolated. There need be no difficulty in distinguishing the "Solace," for in accordance with the proposed articles of the Geneva Convention she is painted white, with a broad green stripe, and flies the Geneva Cross at the fore.

Supposing a naval fight to be imminent, the "Solace" would keep in the rear of the fleet, and immediately after the engagement would steam round to the vessels still afloat and collect the wounded. These would be hoisted aboard in a cot or stretcher, and taken straight to the bath-room and cleansed of the grime of the battle, in readiness for the surgeon, who would be waiting in the operating-room. Women nurses are not allowed on board the "Solace," trained men attending to the patients.

The "Solace" may be said to be the direct embodiment of the idea of what a hospital-ship should be, put forward by Mr. W. K. Van Reypen, the surgeon-general of the United States Navy. His plans for a hospital-ship were that the vessel should be primarily intended for the care of sick and wounded men, all other considerations to be made subservient to this end. He proposed to fit his vessel with water tanks holding 9,000 gallons, four steam launches, and four barges, each barge arranged so as to carry twelve cots on the floor. His ship would have beds for 274 men, and hammock space for thirty-six, state rooms for eight disabled officers, and cot space for twelve. In the operating-room there would be two or three operating-tables of an approved model, light and portable, and easily carried to any part of the ship. As soon as the action was over a launch would tow its barge alongside a vessel that had been in action, and the wounded would be hoisted out into the barge. She would then steam with all despatch to the ambulance-ship, unload her human freight, and speed away again on her mission of humanity.



After a Naval Engagement: The Red Cross Afloat.

If the Governments represented by the delegates at the Hague gave their assent to the proposed rules as accepted by their representatives, then it is possible that the above plans for hospital-ships attending fleets in action will be followed to a great extent. Modern battle-ships have been aptly described as honeycombs of steel, and the Naval surgeon of to-day, instead of waiting for the patients to be brought to him, will, with the aid of his assistants, have to find them in this honeycomb before he can attend to them. And then he will only be able to give a few of them temporary relief, for men are sure to be wounded much more quickly than the medical staff of a war-ship can attend to them properly. This is why the hospital-ships will be found useful. At the first lull in the fighting they, with their launches, will come up and take away the men who have received temporary aid, leaving the surgeons on board the war-ship free to attend to the freshly-wounded men when the action recommences. To quote the words of Mr. Van Reypen, "As an angel of mercy the ambulance-ship would spread her wings alike over friend and foe, mitigating the horrors of war and hastening the day that will bring peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

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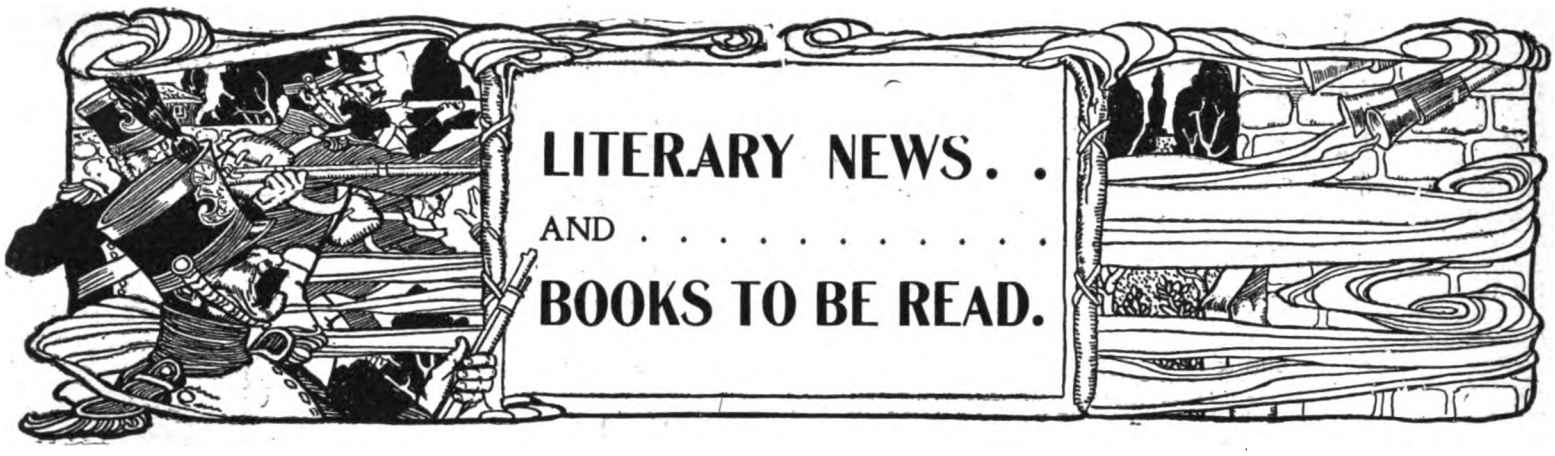

A WEIGHTY volume is that issued from the Government Printing Office at Washington, embodying the "Annual Report of the Major-General Commanding the Army." It is the report of 1898, and seems to have come to my hands later than it should have done. None the less it is an exceedingly interesting volume—absolutely indispensable to those who would know the facts of the late war—and so full of varied information, indeed, concerning the organisation, equipment, and operations of the American troops in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, that I can do no more than look at a few of the points in its 676 closely-printed pages. It contains reports from every one of the Military departments and schools, from the inspecting officers of Army corps, from Generals Merritt, Anderson, Greene, Shafter, Bates, Chaffee, Ludlow, and many more commanding troops during the campaigns, from a great number of regimental officers, and from the Adjutant-General and Inspector-General of the Army. What is the most important point in this vast array of reports? I think it will be found in the conduct and bearing of the troops in the field and generally abroad. A good deal has lately been said on the subject. A high officer now in Cuba roundly asserts in the *North American Review* for July that the soldiers in that island—not including the officers—are exasperating the Cubans by their brusque and overbearing manner, and by the small pains they are at to conceal their belief that they are superior beings. If this goes on he foresees revolt. A son of Calixto Garcia has lately expressed his bitter sense of the indignities to which his countrymen were put during the war. The poor wretches wore themselves out in digging trenches with sticks for the Americans to occupy, their share in the operations was ignored, they were charged with neglect of which they were not guilty, and they were deprived of any part in the triumph. We know there has been grumbling among the men in the Philippines, and there is evidence that a few of the volunteers and their officers behaved disgracefully at Santiago.

* * * *

Although these things may be true, there is yet confidence, well justified, among us that the American soldier is an intelligent, fearless, enduring, patriotic fellow. Mr. James Harding, Secretary of the State of Missouri Railroad Department, himself an old Confederate soldier—who is kind enough to say that, of all the papers he sees, none give him more pleasure than the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED—has just written a letter on this very subject. He thinks, from the European point of view, the American volunteer is lacking in smartness; but, speaking of the men of Missouri, he says, "they were made up of most excellent material; intelligent, self-reliant young men of fine physique, and familiar with the use of firearms; whilst deficient in the niceties of discipline, and careless in their personal appearance and make up, they may always be depended upon in a tight place, and you may be sure their rifles are always in perfect condition; as we say here, 'they are not pretty to look at, but good ones to go.'" This is exactly the idea we have conceived in this country of American soldiers—the regulars of course being smarter than the volunteers—and I have found ample evidence of their good qualities in the official reports I have alluded to.

* * * *

Thus General Wesley Merritt speaks of the men he found encamped in a low, flat, sandy place, with no proper protection from the heat of the tropical sun or from the torrential rain near Manila: "I was at once struck by the exemplary spirit of patient, even cheerful, endurance shown by the officers and men under such circumstances, and this feeling of admiration for the manner in which the American soldiers, volunteers and regulars alike, accept the necessary hardships of the work they have undertaken to do has grown and increased with every phase of the difficult and trying campaign which the troops of the Philippine expedition have brought to such a brilliant and successful conclusion." General Miles is not less warm in his admiration for the "magnificent fortitude, gallantry, and sacrifice" displayed with patriotic devotion in the midst of hardships, difficulties, and sufferings. General Shafter says that words fail to do justice to the conduct of officers and men in the taking of the San Juan blockhouse. "While the generals indicated the formations and points of attack, it was, after all, the intrepid bravery of the subordinate officers and men that planted our colours on the crest of the San Juan Hill, and drove the enemy from his trenches and blockhouses, thus gaining a position which sealed the fate of Santiago." One might go on quoting the enthusiastic praise bestowed by generals and other officers in the gallant struggles. The war is, perhaps, now an old story, but, with this report before me, and in a time when some attacks are being made on the Army of Uncle Sam, I think it interesting to recall these few significant facts.

* * * *

King Alfred is to many among our countrymen a half-mythical figure. They have heard of his fights with the Danes, of Guthrum, of the retirement to Athelney, and of the cakes badly burned, but they do not know what are his titles to our remembrance and gratitude. The commemoration at Winchester brought together many who desired to honour him, but perhaps its best outcome was a volume entitled "Alfred the Great" (Black, 5s.), edited by Mr. Alfred Bowker, Mayor of Winchester, 1897-98. It is a book I would very heartily commend to lovers of their country, to historical students, and generally to the young. Many a less entertaining volume might accompany one on one's holiday. Here is Sir Walter Besant discoursing in his crisp style, and with his customary rapid generalisations, upon Alfred generally; Mr. Frederic Harrison treats him as a king, the Bishop of Bristol as a religious man and educationalist, Mr. Charles Oman as a warrior, Sir Clements Markham as a geographer, and Professor Earle as a writer, while Sir Frederick Pollock illustrates English law before the Norman Conquest, and Mr. Loftie writes upon Alfred and the arts. As if this were not enough, the Poet Laureate's ode is included. Perhaps unavoidably there is some repetition in such a book, though one suffers no harm through reading a good thing twice. I saw it lately said by an unreflecting writer that Alfred's achievements were relatively small, but Mr. Harrison remarks truly, that it is quality and not quantity that weighs in history; and how noble was the quality of Alfred and his deeds! History records nothing to his disadvantage; where is his equal in these times in genius, in intellectual force, practical wisdom, or beauty of soul? It is marvellous to find so much in one man. The triumph over the Danes, the realising of the true defensive factor in control of the sea, the adaptation of the old order to the new, the creation of administrative machinery that remained, the King's care for religion and education, his consolidation of law and justice, his love of literature—these are things that we find in the life of Alfred. It is true that in the blaze of the great King's splendour we are apt to lose sight of what his predecessors had done; and such rapid generalisations as "Alfred gave us London," "Alfred gave us command of the sea," scarcely represent the whole truth. Mr. Oman, indeed, is careful to point out that English kings before Alfred had intermittently attempted to do things at sea, that in his own father's day there was an endeavour to meet the Danes upon the water, and that the Alderman Ealhere fought victoriously off Sandwich in 851. Alfred was more successful, and his triumph went further; but what he realised—and it was not quite the command of the sea we think of in these days—was afterwards forgotten. Mr. Oman also makes one point that is quite noteworthy. It is the tactical success of Alfred in blockading by means of fortifications the Danish ships in the river Lea in 896. He "bottled up" the hostile fleet, and when the invaders retired overland their ships were left in the hands of the victor. A number of such interesting points are in this remarkable book, which I hope many will read for themselves.

* * * *

Some readers will like to put other things in their bags and trunks than books on history, however lightly penned, and to such I commend "Bearers of the Burden," by Major W. P. Drury, R.M. (Lawrence and Bullen), promising them that it is not heavy. On the contrary, there is a delightful breeziness and freshness about its humour. Major Drury has made himself famous for his stories of sea and land, as readers of this paper know, and some of his best things are collected in this book. All appeared originally in one serial or another, and several of the pieces were in the volume called "The Tadpole of an Archangel." The whimsical drollery of the stories, their inimitable humour, their flavour of individuality, and their charming air of veracity, are quite admirable. I defy anyone to avoid laughing heartily at the odd humour that arises out of the presence of the professor of Egyptology and the subaltern of cavalry in the same cabin. That cabin possessed the odour of sanctity, derived from the recent presence of a bishop, when they entered it, but long before the P. and O. liner had passed the Nore, this had been dissipated by the sulphurous language of the ill-matched pair. There is rollicking fun in "Pringle's Progress," "For the Credit of the Ship," "Their Lordships' Binoculars," and several other of the short stories. It is true humour with just a touch of pathos here and there, and the selected types of Naval officers, Marines, and others, as seen with the eyes of Major Drury, are exceedingly funny men. There are several of these stories that I have read over and over again, but they are very amusing still. The author has a vein quite his own, and a very gay and facile pen.

* * * *

"The Philosophy of the Marquise," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is a story told entirely in dialogue, with three or four short letters thrown in, and is a refreshing novelty in these days of ponderous didactic fiction, especially when, as in this case, it is presented with a natural spontaneous humour springing from the characters themselves. A French lady, the Marquise de Rabutin, whose title agreeably recalls Madame de Sévigné's maiden name, comes to England to see some old schoolfellows. She is old enough to have grown-up sons, but not too old for a romance of her own, and while that is developing she amiably pairs off the young people round her. She really does very little beyond arranging dowries for her prospective nieces—a word here, a suggestion there. It is the French point of view, that almost any fairly suitable marriage is better than celibacy, which is so interesting to an English reader, and we do not recollect meeting it in fiction before. The Marquise's faith in matrimony is all the more impressive because her own experience in her first union was disastrous, but she has the sense to see that it was exceptional. As for what is called "society" journalism, it is most entertainingly turned inside out, and exhibited in all its absurd vulgarity. Altogether a brilliantly amusing book—a satirical picture of English country house life written with knowledge, insight, and a fine literary touch.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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At the Browndown Rifle Meeting.

THERE are few healthier indications of fighting efficiency than well-attended and well-conducted rifle-meetings, especially when these take place not only under the auspices of some great national institution, such as the National Rifle Association, but also at a number of local district centres. For then we see exhibited a much more generally diffused appreciation of the importance of musketry as a branch of Naval or Military training, and, it may not improperly be added, a rather less pronounced tendency to regard a prize-meeting from, so to speak, the commercial standpoint. A Bisley competitor is not to be blamed for wanting to cover his expenses and "a bit over." But at a local meeting the prevailing spirit ought to be, and ordinarily is, one of pure healthy emulation, to which the actual value of the prizes is, certainly in the majority of cases, a subordinate consideration. Of all the local rifle-meetings in this country, that held at Browndown, in the Southern District, is one of the most interesting, for the simple and sufficient reason that it embraces the sea as well as the land service in almost every one of the various competitions. Of this fact our illustrations afford ample pictorial proof, but it is brought out still more clearly by the official report of the meeting just held, in which sailors and soldiers are delightfully intermingled, with a strong admixture of those "giddy harumfrodites," the Marines, both of the red and blue descriptions. The meeting was a four-day one, three new competitions having been added, and the entries this year were much larger than usual. The rules, generally speaking, were the same as at Bisley, but a special feature was made in a number of the competitions of firing at unknown distances. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee representing all branches of both Services, of which Major Kinloch, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the District Inspector of Musketry, was the honorary secretary. At the close of the shooting, which was well up to the average, the prizes were distributed by Lady Russell, the wife of the popular General Commanding the Southern District. Two of our pictures deal with the competition for the Army and Navy Cup, which was eventually won by Sergeant Deacon, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who was run very close indeed by that notable marksman, Major Cowan, R.E. The firing was at 800-yds., and was carried out on the last day of the meeting under very unfavourable conditions. In both our pictures the personal interest of the Naval officers in the shooting is happily exemplified. In that which shows the last two men firing, the shortcomings of the infantry field service cap as a protection for the eyes from the glare of the sun, a defect about to be remedied, are very apparent.

The Junior United Services Aggregate was another leading competition. This we are able to illustrate by

MAKING READY FOR THE DAY.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CUP—800-YDS.

Photos. Cri-b. *GUNNER YOUNG WINNING THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICES AGGREGATE.* Copyright

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a bright picture, in which the correct prone position of the firer is pleasantly suggestive of ease and comfort, if not of elegance. There were Junior United Services' competitions on each of the first three days at 200, 500, and 600-yds. respectively, only men of less than three and four years' service being allowed to enter. On the fourth day the thirty highest scorers at 500 and 600-yds. shot at 800-yds. in the Aggregate competition, the first prize being carried off by another Marine Artilleryman, Gunner C. Young, Private Windebank of the Royal Berkshires coming second.

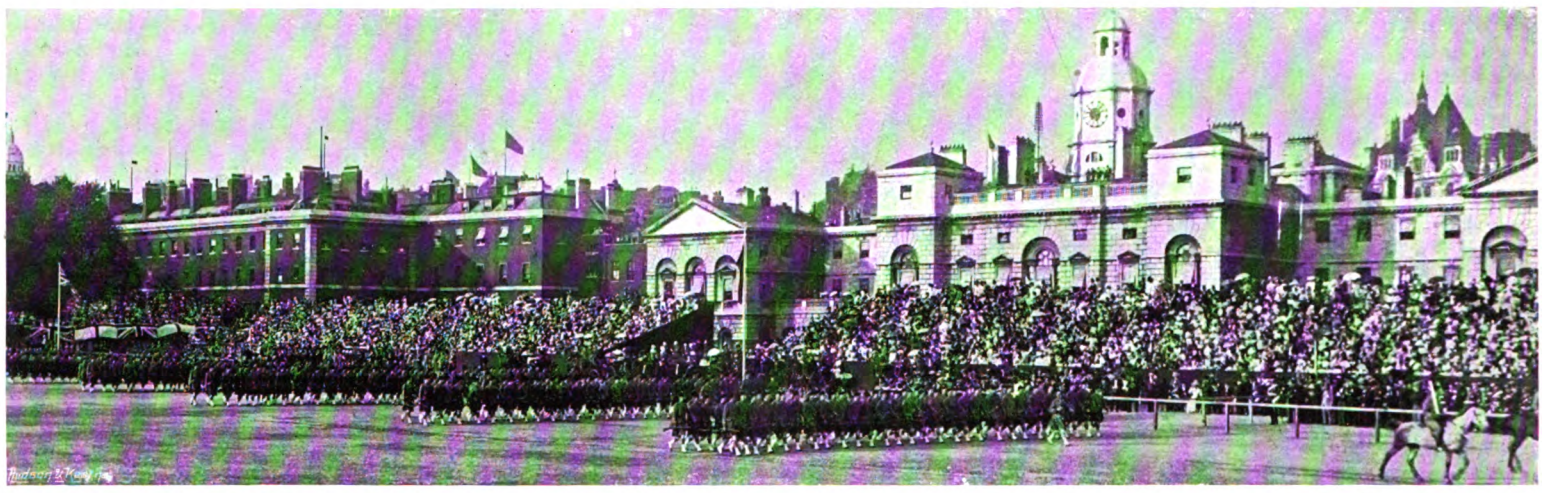
Photo. Cribb. Copyright

THE LAST TWO TO FIRE FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CUP.

Our remaining picture shows the firing-point at the commencement of the day's work. Here again the Naval officer is strongly in evidence. In the centre we have one caught in the act of going to the telephone, and on the extreme left another who is very obviously issuing an order warranted to carry some little distance. Only experts can have any idea of the labour involved in organising such meetings as this, but none can fail to appreciate their value as vehicles of sound Military training.

The Royal Volunteer Review.

JULY 8, 1899, will long be remembered as a red-letter day in the annals of the Volunteer Force. Not only was it the occasion of a review of the first order in point of numbers, since 26,000 men went past the saluting-point; not only was it a Royal Review, at which half-a-dozen members of the Royal Family assisted; but it was a genuine, an unquestioned, an absolutely brilliant success, of which an equal number of the finest and most carefully-trained troops of any Regular Army might well have been proud. At the saluting-point were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess and little Prince Edward of York, the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught, Prince Christian, the Grand Duke Michael, and Lord Wolseley. As the various corps marched past, first one and then another of this brilliant little party galloped out and led a corps of which he was honorary colonel past the Prince of Wales. The Duke of York, for instance, marched at the head of the 3rd Middlesex, the Duke of Connaught led the London Irish, and the Commander-in-Chief the 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers. Our illustrations show the march past at two very interesting stages. In the first the London Scottish are striding by, with the Earl of Wemyss at their head, amid hearty cheers. In the second we see the tail of the Hon. Artillery Company's Field Battery just disappearing, to be followed at due interval by the Infantry Battalion, whose bearskins and consistent smartness have caused them times without number to be mistaken for Guards.



THE LONDON SCOTTISH MARCH PAST.

Many other corps were equally worthy of distinction, but it is safe to say that these two are happily representative of a gathering of which only a movement imbued with splendid spirit and glorious vitality could in any way be capable.

Photos. R. Thiel. Copyright

THE PREMIER CORPS—THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY PASSING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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Army Shooting at Bisley.

Photo. *C. Knight.*
CAPTAIN J. G. MAYNE,
Hon. Sec. Army Rifle Association.

BISLEY for the past ten days or so has had concentrated upon it an amount of public attention which seldom falls to the lot of such a comparatively speaking insignificant little tract of sparsely-populated country. The attractiveness which surrounds the annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association is of a many-sided sort, and to analyse it might prove a difficult, and perhaps not altogether satisfactory, process. But whether it be true musketry enthusiasm, or the less exalted ambition to secure valuable prizes, which brings shootists from all parts of the country to swell this great representative gathering, there is no questioning its solid popularity among those who frequent it, or the grip it has on the minds of the public at large.

A somewhat unfortunate result of this focussing of popular notice upon the N.R.A. meeting is that it tends to obscure the exceedingly important annual meeting of the Army Rifle Association, which immediately precedes the more conspicuous event, and in some respects ranks actually above it as an annual fixture. For while the N.R.A. looks chiefly to the Volunteers for support, its leading competition, that for the Queen's Prize, being open to Volunteers only, the meeting of the A.R.A. is essentially one in which the Regular Army is interested, and is accordingly a pre-eminently good index of the standard which musketry has reached among us, not as an amateur hobby, but as a branch of practical Military training.

It is pleasant to be able to add that the excellent good-fellowship which exists between the N.R.A. and the Army at large has resulted in the display by the former of extreme friendliness towards the A.R.A., which, it goes without saying, profits very largely indeed by the use of the senior association's ranges, and other conveniences. Further, it may be added that the A.R.A. has had to thank a Volunteer officer, who studiously keeps in the background, for much generous assistance of a material description. It is said that to this benefactor will be due the early realisation of an idea mooted some time back of having an A.R.A. club-house at Bisley, an institution which will greatly increase the popularity of the association—at any rate among officers living at some distance.

Up to and including this last meeting the hon. secretary of the A.R.A. has been Captain J. G. Mayne, late Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, whose portrait we give as an appropriate introduction to this article, and in due succession to that of Colonel Crosse, the secretary of the N.R.A., which we published a short time since. Captain Mayne has been a most popular and efficient official in connection with the A.R.A., the success of which has been largely due to his individual efforts. He has just retired from the Army to take up an appointment as Chief Constable of Suffolk, and presumably the onerous duties of that responsible post will necessitate his relinquishing his A.R.A. hon. secretaryship. Captain Mayne will be badly missed from the latter billet; but we make bold to say, that as future A.R.A. meetings come round the Chief Constable of Suffolk will, at any rate, make an effort to attend a function which he did so much to initiate, and at which his presence will always be heartily welcomed.

Photo. C. Knight. *THE THREE BEST SHOTS IN THE ARMY.* Copyright
Gold, Silver, and Bronze Jewel Winners, Army Sixty Competition.

The A.R.A. programme includes a variety of practical competitions, for which naturally the regiments at Aldershot provide the greater part of the entries. This year the Army Sixty, specially selected from crack regimental marksmen, competed for the first time at Bisley for the Gold, Silver, and Bronze Jewels, thereby adding immensely to the importance of the meeting. We reproduce an interesting group of the Army Sixty, in which we make no doubt that many of our readers who are interested in musketry matters will recognise old

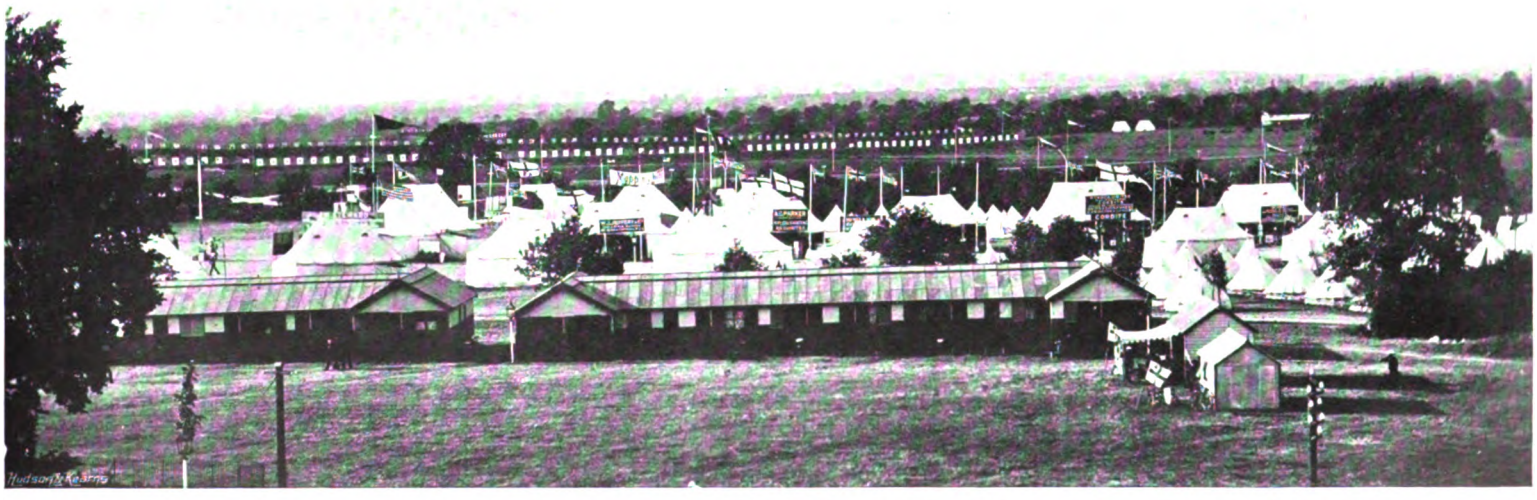

Photo. Cummings. *BISLEY CAMP, THE HOME OF RIFLE SHOOTING.* Copyright

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favourites. The winners of the three "Jewels" of the Army Sixty, the first of which carries with it the shooting championship of the British Army are shown in the illustration on the previous page.

In the centre sits the winner of the Gold Jewel, Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, of the Hythe School of Musketry. Sergeant Wallingford's grand aggregate was 575 out of a possible 630. On his right sits Sergeant-Instructor Percy, who carried off the Silver Jewel with a grand aggregate of 564. For the Bronze Jewel there was a tie between Lieutenant Etches, and Quartermaster-Sergt.-Instructor Davidson, Hythe Staff, with 561, the former, who appears on Sergeant Wallingford's left, winning the Jewel on shooting off. This is the *fourth* time since 1894 that Sergt. Wallingford has carried off the Gold Jewel of the Army Sixty.

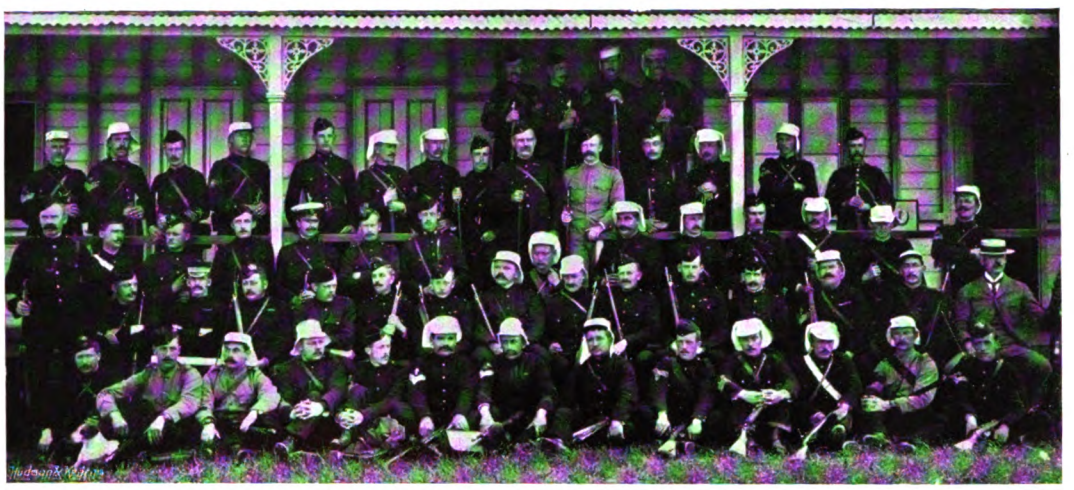

Photo. C. Knight. *THE ARMY SIXTY, 1899.* Copyright

Volunteer Training in Yorkshire.

THE Tyne and Tees Volunteer Infantry Brigade is a strong one, comprising three battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers and five of the Durham Light Infantry. Five of the battalions have just been out for a week's camp, and the illustrations here given were taken on that occasion.

In the first the officers of the various regiments are shown. On the right the grey-coated officers in the back belong to the 1st Vol. Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers, the Alnwick Corps, their comrades below them, in green, hailing from Bishop Auckland, and being the 2nd Vol. Batt. Durham Light Infantry.

On the left, those in the background belong to the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Fusiliers, distinguished by white and green facings respectively, while below them are the 5th Durhams, wearing dark green facings.

The second picture shows the Sunday parade. Very picturesque are the white tents in the background, and in the centre of the parade the chaplain can be seen in his white surplice reading the service at a temporary lectern formed by the drums.

OFFICERS, TYNE AND TEES VOLUNTEER INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Photos. White. *CHURCH PARADE, TYNE AND TEES VOLUNTEER INFANTRY BRIGADE.* Copyright

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Photo. Colebrook.
CAPTAIN BARROW, R.N.
The "Prince George"

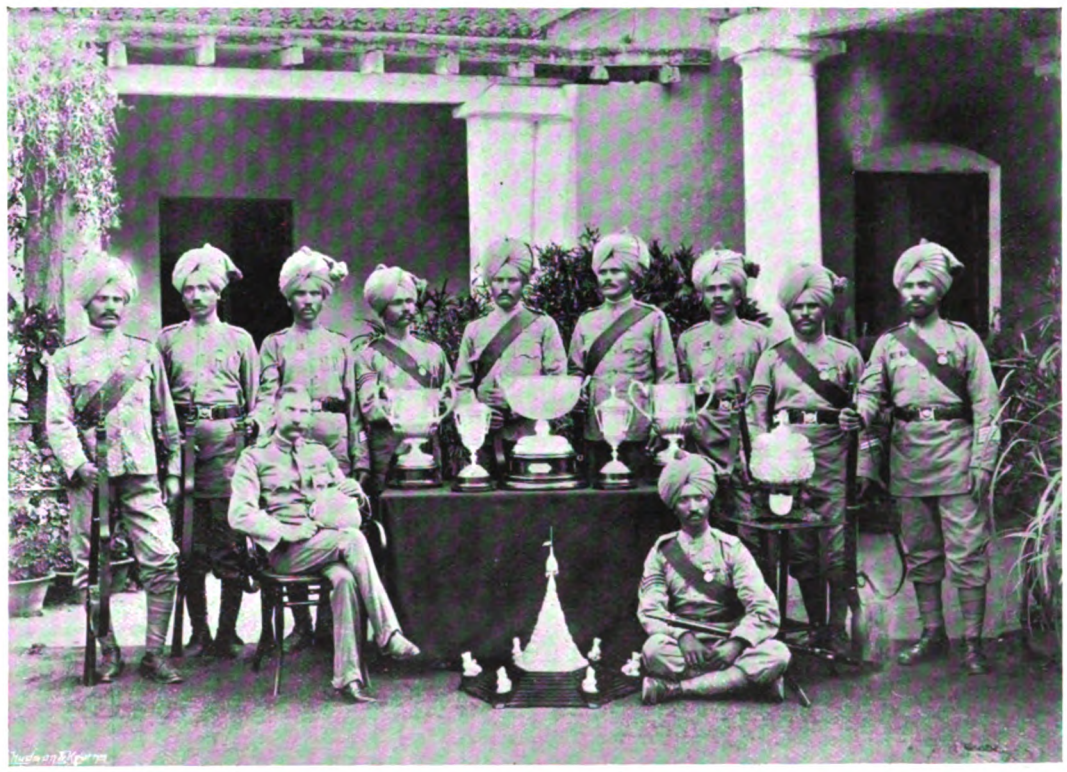
OUR Naval portrait this week is that of Captain Arthur Barrow, who has just vacated the appointment of Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence, to assume the command of one of the units of the Channel Squadron, the first-class battle-ship "Prince George." It will not be Captain Barrow's first acquaintance with the Channel Squadron, for he was flag-captain of the "Majestic" when Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr commanded. Captain Barrow is one of the lucky ones, that is if the word lucky applies to a man who has earned every step of his promotion, for he is barely forty-six years of age, and a long way up in the list of captains.

Captain Barrow joined the Service in 1865, was promoted sub-lieutenant in 1872, lieutenant the following year, commander in 1883, and captain in 1889. His promotion has, therefore, been very rapid, as he was a captain at thirty-six years of age. Just prior to his promotion to captain he had been appointed third assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance, and since attaining that rank has been closely connected with the Naval Intelligence Department, for he was Assistant-Director from 1892 to 1895, and again from 1897 to 1899. Captain Barrow's war experience was gained on the East India station, where, as lieutenant of the "Charybdis," he took part in the operations against the Malays in the Straits of Malacca in 1874, for which the "Charybdis" and "Hart" gained the Indian General Service medal, with clasp for Perak.

MAJOR-GEN. SIR HERBERT CHERMSIDE, who returns from Crete to take the command of the Curragh District, is an Engineer officer of the highest distinction. From almost his start in the Service his career has been identified with the East, for when still a subaltern of only six years' service he was sent on special employ to Turkey, and served as Military Attaché with the Turkish troops throughout the Russo-Turkish War, for which he wears the Turkish War medal. At the close of the war he was appointed to assist on the Turkish Boundary Commission, and then became Vice-Consul at Anatolia, a post he held until, in 1882, he went as D.A.A. and Q.M.G. to Egypt. There he served through the campaign of that year, in the Soudan Expeditions in 1884 and 1885, and for some time was Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral. From 1886 to 1888 he commanded on the Nile Frontier, and was in command at the battle of Sarras, there winning his brevet of colonel. In 1888 he quitted Egypt to take up the position of Consul for Kurdistan, which he vacated after fourteen months to go to Constantinople to act as our Military Attaché. Naturally when a commissioner was required for Crete, Chermside was the man selected, and there he has remained since 1896. Though with twenty-nine years' service to his credit, Sir Herbert is still a young man, for he is not yet fifty years of age.

Photo. Stereoscopic Co., London.
Major-General Sir HERBERT CHERMSIDE, G.C.M.G., C.B.

THE picture at the foot of this page represents the team that this year won the Commander-in-Chief's Cup, presented annually for competition by the Native Army of India. This prize is, indeed, the shooting "blue ribbon" of the Native Army, and the 17th Madras Infantry may well be proud of having—for the second year in succession, for the corps won it also in 1898—carried off this much-coveted trophy from forty-five other teams, representative of the crack shooting corps of each of the three Presidencies. As will be seen by the gorgeous array of cups, this is by no means the only success of the rifle team of the 17th Madras Infantry. In 1890 it gained the Deccan Cup, winning it again in 1893, and in the same year the Cubbon Cup. In 1895-96 the regiment was in Burmah, and in both years carried off the Mandalay Cup. In 1897 it won the Cubbon Cup for the second time, and has now, as already stated, twice won the Commander-in-Chief's Cup. That the team has used its rifles against living targets before now is evidenced by the fact that every man in the team except one wears on his left breast



From a Photo. *By a Military Officer.*
WINNERS OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S CUP, NATIVE ARMY IN INDIA, 1899.
17th Madras Infantry.

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the I.G.S. medal for service in Burmah, and in almost every case with two clasps. The European officer in the picture is Lieutenant-Colonel Boulderson, who commands the battalion.

IN glorious weather the annual athletic sports of the Naval Depôt recently took place on the Garrison Recreation Ground at Portsmouth, and two snap-shots taken on that occasion are the illustrations given herewith. The one below shows that most amusing sport of tilting at a bucket in couples. In the plank under the bucket is a hole, through which the tilter in the wheelbarrow must pass his spear unless he wishes to obtain both for himself and his comrade who wheels the barrow a thorough and complete drenching. Eventually the competition was won by second-class petty officers R. Reader and A. Corbin.

Photo. Cribb. *TILTING AT THE BUCKET.* *Portsmouth Naval Depot Sports.* Copyright

Our second picture shows the winner of the high jump in the act of clearing the bar. This event was won by Lance-Sergeant Dunning, of the Royal Marines, who cleared 4-ft. 8-in. The whole arrangements were supervised by a strong committee presided over by Captain J. L. Hammet, of the "Duke of Wellington," who commands the Fleet Reserve.

Photo. Cribb. *THE HIGH JUMP.* *Portsmouth Naval Depot Sports.* Copyright

Chief Inspector of Machinery Melrose officiated as judge, Staff-Engineer Frowd was starter, and Master-at-Arms Clayton time-keeper.

MUCH to the regret of the Channel Squadron, they have lost their most popular flag-captain, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who leaves the "Majestic" to go to the Admiralty as Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence. We are quite sure that it must have been with no small pang that Prince Louis dismantled the very charming cabin in the

From a Photo. *PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG'S CABIN IN THE "MAJESTIC."* *By a Naval Officer.*

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"Majestic" which has been his home afloat for the last two years. Prince Louis is known as an officer of great professional ability, and the beautiful way in which his snuggery is decorated shows that his artistic talent is also of a high order.

THE venerable lady whose portrait adorns this page is one of the few now alive who can well remember the Napoleonic period.

She is Lady Louisa Tighe, the aunt of the present Duke of Richmond, and daughter of that Duke of Richmond who gave the historic ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo.

On the Duke of Wellington's arrival, late in the evening, he was asked by Lady Louisa Tighe's sister (Lady Georgina Lennox) if the rumour already circulating of the approaching battle was a true one, and the Duke replied, very gravely, "Yes, and we are off to-morrow."

As Lady Louisa was born in 1803, she was at that time just twelve years of age, and her memory of the exciting events of that historic period is perfectly clear. Her brother, Lord March, the father of the present Duke, was at the time aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange, and he it was who took the Prince when wounded to the village of Waterloo to obtain surgical aid. After the victory the Prince of Orange, at the head of a battalion of Belgian troops, went in state to the cathedral of St. Endule, at Brussels, to return thanks, and on this occasion Lady Tighe was also present.

Lady Louisa Tighe is now in her ninety-sixth year, and thanks to a magnificent constitution, retains most vigorous health, has her mental powers in no way diminished by age, and walks with a carriage and bearing that many young girls might envy. She is the widow of the Right Hon. Frederick Tighe, of Woodstock, in the County of Kilkenny, to whom she was married in 1825, and celebrated her golden wedding three years prior to her husband's decease.

Photo. Lafayette Copyright

LADY LOUISA TIGHE.

THE visit of the members of the Navy League to Portsmouth, organised at the headquarters in Victoria Street, has now become an annual institution, and the one just concluded was perhaps the best organised and most successful that has yet been undertaken. The Navy League owe a very deep debt of gratitude to the Commander-in-Chief and Naval officers at Portsmouth, and more especially to the officers of the Torpedo School, the "Vernon," and of the Gunnery School at Whale Island, for the kindness and courtesy extended to them on this occasion.

Immediately the special train arrived the visitors repaired to the dockyard, where the "Ant" was awaiting them, and our first illustration shows the little packet with her passengers on their way to the "Vernon."

Then on to Whale Island, and on the return to the dockyard, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers were inspected.

The second of our illustrations is a group of some of the party photographed at Whale Island.

Photo. Cribb. Copyrigh

NAVY LEAGUERS AT PORTSMOUTH—THE "ANT" CARRYING VISITORS TO THE "VERNON."

Photo. Symonds & Co. *Portsmouth.*

A GROUP OF NAVY LEAGUERS AT WHALE ISLAND.

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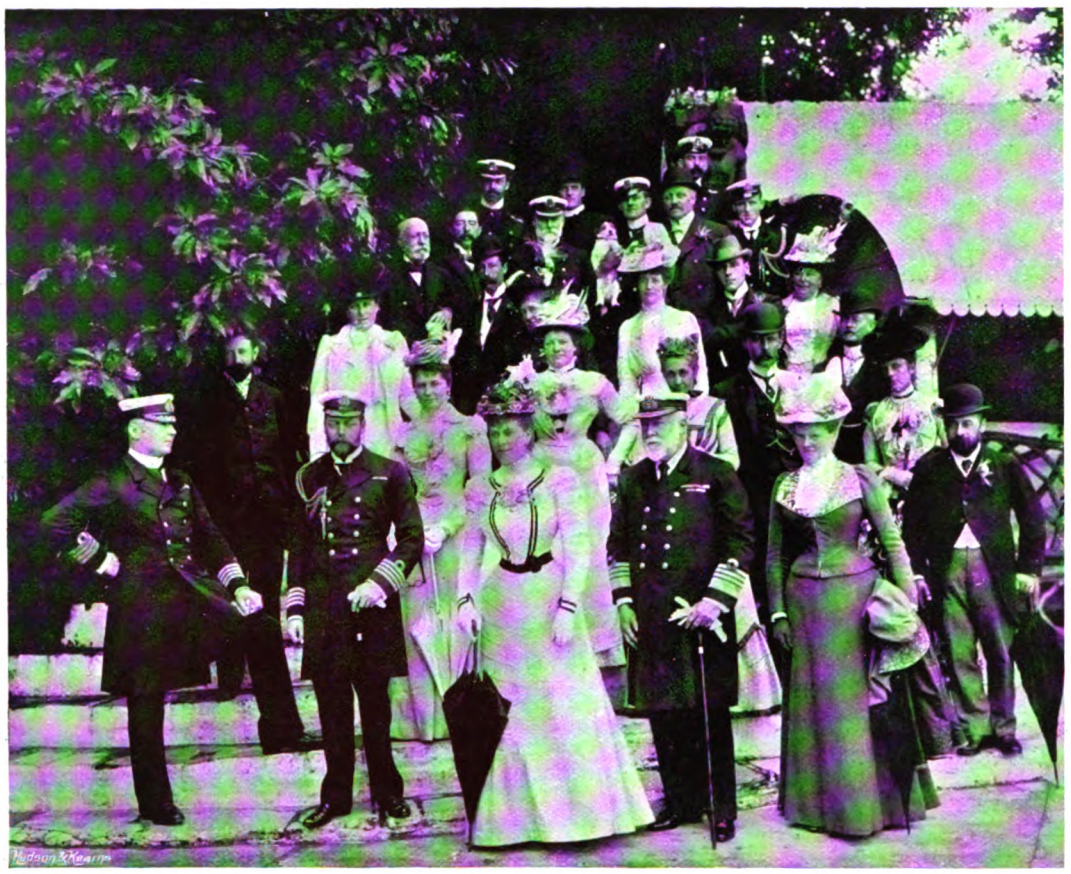
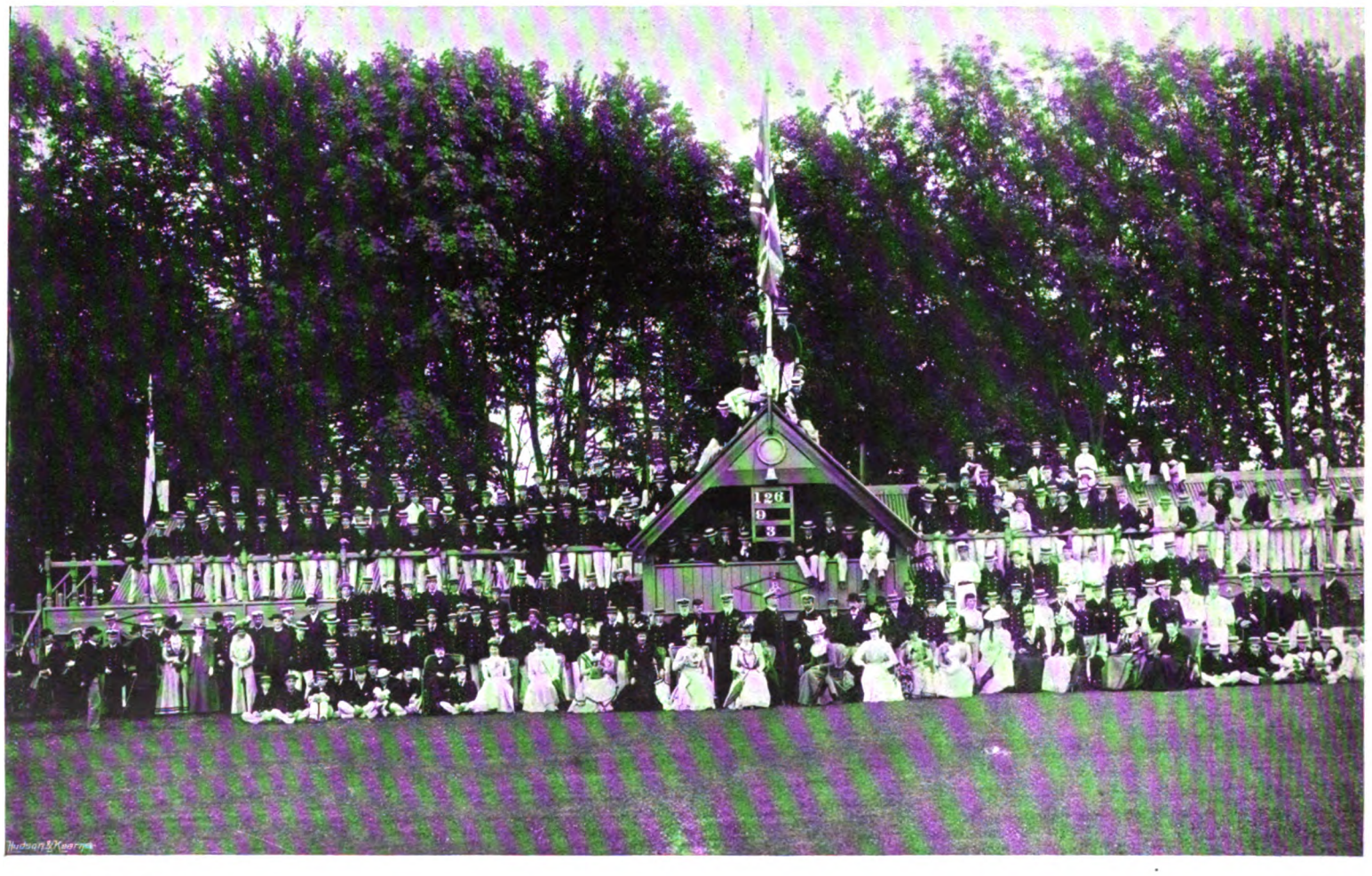
The Duke of York at Dartmouth.

THE "Britannia" has just been revisited by H.R.H. the Duke of York under peculiarly pleasing circumstances The Duke and Duchess were staying in the neighbourhood at Ugbrooke Park, and, by a delightful coincidence, the Commander-in-Chiefship at Devonport has recently been taken over by Admiral Sir H. Fairfax, who was captain of the "Britannia" at the time when H.R.H. was a cadet. It was, then, a singularly happy combination of old associations, with new and highly-interesting conditions, which surrounded the Duke's visit on the 6th inst. to the scene of his introduction to a Naval career. It goes without saying that the most was made of the occasion by those on board the "Britannia," and we may safely add that both the Duke and Duchess heartily appreciated the welcome they received.

The Royal visitors were met at the "Britannia" level at Kingswear by Captain the Hon. A. G. Curzon Howe, C.B., C.M.G., commanding the "Britannia," and were smartly rowed to the ship by twelve cadets. They were received on board by Admiral Sir H. Fairfax, and after luncheon the Duke and Duchess carefully inspected the ship, H.R.H. taking evident pleasure in pointing out the quarters he had occupied when a cadet. Subsequently the Royal party went ashore and visited the cadets' cricket-ground, on which a match between teams from the "Britannia" and the "Hindostan" was in progress. One of our pictures shows an interesting group of cadets and visitors, with the Duke and Duchess in the centre. In our other group the officer on the extreme right is Captain Curzon Howe, of the "Britannia." On the Duchess's left is Admiral Sir H. Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, on whose left again is the Hon. Mrs. Curzon Howe. In the background are Commander Cradock, the chaplain, the Rev. Arthur Plant, and Lieutenant Clinton Baker.



A ROYAL CADET REVISITS THE "BRITANNIA."



Photos. W. M. Crockett Copyright

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE "BRITANNIA'S" PLAYING FIELDS.

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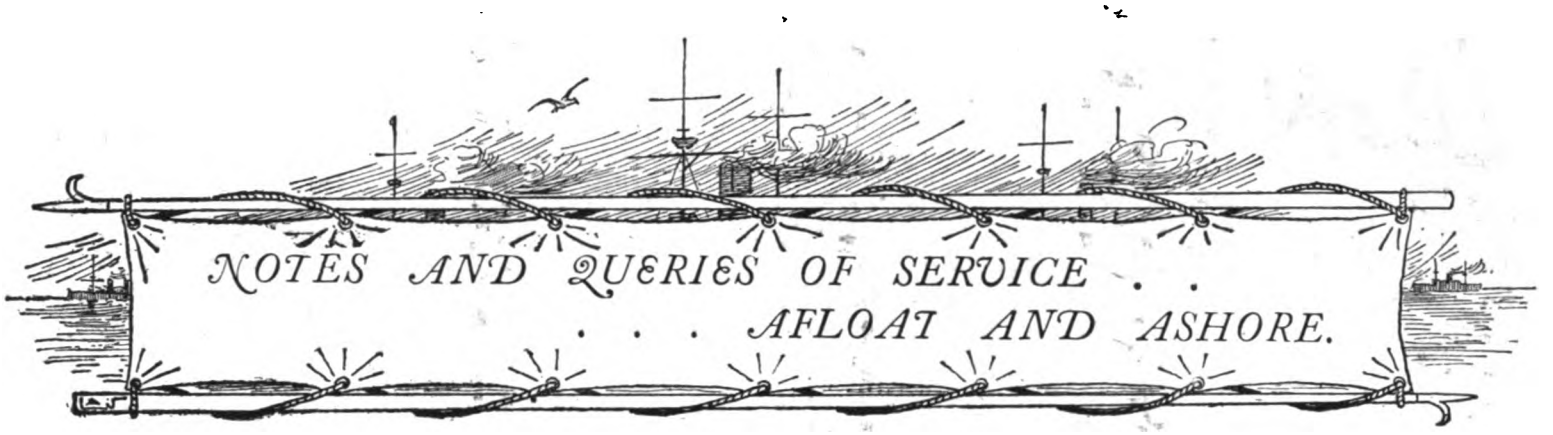

REAR-ADMIRAL ST. CLAIR, though not yet fifty-eight years of age, has put in no less than forty-four years of service under the White Ensign, for he joined the "Mœander" as a Naval cadet in the White Sea in 1855. In 1860, as a sub-lieutenant, he passed so brilliantly that he was at once promoted. As a lieutenant he served on the North America and West Indies stations, on the West Coast of Africa, and in the Pacific. As a commander he was in charge of the "Cockatrice" in the Danube, and later, when senior officer at Sierra Leone, received the thanks of the Colonial Government for many important services. After being promoted to captain, he was engaged on protection duty during the crofter disturbances in Skye, and for services then rendered received the thanks of the Home Office. He was A.D.C. to the Queen from 1893 until he was promoted admiral in 1896. Admiral St. Clair is a very well-known officer in Service Masonic circles. He is a Past Master and founder of lodges both at Portsmouth and Malta, was one of the founders of the Navy Lodge, and has held office both in provincial lodges and in Grand Lodge. *(See illustration on front page.)*

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DEALING as the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED does with a greater variety of Service detail than any other paper in the world, it is absolutely impossible to avoid the occasional inclusion of errors, more especially as reliance has so often to be placed upon correspondents to whom doubtful points cannot be referred without incurring inordinate delay. To this must be added the fact that our circle of readers is not only enormous—on a moderate computation every copy of the paper is read by at least twenty non-subscribers—but intensely critical. Accordingly I have, from time to time, to acknowledge my sins, and do so with better grace because it is easy to see that nine out of ten corrections I receive are prompted by the utmost friendliness to the paper, and even by jealousy of its reputation for exactitude. Of a recent slip in the description of the uniform of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards, of which the Queen is honorary colonel, two correspondents have advised me. It had inadvertently been stated that the uniform in question was a red tunic with light blue facings and dark blue trousers. As a matter of fact the tunic is light blue and the trousers blue-black. The collar and cuffs and shoulder-straps are scarlet, the Guard ornaments in yellow being worn on the facings, and the Royal cipher, V.R., embroidered in yellow and surmounted by the crown on the shoulder-strap. In the same paragraph it was stated that the 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussars wear blue tunics. A correspondent says that the colour is really light blue—some Austrian Hussars have dark, some light blue tunics—and I accept the added information with becoming gratitude. In our issue of the 8th inst. a real error crept in. The race between the boats' crews of the "Conway" and "Worcester" was said to have been won by the "Worcesters." What really happened was that the "Conways" won by twenty lengths. The writer who is responsible for this has skilfully withdrawn to one of the ships engaged in the Naval Manœuvres, and until his return the origin of the mistake is buried in mystery.

* * * *

IN answer to "Q. P." In the Trafalgar year the nation raised £77,125,521. Of this sum £44,559,521 were special war taxes. The population was less than half what it is now, and its wealth was comparatively insignificant. Three hundred millions or more would be the equivalent to-day of the revenue raised in 1805. Twenty millions of that money came from loans, but the interest had to be paid out of the taxes, and the burden was very grievous indeed. The actual Service Budget for 1805 was—Navy: Fourteen and a-half millions. Army: Eighteen and a-half millions. Ordnance: Five millions. A total of thirty-eight millions.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Rochester, Minn., is one of the volunteers who were engaged in quelling the Fenian Raid on the Canadian Frontier in 1867, and he signed papers a year ago for the new medal. He wants to know whether the medal has been issued or whether he will have to wait thirty years more before he gets it. He will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that his patience will not be tried much longer. The issue has been delayed because much dissatisfaction had been caused by the announcement that the ribbon of the medal was to be the same as that of the decoration given to those who took part in quelling the North-West Rebellion of 1885. The matter has been reconsidered, and an entirely new ribbon, consisting of three stripes, two red with a centre one of yellow, has been submitted to Her Majesty and approved. The issue will, presumably, be commenced at once, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir William Butler being among the first recipients. The medal will be called the Canadian General Service Medal, and will be given for the Red River Expedition as well as the Fenian Raids.

* * * *

"ENQUIRER."—According to a hasty classification of the public-house names in a London Directory, Naval heroes greatly outnumber Military in the estimation of the publican. There are Blake, Benbow, Carter, Codrington, Duncan, Hawke, Keppel, Mann, Napier, Nelson, Rodney, Tyrell, and Vernon, against Marlborough and the Marquis of Granby, Abercromby, Picton, Napier, and Havelock. There are, on the other hand, in London twenty-three Dukes of Wellington to nineteen Lord Nelsons.

"E. A. C."—I do not know of any book that gives a full description of the uniform of each Yeomanry regiment, and am advised that no such work has been published. But you will probably be able to obtain all the details you require from the coloured plates which are issued monthly by the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and which have the merit of being scrupulously accurate. The pictures of the Yeomanry corps have been appearing since 1897, and the series will, I understand, be complete by the end of this year. With regard to the two regiments you name, a coloured plate representing the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars was issued with the *Army and Navy Gazette* of November 6, 1897. In the foreground is an officer mounted, in review order, which will probably give you all you want quite as well as a photograph. The *Army and Navy Gazette* dealt with the Westmoreland Hussars in its issue of October 1, 1898. The coloured plates are still obtainable at the *Army and Navy Gazette* office, 3, York Street, Covent Garden, price 6d. each.

* * * *

"R. P. R." says he was recently at the Invalides in Paris and saw a British flag hanging up there in the Pensioners Eglise de S. Louis. I was recently at the Invalides, and had a careful look round. There are seven British flags there: Four among the trophies round Napoleon's tomb, which are, however, so grouped together that one cannot distinguish them, while closer access is impracticable, and three hanging up in the Church of St. Louis. Of these one is a British Red Ensign (the Union since 1801); the second is of the same period, and a man-o'-war "Jack" flag; the third is in rags, and practicably unrecognisable in detail. But the subject is too large a one to be dealt with fully here, and I will return to it at greater length later on.

* * * *

"EDINBURGH."—The Scottish origin of the 7th Hussars is as follows: Various forces were raised in Scotland shortly after the Revolution of 1688, and among these were three troops of horse under the Earl of Eglintown and three of Dragoons under Lord Cardross. In December, 1690, these two small corps were formed into a regiment of Dragoons, "the lineal predecessors, in almost unbroken succession, of the present 7th Queen's Own Hussars." The 7th Light Dragoons became Hussars in 1807. With regard to the remainder of your question, you should study the Conditions of Service, which are obtainable at any large post office. The daily rate of pay of a private in the Household Cavalry is 1s. 9d. If you are ambitious, and especially if you have hopes of rising to a commission, the Household Cavalry is not to be recommended, although it unquestionably has attractions for those who have the requisite physical qualifications. If you are really fond of horses you would probably find a Line cavalry corps suit you much better, while if you are an indifferent rider, or are averse to very hard work—a trooper's life is not a bed of roses—a good Line infantry regiment is the best choice of all.

* * * *

APROPOS of the recent return from China of the first-class cruiser "Immortalité," I would like to record the fact that she is the only ship in the Navy bearing a trophy name that, as far as I know, has ever been at pains to celebrate her entry into the British Navy. Our first "Immortalité" was captured from the French on October 20, 1798. In honour of that event, on October 20 last year the ship was specially decorated with bunches of evergreens on the masts and yardarms, and at night was brilliantly illuminated, the figures "1798" forming a prominent feature in the design.

* * * *

"K. C. B." propounds a problem in precedence. A lieutenant-general who is also a military K.C.B. of 1895 met at dinner a colonel who is a civil K.C.B. of 1892. The latter was asked to take in the lady of the house. "K. C .B." argues that military rank goes first, and that a military K.C.B. ranks before a civil K.C.B. I am not prepared to lay down the law on the subject, though I have given it anxious thought, to the extent of a sleepless night and a bad headache. My conviction, however, is—and it is confirmed by such authorities as I have had access to—that "K. C. B." is wrong. In any case the Order of the Bath takes precedence in this country (I believe the rule is not always observed in India) of military rank, and a major who is a C.B. would assuredly rank, on all occasions to which the table of precedence is applicable, before his colonel who is not a C.B. As regards the seniority of the military division of the Bath to the civil division, that is another matter. A military K.C.B. would, no doubt, rank before a civil K.C.B. of the same date, *cæteris paribus*, but otherwise precedence would naturally be given to the senior in point of appointment or promotion.

* * * *

THE idea of the Geneva flag for ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded in war, and rendering modern warfare less terrible, was due in the first place to the action of a doctor, a M. Dunant, who in 1859 stirred public opinion by publishing a realistic account of sights and scenes that he had witnessed on the battle-field of Solferino. M. Dunant was a citizen of Geneva, and a fellow-citizen, M. Moynier, a man of public note in Geneva, joining with him, the ball was set rolling which resulted eventually in the holding of the Geneva Convention. The Swiss national flag, with the colours reversed, was adopted as the Geneva hospital flag—a red cross on a white ground.

THE EDITOR.

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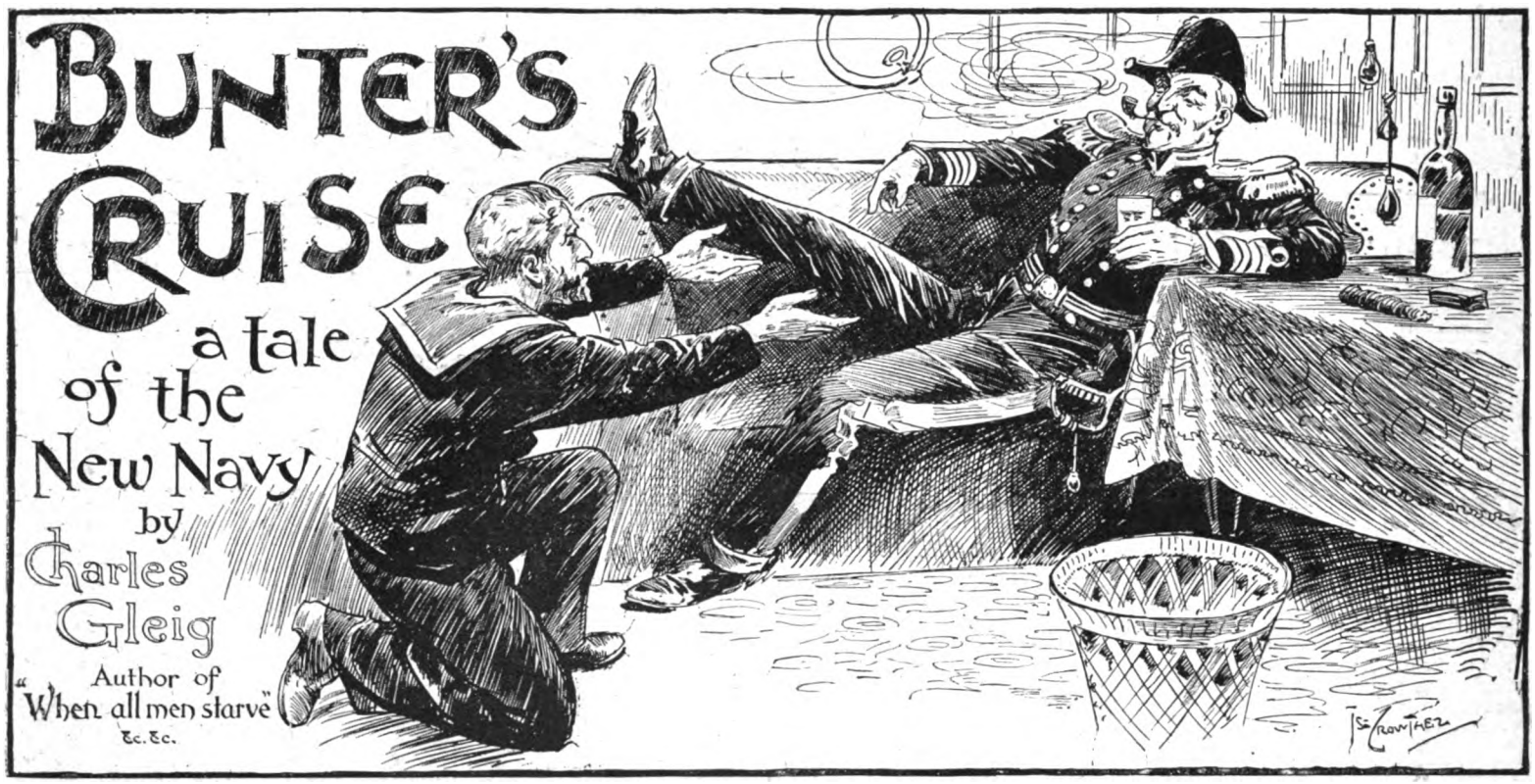

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Rendered desperate by Nelly's refusal to marry him, Bunter resolves to evade arrest and get drunk. Chased by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and is not recognised by the police in his new dress. A fly is waiting for the gentleman, and Bunter enters it. As he is driven away in safety, the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police.

CHAPTER IV. *(continued.)*

"SHALL I show you to the reading-room, sir?" asked the head-waiter.

"Yes," said Bunter, and he was conducted to an empty room overlooking the garden.

"Will you take anything before dinner?" was the next question.

"I'll have a cigar and three of whisky," said Bunter, incautiously.

"A cigar and a glass of whisky," repeated the head-waiter, with dignity; "yes, sir."

"That was a slip," thought Bunter; "I must be more careful of my language. Now I do wonder who the devil I am, and why I told them to leave my kit in the hall. That don't look as if I meant to sleep here."

He sat down in an easy chair, and thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat. Immediately he became aware of some papers in one of the pockets. He drew them out and examined them. There were three letters, all of which had been opened, and all three were addressed to "Captain the Honourable Roger Laxdale, R.N." Bunter gave vent to a long, low whistle, and dropped the letters on the floor. "Jerusalem!" he muttered. "I've been and changed clothes with my own skipper!"

For a moment he was panic-stricken. He thought of the severe punishment that would inevitably follow his capture, and stole to the door with some half-formed intention of flying from the hotel. But very soon he grew cool again and returned to his seat. "There's no hurry," he reflected; "they won't find out their blooming error for an hour or two, and I shall be out of this long before they come to nab me."

He picked up the letters that he had dropped and regarded them curiously. "How do these toffs write to one another?" he thought. He was not proof against the temptation to read them, and when the waiter returned with the whisky, he found Bunter absorbed. The first letter that he examined was written in a shaky hand, difficult to decipher. It bore an address in Grosvenor Square, and was embellished with two golden stags butting at a rum-cask.

"MY DEAR ROGER," it ran, "I met Admiral Livermore at my club this afternoon, and so heard of your sudden appointment to the 'Grunter' before your note reached me. The illness of her late captain is a fortunate circumstance for you, as you might have had to wait some months for a command but for this unexpected vacancy. I am sure you will acquit yourself creditably as captain of your own ship, and show the Naval Service that you are as fit for the position as older men of obscure family. Disregard their jealousy, my dear boy, and remember that you come of an ancient race of noble warriors. It is a pity that you are unable to select any of your officers, and that those now serving in the ship are all strangers to you; but I trust you will be efficiently seconded in your responsible duties.—Your affectionate father, BOLDREWOOD."

Having read the letter twice over, Bunter finished his whisky at a single gulp, and gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"He doesn't know any of the officers," was his first reflection; "so it will take him some time to make them believe that he really is the new skipper." He lit his cigar and leaned back, deep in thought. He recalled the fight upon the beach, the hard knock given and received by the Hon. Roger, and the ferocity of the water police. "His face must be badly mauled," he reflected, "and he knows none of the officers." Suddenly he sprang to his feet and slapped his hand upon his leg. "By gum!" he exclaimed, "I'll risk it! I've never been aboard the ship either, so who's to know he isn't me?"

Now, in forming this sudden resolve to continue his impersonation of the Hon. Roger Laxdale, the sailor was influenced very largely indeed by his desire to overcome the caste prejudices of Nelly Pratten, and in a lesser degree by his reckless love of adventure. He knew that the girl loved him; he knew, too, that he could not hope to win her unless he could demonstrate the empty vanity of class distinctions, and prove himself the equal of the lords and gentry that dazzled her unripe judgment. Here was his opportunity of making good his boast, of showing her that he was as capable of commanding a ship as the well-dressed gentlemen whom she regarded as his superiors. Ned Bunter, it will be seen, was not free from the corrupting influences of our sadly democratic age. He was lacking in that old-fashioned reverence towards established authority so judiciously insisted upon in the Church Catechism.

Bunter did not pause to consider the ultimate consequences of the fraud that he was resolved to perpetrate. The means justified the end, and the end that he held steadily in view was the subjugation of the fair Nelly. He took a few turns up and down the room, rang the bell, and ordered the dignified waiter to "hurry up with that dinner." But as the waiter left the room, Bunter felt very much as Pizarro must have done when he burnt his boats, prior to the descent upon Peru.

CHAPTER V.

THE HONOURABLE ROGER.

THE indignation of the Hon. Roger Laxdale when overpowered by the water police, and led away captive in the torn clothes of a Bluejacket, will be the better appreciated by readers of this remarkable history if they will glance briefly at the brilliant career of this hitherto most fortunate young captain.

Second son of Lord Boldrewood, an English peer

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with a place at Court, the Hon. Roger passed his tender years in the ancestral halls of his race, under the charge of the most respectable nurses, governesses, and tutors. The robust health of the boy, and the family traditions, led Lord Boldrewood to consecrate him, so to say, to the sea service; and at the age of twelve little Roger was sent to a famous crammer, the Reverend Julius Oxhead, to be stuffed for the entry test. This crammer had been wonderfully successful in supplying the public services with well-born dunces; but the task of driving elementary mathematics into the obdurate skull of little Roger Laxdale taxed his skill severely, and fatigued his practised arm. The reverend crammer was a cheery optimist, and persevered heroically in his noble mission. When the brain resisted information he applied it through another portion of the anatomy, with the aid of a cane. Once, indeed, he despaired of little Roger, and talked of sending him home, but Lord Boldrewood begged him to try again, and invited the gratified crammer to spend a week at Boldrewood. The tears shed by the little lad in his passage over the "asses bridge" might have softened the heart of a pawnbroker; but Mr. Oxhead bought a fresh stock of canes and persevered. The boy took his stripes with patrician fortitude and plodded on. Sprung from a long line of illustrious dunces, he was remarkably free from the vice of idleness, and toiled like a young ass. Fortunately for Roger, the competition for entry to the executive branch of the Navy was strictly limited by the nomination system; and, to the pride of his family, he absorbed sufficient knowledge to secure the last place on the list of cadets.

In the training-ship his mental dulness passed almost unnoticed. He became very popular with his comrades, for he was skilful at all games and athletic exercises; he had plenty of pocket-money, and was always ready to fight. The captain and officers of the vessel took much interest in him, in their bluff, manly way; and Lord Boldrewood was careful to include the captain in the Boldrewood battues. Roger was a good-looking boy and well mannered, and it was only in his school-work that he was conspicuously dense. He learned, without difficulty, to box the compass, go aloft, and pull an oar; but the educational course baffled him. His classmates feared that the final examination would end his Naval career; but he happened to sprain his right wrist a few days before the examinations opened, and the captain recommended that he should remain under training for an additional period of six months. Thanks to this arrangement, and to much cramming in the holidays, the Hon. Roger succeeded in passing out of the training-ship.

He was appointed to a ship commanded by a poor relation of the family, and, under the paternal care of this officer, won golden reports. His progress through the lower grades of the profession was necessarily retarded by the inflexibility of the regulations, so that at nineteen he was still but a middy. Yet although only a middy in rank, young Laxdale was furnished with sheafs of introductions to colonial governors, admirals, and other potentates, and soon made his mark in colonial Society. He performed his simple duties afloat with sufficient zeal, and was often invited to the admiral's table. His ample allowance enabled him to visit many places of interest to which other officers could not afford to penetrate, and he was frequently the guest of the colonial governors whilst the other middies did his work. He thus acquired his reputation for zeal at a cheap rate, and enjoyed himself immensely. The grumblings of his gun-room messmates found no echo in his breast, for he had good reason to love a profession in which he already felt his advancement to be secure. He never shirked his duty (except by the legitimate means above mentioned), never slept upon his watch, and never hesitated to report the misdemeanours of the seamen. He was considered "a promising young officer," and was constantly praised for his smartness. His mind was so happily free from any taint of originality that he had no difficulty in shaping himself to the professional mould. He took pride in learning the meanings of coloured flags arranged in simple combinations, for he aspired to become flag-lieutenant to some influential admiral. Very rarely did he betray his natural stupidity to his superiors in rank, for, indeed, they were disposed to think well of him. Yet his messmates were well aware that the Hon. Roger was the reverse of brilliant, and his blunders excited their secret ridicule.

"By gum!" he exclaimed, "I'll risk it!"

In due time he presented himself before a board of captains to be examined in seamanship. He had been elaborately coached by the first lieutenant, and his own captain was a member of the board. Perhaps he really had learned something of the practical side of his profession, for the board gave him a first-class certificate, and said (very truly) that he had a brilliant future before him. Returning to England, he struggled through the simple course of study at Greenwich College, and, by the aid of more crammers, succeeded in passing with a few marks to spare. He was now out of danger, for the gunnery course that followed was thoroughly practical, and made no great demand upon the intelligence. Having passed this third and last test of professional knowledge, the Hon. Roger was confirmed in the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was free to discard his books for evermore.

Very soon after this happy climax, Lord Boldrewood's Court influence was exerted, and the Hon. Roger was appointed to the Royal Yacht. In this post he spent three or four months, and was then promoted lieutenant.

During the next nine years he had plenty of time to forget that he had ever been a fool. He passed his service very pleasantly in flag-ships; he became flag-lieutenant to an admiral who was a friend of Lord Boldrewood, and learned

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nearly as much about the little coloured flags as the signalmen under his orders. With the women he was a great favourite, for he danced well and dressed beautifully; but he meant to marry discreetly, and never exceeded the bounds of mild flirtation with the pretty ineligibles at the Naval ports. In the intervals of half-pay he mixed in London Society, got elected to a fashionable club, and made some useful friends of both sexes. He acquired a fair reputation as a sportsman, and was so generally liked and flattered that he began to consider himself quite a clever fellow.

Courage he had never lacked. In his thirtieth year the family interest again served him, for he was selected to command a gun-boat on an African river, and, in this capacity, obtained an opportunity for which scores of older and abler men sighed in vain. One of the usual colonial wars was in progress, and Roger Laxdale shelled a strong position and was very favourably mentioned in the general's despatches. For this easy service he was promoted commander over the heads of some hundreds of his seniors, and was hero-worshipped by the Society papers. One or two of the Radical rags grumbled, but they grumbled still more when the brilliant young officer was again appointed to the Royal Yacht, and thence, in due time, made captain, at the early age of five-and-thirty. These ill-conditioned organs curried favour with the democracy by denouncing the rapid advancement of the young hero as a "flagrant job"; but nobody heeded these venomous attacks—least of all the Hon. Roger Laxdale.

About this time the Hon. Roger suffered his first disappointment in life. He fell in love, very warmly and judiciously, with the Lady Sybil Norrington, third daughter of the wealthy Marquis of St. Pancras, proposed to her with nautical impetuosity, and was rejected. At first he was much cast down by the unexpected rebuff. Although a second son, he had good expectations from a frail and wealthy aunt, whilst Lady St. Pancras had distinctly encouraged his courtship. His admiration for the Lady Sybil was boyishly sincere, but he felt that the marriage would please his aunt, and that the Admiralty would be impressed by his connection with one of the richest families in the peerage. And then all these high hopes had been ruthlessly shattered by the Lady Sybil's refusal to marry him.

On sentimental grounds, too, the disappointment was terrible to this redoubtable conqueror of female hearts. The dashing belles of the colonies and garrison towns had paid him graceful homage for many a year. Bright eyes had flashed more brightly when he entered a ball-room; fair cheeks had flushed at his careless compliments. The memory of these easy triumphs no longer satisfied him. He sat gloomily in his club, brooding over his disappointment; for, indeed, he was really in love at last. The blonde beauty of the Lady Sybil had fired his heart with a depth of passion he had never thought to experience; her china-blue eyes haunted his sullen daydreams; her cultured insolence was, to his dull mind, the very essence of sprightliness and good breeding.

Why had she rejected him? Slowly, and by dint of much painful thought, the Hon. Roger convinced himself that he must be lacking in some quality of mind or body that his lady required in her lover. This brilliant discovery came to him after many days of exile from her society, and took definite shape as he was trifling with an apple-dumpling at luncheon. He sighed gloomily, and helped himself to another dumpling and a quantity of cream.

In what quality could she find him lacking? A glance at the mirror opposite convinced him that he had no physical defect. He had a passing fancy that his beard might have repelled her, and thought of shaving it off, but remembered presently that she had once expressed a distinct preference for those masculine appendages. No, she could not reasonably find fault with his person, he decided. That, at least, had always been admired.

Could it be that he had a rival? This thought was so agitating that a great piece of dumpling stuck in his throat and scorched it painfully. He washed it down with a glass of Burgundy and grew calm again. No, he felt sure that the affections of his lady were still to let. This unusual concentration of thought was bad for the digestion, but he persevered. He had never felt so worried about anything in life since he bade adieu to the hateful works of Euclid and of Todhunter.

He regretted deeply having neglected to ask her reason for rejecting him. At the time, he had been so dumfounded, so completely overwhelmed by chagrin, that he had not thought of doing so. He remembered, now, that she had displayed distinct traces of hesitation. At the moment, that had seemed natural; for, anticipating her consent, he had attributed her hesitation to maidenly diffidence.

"The man who hesitates is lost," he reflected, heavily; "but it don't seem to follow that the woman who hesitates is won. These proverbs aren't much use to a fellow," he decided.

(To be continued.)

A Citizen Soldier Triumph.

By A Regular Officer.

A DESCRIPTION of the Royal Volunteer Review from only a few of the many standpoints from which such a function may be examined would easily fill some pages of this journal. At the risk, then, of being stigmatised as scrappy, unfair, and "out of focus," I am endeavouring to compress into one short column a few reflections aroused by what was unquestionably a very impressive as well as picturesque spectacle.

Of the specific arrangements made, and the individual corps of which the parade was composed, it does not seem necessary to speak here in anything like detail. It is sufficient to say that over 26,000 Volunteers, all belonging to the Home District, marched past H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the Horse Guards' Parade, that everything worked smoothly from start to finish, that the march past was executed admirably in, practically speaking, every case, and that excellent drill and discipline were displayed in getting on and off the ground, notwithstanding the restricted nature of the space and the scarcity of available exits.

Indeed, the Regular Army will be inclined to give the Volunteers greater credit for the steadiness and smartness they exhibited in this direction than for the actual march past. It was no mean triumph for such a long succession of corps to get into position and, after marching past, to get out of the way without a hitch; and although considerable credit is due to those responsible for the working out of these manœuvres, it must be admitted that not all the careful organisation and skilled supervision in the world could have accomplished such a success with any but extremely steady, intelligent, and well-trained troops.

The march past has been described elsewhere, and elsewhere, too, in this number appear two pictures which give an excellent idea of the scene and its surroundings. The crowd of spectators was worthy of the occasion, and it was pleasant to note that among them were not a few foreigners, who could hardly fail to be impressed with a spectacle of curious significance to those whose lives have been influenced by Continental methods of conscription. Well might a Frenchman or German view with envy the results of a system which allows a man, at little sacrifice of means or leisure, to honourably gratify his military tastes without necessarily chaining him to a military career, and with none of those drawbacks of petty tyranny and uncongenial surroundings which are the unavoidable curse of compulsory service.

A regrettable omission in the programme of the march past rendered it difficult for those who have not the details of London Volunteering at their fingers' ends to follow the long stream of battalions with sufficiently intelligent interest. It may seem surprising, but it is none the less a fact, that a great many people who are very pleased to catch sight of such well-known corps as the Artists, the London Irish, the Central London Rangers, and so on, fail altogether to comprehend them by their territorial designations. The London Scottish are, of course, easily recognisable, as are also the Honourable Artillery Company, but there are plenty of other corps who, at the Review, did not excite half the enthusiasm they would have undoubtedly done had all the spectators known exactly who and what they were. It is a pity, too, that programmes cannot give, for the benefit of lay onlookers, little hints as to the distinction between Rifle and Line regiments, why one corps carries fixed bayonets and another does not, and so on.

Quite one of the most interesting features of the Review was the parade of Volunteer veterans, all of more than twenty years' service, for whom room was provided in two enclosures under the stands near the saluting base. Some of these wore uniforms such as were worn in the early days of the present Volunteer movement, others a modern military garb, while several were in plain civilian dress, but affected a marked military demeanour delightful to witness. The Prince of Wales paid the veterans the gracious compliment of inspecting them and their colours at the close of the march past.

Some of the colours exhibited were of extreme interest, most of them dating back to the stirring times of 1798 and 1799. These valued relics, although they have no official connection with the Volunteer movement of to-day, are none the less a deeply-interesting link with the past, a symbol of the devoted loyalty of every true-hearted Volunteer to his Sovereign, and a memorial of the readiness with which, long before 1859, there were citizen soldiers fully prepared to do or die in stubborn defence of hearths and homes. It is well then that these old emblems, even though not hallowed by use on the field of battle, should be carefully preserved and duly exhibited on all historic occasions.

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Her Majesty's Fleet.

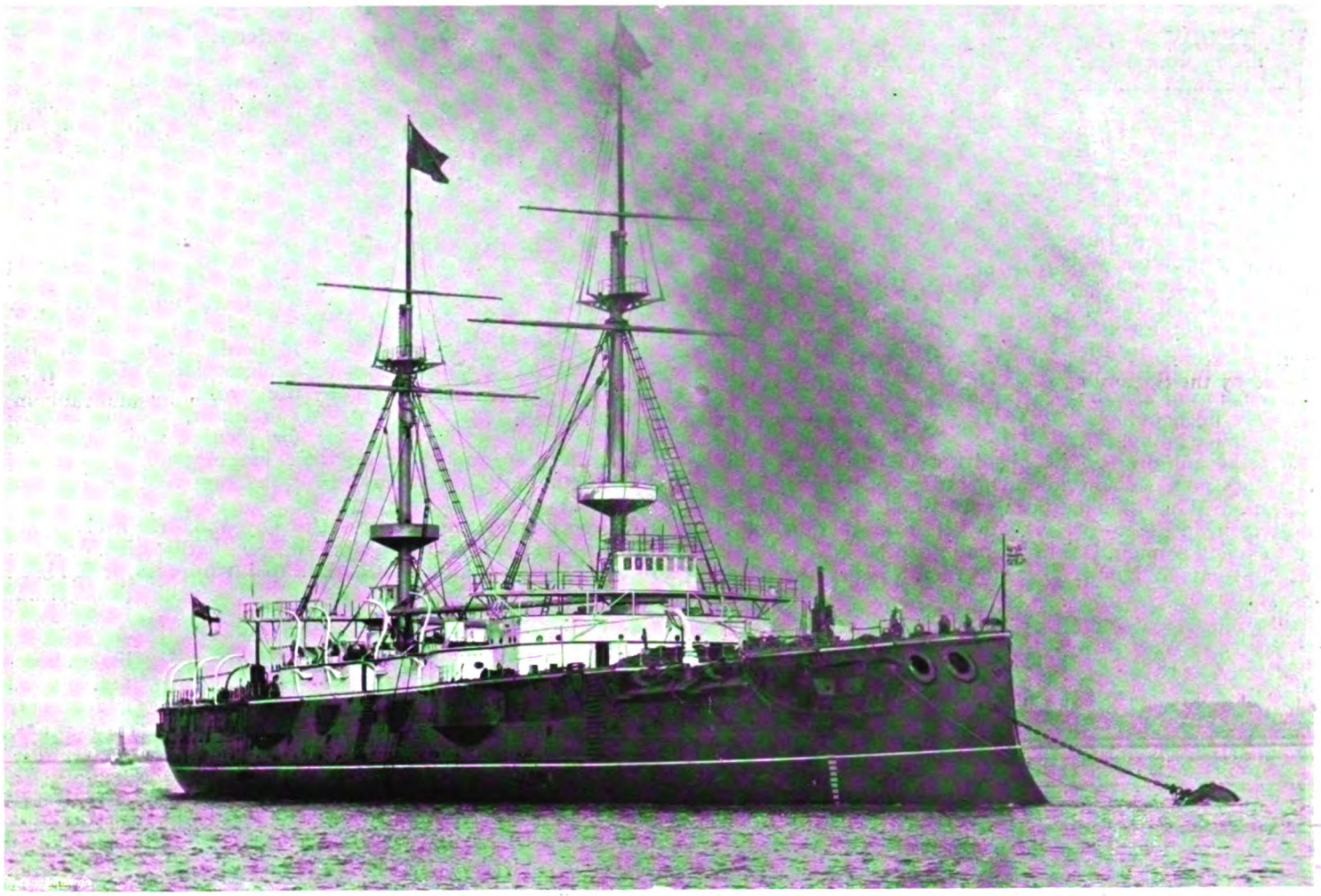

Photo. Priestley. THE "GLORY." Copyright

The "Glory" was floated out at the yard of her builders, Messrs. Laird of Birkenhead, on March 11, the same day that the "Implacable" was launched at Devonport; but with this difference: the "Implacable" was launched off a slip, unarmoured, and a mere empty shell; the "Glory" was floated out with most of her armour and nearly all her engines on board. The "Glory" is a sister of the "Ocean" and "Canopus," of 12,950 tons and 13,500 I.H.P.. and when finished will have cost just under £900,000.

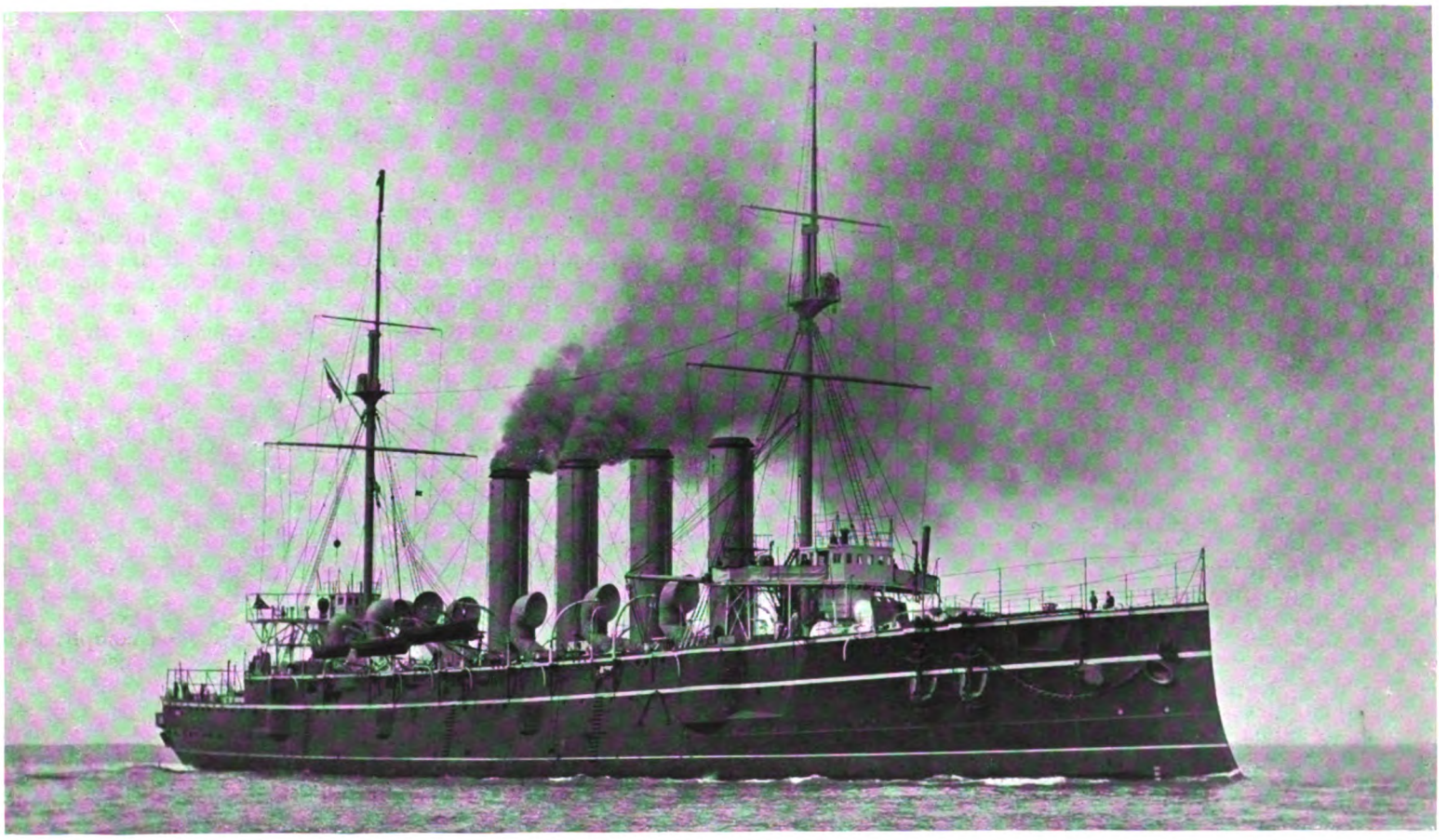

Photo. Lent by THE "AMPHITRITE" AT SEA. *Messrs. Vickers, Maxim, & Co.*

The "Amphitrite," which has just returned to Chatham after running her deep sea trials with great success, was laid down at Barrow by Vickers and Maxim in December, 1886. She is one of the "Diadem" class of 11,000-ton first-class cruisers, and is equipped with 1,800 I.H.P. engines, designed to send her along at 20·75 knots. Both the ship and her engines are by the famous Barrow firm. The total estimated cost of the ship with her guns on board will be £575,300.

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An Illustrated Letter from the Mediterranean.

DEAR TEDDY, — You ask me in your letter what we find to amuse ourselves with in the Levant while the Channel Fleet fellows are poaching on our preserves in Italy. You touch a sore spot there. You remember how, when we flattened out the Naval war problem, we always clinched the matter by agreeing that it is the *rôle* of the Channel Fleet to play second fiddle to the Mediterranean in the event of war. We are not at war; yet they have been doing it with a vengeance lately, not to mention the banging of the big drum of patriotism and alliance which makes them no end popular with susceptible Italian hearts. While this has been going on, the first fiddle—the Mediterranean Fleet—has had no better occupation than fiddling to veiled women, Orientals, and goats!

THE "VULCAN'S" BABY AT PLATEA.

The first-named ignore us altogether, which may be a mercy, though a veiled woman has the fascination of something mysterious, like a masked dancer at a ball. A Naval officer was once indiscreet enough to boast that he had obtained a camera snap-shot of a Turkish lady unveiled, so that the Turks got wind of it, and the station became too hot for him. As for the Orientals, they too ignore us, except when they are on the make, in which case they are quite too assiduous in their attentions. The goats are the most obtrusive of all. They come to us the first thing in the morning with their milk, they meet us on shore whenever we take our walks abroad, and they leave their savour in our mouths at dinner, under the guise of mutton. You have been in the Levant, but to appreciate what it is to us you must subtract the girls and your French *chef* from the recollections of your yachting trip. True there is the sun every day, for the islands seem to have no other setting but blue sky and the bluest of blue seas. Then, again, Providence has blessed the most benighted people with the choicest nooks of scenery in the world, nooks which, as you know, are ideal spots for picnics, while close at hand there is sure to be a stream making music down the hills, with here and there a pool that appeals longingly to bathers.

Apart from the scenery, the Orientals themselves are picturesque; so that while some officers bathe, read, or stroll about, others are active with their paint-brushes or Kodaks.

THE CANTEEN AND GROUNDS AT PLATEA

Sometimes we get a chance of a little shooting, but you have already sampled that. The shooting may have suffered a little of late years from being overrun by sportsmen. When we were up at Corfu we used to obtain a passport from the Turkish Consul and get in a few days in Albania after wild boar, duck, or cock. By the by, when you went shooting, were you dogged by murderous-looking soldiers of the Sultan, intended to protect you from brigands? Our bags from Albania generally average something like fifty brace of birds to two guns for about two days. There are also two snipe marshes in Corfu; the chief one, Valet di Ropa, about fifteen miles

From Photos. *A GLIMPSE OF CORFU.* *By a Naval Officer*

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from the town, gives one fair sport if no other ships have been lying at Corfu for some time, as the snipe get very wild after a few expeditions have visited them. The largest bag I heard of was thirty brace with two guns for one forenoon.

Apart from the spots where Nature's profuse growth has reigned unchecked, the blight of Turkish misrule has laid a withering hand on the islands wherever we go. Their policy of "after me the deluge" has caused them to dragoon and assess everything for taxation. Our ancestors taxed windows, but the Turks even tax trees. That is typical, and the result of their policy, as you have seen for yourself, is that ugliness and filth and poverty reign wherever men are collected together. Hence our outings are nearly always in the form of picnics, which take us away from the mark of the Turk. At the same time we have to go in parties, on account of brigands.

A "MAKE AND MEND" AFTERNOON.

I am sending you a few illustrations of beach picnics, which are more popular amongst the midshipmen, since they are free to keep their boat with them all the time. Generally fellows suit themselves according to taste, for while the majority bathe, some read, sketch, or run about with Kodaks. We were all highly amused with that story told by Prince Henry of how he found that while the Russians were feverishly fortifying Port Arthur, the English were engaged in laying out a cricket ground at Wei-hai-Wei. Although the "Vulcan" gets us through a lot of torpedo work at Platea, the men find plenty of time to utilise the recreation ground there, with its open-air canteen. We have another advantage over you in England, for which we are again indebted to climate, and that is, if we want to have a sing-song, we can do so in the open air, instead of a stuffy room, which becomes almost unbearable with tobacco smoke.

We are off before long to Corfu to give general leave to the men. There is a little sight-seeing to be done there, such as the late Empress of Austria's palace; some beautiful types of statues are to be found in the gardens attached to this wonderful palace. Corfu also boasts of a theatre, in which some opera or play is generally in progress. Ulysses' ship which was turned to stone is also an interesting sight. I am not well up in classical history, so you must look that miracle up for yourself. Cabins don't lend themselves to a library, or I might air my borrowed knowledge from some classical dictionary, or Murray's handbook. "One-gun battery," so called owing to its being a fort armed with one, well, "pop-gun," is another object of interest for sight-seers.

Corfu, it may interest you to know, is usually visited by ships who have "done the course" at Platea to give general leave to their crews, unless they are going down to Malta, the rendezvous of the Mediterranean Fleet. The chief object of interest in Corfu itself is, as I have already said, the palace, which is situated about ten miles from Corfu town, on the top of a high hill. It is a favourite ride for cyclists, or drive for the non-cyclists, as the scenery is so beautiful, and the roads would give points to many English ones, having been made by the Royal Engineers when the island was in our possession.

A SKIFF PICNIC IN SUDA BAY, CRETE.

A good story was told me by a resident of Corfu, who shall be nameless. He said that the Turkish Consul was supposed to refer to Constantinople for leave to shoot in Albania, but he is easily restrained from doing that by a "tip," as it takes a few days before leave arrives from Constantinople, perhaps thus causing an inconvenient delay.

The entrance to Corfu is very picturesque, and when we had possession the place must have been practically impregnable.

In the illustration, which I enclose, of the harbour, the Citadel, a "junior Gibraltar," can be seen.

Vido Island, on which over a million sterling was spent by us in fortifications, also guarded the entrance, but the numerous batteries have been blown up and all the guns taken away since we evacuated it.

Now I must shut up with a plea to your charity to come out here to cheer us up with a breath of old England, and may I be officer of the guard the day we dip ensigns together. One thing, old man, you must not do. Don't come, like some friends of mine, to view the ruins of Athens by moonlight, and turn up there at a period when the moon is only in the heavens above during the daytime!

Yours ever,

GERALD.

From Photos A SHOOTING CAMP IN GREECE. By a Naval Officer.

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Photo. Gregory. Copyright

ARMY FARRIERS AT WORK.

Every cavalry regiment when up to its full strength should have one farrier quartermaster-sergeant, eight sergeant farriers, and four shoeing smiths. In our illustration the farrier quartermaster-sergeant, who is distinguished by the horse-shoe above the chevrons on his sleeve, is instructing a shoe-smith. The staff of farriers in a regiment are under the regimental veterinary surgeon, and to them are entrusted the care of the horses in sickness and their efficiency and fitness for service in regard to shoes and equipment.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 130.] *SATURDAY, JULY 29th, 1899.*

THE BRITISH FLAG-SHIP IN THE CHINA SEAS.

THE "CENTURION" IN DOCK AT KOWLOON.

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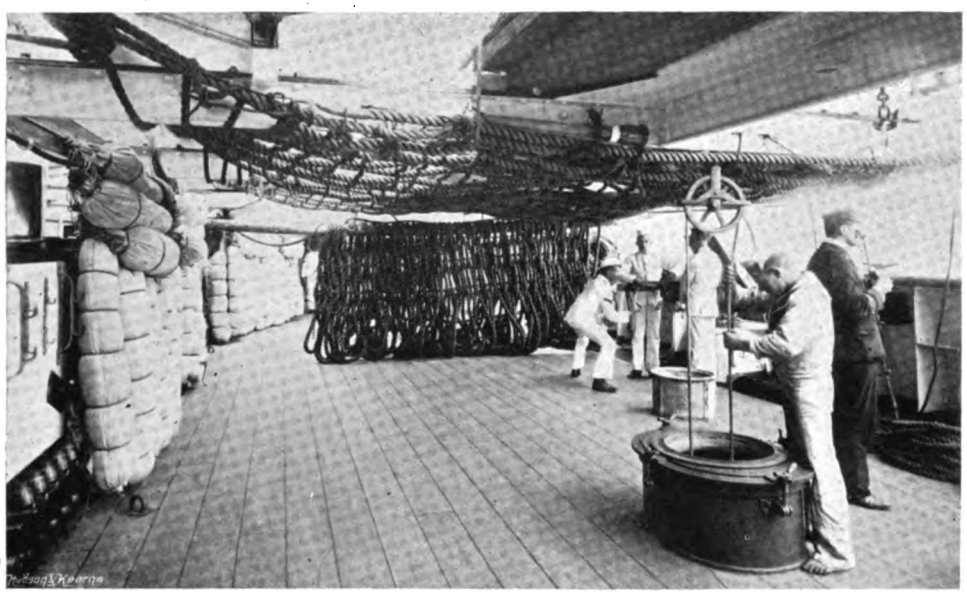
The Fleet in the Far East.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

WHEN I was at Canton I overheard an English globe-trotter ask a Teuton why it is a German succeeds so well in commercial competition with the English. The answer was to this effect: "A German sticks to his job. He doesn't understand the meaning of change except when it can be translated into £ s. d., or whatever he deems to spell success. On the contrary, you Englishmen are always wanting change, and with you success means so many different things. Change of air is the invariable prescription of your doctors, but the patients go willingly enough. If it is not change of air, the Englishman must change the day's work, the day's play, or the day's menu. That is why your countrymen succeed so under novel conditions; and when they have got things—what do you say: shipshape?—yes, shipshape, then we Germans come in and garner the harvest."

I smiled as I saw the globe-trotter look anxious lest the explanation should be prolonged. There are few things so monotonous as accurate explanations, as all who have formed a nodding acquaintance with Euclid know. However, I was interested in this one, as it confirmed my own observations of Britons in the East, ashore and afloat. I had had the rare pleasure of seeing a little of the inner life of the China Fleet.

THE "GRAFTON" PREPARED FOR WAR.
On the Look out for an Enemy.



THE "CENTURION" READY FOR HOSTILITIES.
Showing Splinter Nets made out of Hawsers to Protect Guns' Crews.

I had seen a Russian crisis welcomed with effusion as a fresh variation in the day's work, though it involved a rapid passage from the heat of Hong Kong to the cold of Port Arthur. I had seen the flag-ship brought to perfection, and at the end of three years the crew that pulled together like one man disbanded. I saw grow up under my uninitiated eyes a new crew that was tanned with the sun and spoke the Naval dialect of ten different stations, and which was now being led or licked into a shape which might prove a nasty one for the Russians. I had seen the whole fleet disappear from the world's ken during the Russian crisis of 1898; and since I had been told by sundry "Naval experts" from the Universities that a British admiral must keep dangling at the end of a telegraph wire for information or orders, I confess that I feared lest a strategical error had been made. When, however, I heard on all sides the question "Where is the British Fleet?" and saw that the Russians did not dare move because of the threat held over them by the menace of this unseen fleet, my fears vanished, and I lost faith in the University "experts." Far away in cruisers and battle-ships I dreamed that I saw my friends of Hakodate. Beside me lay a photograph reminding me of that jolly day we had spent over a paper-

From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

FRATERNISING WITH THE GERMANS—OFFICERS AT A RIDING PAPER-CHASE AT HAKODATE.

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chase on horseback. There were German as well as British sailors present on that occasion. The latter had indeed infected the Germans with some of their love of pastimes. Prince Henry went in for everything, from polo to lawn tennis, showing himself skilful in all, and his officers made praiseworthy, if sometimes funny, attempts to follow his lead. But now as I saw them in my day-dream, our sailors were riding the craft that they can handle best. I called up a vision of the smoking circle, with officers smoking the pipe of peace surrounded by the preparations for war. One could almost see the sausage-looking hammocks piled up against the bulkheads, the nets overhead to protect the men from splinters, and the chain cables festooned for added protection.

LUNCH-TIME—THE "CENTURION'S" MIDSHIPMEN PICNIC AT NAGASAKI.

Luckily, a Russian crisis does not last long. It is like a malarial fever which may remain in our blood, but is only acute at times. If it were otherwise my friends would chafe under the monotony of it all. With them it is not the pace, but the stopping still, which kills. They have the Briton's hatred of monotony bred into them at school, and fostered by changes of scene, climate, and programme nearly every day of their lives. If the social side is missing on shore, there are other ways in which "the beach" can be laid under contribution, and the sailor never takes his outings sadly. The mids of the "Centurion" do not differ from other British boys in their dislike of monotony, and they are strongly of opinion that of all monotonous afflictions poverty is the worst. Now since pay-day only comes round once a month, and poverty comes every day for the last fortnight or more of the month, the mids organised "the Bust Fund," which lends them money at interest. Once started, the Bust Fund was placed on as sound a financial basis as the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. Auditors, secretary, and manager were duly appointed, guinea-pig directors rigidly excluded, and the profits were devoted in dull times to the entertainment of the proprietors and their friends. Thus and thus is the demon of monotony exorcised on the China station.

Look at the illustration as I have been doing, and say if the treatment is successful, if these mids look victims of melancholia, or even bored. They have succeeded in amusing themselves in spite of the absence of the other sex, which is naturally the chief factor in a sailor's enjoyment of the shore. They will soon be sailing back, and then the commander will take care that dulness does not come from want of occupation!

From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

PREPARED FOR ACTION.

The After Screen and Bridge of the "Centurion," showing Chain Cables and Hammocks placed as Extra Protection.

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THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—WITH THE "A" FLEET.

REAR-ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH'S FLAG-SHIP—LOOKING OUT FOR THE CONVOY.

Photo. Gregory.

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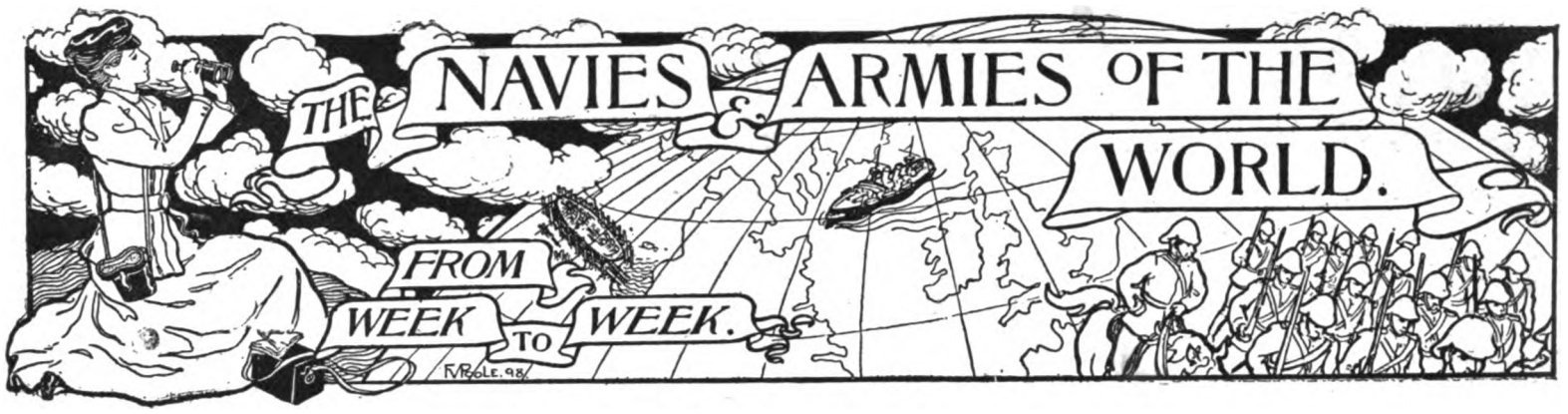

EDMOND ABOUT, who was a kind of French writer now extinct, for he was both witty and good-natured, said once that if good manners were lost everywhere else in the world they would be found on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. He was right; but it must be allowed that if the quarter-deck is the last place good manners will leave, they took a long time getting there. A history of sea manners would make a curious book, but it would not be easy to write. The material is abundant, but then a great deal of it, and not the least significant part either, must necessarily be left in the decent obscurity of the minutes of courts-martial. How, to take one example, could the polite reader be presented with a full account of the behaviour for which Captain William Hervey was dismissed the Service in 1742? It is easy to record that he once knocked down and danced upon an old sailor named White, "as stout a man as any in the ship," so that the poor fellow was carried away insensible, never rose from his hammock, and died declaring to the end, and with every appearance of justice, that the captain had been the death of him. It was not for this that Captain Hervey, late of the "Superb," was broke. It was for beating the quartermasters at the wheel about the head with a cudgel, so that they ran in sheer terror, leaving the ship, which was then near the shore, waltzing at her own sweet will, in total disregard of the heartfelt appeals of the second lieutenant, Mr. Roddam. For this and similar actions was Captain William Hervey struck off the list.

* * * *

These things are easy to tell, as also that this officer, who was in the West Indies with Smollett, and may well have come under the notice of that satirist, called his officers rogue and rascal when in his blander moods, and said he would beat them all, from the first lieutenant to the cook's boy. I omit profuse kickings and cudgellings, of which the purser and the gunner had their share. But when the captain got into his altitudes of language and gesture, he becomes unquotable. His manners at these times would, in the phrase of the American sailors, have caused him to be turned out of a whaler for ungentlemanly conduct. Yet this man was put in command of a 60-gun ship, and if there had not been a loud outcry at the time against the tyranny of some captains, he might never have been brought to trial Alongside a commander of this stamp one comes across another, who is found complaining, and truly, that the lieutenants would not take their hats off when they came into his cabin, and that when he asked one of them what he had tied up in a bundle in the boat with him, he was as good as told to mind his own business. Side by side, in fact, there were captains who ruled like the worst kind of school bully over crews which quaked before them in terror, and others who could not save themselves from being treated with open impertinence. The history of sea manners would be the history of the elimination of these two extremes, and the formation of a code of Naval politeness. Certainly the state of things existing about 1742 enables one to understand the kind of haughty seclusion in which such a man as Rodney, who became a captain about that time, preferred to live, and the vigour shown by Jervis in enforcing attention to ceremonies which are the body and outward form of politeness.

* * * *

Do the Roman Catholic sailors in the Navy feel it as a grievance that they are not allowed Roman Catholic chaplains on board? Mr. Dillon pressed the question last Friday, though not with much result as to answer. There is an old story of a French minister of the Navy who declared that chaplains were unnecessary in ships because there were no women, and France is supposed to be Roman Catholic. They are little more pious nowadays in the French Navy. The Radical papers, at any rate, are never tired of jeering at Admiral Cuverville for his piety, and in particular for his peculiar devotion to St. Michael. One had never heard that Roman Catholic sailors were forbidden to seek the consolation of religion. When in the ports of Roman Catholic countries they are marched to church on shore, and an officer goes with them to see that they do not seize the opportunity to go to the *café*. Somehow the grievance does not sound very serious, and a remedy looks difficult to apply. There are, according to Mr. Dillon, 10,000 Roman Catholics in the Navy, which is under 10 per cent. of the whole. Now, supposing there are seventy of this creed out of a crew of 800, is there to be a priest who will celebrate mass while the Anglican chaplain reads the service of the Church in another part of the ship? Besides, the Presbyterians might put in a claim for a minister, and the Wesleyans, and the Plymouth Brethren, of whom there is a good sprinkling among sailors. Only think of what would happen if they met and discussed the points at issue between them.

* * * *

Mr. Wyndham is to be complimented on having put some critics of our military administration in a dilemma rather neatly last Friday. The great question of centralisation was to the fore, and he propounded a very pretty case. "For instance," he said, "they had decentralised contracts for wheat and forage, but this did not prevent hon. members from asking why the general officer gave a contract to one man rather than to another. Did hon. members not realise that when such a question was asked, the department had to centralise over again, for it had to ask the general officer for his reasons, and then those reasons had to be given to the House of Commons? It was therefore absurd to speak about decentralisation, unless the House was prepared to run the risk involved in that principle." Nothing could be neater than this. Decentralisation is a very fine word, but the thing is not so easy to get. If "the general officer" is not to be monarch of all he surveys in his district, there must be a central authority to which he is responsible, and it must go by uniform rules. If Parliament is not going to give up its practice of surveying the administration from China to Peru, and asking "to be told why," there will be a constant come and go of question and answer, and we may be very sure that Ministers who have to face the House will take excellent care that no decentralised general shall do anything likely to be inconvenient to them—which simply spells centralisation.

* * * *

The explanation which Captain Rose gives of the rather dismal figure cut by our rifle team at the International Match at the Hague is, no doubt, adequate. Our men went to shoot under conditions new to them, but familiar to their opponents, and, as a matter of course, did not shine. His advice to riflemen not to put themselves to that test again if they want to come out "on top" looks sound. Captain Rose points out that the conditions preferred by foreigners are very artificial, since they "eliminate all outside difficulties." The kind of shooting done in these conditions may be a sport, or rather a game, comparable, say, to fencing, but it is no preparation for soldiering. Meanwhile, is our own method any better? It does not appear as if it could be when Captain Rose has to acknowledge that "the standing position, the most difficult and the most necessary for the soldier to learn, is comparatively little used here." But that being so, what has all this firing for prizes to do with training men for war? Plainly, nothing at all, and there would seem to be a good deal to be said for the continental practice of eliminating "outside difficulties," in order that "the best man may win," and failure be "practically entirely attributable to the man himself," not to accident. Among artificial things that which is most consistently artificial is best. Fencing with the foil is the perfection of a game with the sword for that very reason. It is not at all like a set-to with real swords on the turf, and is utterly unlike what must happen on the rare occasions when it comes to the white arm in battle. But as all outside difficulties are eliminated, it comes to a fair trial of nerve, eye, muscle, and judgment between the two players.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 30, 1810.—Capture and destruction of six Dutch gun-boats off Batavia by the British gun-brig "Procris," 18.

July 31, 1718.—Admiral Sir George Byng's victory off Messina, resulting in the capture and destruction of the only fleet Spain then possessed.

August 1, 1798.—Lord Nelson's glorious victory at the Nile over the French Toulon fleet, which had landed Bonaparte's Expedition in Egypt and was sheltering in Aboukir Bay. Out of thirteen French ships, nine were taken, two blew up, and two escaped.

August 2, 1813.—Attack and destruction of the batteries at Rovigno, on the coast of Istria, with the capture of a convoy of two sail, by the boats of the "Eagle," 74, and the "Bacchante," 28.

August 3, 1801.—Capture off Elba of the French frigate "Carrère," 40 guns, by the British 36-gun frigates "Phœnix," "Pomone," and "Pearl."

August 4, 1798.—Cutting out of the "Aventurère," 14 guns, by the boats of the British "Melpomene" frigate, and "Childers" sloop, in the Bay of Biscay.

August 5, 1781.—Drawn battle off the Dogger Bank between Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker's squadron and an equal squadron of Dutch men-of-war. The two squadrons hammered at each other for nearly four hours, and then mutually withdrew, each nearly knocked to pieces.

JULY 30, 1813.—Second battle of Sauroren, in the Pyrenees, near Pampeluna. It was fought in two places, General Hill on the left, and General Picton on the right. Soult was in chief command, but D'Erlon commanded the force opposed to Hill. The French were completely defeated, with a loss of 3,000 prisoners and 2,000 men killed and wounded. The loss of the allies was 1,900 men, of whom 1,200 were Portuguese.

July 31, 1813.—Combat with Soult's rear guard at the Donna Maria Pass. General Hill commanded the allies.

August 1, 1759.—Victory by the allies under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the French. The British contingent was commanded by Lord George Sackville. The French were commanded by Marshal Contades. The loss of the French was 7,000, 30 guns, and 17 standards, that of the allies 2,000. 1813.—The allies were again engaged with the French at Yanza and Echallar, in the Pyrenees. Wellington commanded the allies, Soult the French. 1793. — Valenciennes capitulated to the Duke of York after a siege of forty-five days. 1808.—The disembarkation of Sir Arthur Wellesley's army at the mouth of the Mondego began, and was the opening of the Peninsular War.

August 2, 1763.—Major Adams, with 3,000 men, was attacked at Gheriah by Meer Cossim, Nawab of Bengal, with 38,000 men and 30 guns. After four hours of desperate fighting Adams put the enemy to flight. They lost heavily, and all their guns were captured. 1857.—The siege of Arrah by the rebels raised on the approach of Major Vincent Eyre, Bengal Artillery, with 198 men and 3 guns. The enemy, though twenty times as numerous, were defeated by Eyre in two desperate actions. Major Eyre reached Arrah early the next morning.

August 3, 1801.—The Grenadiers of General Hutchinson's army took possession of Alexandria, General Menou, the French commander, having capitulated. 1780.—The strong fortress of Gwalior taken by escalade by Captain Popham with a single battalion of Sepoys. The Mahratta garrison numbered 1,000 men.

August 4, 1347.—Calais capitulated to Edward III.

August 5, 1711.—Marlborough by a clever manœuvre forced the lines of the Scarpe, defended by Marshal Villars. 1763.—Colonel Bouquet, while on the march with provisions and reinforcements for Fort Pitt, on the Ohio river, was attacked by a very superior force of Indians. Colonel Bouquet had only 950 men, including the Black Watch, but drove off the enemy.

IT is sad to see old and honourably won Naval relics pass under the hammer. This year, unfortunately, the Rodney caskets have gone that way. Four gold caskets, presented to Lord Admiral Rodney, were sold by auction on May 30. One, presented by the City of London, containing the document conferring the freedom of the City, was knocked down for £300. Another casket, with the freedom of the City of Dublin, was sold for £120, and a third, with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, for £250. The fourth was given when the freedom of the borough of Huntingdon was conferred upon Lord Rodney in 1782 "for his brilliant and conspicuous services" during the wars of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and "especially for the lustre he has added to the British flag by taking and destroying sixteen ships of the line in the course of two years and a-half, and the capture of the commanding admiral of each of the powerful nations with which we are at war." This last was purchased for £155.

Convoy.

By DAVID HANNAY.

THE bulk of the work of the Navy in former times was made up of blockade and convoy duty. It might happen to an officer never to take part in a battle, and rarely in a single ship action or cutting-out affair. But there were few who had not served in a blockade or helped to protect our merchant-ships. The second of these two duties was a very pressing one indeed for the Navy of a commercial State. When it was ill done, or the merchants thought it was, Her Majesty's Ministers heard of it in the House. Therefore, and also because the protection of trade was a question of life and death for the country, it was always a foremost consideration with the Government. Even when fleets were sailing for political and military ends, they were called upon to take trading-ships under their wing. Thus when Rooke sailed in 1704 to carry the Hapsburg candidate to Lisbon, and on the campaign which ended by the taking of Gibraltar and the battle of Malaga, he took the trade. So did Hood when he sailed with reinforcements for Rodney in the West Indies in 1780. The list of examples might be prolonged to all lengths, for if a French admiral could stop the trade in order to leave his fleet free for Military operations, so could not the officer who served a self-governing commercial country. Of course it was not the case that our admirals always took merchant vessels along with them, but only this, that for whatever other purpose they were going, they took whatever trade might be sailing in the same direction. Moreover, it was no uncommon thing for "the grand fleet," as the phrase went in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, to sail for the purpose of protecting a great flock of traders going out of or coming into the Channel, or of attacking it, as the case might be. Thus the "stupendous" battle of Portland in the first Dutch War between Blake and Monk and Tromp was brought on by the attempt of the English admirals and generals at sea to capture the convoy which the Dutchman was bringing up Channel. In 1691 the famous off-shore cruise of Tourville, and the counter-movements of Russell, were meant respectively to secure the capture or the protection of the home-coming Smyrna convoy, which practically meant the whole Mediterranean trade. In 1693, again, the admirals who commanded the grand fleet by a joint commission, Killegrew, Shovell, and Delaval, sailed well past Ushant to cover Rooke and the outgoing Smyrna convoy from the French fleet at Brest. They turned back too soon, for Tourville had sailed before them, and he broke the convoy up at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. He would have taken it all if his movements had been less formal and pedantic. In the American War of 1779-83 a somewhat similar case occurred when a Franco-Spanish force, commanded by Don Luis de Córdoba, captured our East and West India convoys, which had not been seen far enough on their way by a grand fleet. The famous battle on the Dogger Bank between ourselves and the Dutch took place between two fleets both engaged in convoy duty.

In some of the cases quoted above the convoy work was what may be called incidental. Strictly speaking, a Naval officer was on convoy duty when he was told off to act sea policeman for a number of merchant-ships throughout the whole of their voyage. It was a trying task, and very bitter were the mutual accusations of Naval and merchant captains. The second, besides complaining often that too little protection was supplied by the Admiralty, accused the Naval men of being arbitrary or careless. There are some comic stories of trading-ships snapped up by French and even Spanish privateers on our very coast, and in sight of guard-ships which could not, or would not, get up anchor to protect them. We all remember Marryat's lazy captain who, on being told that the merchant-ships he had to look after were dropping astern, only said that he was to be told when more of them disappeared. When he was informed that none of them were to be seen, he instructed the first lieutenant to tell him when they came in sight again, which they naturally never did. This reads somewhat like a burlesque of something which really happened. On the other hand, many Naval officers complained with great truth that merchant skippers whose vessels sailed a little better than the others would push ahead as the convoy was nearing land. Of course this was to run a great risk, for it was just at the mouth of the Channel or about the approaches to the West Indies that the enemy's privateers

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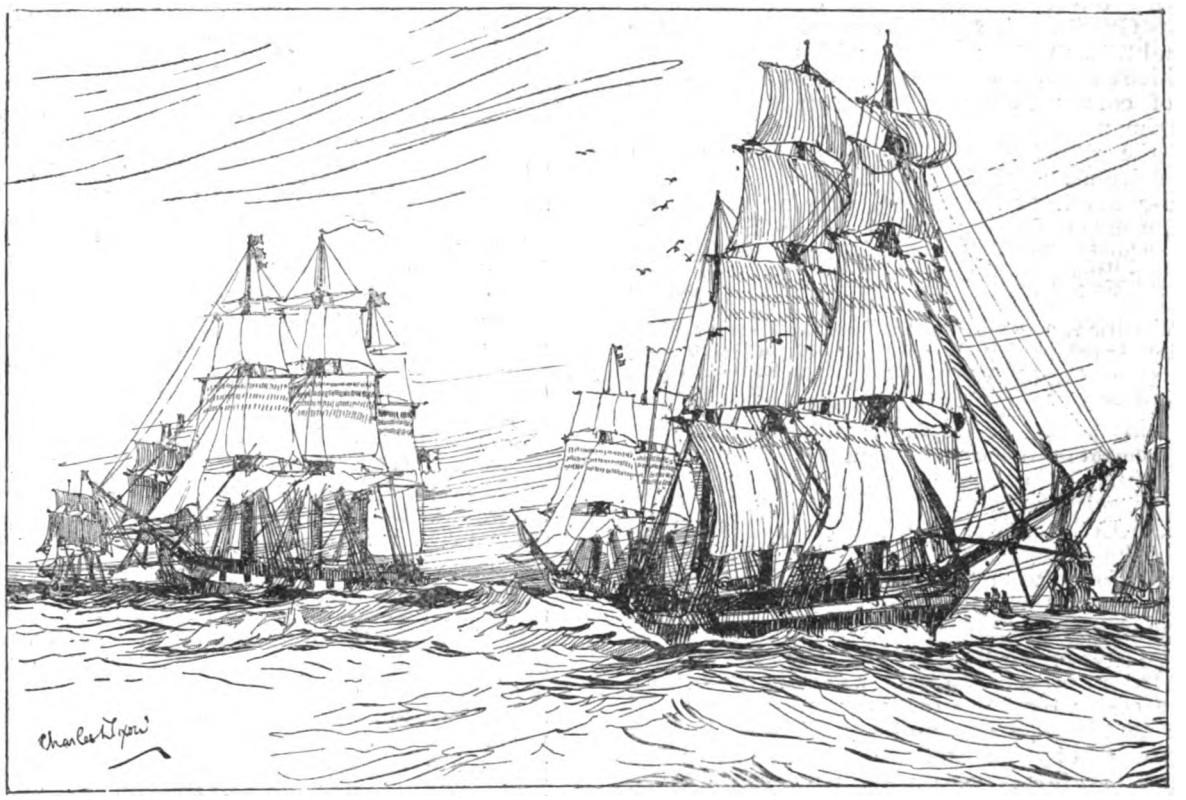
would swarm. Yet the temptation to get the fresh market a few days in advance of others was irresistible. A French Naval officer had much greater powers than our own. Cases are known in which they keel-hauled skippers who would not keep station, but that could not be done by an English captain. Occasionally even staying with the convoy did not secure the trader from capture. The French privateer at the mouth of the Channel, but more especially the quick-sailing French and Spanish vessels of the West Indies, which in light breezes and a calm sea could generally show a clean pair of heels to a man-of-war, would hang about a convoy till some dark night gave them a chance to slip in and grab a prize. Michael Scott, who lived much among Naval officers in the West Indies, and heard many tales from them, tells a story of the kind at the beginning of "Tom Cringle's Log."

After our superiority at sea had been thoroughly established, convoys were rarely subject to open attack. Earlier that had not been the case. Some of the most desperate fighting in the wars of King William and Queen Anne arose out of the determined efforts of the Count de Forbin and Duguay Trouin to capture convoys. In 1707, in which year, by the way, the complaints against the Admiralty in Parliament were very loud and bitter, a famous action took place off the Lizard. A large convoy, laden in great part with Military stores, was going out to Lisbon under the guard of Captain Richard Edwards, who had with him five vessels—the "Devonshire," "Cumberland," "Royal Oak," "Chester," and "Ruby." The convoy was attacked by twelve French vessels, none quite as large as the two first-named English ships, but commanded by Duguay Trouin and Forbin, full of men and, to do them justice, full of spirit. The French corsairs trusted rather to quick boarding than to the cannon, but this time the guns were freely used. Our ships made a determined fight. Yet the "Cumberland," "Chester," and "Royal Oak" were taken. The "Devonshire" caught fire and was completely destroyed. It is said that, including soldiers, there were a thousand men in her who perished. Meanwhile the transports and traders got off. Here it may be pointed out that an officer on convoy duty might achieve the purpose which he was ordered to fulfil, even if his own ship, or ships, were taken. If he could fight long enough to give his charge time to escape, then he had covered the passage of the convoy so far as in him lay. Hence the point of honour with the convoy officer was to fight even against overwhelming numbers. Victory for him would lie not in preserving his own ships, but in sacrificing them to save the trade. He was a rear guard put down to hold the enemy back, and, if need be, to die doing it. The leading cases are our own Captain Pearson, of the "Serapis," when he was attacked by Paul Jones, and the French admiral, Desherbiers de l'Etanduère, when he was attacked by Hawke. L'Etanduère could not hope to win with eight ships against fourteen, but he could give the convoy time to get off, and he did. It is true that most of them were afterwards taken in the West Indies, but that was not his fault. Indeed, it rarely happened that, when the protecting force made a good fight, the assailant could get at the trading-ships unless he was so superior in numbers that it was safe for him to divide, with the double purpose of overpowering the war-ships and taking prizes.

Perhaps the most brilliant example of attack on convoy to be found in the whole history of Naval war was supplied by Kempenfelt on December 12, 1781. He was sent out with twelve sail of the line to intercept a swarm of French ships bound for the West Indies under the protection of Guichen. Kempenfelt had been told that the French squadron would consist of seven vessels. He found there were nineteen, and his opponent had the reputation of being the best manœuvrer in the French Navy. Yet by taking advantage of an error of Guichen's, who got to leeward of his convoy, Kempenfelt dashed in among the traders, and captured, sank, or scattered them all, under his enemy's very nose—a fine example of how promptitude and skill will make up for want of force.

The Naval Manœuvres of this year are designed to test, among other things, how far in these days of steam the work of covering the return of a convoy can be performed. One fleet is to sail to intercept, and another to cover, a slow-sailing convoy which is to be met at a rendezvous known to the defender, but not to the assailant. It will be interesting to see how the game is worked out. Meanwhile, the question as to how far steam will bring changes is, at any rate, a fair subject for speculation. In one respect it would seem to make a great difference in favour of the assailant. Formerly there was a great awkwardness in attacking from to leeward. Independence of the wind makes the question of leeward or windward unimportant to the modern sailor. On the other hand, the defender also is more mobile, and so are the merchant-ships. Again, if the enemy may come from any point in the dark, the search-light gives a power of seeing which was unknown to our fathers. Taken one with the other, the new conditions may leave us in pretty much the same relative positions as of old, every gain for the attack being counterbalanced by a gain to the defence. The manœuvres of this year seem to be designed to repeat the operations of Russell and Tourville in the year of the off-shore cruise, and of Howe and Villaret Joyeuse in the year of the First of June. One thing does seem clear. The protecting force being of strength to give battle to the assailant, is under no obligation to meet the convoy if it can meet and fight the assailant first. The object of the protector might, one supposes, be to seek out the assailant and draw him off. From the moment that the seeker sees the fighting force of the enemy he must turn his attention to it. He cannot go on as if it had no existence. Given that they are once in sight, though it be a hundred miles from the rendezvous, the convoy falls into the background, and it becomes a game of manœuvring for position and trying to checkmate between two fairly equal fleets. In this case it would seem to be the clear duty of the protecting force to seek battle as far as may be from the rendezvous, for the case is one in which defeat may be victory. The hypothesis is that the convoy is of vital importance—a collection of food ships, say, such as Villaret Joyeuse was sent out to protect, and such as we might well be waiting for. A lost battle which gave the convoy time to pass, or which crippled the victor so severely that he could not follow up his success, would be in effect a success. Villaret Joyeuse, it must not be forgotten, did cover the arrival of the corn-ships, and, as he afterwards said, saved his head. For, after all, steam or no steam, it will remain true that the defender may employ the assailant long enough to give the merchant-ships time to escape, even if they are in sight when the battle begins. Much more will that be the case if they are distant and get news of the action from a cruiser. The assailant's small craft may in any case be met by the same craft of the defender. Finally, we may take for granted what the present manœuvres will not test, namely, that a flock of steam merchants has a far greater power of scattering than the sailing-ships had.



Merchantmen under Convoy in the Olden Time.

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A Chat about State Colours.

ON July 8 we published a beautiful reproduction of a photograph of the State Colour of the Coldstream Guards. To-day we follow this up by a picture of the State Colour which has just been presented by the Queen to the Scots Guards; and in this connection, perhaps, a few added remarks upon the historical origin of State Colours, together with some details as to the appearance and manufacture of the latest example, will be acceptable.

The first mention of a State Colour dates back to 1661, when a white Royal Standard was presented by Charles II. to the Grenadier Guards, to be carried by the King's Own Company. Shortly afterwards the white Royal Standard or State Colour gave place to a crimson one, and this colour has been adhered to ever since. The present State Colour carried by the Grenadier Guards was presented to the regiment by William IV. in June, 1832, in Hyde Park. His Majesty also presented the Coldstream Guards with the Colour we illustrated the other day.

On July 15, 1899, at Windsor Castle, the Scots Guards were similarly honoured by receiving a State Colour from the hands of their revered and beloved Sovereign, and nothing was left undone to make the ceremony as impressive and picturesque as possible. As Guard of Honour to the Queen there was present the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards with their State Colour, and, just before Her Majesty appeared, Colonel Fludyer relinquished the command of the regiment of Scots Guards to his superior colonel, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. In hollow square, with piled drums in the centre, at which stood the officiating chaplains, the whole scene a blaze of colour, lit up by a fortunate gleam of sunshine, the regiment awaited the Queen, and on her arrival, after the salute, the escort brought the cased State Colour and laid it on the drums. The Colour was then consecrated by the chaplain-general, Dr. Edgehill, who is also senior chaplain of the Brigade of Guards, and placed within reach of Her Majesty by the Duke of Connaught. Lieutenant the Hon. C. Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, of the Scots Guards, on bended knee then received the Colour from the Queen, and stood with it at the "order" while the Duke of Connaught made a loyal address on behalf of the regiment. The Colour was then shouldered by Lieutenant Willoughby, unfurled, was duly saluted, and carried in slow time to the place of honour in the centre of the regiment. Such, in brief outline, is a ceremony which in the nature of such things is of very rare occurrence, and one surrounded by numerous most interesting associations of fact and sentiment.

Like the State Colours of the Grenadiers and the Coldstreamers, that of the Scots Guards is of double crimson silk, and, as will be seen from the picture, most beautifully worked. Several erroneous descriptions having appeared, the following details may be acceptable as unquestionably accurate. The Colour measures 72-in. by 62-in., and is embroidered on both sides. It has a fringe of gold bullion, which is, of course, very much more costly than the ordinary silk-embroidered fringe. In the centre is the Star of the Thistle in silver embroidery, surrounded by the Collar of the Thistle in silk of natural colours. To this is pendant the Jewel of the Order in gold. There are two wreaths, the Union Wreath in gold, and an outer wreath, also in gold, on which the battle honours of the regiment are inscribed on silver scrolls.

It will be noticed that, in addition to "Egypt, 1882," the lower part of the wreath carries the Sphinx. This is for Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition to Egypt in 1801. The whole design is surmounted by the Royal Crown. The pole is 12-ft. long, and the Colour is an exceedingly heavy one, weighing over half a hundredweight.

It should be thoroughly understood that a State Colour has no connection whateverwith the War Office. It is the personal gift of the Sovereign, and it will readily be acknowledged that a more Queenly present than this magnificent emblem it would be hard to imagine. The great age and glorious career of our Gracious Ruler, and the fact that the titular chief of the regiment thus honoured is the Queen's own son, combine to render the presentation a singularly impressive one, the memory of which will not only be carried by present members of the corps to their graves, but will be enshrined in the regimental annals as a splendid addition to an already glorious history.

The State Colour of the Scots Guards was made for Her Majesty by Messrs. Gardner and Tolhurst, of Mill Street, Conduit Street, who are the Contractors for all Colours to the War Office.

Previous to the presentation Messrs. Gardner and Tolhurst had the honour of submitting the Colour for Her Majesty's inspection. An entry is made to this effect in the *Court Circular* for July 16, and it is expressly stated that "Her Majesty was very much pleased" with the manner in which her commands had been carried out.

Is Naval Romance Dead?

By CARLYON BELLAIRS.

ONE of our greatest art critics, Mr. George Moore, has written that "the beauty of a ship and the gallantry of seamanship are among the dreams of the past. The modern ship is an iron pot, furnished with leaky boilers, worked by engineers who stand in a stifling heat amid gigantic engines. These iron pots have never been tested in actual war; torpedoes may at this moment be in course of perfection that will send them to the bottom like so many stones."

I admire Mr. George Moore's genius and talent as a novelist and an art critic so much, that I regret this sweeping criticism as unworthy of him. Briefly, his statement amounts to saying that the poetry, romance, and pictorial art of Naval warfare are moribund. This coming from a novelist of the modern realistic school is doubly surprising, and a great deal more than a reference to an iron pot is necessary to substantiate it. Take Mr. Moore's own romantic novels. In the modern society with which they are peopled there are no women clad like Hypatia, nor are there such peculiar opportunities for valour as lay strewn in the path of Hereward the Wake. To-day King Arthur and his Round Table would be ridiculous. The environment has changed through the steady pressure of such prosy forces as the policeman, the politician, the inventor, and the tradesman. Still, poetry and romance thrive, and so they will continue to do as long as life is not regulated by rule and is coloured by emotion.

What have hampered romance in the past are the suppressions which it has had to make. Little could be done with the lower strata of society, except with adventurous spirits like highwaymen, pirates, and smugglers. Their condition approximated to that of animals, and they were habitually treated as pawns in the game of war.

In the above extract Mr. Moore is critising Zola's book, "The Downfall," dealing with the war of 1870. In that war the French citizens streamed forth in their thousands to the battle-fields, as the United States townfolk had done before them. In the past there have been times when it was notorious that the Cockney could not be induced to fight. So with the Navy. It had to be kept up by bounties and press-gangs. Now it is an old story that two blacks do not make a white, or I might retort at some length on this so-called romance of the past by extensive references to the intolerable hells that many men-of-war were in the eighteenth century, to ships' companies buried three times over, and to degrading drunkenness and corruption. Even the Fighting Instructions of the Navy knew but one way of attacking the enemy, while half the elements of romance consist in the surprise of something startling and new. What makes the Nile the romantic battle of Naval annals is the swiftness with which the changes are rung, the two matchless leaders, Nelson and Napoleon, the expedition to the storied land of Egypt with its apparent initial success, the battle by night, with the magnificent sight of a ship blown up throwing a hush over the raging combat, not to mention the break with all precedent in the courageous mode of attack. Then there were the subsequent experiences which are lost to the Nile, except in the historian's eye, because of the interval which separated them.

Now in all these factors Naval warfare excels to-day. The strain on the nerves of leaders and men is far greater, and so must be the scope for courage and "the gallantry of seamanship." Movements are swifter, and so also the changes of the scene and plot. Results, too, are incomparably grander. Khartoum, Manila, and Santiago all tell the same tale. Then think how Naval war enters into everyday affairs in a way it never did before. Think of the ties of love, friendship, and commerce stretching across the seas, which may almost be said to have been formed by the unromantic steam-engine and telegraph wire, and which must be snapped on the day our ships take their stations as sentinels of the blockade. When Jack was taken by the press-gang in the old wars, it was ten chances to one that he and his lass had to work out their separate lives in separate chapters. The novelist would have to drop the curtain as Mr. George Moore knows how, and bring the two miraculously together in the third volume. Now the girl can be thrilled by the news from the seat of war, with all the endless mistakes of our specials.

"Ichabod! Ichabod! for its glory has departed for ever!" cried a noble lord when he cut off his pigtail to show his disgust at the meeting of the first Reform Parliament. To the aristocrat the advent of the tradesman and his associations into the House was very much as the advent of the engineer and his mechanical methods to the old class of Naval officers. But the wheels came in all the same, and the Navy, like Parliament, has its romances. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has shown that there is abundant scope for the artist. A Robbie Burns will "sing the song of steam" some day, and a Walter Scott will trace its ramifications for the delight of millions whose grandfathers knew not how to read.

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The Bisley Meeting.

OUR readers, excellent critics as they are, will scarcely expect from us a categorical description of a meeting like that of the N.R.A., which our daily contemporaries find it difficult to "cover" at all adequately in from one to two columns a day for a whole fortnight. Nor can we hope to use a tithe of the pictorial matter that has been submitted to us in connection with this great annual fixture. But we are quite certain that the accompanying carefully-selected illustrations will be welcomed as a pleasant and withal representative memento of a gathering in all respects up to, and in some beyond, the average of those held ever since Bisley took the place of Wimbledon as the *locale* of the N.R.A. meeting.

A LADY MARKSMAN
Miss Rennier, Ex-Champion of the Transvaal.

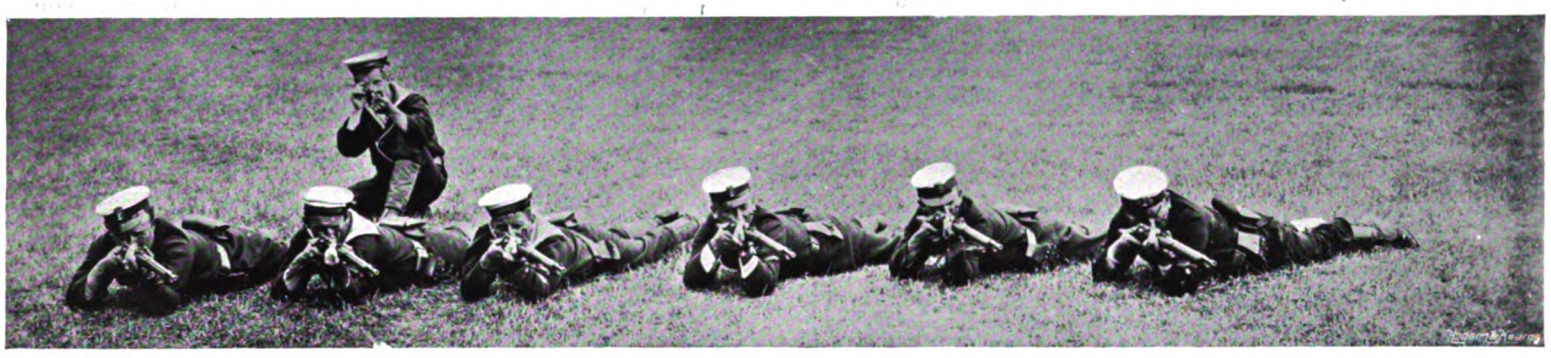
Place aux dames! To Miss Lilian Rennier we accord a precedence which has other claims besides those of pure chivalry to support it. This young lady, who in 1895 carried off the Championship of the Transvaal, made at the Queen's ranges against all comers 103 out of a possible 105, an achievement which provokes a variety of reflections. By some this deadly accuracy of marksmanship may be deprecated, on the ground that ladies can generally do all the harm they are intended to do without having recourse to "vile guns and villainous saltpetre," and at much shorter ranges than the Queen's. But few will withhold from Miss Rennier a tribute of admiration for her brilliant demonstration of a woman's occasional capacity to use man's weapons as well as, in play, he can use them himself.

The Brinsmead Challenge Shield competition is open to teams of six from any unit. In it an advance is made at disappearing targets, and last year it was won by a team from the "Excellent." This year the shield, with the added £12, went to the "Cambridge," whose team we illustrate in the prone position at one of the longer ranges. The "Cambridge" is the gunnery-ship at Devonport.

One of the prettiest and most interesting competitions at Bisley is that among the public schools for the Ashburton Shield. This beautiful trophy was carried off last year by Charterhouse, which this year tied with Berkhamsted for the second place, the winners being the Rossall team, here depicted. A notable triumph it was.

The Regular Army is to be warmly congratulated on its determined retention of the United Service Cup, which for eleven years preceding 1891 fell regularly to the Volunteers. In the competition for the Kalopore Imperial Challenge Cup, seven shots at 200-yds., 500-yds., and 600-yds., there were five teams of eight entered, to wit, the Mother Country, Canada, Guernsey, Jersey, and India, and the contest was a very keen one, resulting in the order named. Our picture shows the Canadian team, who, by coming in second, carried off the Colonial N.R.A. prize of £80.

The winning English team in the great International contest for the Elcho Challenge Shield, which forms yet another group in our series, includes Lieutenant-Colonel Mellish, 4th Notts, Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, 1st Bucks, Major H. Whitehead, Bury, Major Gibbs, 2nd Gloucestershire Engineers, Major Edge, 4th Notts, Major T. Lamb, 1st South Lancs, Captain Hopton, Hythe Staff, and



SAILORS BURNING STRAIGHT POWDER—THE "CAMBRIDGE" TEAM WINNING THE BRINSMEAD

Photos. C. Knight. *A PUBLIC SCHOOLS TROPHY.*
Rossall Team, Winners of the Ashburton Shield.

THE UNITED SERVICE CUP. Copyright
The Winning Army Team.

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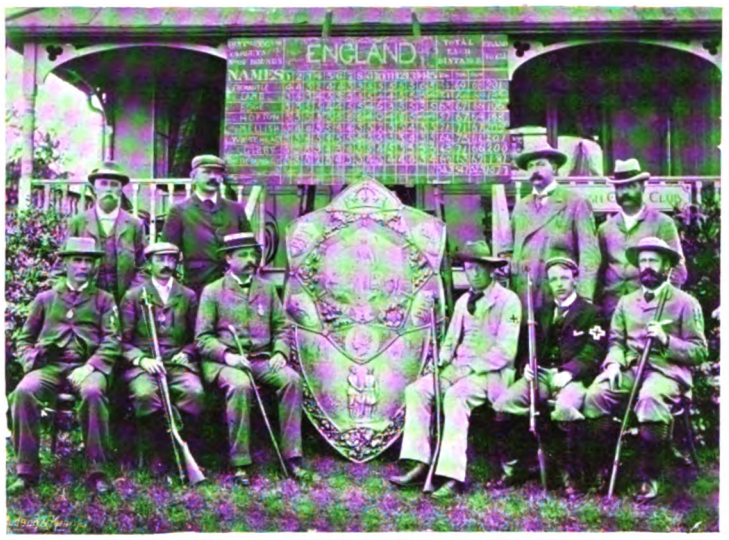


Photos. C. Knight. *THE ENGLAND TEAM. Winners of the Elcho Shield.*

Mr. T. Smith Bunney. These marksmen, with fifteen shots at 800-yds., 900-yds., and 1000-yds., scored 1,577, Scotland following with 1,541, and Ireland coming in third with 1,511.

THE CANADIAN TEAM IN THE KOLAPORE CONTEST. Winners of the Colonial N.R.A. Prize. Copyright

The Naval Manœuvres—Preparing for the Mimic War.

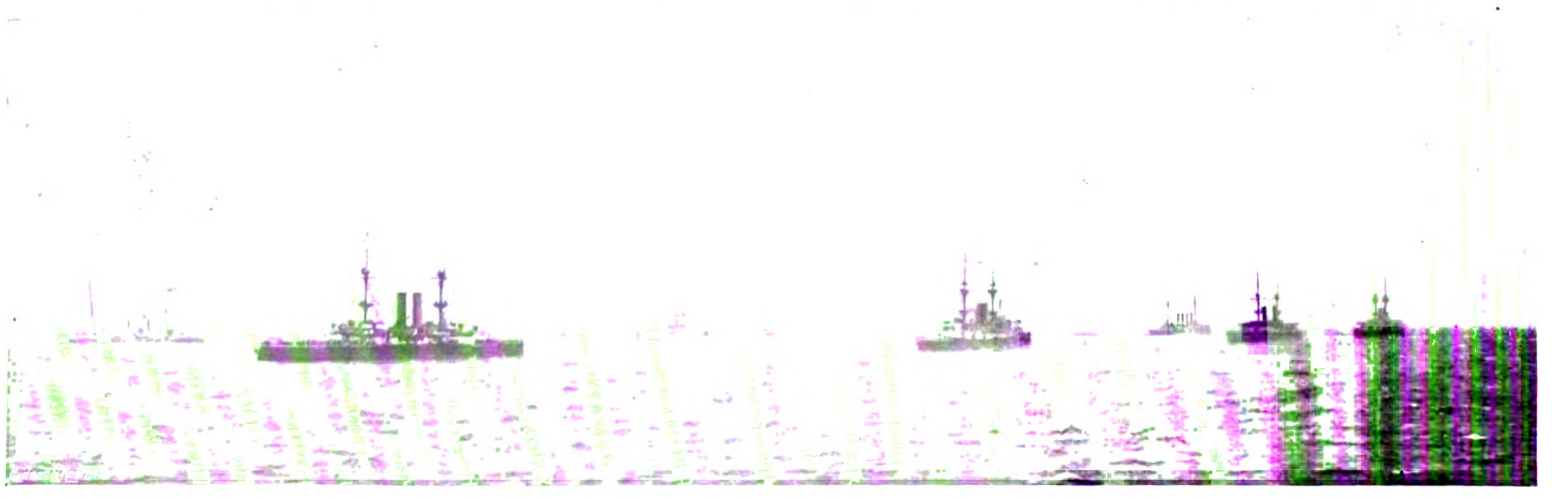
[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

From a Photo. by a Naval Officer. *THE "A" FLEET, REPRESENTING THE ENEMY,*

HERE we are once more at sea, and on our way to the scene of action. It is quite novel to be manœuvring once more, and the "shaking down process" has been rather more protracted than usual. The assembly of our squadron, which will represent the enemy, was a magnificent spectacle, and the sightseers who came off to Portland Roads to look at us voted it a grand and inspiring scene. I suppose that the force under Sir Harry Rawson, of which I send you an illustration, and which consists of eight battle-ships and twenty cruisers, is probably the most powerful squadron that ever lay in Portland Roads.

But the other fleet at Torbay is a very fine one also, although not quite so up-to-date as regards its battle-ships. Additional importance attaches to it though, as two of its vessels, the "Alexandra" and the "Juno," are fitted with the Marconi apparatus for communicating telegraphically without wires. Signor Marconi is himself on board the "Juno" as a guest of Captain Jackson, who ought to be, if he is not, known as the inventor of a similar apparatus himself. Before the fleet sailed signals were constantly passing by this wireless system between the two ships, and the arrival of the junior flag-ship from Sheerness was reported when she was still a long distance at sea.

Our departure from Portland was very impressive, and the crowds of the British public who witnessed it from the shore and surrounding eminences must have been filled with exaltation and confidence as they gazed. Directly we got to sea the admiral organised us for fleet tactics—that is to say,



From a Photo. *EXERCISING AT TACTICS—FORMING COLUMNS OF DIVISIONS, LINE AHEAD.* *By a Naval Officer.*

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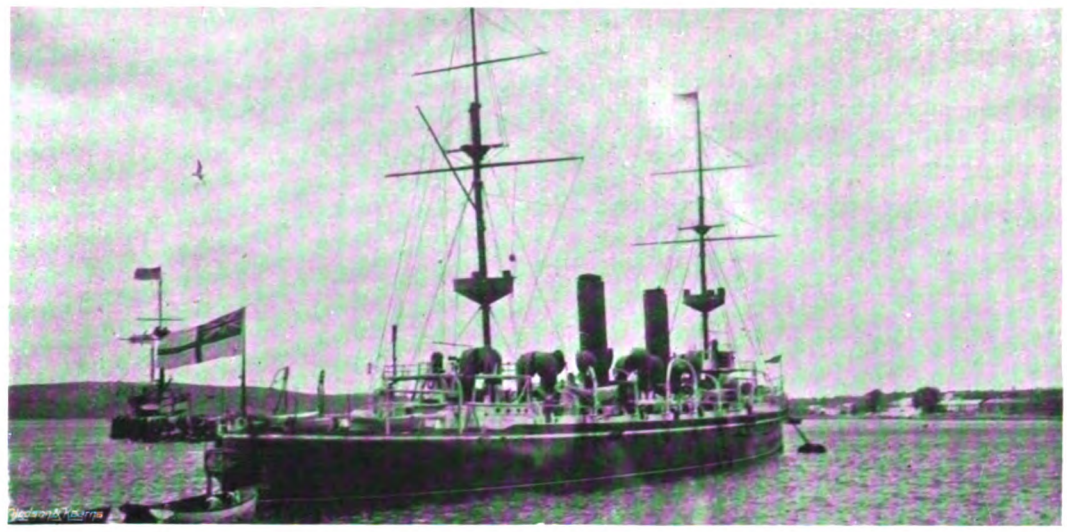
every vessel was told off for her respective place and duty, and then we had some tactical evolutions, which are very difficult to illustrate, but of which I hope to tell you more later on.

By the time you get this the war will have begun. We, who represent the enemy, are to endeavour to capture a British convoy of slow vessels returning from Halifax. We are at some disadvantage, since we are not so strong as the British fleet and have no knowledge of the exact whereabouts of those for whom we are in search. The Atlantic is wide as well as deep, and two or three small vessels will not be particularly noticeable in it. However, we have the legs of our adversaries, and as speed is said to be the modern weather-gage, we hope to win. Perhaps the obstacle which will prove most difficult for us to surmount consists of the enemy's destroyers. Of these vessels they have a large number, which they will probably attempt to use against us before we leave the Irish Sea. As we shall be at Belfast, and some of these deadly little adversaries are at Lamlash, in the Island of Arran, they will be directly on the flank of the route we must take if we wish to pass round the North of Ireland. We expect to arrive at Blacksod Bay to-morrow, where we stay the night before continuing our journey.



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THE "JUNO," CRUISER, "B" FLEET.
Fitted with the Marconi System of Wireless Telegraphy.

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ASSEMBLED IN PORTLAND ROADS.

Copyright

Young Britain on Board the "Terrible."

NO one who has been at sea or associated much with sailors will dispute the accuracy of the statement that they are usually, from the highest to the lowest, exceedingly fond of children. A big Bluejacket in a crowded railway carriage will pacify and amuse a querulous child who has been a general nuisance, and will explain quite simply that he has "a little kid just like him at home"; while any children who find their way on board a war-ship are speedily

Photo. Symonds & Co. Portsmouth.

THE STEAM CAPSTAN AS A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

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on the quickest route to indigestion and other kindred ailments, and this whether they happen to belong to ward-room or lower deck visitors.

A children's party on board ship is a treat which the youngsters hold in fond remembrance; there are so many possibilities, such delightful surprises, and usually such an unlimited supply of tea and cake. In a modern ship there is,

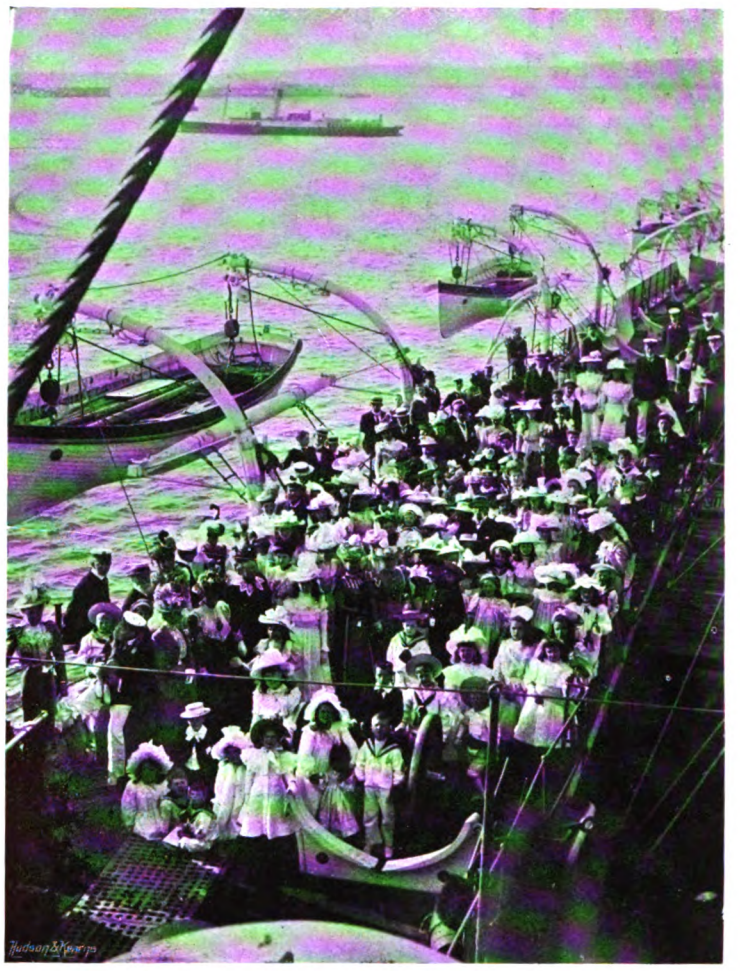
Photo. Symonds & Co. *Portsmouth.*

FATHER NEPTUNE AND HIS WONDERFUL BUCKET.

for instance, an unfailing supply of electricity, which in competent hands may be made a source of infinite joy.

Some illustrations are here presented of a party given on board the "Terrible" by Captain Robinson and the officers, who spared no pains in devising amusements for their youthful guests. Indeed, Captain Robinson is an old hand at such entertainments, and there are a good many grown-up boys and girls who will doubtless recollect some delightful afternoons spent on board the "Vernon" when he was only a lieutenant.

It is not given to everyone to have the happy inspiration of improvising a "merry-go-round," nor, indeed, are the materials usually to hand for such a purpose. Our first illustration shows the ingenious manner in which it was carried out by the officers of the "Terrible." The steam capstan was "rigged" with the long ash bars used for turning it by hand; a couple of ropes were secured near the ends, and chairs slung to them. Then play up the fiddles, gently start the engine, and round they go. One can well imagine the joy of the small boys and girls on realising the joke.

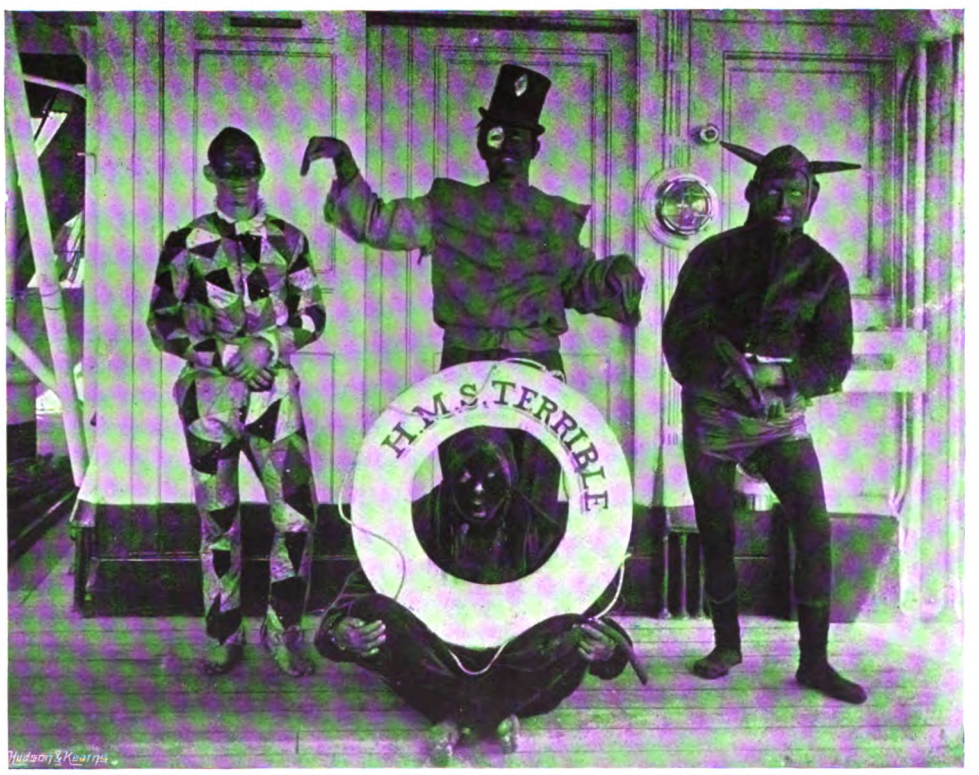


From a Photo. *By a Nava Officer.*

THE WELCOME GUESTS.

Of course a group was taken of the guests; no party would be complete without one. It is on record, however, that considerable difficulty was experienced in persuading the youngsters that they were really to be photographed, the operation being closely associated in their minds with the orthodox photographer's glass-roofed studio, and the terrible ordeal of the neck-rest and other instruments of torture. However, they were to learn that on board ship almost anything may happen, and happen very delightfully.

The diver's dress was utilised, of course; it is such a weird-looking affair to unaccustomed eyes, that it is sure to find a place in every entertainment. An electric light inside the helmet imparted an uncanny and sinister aspect; but the "old man of the sea" held in one hand a receptacle of some kind, into which the visitors were invited to plunge their hands and draw forth coins of the realm. Father Neptune did not, however, treat them very well, for the coins reposed in water through which an electric current passed, and a considerable amount of resolution was required to brave the sharp shock and secure the prize.



From. a Photo *By a Naval Officer.*

SOME "TERRIBLE" FUNNY MEN.

The "Terrible" appears also to possess a grotesque trio of "funny men." They are fantastic enough, and possibly a little alarming to the very young. The gentleman with the horns has a particularly unprepossessing appearance, and it is more than probable that some very small boys and girls were carried away in tearful terror, to be consoled with cakes and other delicacies, and assured that the "'Terrible' funny men" should not hurt them.

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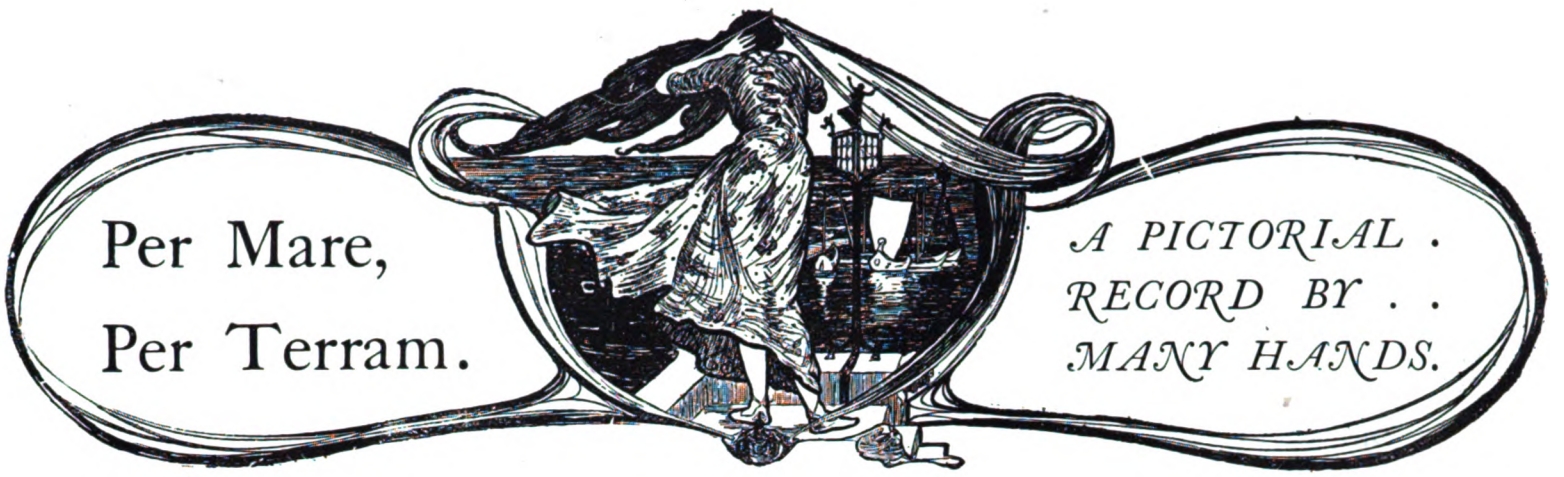


Photo. *Russell.*
REAR-ADMIRAL W. F. S. MANN.
Just Promoted to Flag Rank.

REAR-ADMIRAL W. F. S. MANN, who obtained his promotion to flag rank on the 6th inst., and whose portrait appears herewith, has, since July, 1898, been serving as flag-captain to Vice-Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. Rear-Admiral Mann entered the Navy in 1861, assisted in the suppression of the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa, took a distinguished part in the first Ashanti War as first lieutenant of the "Amethyst" and adjutant of the Naval Brigade, and commanded the "Beacon" during the Egyptian War. He was promoted commander at the termination of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, during which he was senior lieutenant of the "Osborne," and was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen in May, 1896. Admiral Mann is succeeded as flag-captain at the Nore by Captain Charles Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., lately commanding the battle-ship "Empress of India" on the Mediterranean station.

MAJ.-GEN. W. H. LAWTON, U.S.A.
Commanding in the Philippines.

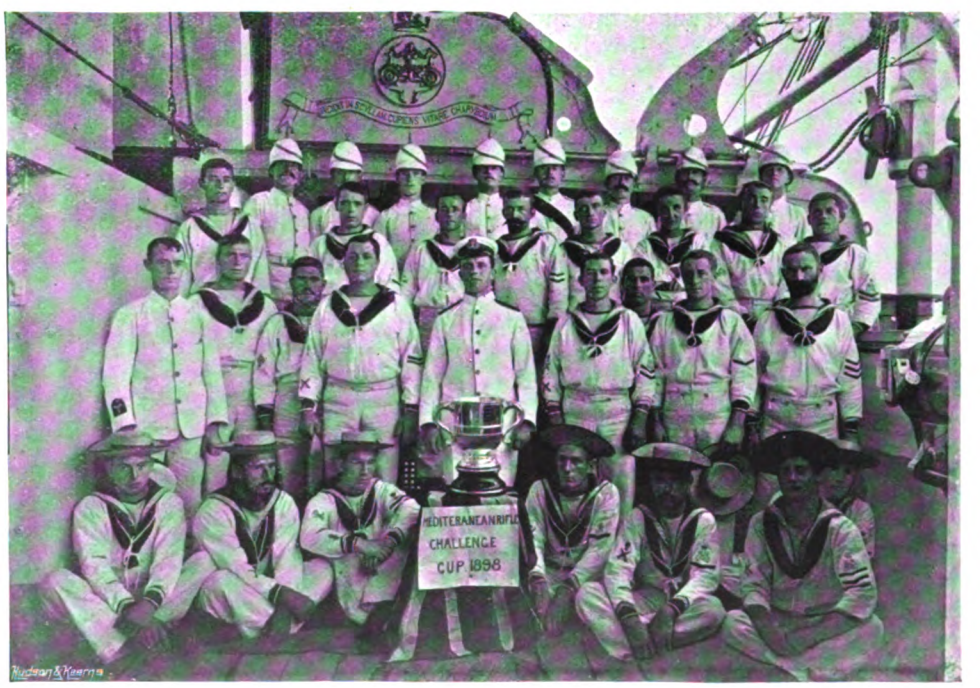
EVERY inch a fighting soldier is the best description that can be given of General Lawton of the United States Army, whose bulldog determination has been finely illustrated by the manner in which he has been clearing the Filipinos out of the jungle from Manila to Pasig. General Lawton served previously to Santiago in command of the 2nd Division of the Fifth Army Corps, and the War Department showed its wisdom in selecting him for the more arduous billet at Manila. In doing so it was doubtless influenced by this fine soldier's early record in the Civil War, one episode of which will bear reproduction. It was at Atlanta during Sherman's march to the sea and in August, 1864, and Captain Lawton of the Indiana Volunteers was ordered to take some rifle pits in which the enemy were strongly posted The fire from these pits is described as something awful, but Lawton "got there," nevertheless, occupied the pits, and defended them successfully against two determined Confederate attempts to retake them. For this he received the medal of honour. In 1888 he joined the Inspector-General's Department, in which he remained until the outbreak of the war with Spain.

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN POWELL.
On Special Service in South Africa.

AMONG the Special Service officers who have been sent out to South Africa, in anticipation of possible trouble in the Transvaal, it is not surprising to find Colonel R. S. S. Baden Powell, notwithstanding the fact that this distinguished officer is actually in command of a cavalry regiment in India, the 5th Dragoon Guards.

Colonel Baden Powell has seen a great deal of special war service in South Africa, and in such a contingency as that contemplated, his experience in organising local material would be simply invaluable. Colonel Baden Powell was present in the operations in Zululand in 1888, in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96, and in the operations in Matabeleland in 1896. Of the two former he has published interesting descriptive accounts.

THE "Scylla," second-class cruiser, which has been paying-off at Chatham, has left behind her on the Mediterranean a grand reputation for proficiency in rifle and big gun practice. The accompanying picture shows the winners of the Mediterranean Challenge Cup, which was captured and held by the "Scylla" till leaving the station. In the centre, surrounded by his marksmen, is Mr. Cassford, who has been responsible for the gunnery duties of the ship. The Challenge Cup is the Blue Ribbon of the Mediterranean. It is competed for by all the ships, and awarded to the one which makes the highest average. It should be added that the "Scylla," while in the Mediterranean, also made in heavy gun shooting the highest average ever obtained, namely, 80 per cent. of actual hits. It is the fashion among a certain class of amateur critics of Naval affairs to cast doubts upon the ability of our sailors to use their big guns to the best advantage. But one questions whether a shipload of these gentlemen would care to be opposed to a cruiser, the guns



From a Photo. *THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.* *By a Naval Officer.*
Challenge Cup Won by the "Scylla."

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of which were making eighty hits out of a hundred shots. There is no doubt as to the importance of straight shooting of all sorts, and very little doubt, nowadays, as to the due recognition of that importance throughout the Royal Navy. Incidentally, it may be said that proficiency in such respects always tends to bind a ship's company together. Few "happier" ships than the "Scylla," for instance, have ever been in commission.

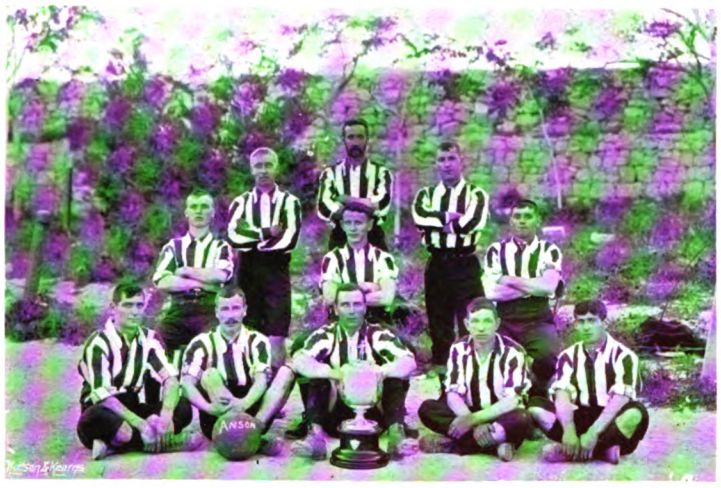

Photo. Ellis. Copyright

FOOTBALL XI. OF THE "ANSON," 1898-99.

"FANCY publishing pictures of football teams in July!" we can hear some of our readers saying, without regard for editorial exigencies in this direction. Friendly critics must remember that delay is necessarily incurred when ships or corps are abroad. Of the two teams here represented, the "Anson's" was the first to win the Football Challenge Cup, presented by the officers and men of the "Empress of India" for competition among the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet. Twenty-two ships entered, and though several failed to put in the qualifying number of matches, the general opinion seems to be that the best team won. The "Anson's" Eleven consisted of Surgeon Martin, four seamen, a petty officer, four stokers, and a corporal of Marines. They played 17 matches, won 12, drew 4, lost 1, and gained 28 points. From a casual glance it would seem that a player in a scrimmage, with half-a-dozen of this team on top of him, would emerge a sadder and a flatter man. The regimental team of the 2nd Wiltshire, the old 99th, now in Guernsey, and formerly in the Southern District, has won for a second time the Priaulx Challenge Cup. In the League matches this team scored 32 goals, and had only three scored against it.

Photo. Stobie. *SOUTHERN DISTRICT LEAGUE CHALLENGE CUP.* Copyright

Won by the Royal Marine Artillery.

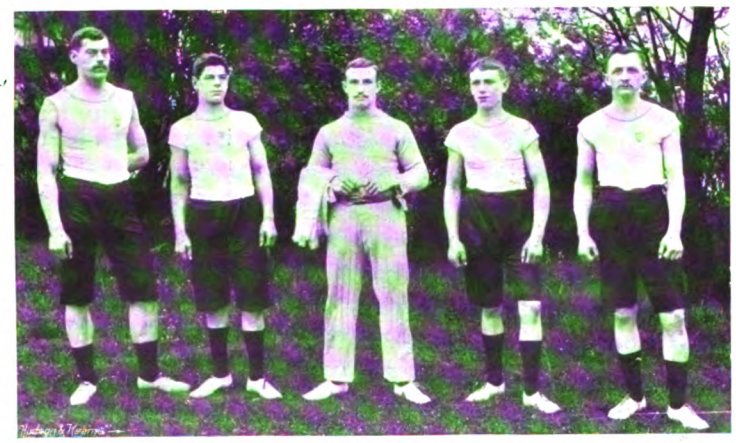

Photo. Hewes. *BOXERS, 65th REGIMENTAL DISTRICT* Copyright

Sergt. Curtis. Pte Sykes. Mr. Laycock. Pte. Mahoney. Sergt. McNally.

BETWEEN football and boxing there is an obvious link, since in neither is anything approaching excellence to be arrived at unless to nimbleness of hand, foot, and eye is wedded perfect physical condition. The latter

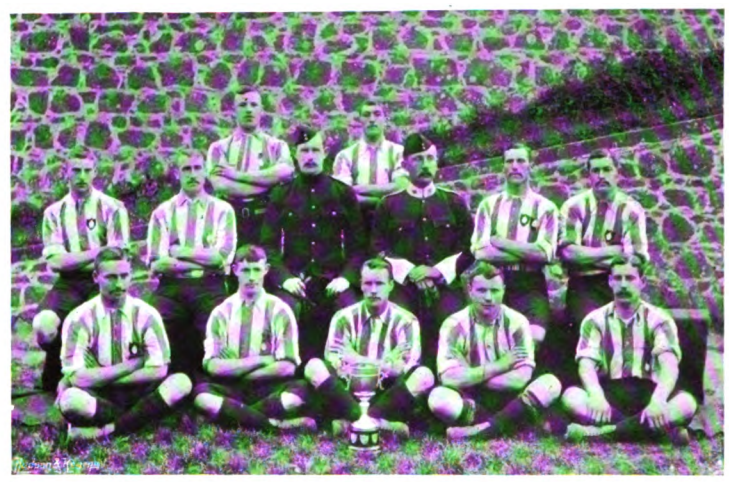

Photo. Cluett. Copyright

FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 2nd WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

quality is happily in evidence in the group of prize-winners in a recent boxing competition held at York, where Colonel Fox, formerly Inspector of Gymnasia at Aldershot, promoter of the Army Boxing Championships, is now Assistant-Adjutant-General. Our picture includes the competitors sent up from the 65th Regimental District at Pontefract. In the centre is Mr. Laycock, whom Colonel Clark, commanding at Pontefract, secured as trainer. On his right are Private Sykes, winner of the recruits' light-weights' competition, and Sergeant Curtis, winner in the heavy-weights. Sergeant Curtis, in the final, defeated a past winner of the Irish heavy-weights. Sergeant McNally, who carried off the feather-weights' prize, is shown on the extreme right of the picture. On his right is Private Mahoney, who fought a capital fight, although suffering from a sprained thumb.

AVERY hardy growth is the Blue Marine, and when it comes to any sort of competition in which either steadiness or downright strength is required, the Royal Marine Artillery is uncommonly bad to beat. Here we have two pictures, in which the excellence of this grand corps is brilliantly demonstrated.

In the first we have the team of eight marksmen who recently carried off the Southern District League Challenge Cup, presented by the Staff of the Southern District, the competition for which is open to the Navy, Army, and Volunteers serving within the Portsmouth commands. The conditions were seven rounds at each of three distances, 200, 500, and 600-yds., and thirteen teams entered, there being no restrictions as to rank of competitors.

The final round was in itself a triumph for "Her Majesty's Jollies," since the two teams left in at the finish were those of the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry. Ultimately the former won by seventeen points.

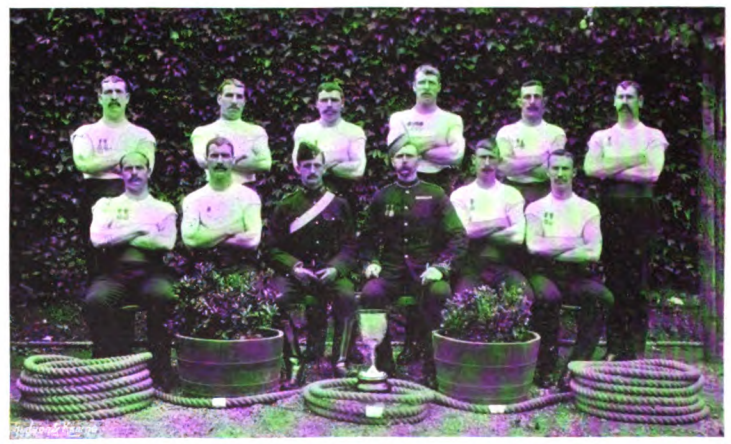

Photo. Stobie. Copyright

TUG-OF-WAR CHAMPIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

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WE have great pleasure in reproducing a photograph of the invincible tug-of-war team of the Royal Marine Artillery. During the present year it has won the first prize in three open competitions of first-rate importance, namely, the Wood Green Sports in March, and the Royal Military Tournament and the Portsmouth Garrison Sports in June. The officer in the centre of the group is Captain McCarthy, who has Sergeant-Major Jones on his left.

Copyright. *THE "PYLADES."* H. & K.

NO ships in the world are more carefully navigated than those which belong to Her Majesty's Navy, and yet we are able to here illustrate one which has recently had an accident, though luckily without any very serious results. The picture which heads this page is that of the "Pylades," a third-class cruiser recently commissioned by Commander R. G. O. Tupper to relieve a sister ship, the "Royalist," one of the vessels lately employed in Samoan waters. On getting out to the station she managed to ground, but was got off without any very serious damage.

One thing that is always consoling when the news of the grounding or collision of any of our warships comes to hand, is the reflection that in no Navy in the world is there the same readiness of resource, utilising of every possible means to reduce the harm done to a minimum, and rapidity with which temporary repair is carried out, as in that which flies the White Ensign.

From a Photo. *A CRUISER ASHORE.* *By a Naval Officer.*
Towing off the "Theseus," Aground off Sicily.

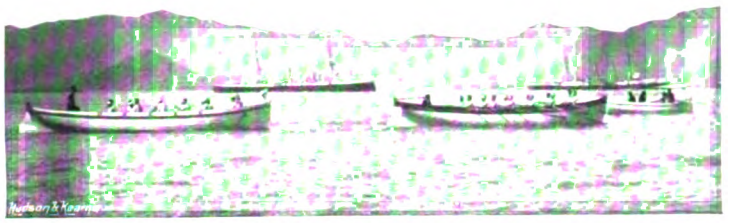
ACCIDENTS will occur sometimes, even in such excellently well-regulated families as the Mediterranean Fleet. Of this we have an example in the *contretemps* which recently befel the "Theseus" during a thick fog off the Sicilian Coast. The "Theseus" went ashore near Girgenti, and for a time the efforts of the "Revenge," the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, and the "Venus" to tow her off proved unsuccessful, and several large cables broke under the strain.

Finally, after being lightened, she was moved and convoyed to Malta for repairs. Our picture shows the "Revenge" and "Venus" in position to tow off the "Theseus," which is in the background.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's Cup is pulled for annually by one ten or twelve oared cutter of each seagoing ship in the Mediterranean Fleet, the course being three miles.

Our picture shows the cutter of the flag-ship, the "Ramillies," being towed back from the winning-post by the cutter of the "Illustrious," after a very smart race. For the first mile the flag-ship's and the "Anson's" cutters were neck-and-neck, and to the onlookers it seemed as if the "Ansons" were pulling the stronger. But after the first mile the "Ramillies'" boat crept ahead, and finished six lengths in front. It is pleasant as well as interesting to note how often the flag-ship leads in such contests on the various stations.

The men seem to feel they have a little added prestige to maintain, and certainly this sentiment usually receives every sort of encouragement from the flag-officers themselves.



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*
WINNERS OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CUP.
Cutter of the "Ramillies."

AFTER the V.C., the highest-prized distinction which is given is the medal enscrolled, in the Army, "For Distinguished Conduct in the Field," and in the Navy, "For Conspicuous Gallantry." This honour has been conferred on several sergeants of the Royal Marines for their services in the late Soudan Campaign.

In our illustration two gallant "Blue Marines" are seen receiving the hearty congratulations of their comrades on their return from Windsor, where they have had the high honour of having the decoration placed on their breast by their Sovereign in person.

In the Army the medal is worn from a crimson ribbon having down the centre a stripe of blue one-third the width of the ribbon. In the Navy the ground of the ribbon is blue, and the centre stripe white.

In the Army medal the obverse is a trophy of arms, with, in the centre, the shield of the arms of the Queen, the reverse the simple inscription. In the Navy medal the obverse is the Queen's head, and the reverse the inscription, surrounded by a laurel wreath surmounted by a crown. Presumably it is the military medal that has been conferred on these gallant Marines.

Photo. Cribb *HONOURED BY THEIR QUEEN.* Copyright
R.M.A. Sergeants Decorated by the Queen at Windsor.

The members of the Royal Marine Artillery who have earned this proud distinction are Colour-Sergeants Jenvey and Russel, and Sergeants Mathieson, Lambart, and Trowbridge. The figure on the left is one of the oldest veteran sergeants at Eastney.

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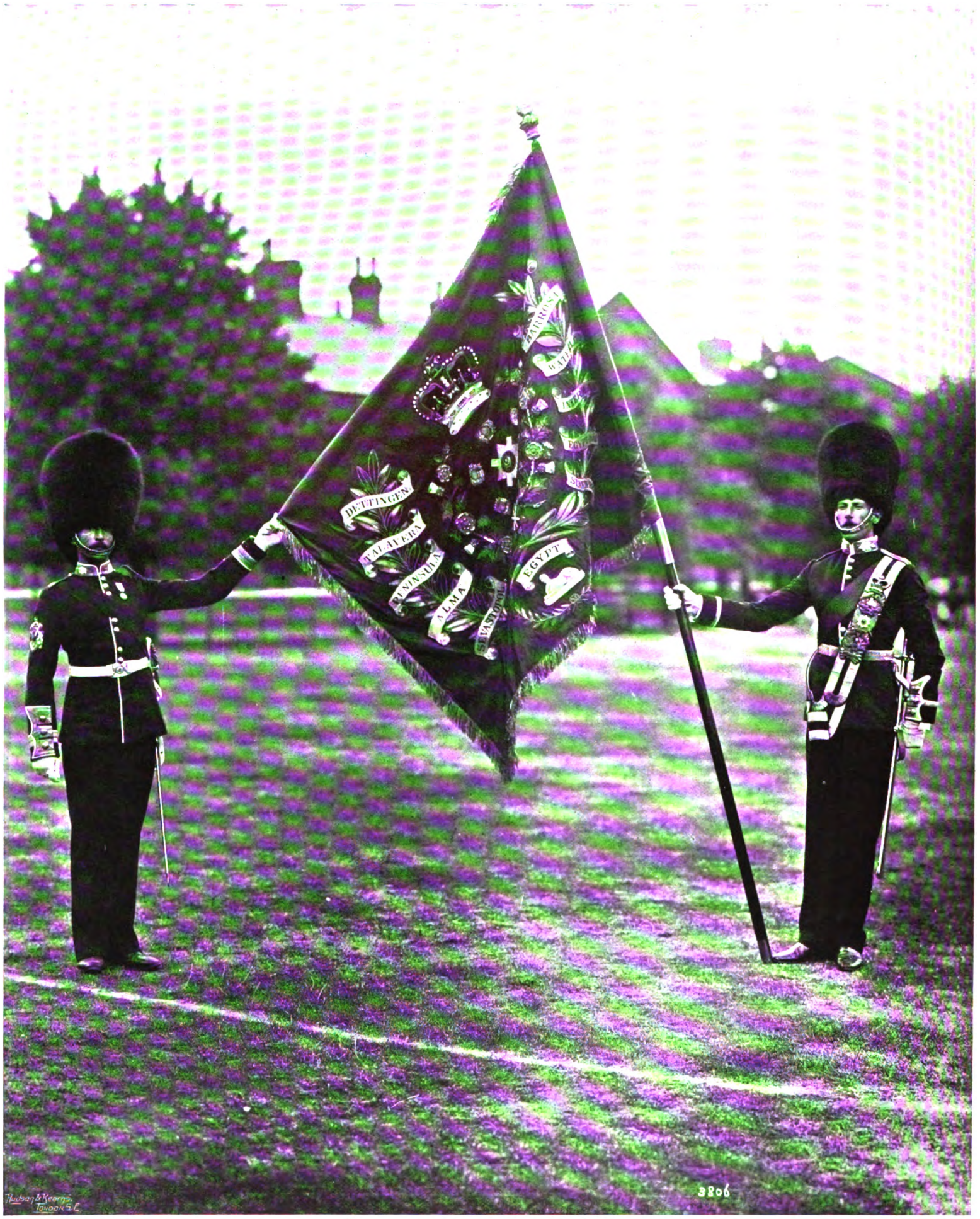

Photo. Gregory.

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THE NEW STATE COLOUR FOR THE SCOTS GUARDS.

PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

(See page 440)

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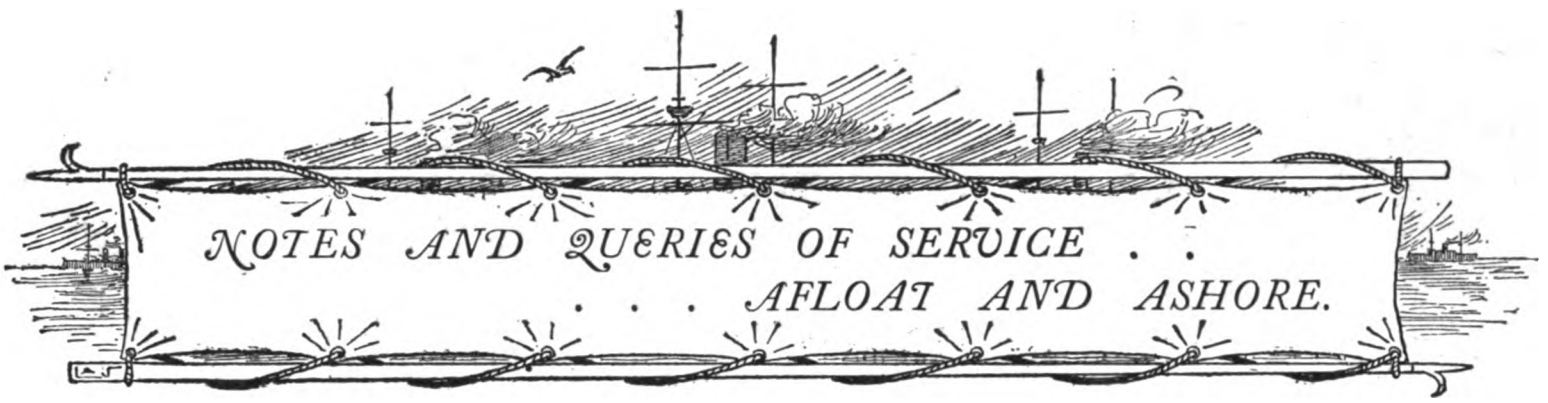

"K. O. B."—The archers in the train of the Knights of mediæval times were usually young aspirants to the rank of esquire, and youths of good birth often attached themselves to Knights with this object. They were protected by a casque and gauntlets of mail over leather jerkins and breeches. When they dismounted to fight, the pages held their horses. Often they were used as light cavalry, and skirmished in front of the body of mail-clad horsemen. If they were driven in, they opened out and left the front free for the Knights' charge. They were also useful in pursuing a beaten foe. The Knights were, however, considered to be the only proper fighting material; there was hardly such a thing in those days as properly organised and equipped infantry men. Had there been such a force, it could always have held its own against the heavy and cumbrously armed horsemen, simply because the latter, having no idea of "shock tactics," persisted in fighting individual battles, usually with selected foemen, and so a mediæval battle-field was simply a conglomeration of thousands of single combats.

* * * *

THE French Ministry of Marine has just taken a step of extreme importance to historical students of Naval affairs. The whole of the French Naval archives from 1665 to 1870 have been transferred *en bloc* from the Rue Royale to the Palais des Archives Nationales, which is open to the public for purposes of research daily from 10 to 3 o'clock. Thus the French Naval State papers will be more accessible to students than even our own Record Office papers.

* * * *

"HOUNSLOW."—Squadrons of four Hussar regiments were encamped on the Heath in June, 1897, for the Jubilee festivities—3rd, 8th, 10th, and 15th. The 3rd (King's Own) Hussars served at Dettingen, in the Peninsular and first Afghan Wars, and with great distinction in the Sutlej and Punjab Campaigns. It is the only Hussar regiment that wears a scarlet collar. The busby-bag is Garter blue, and the plume white. The kettle-drummer, in review order and on State occasions, has a solid silver collar fastened round his neck. This ornament was presented to the regiment about a century ago, and is a dearly-cherished peculiarity. The 8th (the King's Royal Irish) Hussars is a regiment—originally raised exclusively of Irish Protestants—that behaved with extraordinary gallantry at the battle of Leswarree, in the Mahratta War of 1803. It formed part of the light brigade in the Crimea that rode into "the Valley of Death" at Balaclava, and afterwards served in the Indian Mutiny and last Afghan War. The busby-bag is scarlet, the plume red and white. The 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars served in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, before Sebastopol, in the last Afghan War, and in the Soudan Expedition of 1884. In review order the officers have their saddlery covered with small shells, a distinction which, together with the gilt chain covering their pouch-belts, has gained them the sobriquet of "The Chainy Tenth." In levée dress only, the officers wear scarlet pantaloons. The 15th (The King's) Hussars was raised in 1759 by General Eliot—afterwards Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar. At the cavalry action of Villiers-en-Couche, in 1794, this regiment behaved with such conspicuous gallantry that eight of its officers were decorated with the Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa by Francis II. of Austria. The other battle honours of this historic corps are "Emsdorf," "Egmont-op-Zee," "Sahagun," "Vittoria," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Afghanistan, 1878-80." The busby-bag and plume are both scarlet, and, in undress, a scarlet forage-cap is worn.

* * * *

"BATTLE SMOKE."—From the opening engagement of the Great War with France, Captain Pellew's "Nymphe" and "Cleopatra" action in 1793, down to the firing of the last shot in 1815, no fewer than sixty-five separate and distinct Naval actions took place worthy of being classed as "battles." Sixteen of these were general fleet battles for which the Naval medal was granted. The total number of "actions" in the Great War for which the Admiralty granted the Naval medal was 147 ship actions and 53 boat actions.

* * * *

"SPEARMAN."—There are only two Lancer regiments in which the colour of the facings and plume is similar—the 12th and 17th. In the remaining four regiments the facings and plumes are of different hues. The 12th (the Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, raised in 1715, was first designated "The Prince of Wales's Regiment" in 1768. Its war services include "Egypt" (campaign of 1801), "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1851-52-53," "Sebastopol," and "Central India" (Mutiny). The uniform is blue with scarlet facings, plastron, and cap plume. The undress forage-cap is also scarlet. The 17th (the Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers is possibly one of the most popular corps in the Service, not only on account of its famous deeds in the Crimea, in the Mutiny, and the Zulu War, but also of its peculiarly effective and tasteful "kit." The blue tunic has a white plastron and facings, and the cap a white plume. The regimental crest of a death's head, with the motto "Or Glory," gives this regiment the name by which it is so widely—if unofficially—known, "The Death or Glory Boys." Between the 17th Lancers and the 8th Hussars so strong a feeling of friendship and *camaraderie* exists that they are sometimes called "The XXV."

* * * *

"R. B."—If you wish to enter the Naval Medical Service you should—provided you are not under twenty-one nor over twenty-eight years of age—write to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W., and ask for particulars and form of declaration, which you will fill up and return, together with proofs of date and place of your birth, some testimony as to moral character, and registration under the Medical Act as qualified to practise in Great Britain and Ireland. This qualification would not, however, hold you exempt from examination, which is competitive, and of which you would receive due notice, provided you satisfied the Medical Board as to your physical fitness. Any serious defect of eyesight would certainly disqualify you. A candidate for the post of Naval chaplain must have been ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England, must not be over thirty-five years of age, and must produce satisfactory testimonials from his bishop. He is also required to pass the Medical Board, but there is no other examination to be passed. His duties are to read morning prayers daily and conduct the service on Sunday, and to endeavour in every respect to raise and maintain the moral character of all on board. His cabin is usually so placed that the men have easy access to it. A good chaplain will be a sort of friend and adviser to all.

* * * *

"P. A." gives me a nut which I must leave for the antiquaries to crack. In seven territorial regiments, six English and one Irish—the Connaught Rangers—bars of black silk run through the lace which the officers wear on their tunics. Probably no man living could say with certainty how the custom originated in the seven separate cases, for the explanations usually given do not tally throughout. The reason most commonly alleged is that the custom originated after the death of General Wolfe at Quebec, while in at least one case—that of the Norfolk Regiment—it is believed to be worn in memory of Sir John Moore at Corunna. On the other hand, several of the regiments fought neither at Quebec nor Corunna, and if this complimentary mourning is worn for two commanders-in-chief, why was not Sir Ralph Abercromby so honoured when he fell in Egypt in 1802? It may be added that in some cases the regiments themselves have not even a traditional reason for wearing these curious mourning bands.

* * * *

HERE is something of a curiosity in the way of ship nomenclature which I found in an old newspaper of the Seven Years' War time, the *London Chronicle* bearing date from Thursday, July 16, to Saturday, July 18, 1761: "Ship and Port News.—The 'Plumb-pudding' privateer (Captain Venture), a prize taken by the 'Roast Beef' (armed ship), which arrived at Spithead on Friday, has taken a French sloop with 103 hogsheads of tobacco from Dieppe to Roan, which she sent into Guernsey. She has likewise taken a small sloop in ballast."

* * * *

"B. O. K."—The earliest mention of the horse in history occurs in Genesis, when Joseph, being taken into favour by Pharaoh, rode in the second chariot. From what we read in Homer, it would seem that horses were used, not for cavalry purposes, but for dragging the chariots which the fighting men used simply for the purpose of rapid conveyance. The mode of fighting is described in the second book of the "Iliad," when Ajax and Hector met in combat. They first fought with spears, and then threw big stones at each other, and finally fought with swords. In battle the same method was pursued, and the chariots waited near at hand in order to carry off wounded or wearied warriors to the safety of the camp. The soldier fought as he retreated to his chariot, and, after mounting it, defended it from the rear. If the warrior was wounded or nearly spent, the moment of getting into his chariot was a most critical one, which was often followed by fatal effects. It is said that chariots, as well as cavalry, were in use by the Chinese so far back as 2600 B.C. But this statement has not been substantiated.

* * * *

"RAIDER."—There are on record many instances of the paralysing effects of a skilfully planned, boldly carried out, dashingly led cavalry raid, but surely Morgan's raid into Kentucky in 1862, during the American Civil War, was the most far-reaching, not only in its conception, but in its execution. Listen to the result of the gallant Confederate general's exploit. He left Knoxville on the 4th of the month with 900 men, and returned to Livingston on the 28th with 1,200 men. He was absent twenty-four days, during which time he travelled over 1,000 miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed 1,500 men, and paroled 1,200 regulars. His killed and wounded and missing amounted to 90. Morgan had no professional military training, but he saw that mounted men, armed with long-range rifles, and capable of moving quickly about from place to place, and of fighting as infantry, could be made vastly superior to ordinary cavalry armed only with short-range carbines.

* * * *

"G. B."—A somewhat singular incident happened towards the end of the last century, when the French were at war with Holland in 1795. The weather was exceedingly cold, so that not only were all the ditches and water-courses completely frozen, but also the Zuyder Zee itself was a solid mass of ice, so thick that cavalry and artillery were able to manœuvre upon its surface. The French commander, having been informed that a portion of the Dutch fleet was imprisoned in the ice near the Texel, at once attacked it with a large force of cavalry and artillery. Then the curious spectacle was seen of horsemen and guns laying siege to ships of war. The fleet was summoned to surrender, which, having no other alternative, the admiral was forced to do.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Rendered desperate by Nelly's refusal to marry him, Bunter resolves to evade arrest and get drunk. Chased by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. The narrative pauses here whilst a description is given of the career of Captain Laxdale, which will be found to have a direct bearing upon subsequent events.

CHAPTER V. *(continued.)*

STILL thinking, as he sat in the smoking-room over his coffee, the soothing influences of luncheon helped him to consider it preposterously improbable that Lady Sybil was in search of a husband with brains. "No, hang it!" he thought; "none of the women in our set expect a chap to be clever. It can't be that."

He was growing weary of this mental exercise, and on the verge of sleep, when the consumption of a liqueur-brandy stimulated his brain and gave him fresh inspiration. "By Jove!" he muttered, "I'll write and ask her what's wrong with me." And, without a moment's delay, he betook himself to the desolate seclusion of the club library, and sat down to pen a manly, ill-spelt letter to the Lady Sybil.

Two or three days later the Hon. Roger was suddenly appointed to the "Grunter." The reply from Lady Sybil was in his pocket when he reached Dockhaven and decided, in an evil hour, to bathe.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY SYBIL'S LETTER.

THE sun, which had set the previous evening in good humour with the world, rose betimes next morning in a cool grey sky, and found the "Grunter" still at anchor in the roadstead. The stars went out bashfully as the eastern sky began to lighten, and soon the sleepy sentry on the fo'c's'le lowered the fore-stay lantern. It looked, as he pulled it down, like some dissipated reveller issuing from a sorry grog-shop, where he had overslept himself. Daylight asserts itself ridiculously early in July, so for some hours longer the crew of the "Grunter" slept on undisturbed. At 4 a.m. all the watch-keepers were relieved. A sleepy lieutenant went below, and his place on the chart-house table was taken by another officer. An hour later, when the new comer had nicely adapted himself to the inflexibility of the table, a drowsy quartermaster strolled forward and violated the stillness of the dawn by striking a harsh bell, and the drowsy officer rose from the chart-house table and languidly stretched himself. Tottering to the bridge-rails, he bade the quartermaster turn the hands up, whereupon a succession of hoarse roars rolled along the main deck and curled up through the hatchways. Presently the men, half-dressed in trousers and flannels, with tumbled hair and unwashed faces, began to mount the ladders, staggering sleepily under the weight of their hammocks. At first they emerged from below by twos and threes, but soon they began to tumble up in a continuous stream, as though some wanton boy had set his foot upon an ant-hill and alarmed the inmates. The young officer on the bridge gradually stopped yawning and began to walk up and down. He had a good-humoured, clean-shaven face, and curly flaxen hair. A few minutes later he was joined on the bridge by a stout, thick-set officer with an angry eye and a red face.

"Good morning, Filmore," said the younger man, cheerfully.

The officer addressed as Filmore grunted morosely, suggesting that a bad morning might have been more in keeping with his mood.

"Have you called the captain?" he growled.

"Not yet," replied the cheerful officer.

"You'd better do so at once," said Filmore, who was the first lieutenant, "and ask if they have steam ready in the engine-room."

The cheerful officer complied with these orders, and turned with persistent cheerfulness to his senior.

"What's the Honourable Roger like?" he asked.

"Well," replied Filmore, more graciously, "he's got much less of the kid glove air about him than I expected."

"I was told," said the cheerful lieutenant, whose name was Clarence Parr, "that he's quite a ladies' man, and very particular about dress."

"Don't believe it," said Filmore, brusquely, "for when he came on board last night he had his necktie under one ear. And what's more," he added, "he seemed pretty 'fresh,' though you needn't repeat that to anyone."

"You surprise me," said Parr. "I heard that he was awfully strict about drinking, and that when he commanded the 'Adder' he inspected the ward-room wine books every week."

"Well, we shall very soon know what his fads are," growled Filmore. "He's a damned lucky fellow to be a captain at his age, and that's all I know about him."

Remembering with disgust that his own father was not a lord, the first lieutenant turned away and began harrying the men.

Some minutes later the new captain emerged from his cabin, and, after looking doubtfully around him, mounted the bridge ladder. Filmore saluted him, and noted with professional disgust that he had his hands in his pockets.

"Shall I shorten in cable, sir?" he enquired, sourly.

"Yes, carry on," said the captain, uneasily, and turned towards the officer of cheerful countenance.

"Are you the officer of the watch?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What name?" continued the captain.

"Parr, sir."

"Fond of early rising, Mr. Parr?"

"No, sir, not very."

"Damned if I am either," said the captain, confidentially. "If I'd had my way we wouldn't have started before eight bells" (8 a.m.).

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Not knowing what reply to make to this admission, the lieutenant smiled, discreetly.

"I've got a mouth on me this morning like a steerage rat," continued the captain. "I could do with a basin of cocoa."

"I'll tell the quartermaster to fetch some," said Parr.

"Thank 'e," said the captain, affably. "I like the cut of your jib, Mr. Parr. I hope we shall be good friends."

"You are very kind to say so, sir," stammered the lieutenant.

"Kind, be hanged," said the captain. "I wish you were first lieutenant, instead of that sulky fellow, Filmore."

Parr felt thoroughly embarrassed. He was not accustomed to the familiarity of officers of high rank. "Pray be careful, sir," he hazarded. "Filmore might have overheard you."

"Let him overhear," said the captain, indifferently. "I hate bullies, and I can see he's one of the true breed. There he goes again, shouting at the men as if they were dirt under his ugly feet."

"It's only his way, sir," put in Parr.

"Then he'll have to alter his way," growled the captain. "You can tell him I said so."

Here the young lieutenant was sent forward by Filmore to shorten in cable, and the captain sat down in the chart-house to drink a bowl of cocoa. Soon the steam capstan began to hum, and the metallic clink of the cable could be plainly heard through the other sounds of bustle and movement.

Filmore, having as yet no inkling of the aversion to him conceived by the captain, continued to shout his orders in an aggressive, bullying tone that jarred upon the ear. As Parr had said, this was the man's way of doing his duty, and he had a robust contempt for all officers who courted popularity. Designed by nature for a boatswain's mate, and gifted with a rasping, bellowing roar, David Filmore was a curious survival of an old type of Naval officer. Reputed a good seaman, he had no taste for the scientific side of his profession. He knew nothing of gunnery, torpedo work, or navigation, and was as innocent of general culture as of the integral calculus. He was blest, however, with a full share of common-sense, which served him in lieu of tact, courtesy, and knowledge; and, although he never read anything, his limited mind was well stored with the traditions and customs of the Service. In no other profession but the British Navy could such a rough, untutored bear as David Filmore have risen to a position of responsibility. Yet he considered himself a deeply wronged man, because many clever juniors had passed him by in the race for promotion. Another officer, of very different type, now mounted the bridge ladder and saluted the captain. Norman Lyle, the navigator of the "Grunter," was a product of the new Navy—that is to say, he was of the age of scientific slaughter and of butchery by the higher mathematics. Study had not soured his cheery nature, and he could joke as pleasantly when piloting a thirty-knot destroyer out of harbour as when tossing for a sherry and bitters in the ward-room of a monster battleship. He was intimate with lunar theorems, the laws of variation, Mercator projections, and other horrors; he could regulate delicate chronometers; he knew quite a thousand stars by sight; he could survey a coast and do wonders with a sextant; and he could pilot a ship up the Thames, the Danube, or the Yang-tse-Kiang as skilfully as any local pilot smelling of rum and tarpaulins. Besides these accomplishments as a scientific navigator, he could speak French with a Parisian accent, and Spanish and Arabic with an English one; he could drill a company or a battery of guns, and he could bear himself like a well-bred gentleman and man of the world in the company of kings or costermongers. In recognition of these varied accomplishments, Lieutenant Norman Lyle received from a grateful country far smaller pay than an Admiralty clerk.

"Fond of early rising, Mr Parr?"

"Good morning," said Bunter, affably, as Lyle entered the chart-house. "Try a drop of this cocoa."

Lyle looked into the basin and shook his head. "I might try it, sir," he said, "but I shouldn't succeed."

"How d'you mean? Doesn't it agree with your stomach?"

"The dregs don't," said Lyle; "and there's nothing else left."

"I forgot," said Bunter. "I thought I'd left some of it. You're a wag, I see."

"They do credit me with a mild sense of humour, sir; but the stream of my wit runs but feebly before breakfast."

"Oh," said Bunter, rather puzzled. "You're the navigator, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I hope you're a good one," added Bunter, guardedly, "for my navigation's pretty rusty." His ignorance of an art in which few Naval captains excel had begun to cause him needless anxiety, but the reply of Lyle reassured him.

"Captain Hamley," said the officer, alluding to the late captain of the ship, "was so good as to leave the navigation entirely in my hands. But, of course, sir, if you'd prefer to shape the courses yourself——"

"No, no," said Bunter, emphatically. "You just carry on, Mr. What's-your-name, as you've been used to do. I expect you know the way to Gibraltar better than me."

"Well, sir, it's my trade, you know," said Lyle, modestly.

"And you have the cut of a good tradesman," rejoined Bunter, pleasantly. "Come to breakfast with me at one bell, will you, and let's hear how you can joke on a full stomach."

"Sir, I shall be most happy," said Lyle, and Bunter felt that he had already made friends with two of his officers. He was eager to learn what had been done with the Hon. Roger, and hoped to obtain some information on that head during breakfast.

In due course, and to the accompaniment of the angry roars of Filmore, the anchor was weighed and catted. Bunter stood looking on at the proceedings, and was relieved to find that all went smoothly without any orders from himself. He was beginning to discover that the captain of a war-ship is, at least in time of peace, little more than a figure-head, and that the magic words "carry on" were a sufficient answer to all suggestions made to him. And to this brief official vocabulary he presently added, with distinct success, the phrase "very good." When anybody reported anything, Bunter let fall his bland "very good" with an air of profound wisdom; when the officers suggested the performance of any routine duty he said "carry on"; and in all cases, during the hour that he stayed on deck, these two simple phrases sufficed.

The only matter in which he was obliged to issue a direct order was connected with the speed of the ship. Here, as he had no knowledge of the "Grunter's" maximum speed, he sought the advice of Lyle, who, learning that there was no hurry, recommended ten knots and a-half as a serviceable pace.

Lyle showed no surprise at being consulted, for, indeed, the officers did not expect their newly-appointed captain to know anything of the structure, armament, or engines of the cruiser that he commanded.

Bunter stayed on deck until the ship had been steadied upon her down-channel course by Lyle, and then, with affable directions to all concerned to "carry on," and a final "very good," he returned to the privacy of his comfortable cabin.

Stretching himself upon a couch, and watching through the stern-port the bubbling water churned up by the twin screws, an anxious look came over his face.

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"I've done well so far," he reminded himself; "yes, uncommon well. Here I am, captain of the blessed ship, and what I've got to do is to bluff it out till we get to Gib., and then sling my hook. There's no heaving to now, Ned, my sonny. You've got to bluff it out."

His reflections were disturbed by a knock at the cabin door, and the entrance of his servant. "I must be careful with this flunkey," he thought, "and I'd better be very high with him. What's your name, young fellow?" he began, haughtily.

"Sparks, sir," was the reply.

"You were varlet to Captain Hambly, I'm told?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, see here, Sparks," he continued. "I'm dead nuts on having my duds well brushed, and so on; and I like the right gear to be put out ready for me without me giving orders about 'em."

"Certainly, sir. I understand."

"And I'm rather absent minded," added Bunter; "so if you should see me wearing anything out of the common, I shan't think it a liberty if you tell me of it."

"Thank you, sir." The valet, who was short, alert, and extremely deferential in manner, passed into the sleeping cabin, and emerged carrying the suit of mufti that Bunter had worn over-night.

"Wait a bit," cried Bunter; "there's some papers in the coat pocket."

The valet took out the letters and papers and laid them on the table.

"Your bath water is ready, sir," he said.

"Very good," responded Bunter. "Tell the steward that two of the officers will breakfast with me at one bell."

When the servant had gone, Bunter took up the letters and regarded them doubtfully. "There's one here," he thought, "that I haven't read. Ah! this is the one. Looks like a gal's writing."

He felt some faint scruple about reading it, but, remembering that it was necessary to learn all that could be learned of the Hon. Roger's affairs, he drew it out of the envelope and read as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN LAXDALE,—

"I received your letter yesterday, and feel that I ought to answer your question. I have also consulted my mother, and she considers that I should be quite frank with you, and explain my views on marriage as clearly as I can. When you asked me to be your wife I did, as you suppose, hesitate. Had you been a peer, or even a millionaire, I should still have hesitated, for there are higher qualities than rank or wealth that I would like my husband to possess. Do not be offended, dear Captain Laxdale, when I tell you frankly that there is one quality which I rate higher than birth, or fortune, or even courage—the beautiful quality of humanity.

"It is my ambition to marry a humane man, and if you still wish me to be your wife you must give me proofs of your humanity. I fear that the profession of arms tends to blunt the finer feelings of even the bravest men, just as the use of the knife hardens the heart of the surgeon. You are brave, I know, but can I be sure that your heart throbs with pity for the victims of your sword?

"Next to humanity, I admire tact. I could not marry a man who had made himself ridiculous unless he were exceptionally humane. That you have real tact I am sure, and I *think* you have humane impulses. Prove my judgment right, dear Captain Laxdale, and I shall be proud to become your wife.

"Meanwhile, I remain your sincere friend,

"SYBIL NORRINGTON."

"P.S.—Let me congratulate you on your appointment to the 'Grunter.' But, oh! what an ugly name for a ship! Shall I ask the First Lord to let me alter it?"

"So," thought Bunter, "he's been walking out with this wench, and wants to marry her." He read the letter over again, and this time the importance of the lady's matrimonial views came fully home to him. "It's a good thing I read this," he mused, "but I wish I could get five minutes' quiet talk with the Hon. Roger."

He paced restlessly about the cabin, trying to devise some means of arranging an interview with his victim. He scarcely expected to gain much by the meeting, unless he could persuade the captain that he had no thought of keeping up the impersonation for a day longer than was necessary for his own safety. To send for the prisoner was impossible. Such an action would inevitably excite suspicion. "No, no," he muttered, "that wouldn't do. I'm bound to keep up my bloomin' dignity."

Still in doubt, and disposed to leave all to chance, he put the disagreeable subject aside. "I suppose I must have a bath," he reflected. He wondered vaguely why "toffs" required so much washing.

(To be continued.)

The First Great Battle of the Peninsular War.

By A. B. TUCKER.

THURSDAY and Friday (July 27 and 28) are the ninetieth anniversary of a battle which is remembered with great pride by the regiments taking part in it, and which bear the name "Talavera" inscribed on their colours.

After the embarkation of Moore's army, Soult invaded the north of Portugal, and a strong army was under the command of Joseph in Madrid and to the west, while Lapisse was at Salamanca and Victor near Talavera. The last-named was shortly afterwards joined by Lapisse. Cuesta, who had been recently beaten badly by Victor, lay with his Spaniards to the south of the army which had defeated him, halfway towards Seville. The British army, under Sir John Cradock, about 20,000 strong, was at Leyria and Alçobaca. Such was briefly the situation in the Peninsula when Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal on April 22, 1809. The British Government had all but determined to abandon Portugal, when Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed to organise the Portuguese Army, take it into English pay, officer it with English officers, and assist it with an army of 30,000 Englishmen. His proposal was accepted, and he was despatched to follow out his own plan. The forcing of the passage of the Douro on May 12 was followed in July by the terrible battle of Talavera. There for two days two French armies, that under Victor and the army from Madrid, numbering in all 48,000 men, assailed the forces of the allies. The British troops numbered 18,000, and the allies about 34,000. The British bore the whole brunt of the fighting, for they had little more than passive aid from their allies.

The opportunity to attack Victor before he had effected a junction with the army from Madrid having been missed through Cuesta's stupid stubbornness, Victor now assumed the offensive. When the French attack was delivered, almost the only assistance rendered by the Spanish was given by their holding the town of Talavera and the heights above, behind heavily-armed batteries, and so securing our right in the same way that a ravine or a steep mountain would have done.

The battle began as evening was approaching on July 27, when General Donkin's brigade received the first French attack. After some stubborn fighting, the French, by superiority of numbers, drove back our men, but General Hill, putting himself at the head of the 29th, hurled back the French at the point of the bayonet. The latter reformed, and came up the hill again with redoubled vigour. The fighting then became desperate, and in the darkness the struggle was maintained with resolution on both sides, the combatants being scarcely twenty yards apart. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, but at length the enemy was driven once more into the ravine and all firing ceased. So ended the first day's fighting. The British loss bordered on 800, while the French lost about 1,000.

The battle was resumed at daybreak next day, but the critical moment came soon after noon, when Victor ordered a simultaneous charge along the whole of his front. Villatte's division advanced against our left, and was charged by a brigade of our cavalry, in which was the 23rd Light Dragoons, which has since been disbanded. This regiment was terribly overmatched, and lost 207 men killed or taken prisoners. In the meantime the hill, the key of the position, was once more attacked by Lapisse. Here the fiercest fighting ensued. The British line was almost broken at the centre, but a determined bayonet charge hurled the enemy back in disorder down the hill. The intoxication of that success, however, nearly proved fatal, for the Guards, following up the fugitives too hotly, fell among the French reserves, between their field batteries. There was a violent recoil, and the tide came surging back again. But Wellington's genius had foreseen that possibility, and he ordered the 48th down the hill, and they, with the second line of Cotton's cavalry, received the shattered files of the Guards and gave them leisure to reform. It was the last effort of the French, and with nightfall they withdrew, leaving us with the victory. But the battle was not won without heavy losses, our killed, wounded, and missing amounting to nearly 6,000, while the French lost over 7,000.

The following British regiments bear the word "Talavera" among their battle honours: 3rd Dragoon Guards, 4th Hussars, 16th Lancers, 1st Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards, 3rd Foot (East Kent, Buffs), 7th (Royal Fusiliers), 24th (South Wales Borderers), 61st (2nd Gloucestershire), 29th (1st Worcestershire), 31st (1st East Surrey), 40th (1st Prince of Wales's Volunteers), 45th (1st Sherwood Foresters), 48th (1st Northamptonshire), 49th (2nd Royal Berkshire), 53rd (1st Shropshire Light Infantry), 60th (5th King's Royal Rifles—a battalion since disbanded), 83rd (1st Royal Irish Rifles), 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers), and 88th (Connaught Rangers).

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.—X.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

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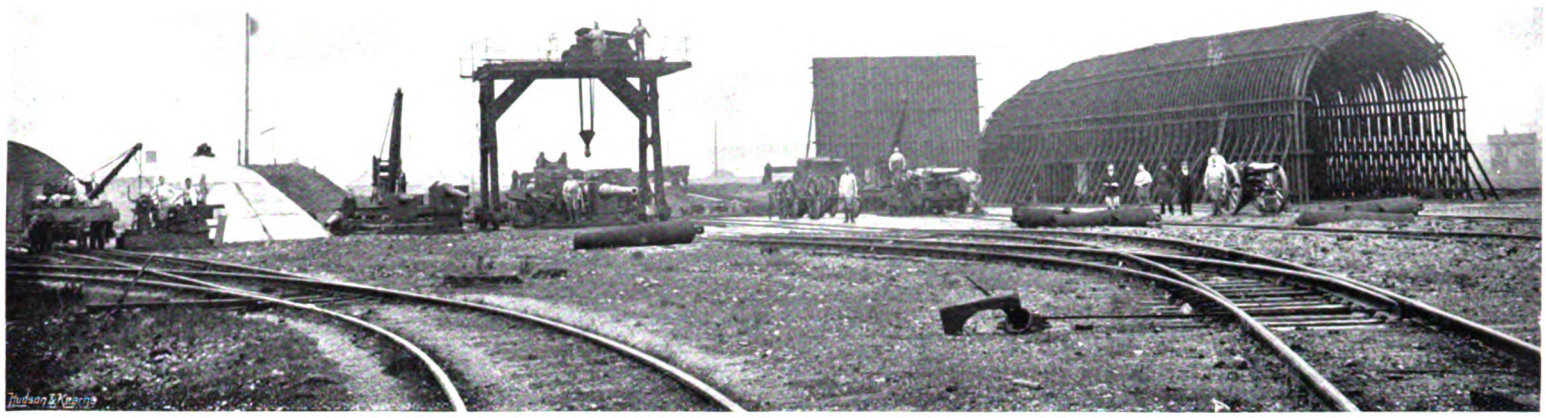


THE PROOF RANGE: VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE GUNS.

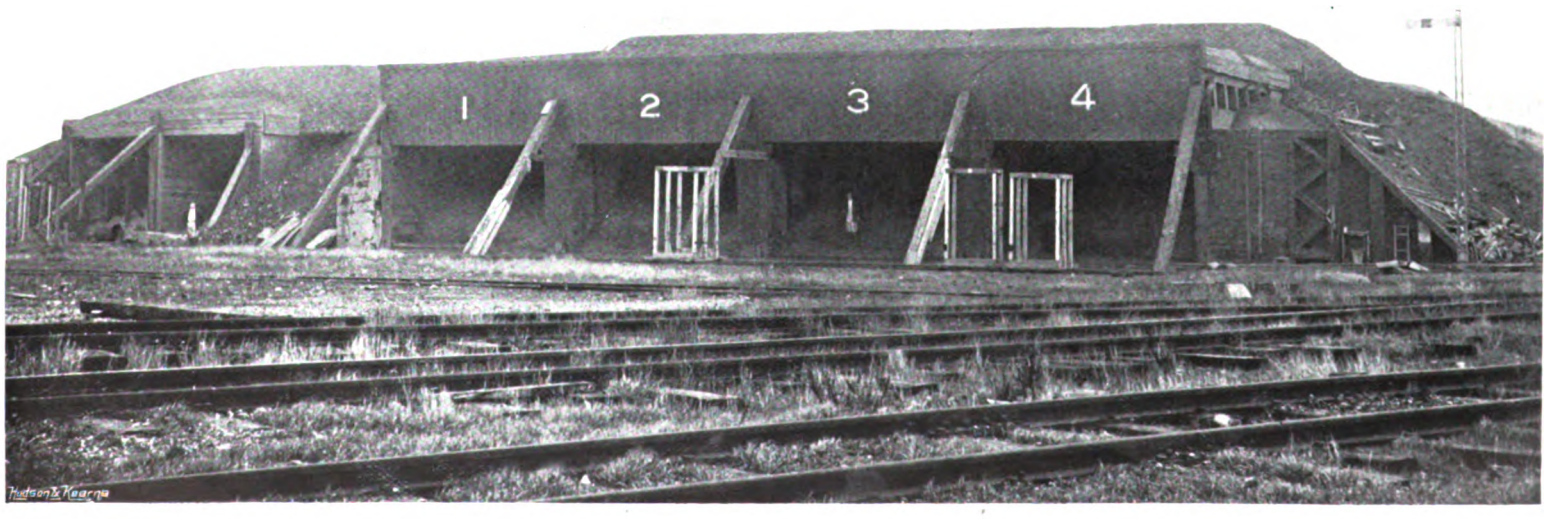
THE manufacturer has done his duty, and the gun has been handed over by him to the Inspection Department. Officers skilled in the visual examination of steel and ordnance have carefully inspected it, and there only remains the "proof," *i.e.*, the actual testing of the weapon under Service conditions. Although other departments in the I.G.O.'s branch are, no doubt, equally necessary, yet in the eyes of the public that of the proof butts will be considered far and away the most important.

The function of the proof officer in charge is to "prove" every gun ready for passing into the Services, Naval and Military; to prove all powder and cordite by samples from each "lot" made; to prove all new types of gun carriages and mountings, and also to carry out any experiments which the ordnance committee order. Over a thousand guns of all calibres, from the monster 46-ton wire-guns down to the little 3-pounder quick-firer, pass through the proof butts ordeal during the year. Besides this work, on the verdict given by the proof officer depends the acceptance or rejection of hundreds of tons of cordite and powder. To better estimate the work done, it may be mentioned that the number of rounds fired during a year averages about 19,000, representing, approximately, 500 tons weight of projectiles.

Mayall. Copyright.

MAJOR HOLDEN, R.A., F.R.S.

In order to cope with this task, the services of five officers, two warrant-officers, several non-commissioned officers, and a detachment of thirty gunners of the Royal Artillery are required. These latter are men of magnificent physique and exceptional character, and are specially selected for the very arduous work to be done. In addition to these there are a number of magazine men, civilian clerks, etc., making up the total number to fifty men. The officers shown in the group on the last page are, from the left, Lieutenant Bellairs, R.A., Major Pease, R.M.A., Major Holden, R.A., Captain Phipps, R.A., and Captain Tulloch, R.A. Major Holden, who is in command of this highly-trained staff, was appointed Inspector of Guns and Steel in February, 1888. As electricity plays an all-important part in the work at the butts, it is fortunate that such an authority in this science as Major Holden should be at the head of affairs, his vast experience, not in this alone but in all matters relating to gunnery and proof, being of incalculable value. For his services in the advancement of knowledge he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a coveted honour which but few other men in the Service possess. Officers employed under Government on scientific duties are constantly inventing new appliances, of which in general the public hears but little. One of Major Holden's "time-savers" is the electro-magnetic crane, of which an illustration is given over page. This contrivance, which only weighs 50-lb.,



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THE PROOF RANGE: SHOWING BUTTS AND SCREENS FOR TESTING VELOCITY OF PROJECTILES.

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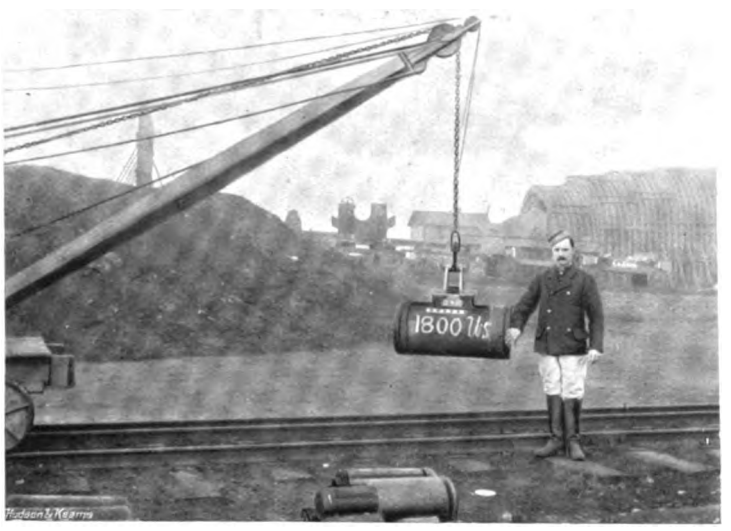
and is of great value at the butts, is capable of lifting a shot weighing 1,800-lb. The magnet is placed on the shot, and the electric current turned on, causing it to adhere to the shot, which is then hoisted up by an ordinary crane. The saving of labour is very great, as this ingenious device obviates the necessity of passing a chain round the shot, which, when dealing with a heavy projectile forming one of a pile, is no easy matter.

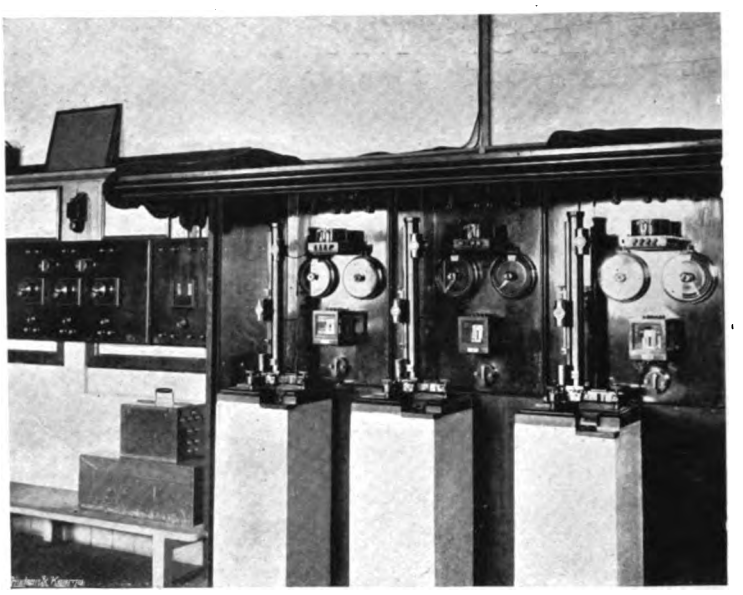
The elaborate measures for ensuring the safety of men employed at the butts have been perfected, and in great part arranged, by Major Holden, and the system of electric signalling and firing devised by him has reduced the risk to a minimum.

The butts form a complete department in themselves, and are cut off from the Arsenal by a huge gate. Directly on



MAJOR HOLDEN'S ELECTRO-MAGNET.

entering the headquarter offices a low, insignificant-looking building is observed, and from it all the firing takes place. The illustration at the top of the next column gives a good idea of the machines used for this purpose. Two screens are fixed up in front of the butts, and the distance between them carefully noted. Being composed of fine copper wire, it is possible to put them into electrical circuit with the "chronographs" here depicted. When the projectile passes the first screen, at the instant it breaks the wire the circuit is broken, and a brass bar on the office machine, which is exactly graduated, drops. Directly the shot breaks the other screen and circuit, the bar is arrested in its fall. By this ingenious machine a space of time equal to 1-3,000th of a second can be measured, and by it the exact velocity of the shot ascertained.



IN THE FIRING HOUSE.

In the above picture there are three of the chronographs on the right, the three firing keys and signals being on the left. As with the rest of the Arsenal, the Proof Butts Staff is entirely dependent on the railway for the transport to it of the huge guns which it has to prove. Brought up on trucks, they are run under the "gantry," or overhead crane, in order to enable the staff to move them on to their mountings. It will be noticed in the illustrations that there is an intricate-looking cage on the left of the gun (see the picture below). This is composed of iron rails, so arranged as to furnish a complete protection from any piece of metal which might be flying about after an explosion It was erected many years ago, when charges were not so heavy as they are to-day, and he would be a bold or rash man who expected to find safety within its shelter now. Were one of the big guns of to-day to burst, and were, say, half a ton of jagged metal to fly in the direction of the cage, the mass of steel would experience no difficulty at all in cutting clean through it. Now, when firing an experimental charge, men get behind specially-constructed banks of earth, which, although less imposing in appearance, are far more efficient than the "cage" ever was.

Away to the front lie the butts, which consist of huge masses of fine sand enclosed in a large mound of earth. This in turn is supported by concrete walls, and is roofed in by iron plates. On reference to the illustration of the shot used at the proof butts, it will be noticed that they are flat-headed. The reason for this is obvious, for were they to be as usually served out they would bore their way up through the sand, penetrate the roof, and go ricochetting about, to the

Photos. Copyright. *LOADING 110-TON GUNS: PUTTING IN THE CHARGE OF 800-lb. OF POWDER.* *H. & K.*

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FIRING AN 110-TON GUN WITH POWDER.

considerable annoyance of the public. The flat head assists the sand to check the tremendous force stored up in the projectile, and the shot practically never escape from the butts. In front of the mounds of sand can be seen the velocity screens mentioned earlier, and which form such an important feature in the proof of cordite and powder.

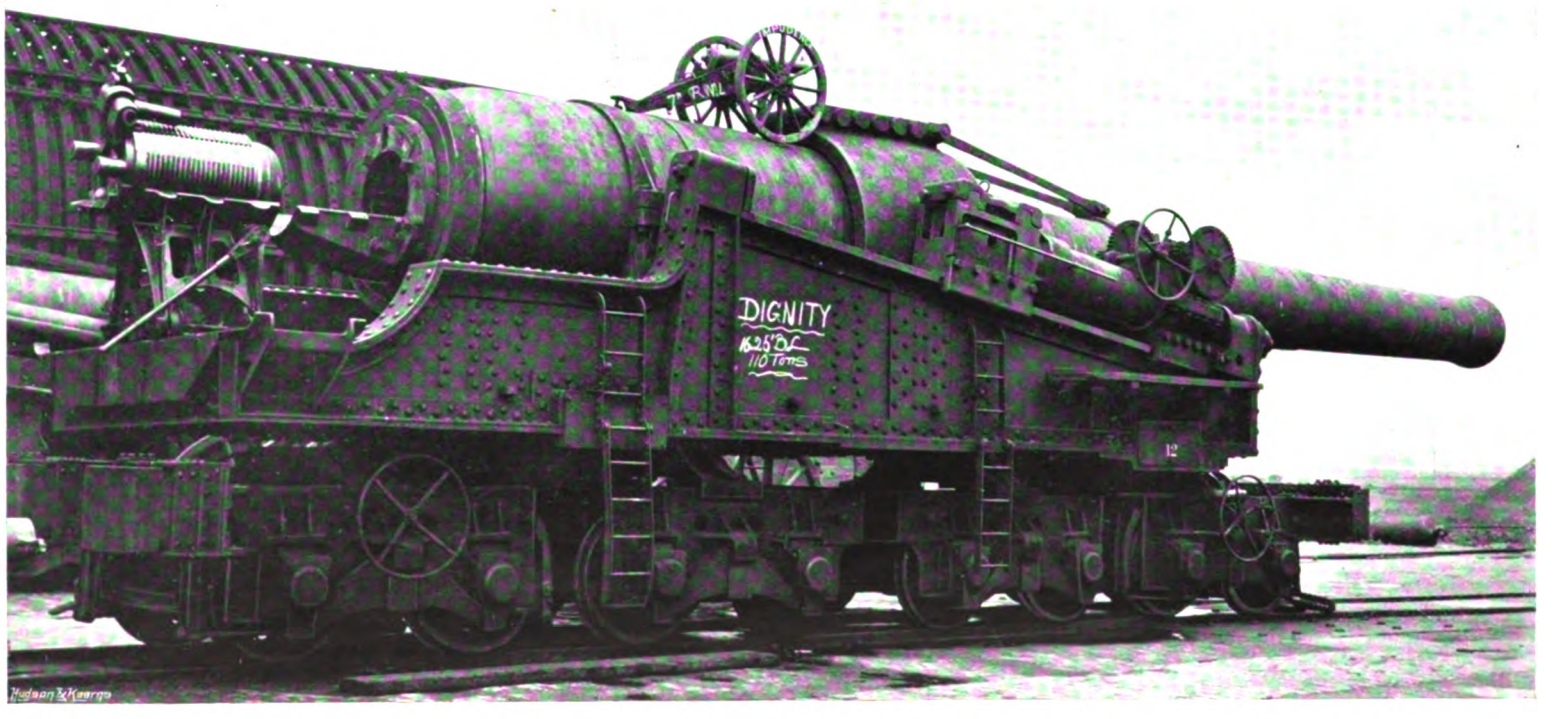
The gun is now on its mounting, waiting to be proved, and for this purpose ammunition has been brought up from the magazine in vans. This being one of the old 110-ton guns, it is being loaded with powder, of which it requires some 800-lb. weight. Its projectile in service weighs 1,800-lb., and stands over 4-ft. high. The powder is in the form of prisms, and is packed into canvas bags, which it will be observed are being carried to the gun. The massive breech-piece is open, whilst the flat cylinder swings beside it ready for hoisting into the breech. When the shot has been introduced, a bag of powder is thrust in, and the linen covering on one side is torn away. Another and another is rammed in, until the charge is complete, and the breech is closed. Within and behind the charge is placed a tiny copper cylinder, suitably arranged in a small steel chamber, this being for testing the pressure developed in the chamber of the gun. An ordinary pressure is about fifteen tons to the square inch.

The electrical wires are adjusted, and every man gets to his place of safety, awaiting the discharge. The officer in charge, when all is clear, signals to the firing house, and in an instant there is a roar, which seems to shake the very soil. From the muzzle of the gun pours a thick sulphurous cloud of smoke, which hangs over and obscures everything in its vicinity.

On a calm day with the ship stopped it would be difficult to fight any of the other guns in her were the 110-ton gun to be fired, say, four or five times in rapid succession.

The energy stored up by the explosion of this vast quantity of powder would be sufficient to lift a ship the size of the "Majestic" nearly $3\frac{3}{4}$-ft. into the air.

Note now the difference in the result of the discharge of the 12-in. wire-gun with cordite. Although in the picture there appears a thick cloud of what looks like smoke, this is highly deceptive. In reality it consists of dust, illuminated by the still burning cordite gases, and is not smoke at all in the real sense of the word. It is not impenetrable, nor does it last, for it disappears absolutely in a few seconds. In smaller guns it is hardly noticeable, as is well shown in the illustration of the 6-in. quick-firer at the moment of explosion. The fogginess of the breech-end of the gun is due to



Photos. Copyright. *A CONTRAST IN SIZE AND STRENGTH.* *H. & K.*

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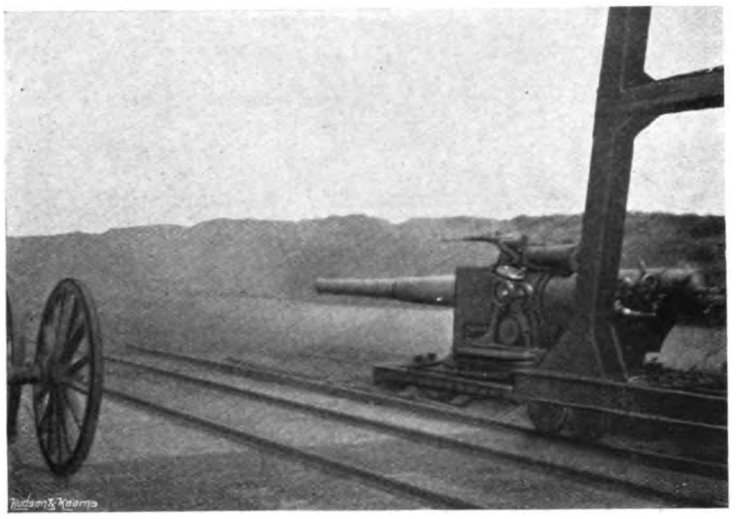
it having begun to recoil. The energy stored up by the firing of the 46-ton gun, firing ½-in. cordite, is sufficient to lift the same vessel previously quoted 2½-ft. in the air.

There is no doubt that in a hotly-contested Naval battle the guns using powder will be at a serious disadvantage as compared with those weapons firing cordite. The gunners of the former will find themselves absolutely enveloped in



6-in. QUICK-FIRER AT MOMENT OF EXPLOSION.

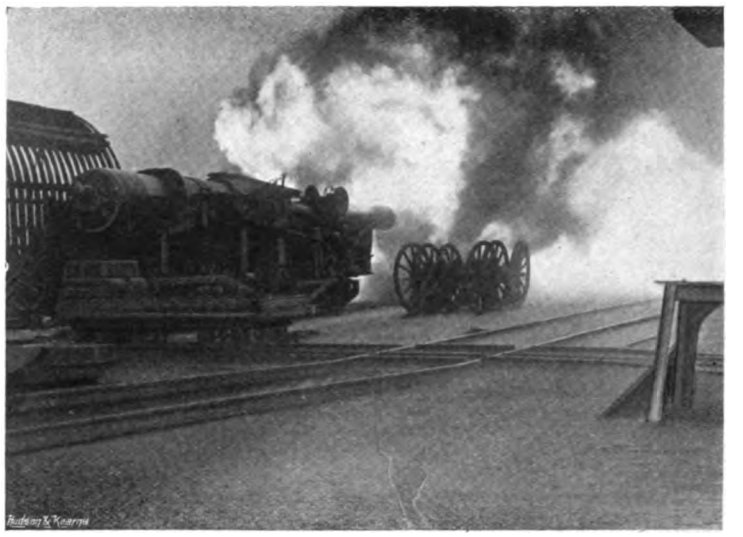
smoke, under cover of which anything may happen. If the ships were both stationary, this would not much matter, but on a perfectly calm day, with both antagonists moving, it will be a very serious thing indeed.

No reasonable man would object to pay increased taxes to bring all our ships up to date, and it has been suggested that the "Sans Pareil" and "Benbow" should have their "giants" hoisted out and replaced by more modern guns.

In the recent war between Spain and America the gunners of the United States Navy were seriously inconvenienced by the clouds of smoke from their big guns which fired powder. They were unable on several occasions to use their quick-firers, firing cordite, on this account, and their fleet is now being completely supplied with this up-to-date propellant.

The writer would like to be permitted in concluding this sketch of the first and most important of the three Ordnance

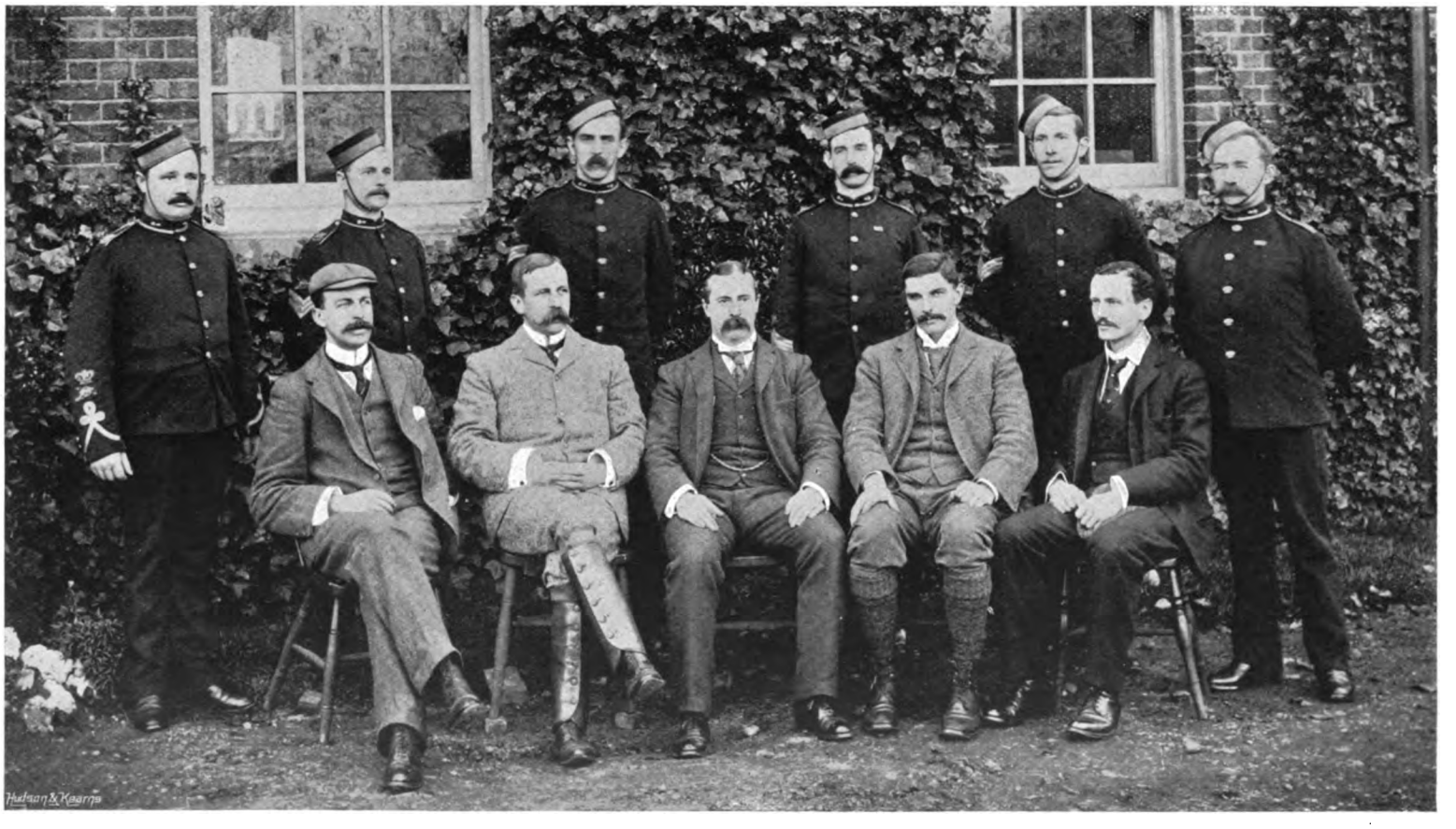
SERGEANT BAKER, R.A.



12-in. WIRE-GUN FIRING CORDITE.

Factories to place on record his sense of the kindness and courtesy shown him by every officer and official with whom he came in contact. As soon as he made it known that he represented the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and that his work had the approval of the authorities, no efforts were spared to afford him every information that the rules of the Service permitted, whilst in most cases the important features were pointed out to him by the officers themselves. To the untiring efforts of Sergeant Baker of the Proof Butts Staff much of the value of the photographs here reproduced is due, and it is only fair to recall the circumstance that many of them were taken under the worst climatic conditions. For nearly a month this indefatigable artist was labouring until midnight in his off-duty hours in order to complete the work, which, having been done in November, was harassing in the extreme.

In this first section of the Ordnance Factories it will have been noticed that the manufacture of only one group of warlike material has been shown. In the succeeding sections Enfield and Waltham Abbey will be shown in the same way. In the former, the growth of the Service rifle from its embryo stages of wood blocks and iron ingots to the finished ·303 Lee-Enfield magazine rifle will be explained and illustrated, whilst under the heading of Waltham Abbey cordite will be thoroughly described.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

MAJOR HOLDEN AND STAFF OF THE PROOF BUTTS.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on March 25, April 8, April 22, May 6, May 20, June 3, June 17, July 1, and July 15.)

A New Series dealing with Enfield and Waltham Abbey will appear shortly.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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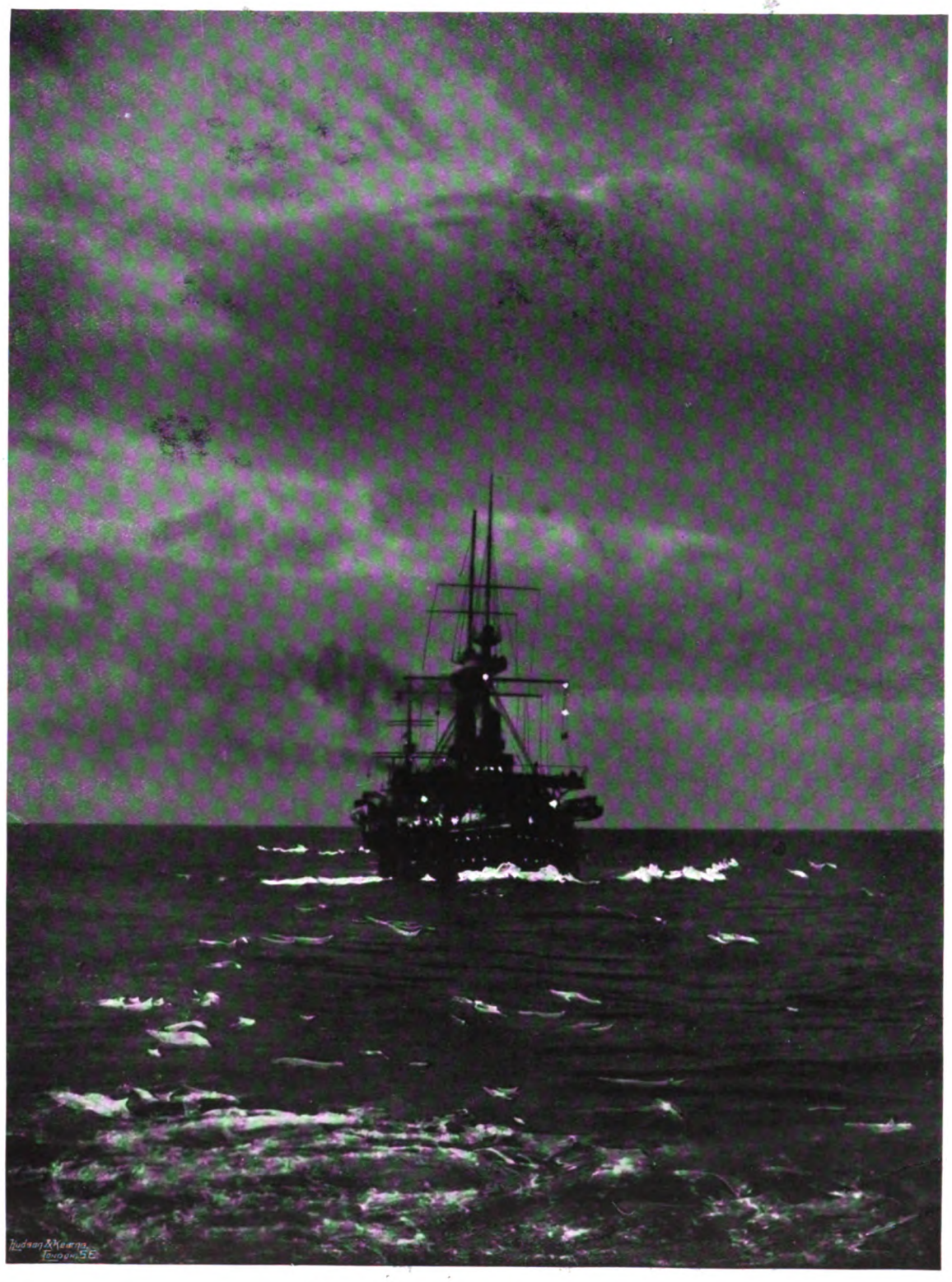

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

WITH THE "A" FLEET—OUR NEXT ASTERN AT MIDNIGHT.

"Any grander testimony to human ingenuity and skill it is impossible to conceive. On a bright moonlight night it is more than awe-inspiring to see this living mass of steel and flesh and brains rushing silently and relentlessly in our wake. The bright watch lights burn pitilessly with eyes of fire, and under the grim forefoot the inky waters break into purring, sparkling foam."

From Our Own Correspondent.

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Britain's Hope—On Board the Training-ship "Lion."

THE training-ship for seamen boys, officially known as the "Lion," really consists of two old two-deckers, the "Lion" and "Implacable."

They are moored stern to stern in the beautiful Hamoaze, off Devonport, and practically form one ship, under the command of one officer.

Upwards of 1,500 lads, ranging between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, are generally undergoing training on board the "Lion." One illustration depicts the vessel on a Monday morning, with the boys exercising at sail drill. All plain sail has been made, and the approach of a supposed squall has necessitated the furling of the royals and the reefing of the topsails. This work is in progress, as also the stowing of the flying jib. In a seagoing vessel, the appearance of the sails would be different in these circumstances, as the ship would still be progressing under her courses and jib, and the yards would be trimmed to the wind.

COMMANDER E. G. SHORTLAND.
Commanding the "Lion."

The petty officer instructors go aloft with the lads to superintend the work. The only boys to be seen aloft in the picture are the reefers and stowers. The rest are on deck working the ropes.

Another illustration represents the boys of the "Lion" with some of their chief and petty officers. It will be agreed that the lads look happy, smart, and healthy. The band boys are conspicuous by their distinct dress, plain blue serge, with white facings, and a peaked cap.

The adults in the picture are all instructors, and one or two of the scholastic staff may be seen in the mid-foreground.

Commander Edward G. Shortland, who is responsible for the training on board the "Lion," has held his appointment for the past eighteen months, and has fully maintained the comfort and efficiency for which the vessel is famous.

Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE "CUBS" AT SAIL DRILL—THE "LION" AS SHE LOOKS ON MONDAY MORNING.

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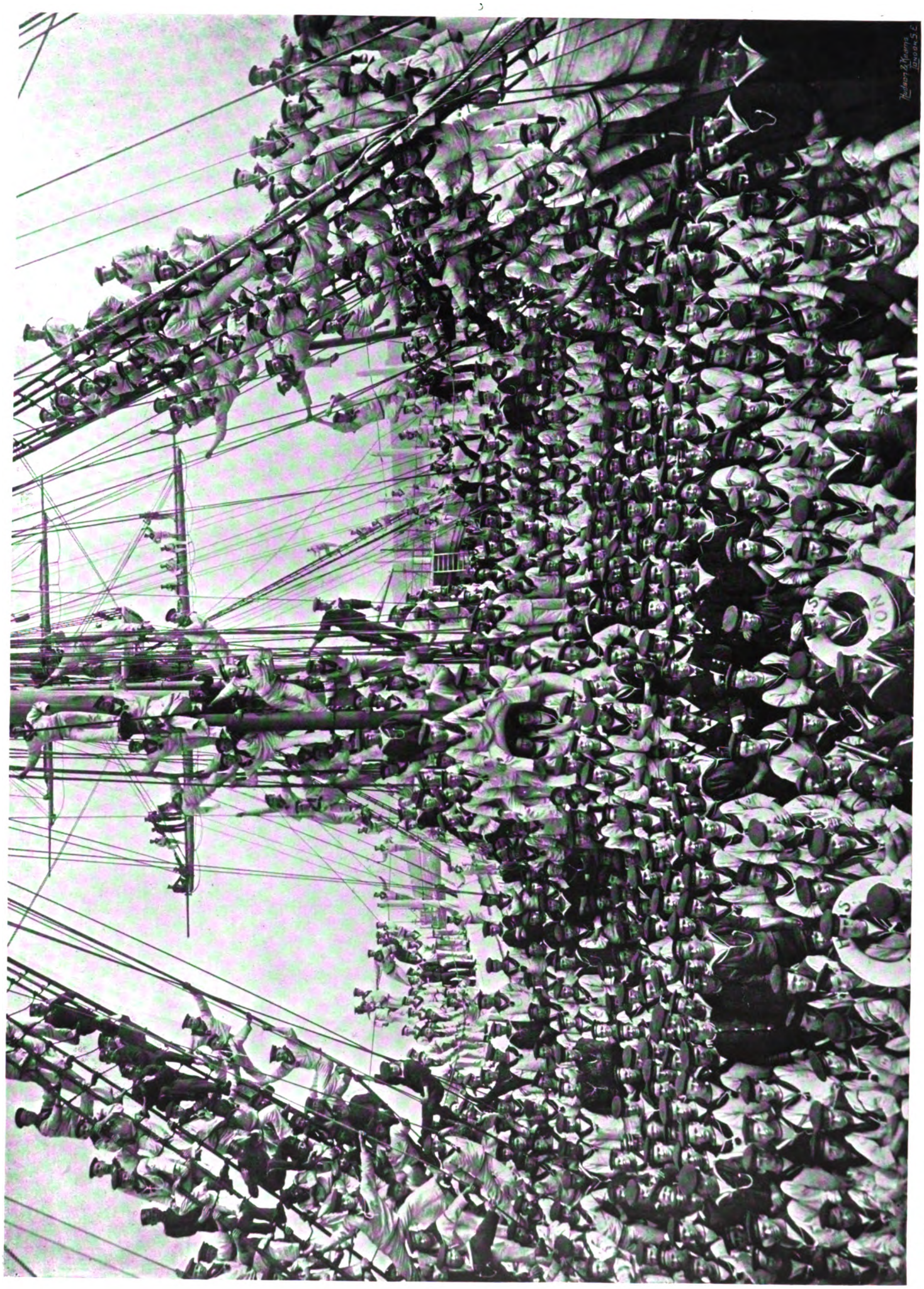

SOME YOUNG TARS—THE BOYS AT PRESENT UNDER TRAINING IN THE 'LION.'

Photo. W. M. Crockett.

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The Navy on the Stage.

THE REVIVAL OF "H.M.S. 'PINAFORE'" AT THE SAVOY.

CAPTAIN CORCORAN— MR. HENRY A. LYTTON. *THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.— MR. WALTER PASSMORE.*

Captain Corcoran: "I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why, damme, it's too bad."

LITTLE BUTTERCUP— MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM. *JOSEPHINE— MISS RUTH VINCENT.*

Buttercup: "A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming."

DICK DEADEYE— MR. RICHARD TEMPLE. *RALPH RACKSTRAW— MR. ROBERT EVETT.*

Deadeye: "Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned;
She is a lady—you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water."

HEBE—MISS EMMIE OWEN. *TOM TUCKER—MASTER REIMERS.*

Hebe: "Then good-bye to his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
Especially his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

Photos by Ellis and Walery, Copyright.

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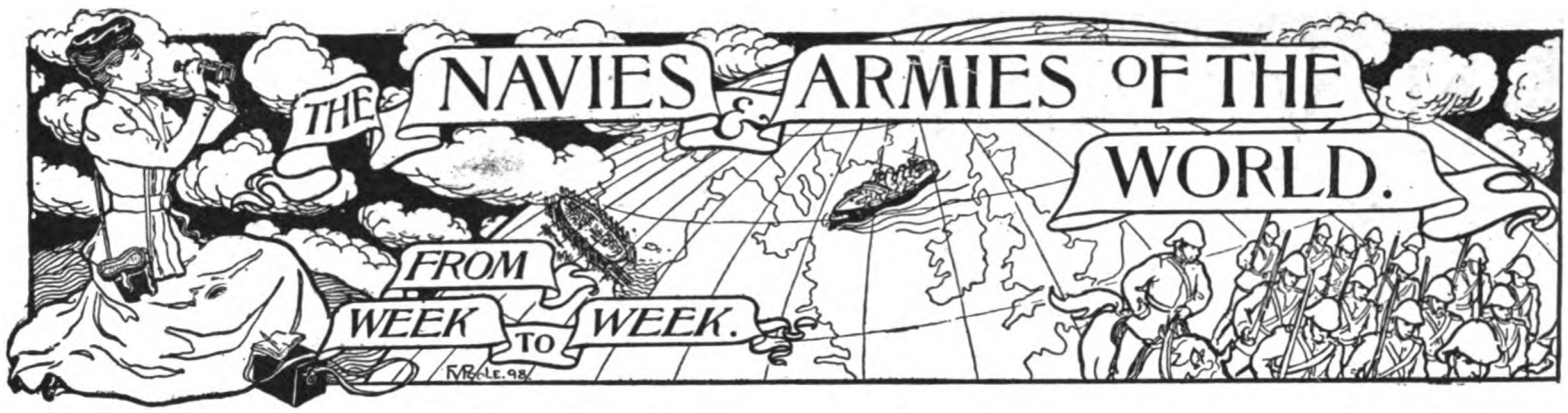

THE dismissal of General de Négrier is an act of vigour, no doubt, but it is also something else. It is a proof how little vigour is really required to reduce any officer to absolute insignificance in an organised State. From the moment he ceases to be on active service he is nobody and nothing. Those French papers which hanker after a military *coup d'état* pretend to wonder whether any brother officer will be found base enough to take his place. But they need not feel any anxiety. If the French Government wishes, as apparently it does not, to fill up his place on the Supreme Council of War, it will find no want of officers prepared to accept a good billet. As for his Inspectorship of Infantry, there will be no question of difficulty in finding somebody to take that. The Government has only to name someone to take it, and there will be an end. The fact which most English commentators, and many French too, do not seem to recognise, is that it is a very difficult thing for a general to make a *coup d'état* off his own bat except when the country is in a state of anarchy, as Spain was a couple of generations ago, and as England was in the Civil War. When that is the case the nation will not only submit to, but will applaud, the strong man armed who keeps order. Besides, at such times an army is likely to be also a party, and to have political purposes. Then you may have such events as our Pride's Purge, or Cromwell's short way with the Rump of the Long Parliament, or General Pavia's dismissal of the Republican Cortes at Madrid, or the restoration of the monarchy by Martinez de Campos.

* * * *

Where the State is orderly and peaceful, what can any General de Négrier (whose name, by the way, means slaver), or any combination of General de Négriers, do? Even when in command, he or they would be greatly puzzled to know how to begin. It is by no means certain that the men will follow. I once had the luck to see a Spanish army of 20,000 men refuse to make a *pronunciamento* when one of their generals tried to lead them against a Government which they preferred to obey. But when the general is on half-pay, and has no command, nobody is bound to render him the slightest obedience. Then, unless he can appeal to some religious or political sentiment, or unless the country is in a state of anarchy, and there is no superior Government to obey, the first gendarme or sub-lieutenant of infantry who puts a hand on his collar is his master. When poor Richard Cromwell was drifting helplessly after his father's death he was told that he could keep order perfectly well if only he would dismiss any officer who agitated, for that apart from their command they could not rely on being followed by any two men in the country. Under very exceptional circumstances a general has made himself so formidable that the Government has been compelled to have recourse to underhand ways against him. The great Imperialist general of the Thirty Years' War was murdered because the Emperor feared him. But Wallenstein had raised his army himself, it had taken the oath to him, and consisted largely of adventurers of all nations who had no country except the camp, and no loyalty except to the colours. A modern general, even in France, is not in that position. The *coup d'état* of 1851 would have been impossible if it had not been directed by the Prince President himself, and even he had to go to the Sahara for St. Arnaud before he could get the proper instrument.

* * * *

Mr. Goschen has shocked some of us by admitting that no efforts are made to teach officers the principles of war or strategical science. But what are the principles of war, and what is strategical science? Von der Goltz, in a late treatise on the principles of war presented to British officers, under the patronage of Lord Wolseley, solemnly warns the young soldier against paying attention to the said principles as they are taught in what he calls "mathematical" text-books, because they leave the human element out, and it is the most important. But how can there be a "science" of the diverse and wavering human element? There may be an art in dealing with men, but there can be no science, which is a "certainty grounded on demonstration." What the history of war demonstrates is that great generals, from Alexander and Hannibal downwards, have violated the "principles" gaily and have won. Sometimes they have acted on them, and have made mistakes. Thus Napoleon, in 1814, threw himself on the communications of the Austrians, calculating that they, who were very careful of the principles, would be drawn off from Paris. For the first time in his experience they let their communications go, and he was utterly beaten. Yet to take care of your communications in war is, if not all, at least a very large part of the Law and the Prophets. How can there be any science, any "certainty grounded on demonstration," when the same action is right or is wrong, according to circumstances and the quality of your opponent? To give battle with your back to a river is a mistake, and yet generals have crossed rivers and beaten the enemy who were waiting for them on the other side. There are innumerable examples of that, and, indeed, of alternate success and defeat following the adoption of the same line of conduct. The result depends on the quality of the men engaged, and a little on accident, which is another way of saying that there is no such thing as a science of war.

* * * *

The point is worth labouring, and the question is not one merely of words. The history of war shows that nothing is so fatal as to erect given methods, given rules of conduct with dogmas, to call upon all men to follow them, and to put them above discussion. Look, for instance, at the effect which the Fighting Orders of the Duke of York (James II.) had on our Navy by enforcing the maintenance of the line of battle. Or to take a smaller modern instance: General Colley had been persuaded that a position held by men armed with breech-loaders could not be stormed. Well, we know what happened to Colley and his men at Majuba. And this is what will always be liable to happen when people believe that there is a science of war—a certainty based on demonstration—because they will take it for granted that this or that method will have a fixed result, whereas experience shows that in war every method succeeds, or fails, according to the quality of the men who use it and the quality of the men against whom it is used. War is not a science, but an art, which is and must be the work of the artist. What is wanted by the kind of artist called admiral or general is, above all,

"Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

* * * *

Is it priggish to suggest that there might be a little less bluster and tugging at the long sword in connection with this discussion between us and the Boers? There is something in dignity after all, and there is nothing dignified in all this clamour, and offer of help from the colonies, and talk of bringing 10,000 men from India, and the rest of it, to fight 60,000 Boers who could not put 20,000 men into the field, and could not fight a campaign, though, no doubt, they could fight a battle, or perhaps two. As it is, we talk as if we were afraid that the united forces of the British Empire would hardly be enough. Does anybody ever reflect on the effect which talk of this kind is very likely to have on, say, a discontented Mahratta at Poona who reads our papers and is on the look-out for signs of weakness? What caps the whole thing is to find people talking of bringing in native troops from India against the Boers, a proposal which is enough to give goose-flesh to every man who knows anything of India. We really speak at present, some of us, as if we were working ourselves into a fighting mood, as Mrs. Joe Gargery used to get up hysterics when she wanted to bully poor Joe.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 6, 1763.—Colonel Bouquet, with a small body of troops, while marching with a convoy to Fort Pitt, on the Ohio, had been attacked by a very superior body of Indians, and had repulsed them. During the night and on the following morning he was again attacked by the Indians, and after a sharp fight routed the enemy with great slaughter.

August 7, 1758.—General Bligh effected a landing near Cherbourg. The first portion disembarking numbered 1,500 men, but drove off their opponents, who numbered 3,200 regular troops, and 5,000 Gardes de côte. 1793.—The Duke of York, with seven British, two Hessian, and four Austrian battalions, and twenty-one squadrons of Hanoverian, Hessian, and Austrian cavalry, repulsed near Cambray two attacks by French cavalry. On the second occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill, with a squadron of the 15th Light Dragoons, charged with such vigour that besides killing and wounding several of the enemy, he captured two officers, 44 men, and 60 horses.

August 8, 1793.—The Duke of York, with the force mentioned above, fell with his cavalry, except one regiment, on the French rear guard near Merguion. In the action which ensued, the 11th Light Dragoons and the Hussars of Barco captured two guns and some prisoners. 1811.—Batavia, in the Dutch colony of Java, capitulated to a force under Sir Samuel Auchmuty. 1824.—A stockade near Rangoon was carried by a force under Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the Madras Europeans, with the loss of 50 men killed and wounded.

August 9, 1344.—The Earl of Derby with 4,000 men defeated a French force of 12,000 men under the Comte de l'Isle Jourdan, at Auberoche, after a long and stubborn fight. The English lost 300 men, the French 5,000, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

August 10, 1794.—The French garrison of Calvi, in Corsica, capitulated to Lieutenant-General Stuart.

August 11, 1812.—Sharp cavalry skirmishes between British, Portuguese, and German cavalry and a body of French cavalry near Las Rozas. The loss of the allies, who were ultimately successful, was about 200 men.

August 12, 1812.—Lord Wellington, after the battle of Salamanca, entered Madrid in triumph, which had been abandoned by the French.

AUGUST 6, 1805.—The "Blenheim," 74, in charge of an East Indiaman convoy, beat off the French "Marengo," 80, and "Belle Poule," 40.

August 7, 1758.—Descent on Cherbourg by Commodore Howe's squadron with a large expeditionary force of troops in transports. Completely successful, the harbour works and magazines being destroyed.

August 8, 1813.—Defeat of the American squadron on Lake Ontario by the British Lake Squadron. Americans: Fourteen vessels, mounting 114 guns. British: Six vessels, with 92 guns.

August 9, 1666.—Sir Robert Holmes' destruction of Dutch shipping at Ter Schelling.

August 10, 1805.—Capture of the French "Didon," 40 guns, belonging to Villeneuve's fleet, then at Corunna, by the British "Phœnix," 36, after a three hours' fight, mostly within pistol shot. The "Didon" had been sent out to get news of Nelson's whereabouts, and her non-return considerably influenced Villeneuve in the decision which led him to Trafalgar.

August 11, 1673.—Action between Prince Rupert and De Ruyter, off the banks of Flanders. The fighting was close and desperate, and undoubtedly ended in favour of the Dutch, though both sides were too much exhausted to continue. In this fight Sir Edward Spragge lost his life while passing in a boat from one ship to another.

August 12, 1762.—Reduction of the Havannah by Sir George Pocock's fleet, accompanied by an expeditionary force of soldiers.

IN one of our annual reference books the following statistics of foreigners in our Army are given: French, 29 officers and 7 privates; Germans, 12 officers and 13 privates; Italians, 10 officers and 5 privates; Greeks, 7 officers and 6 privates; Spaniards, 5 officers; Portuguese, 3 officers; Russians, 1 officer and 2 privates; Swiss, 2 officers; Turks, 1 officer; Norwegians, 1 officer and 1 private; Danes, 1 officer and 1 private; Belgians, 3 officers; Swedes, 1 private—total (Army), 75 officers and 36 privates." For the Navy 14 continentals are given, of whom more than half are French—5 officers and 3 seamen.

The Seaman-poet of France.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Yann Nibor

NLY ten years ago there appeared in the literary world of Paris a new and unfamiliar figure. In the *réunions* of the brothers of the pen, and sometimes in the salons of the great, a tall stranger, with keen eyes, knitted brows, jaws marking character, and a skin tanned by wind and sun, would rise and sing or recite, with the accent of a Breton, weird and melancholy tales of the sea. Many among the decadents, cynics, and enthusiasts of intellectual Paris wondered who the unknown could be, and they learned without surprise that he was Yann Nibor, the seaman-poet. We have not had in England exactly such a man. Patriotic gallantry, jollity, and sentiment are the dominant notes of our sea-songs, summed up mostly, perhaps, in Dibdin's toast of Saturday night:

> "Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life
> Each drank, while he wished he could hail her;
> But the standing toast that pleased the most,
> Was—the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
> And the lass that loves a sailor!"

Yann Nibor can sing, too, of such things, but he exercises his power in the profound melancholy with which he strikes the heart-strings by his mournful melodies. The gloom of the storm, the terrors of the lost, the agonies of those who survive, the dumb misery of the widow and the fatherless—these things and all the sadness of the sea are the theme of his verse. He goes straight to the elemental facts of our nature, and chiefly to the love of home and kindred, and he irradiates all with the light of devotion and the spirit of self-sacrifice. He loves the sea with a veritable passion, and loves it by inheritance, but he has a poignant sense of its cruelty, and demands of it, almost in the words of Victor Hugo—"Où sont-ils les marins sombrés dans les nuits noires?" And the note of patriotism rises high in his verses also, many of which he has dedicated to those who understand that beautiful motto, "Honneur et Patrie." Yann Nibor is not the first seaman-poet of France. There was Gabriel La Landelle, a forgotten songster, who had a wonderful legend of battle—of the Provençal seaman who fell dying from the mizen-top of the "Redoutable" with the joyous shout "J'ai tué Nelson!" Another seaman, too, René Ponsard, sang sweetly in his time, but is remembered no more. Yann Nibor is far more human than these, and for that reason he is likely to last. As a distinguished French critic has observed, when more ambitious poems are forgotten, the humble Breton seaman, mending his nets on an upturned boat at Roscoff or Concarneau, may sing a century hence some of his very human songs of the sea.

Yann Nibor was born in the old corsair town of Saint Malo more than forty years ago. His great-grandfather, Michael Robin of Saint Servan, the son of a seaman who had fought under Surcouf, had a long life of fighting at sea, in the "Tigre," "Minerve," and "Duguay-Trouin," was captured in 1799 and brought a prisoner to England, and, being exchanged, was captured again, escaped to Boston, and returned to France in an American vessel. Yann's grandfather, who lived in a wooden house of the seventeenth century in the Rue du Boyer at Saint Malo, was also a seaman. He died, leaving the house and a coasting vessel he possessed to Yann's father, Jean Marie Robin. Jean Marie was a seaman too, but he had learned cabinet-making as well; so he sold the boat, and carried on his trade on the ground floor of the old house, letting the upper parts of it to sailors of the port and their families. Here little Albert Robin—for that is the poet's name—drank in from the lips of *terreneuviens* and Iceland fishermen much lore of the sea, and the witchery of sea-life enraptured him. He dreamed of the *rud' vi' d' cett' mer*," and thought the day would arrive when he, too, should visit the Newfoundland Banks and take his place in the fleet.

The *année terrible* came, and the cries of "A Berlin!" and the notes of the "Marseillaise" were often heard in the streets of Saint Malo. The lad's blood was stirred, and he forsook the old house to join the *école des mousses* on board the "Inflexible," boys' training-ship at Brest. He had dreamed of heroic deeds in the Baltic, but, instead, received many a *coup d' garcett'* during the three years in which he learned the business of a Bluejacket. He joined the signalling branch, and went to sea in the "Océan," was afterwards in the "Bretagne," and served three years on the Pacific station in the "Magicienne." During this time he began to sing songs and recite pieces for the amusement of his comrades of the fo'c's'le, and took part in some dramatic entertainments, the officers recognising his talent and encouraging him. It

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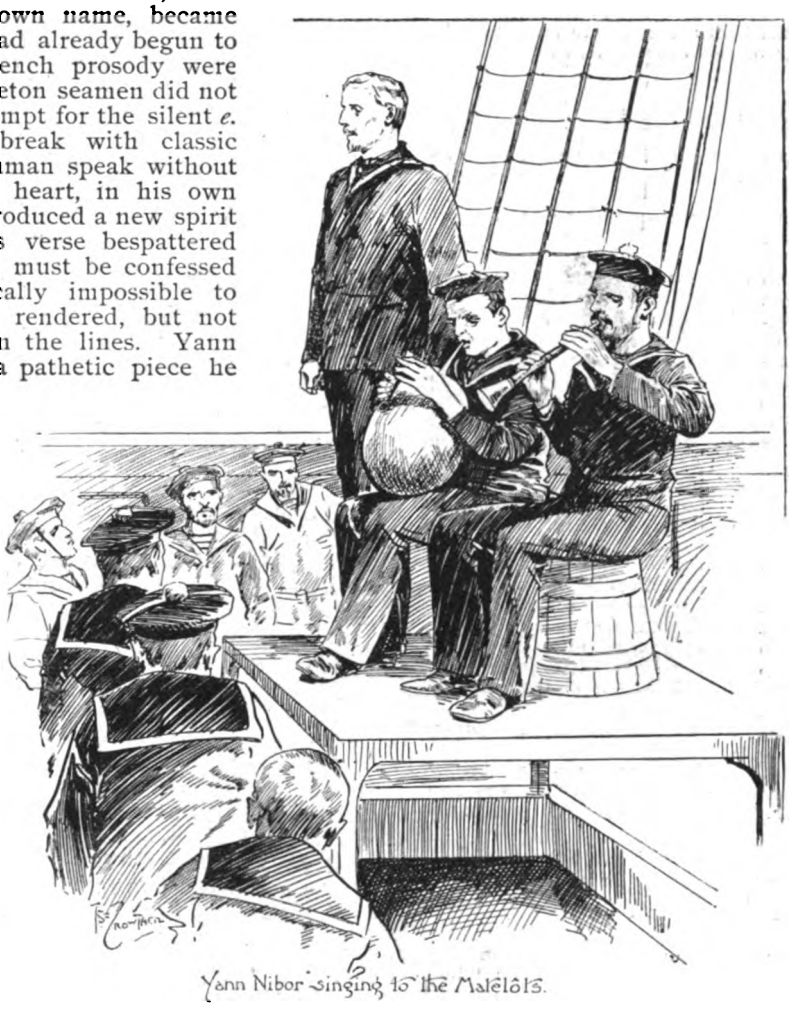
was at sea, too, like Loti, that he nourished the flowers of fancy, conjured up visions of sadness and solemnity, and, like Heine, demanded of the waters to solve for him the "harrowing world-old riddle of life." In the far Pacific his homeland grew more beautiful, and sadly he thought of the distance that lay between:

"J' suis triste et mon cœur volage
S' met à batt' bien fort
Quand j' vois en rev' mon village
Avec son vieux port."

Returning to France a warrant officer, he decided to leave the sea, a resolve he often regretted, and, with 1,200 francs in his pocket, set out to seek his fortune in Paris. Fortune did not smile upon him at first, but he met Admiral Serre, who had known him in the "Magicienne," and was installed in a clerkship at the Ministry of Marine. He found means to study literature and elocution at the Lycée Charlemagne, and, after a time, began to recite pieces from the writings of Victor Hugo, Coppée, and Richepin. He became an enthusiastic admirer of Pierre Loti, revelled in "Mon Frère Yves," and was infatuated by the "Pêcheur d'Islande." He was enthralled by the life and fate of its hero, whose original, poor Lantrec Floury, dreading the death to which Loti consigned him in the story, has lately met it in the waters of Porz-Even, close to his native village. It was in this way that Robin came to take the name of "Yann," and making an anagram of his own name, became known as Yann Nibor. He had already begun to compose, but the rules of French prosody were his stumbling-block. The Breton seamen did not speak by rule, and had a contempt for the silent *e*. He resolved, therefore, to break with classic tradition, and to make his seaman speak without convention, straight from the heart, in his own homely tongue. He thus introduced a new spirit into French literature, in his verse bespattered with marks of elision, and it must be confessed that his writings are practically impossible to translate. The ideas may be rendered, but not the peculiar force that lies in the lines. Yann Nibor's first success was in a pathetic piece he was moved to write on the loss of the "Quatre Frères" and the "Ella," with 179 *pauv's mat'lots*, many of them belonging to Saint Malo, and he sang the ballad at a meeting of French and foreign students on the terrace at Meudon. His fame rapidly spread, and he became prominent during the Franco-Russian fêtes at Toulon by his patriotic utterances, and has sung and recited many pieces on board the ships at Toulon and Brest, arousing extraordinary enthusiasm. They describe it as a sight not easily forgotten to witness the eager faces of the Bluejackets gathered on the deck of a French war-ship listening to the songs and recitations of Yann. He has known exactly how to attract their interest, touch their emotions, arouse their enthusiasm, and inspire them with the spirit of devotion. He is a seaman speaking to seamen of the things they have experienced together; not a landsman merely describing the things of the sea. And the voice of the Malouin uses their own familiar tongue, moving them alternately to laughter and tears, making their minds reflective, perhaps, but causing their hearts to sing with joy in the execution of duty, full of satisfaction in the seaman's work well done. Yann's pieces have been published in three volumes, of which one—"Chansons et Récits de Mer"—has been "crowned" by the French Academy, and has a preface by Pierre Loti.



Yann Nibor singing to the Matelôts.

Many of Yann Nibor's songs are concerned with sea-life, and are huge favourites in the French Fleet. Such is the "Lavage du Pont," such the cheery shanty of the stokers, such the merry invitation to the fo'c's'le song, which shall be heard far aft and amuse the officer of the watch, and such again the capstan song, which goes to a catching melody, taken up by many a lusty voice in the chorus:

"Cric! crac! Ca march'! Tricotons vit' des quilles.
Gare à nos patt' en enjambant l' panneau.
Tournons, virons, en pensant aux bell's filles,
D'ici qu' notre ancr' soit arrivée en haut.
Virons un coup, pour les joli's filles } *bis.*
Virons-en deux, pour les amoureux." }

Very charming is "Honneur et Patrie." A young *mousaillon* from Paris is on board, who comprehends but vaguely these golden words, which are in every French war-ship, and he appeals to an old Breton seaman to explain. It is noteworthy that Yann does not describe *honneur* as that high personal rectitude which Milton speaks of—"Godlike, erect, with native honour clad"—nor as that finest sense of justice which man's mind can frame, whereof Wordsworth writes, but as legitimate joy in achievement, whether in victory over an enemy, or in the better handling of a ship—with the sense of emulation—as in coming to an anchor or other evolution. More consonant to English ideas is the seaman's definition of the *Patrie* as the native soil we tread with idolatry, the wife, the mother, the old grandmother, the little ones who await us, the old church and the churchyard, where more than one of us seamen can never lie. It is Brittany for the Breton, Toulon for the Toulonnais, Paris for the Parisian, all united making the *Patri' mère.*

But, after all, it is his appeal to human pity for the suffering seaman that has made Yann famous. In the "Morte de Recouvrance," a boy new to the fleet asks an old seaman to tell a story—in these pieces we often find youth appealing to age; shall it be merry or sad? The lad elects the melancholy; and it is the choice of Yann Nibor. His incidents are simple; his merit is in the emotion he evokes. There is the young Bluejacket, with his wife of a week, who spends three years in the Pacific counting the days to his return. He sets foot ashore at Brest; she is nowhere in the crowd; he flies to the house—finds all in disorder; she is dead, and they have lately buried her; in an agony of mind he goes to the graveyard; he will see the dear face again; by moonlight he digs until the coffin is disclosed; he breaks the lid, and finds her not dead, but in a swoon; she recovers, sits up, sees the coffin and the grave-clothes, and with a moan falls dead in his arms. Simpler still is the story called "La Veillée Breton." A fisherman is washed overboard, and his comrade plunges in to rescue him; the rescuer is lost and the other saved, and a widow is left behind. But here I must note that Yann, though an idealist, is a pitiless realist as well. It is part of his art. The dead man's body is washed ashore, but Yvonne can hardly recognise her husband, for the great crabs have eaten out his eyes. The seaman-poet is not content to leave us without that touch of the terrible. Then there is the petty officer washed overboard in a tremendous sea off Cape Horn. They throw him a life-buoy, but no boat can be launched, and they look on while the chaplain recites the prayers for the dying. As he does so a crowd of albatrosses, hungering for flesh and blood, gather round, and leaving but the dead man's bones clinging to the buoy, disappear in the gloom, "l' cœur gai d'avoir le ventre empli."

Such is the note of the Frenchman's song of the sea. He loves it, though it has dealt him cruel blows He does not revel in it, and has no such cry of exultation as is expressed in Heine's magnificent "Thalatta! Thalatta! Sei mir gegrüsst, du ewiges Meer!" His is the note of the humble, the cry of the toilers who live by the work of the sea; and it is certainly a thing of note that a simple Bluejacket, by penetrating the spirit, and giving voice to the emotions and ideas born of his calling, and interpreting the life of the sea, has entered the intellectual world of Paris and received the honours of the French Academy and of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

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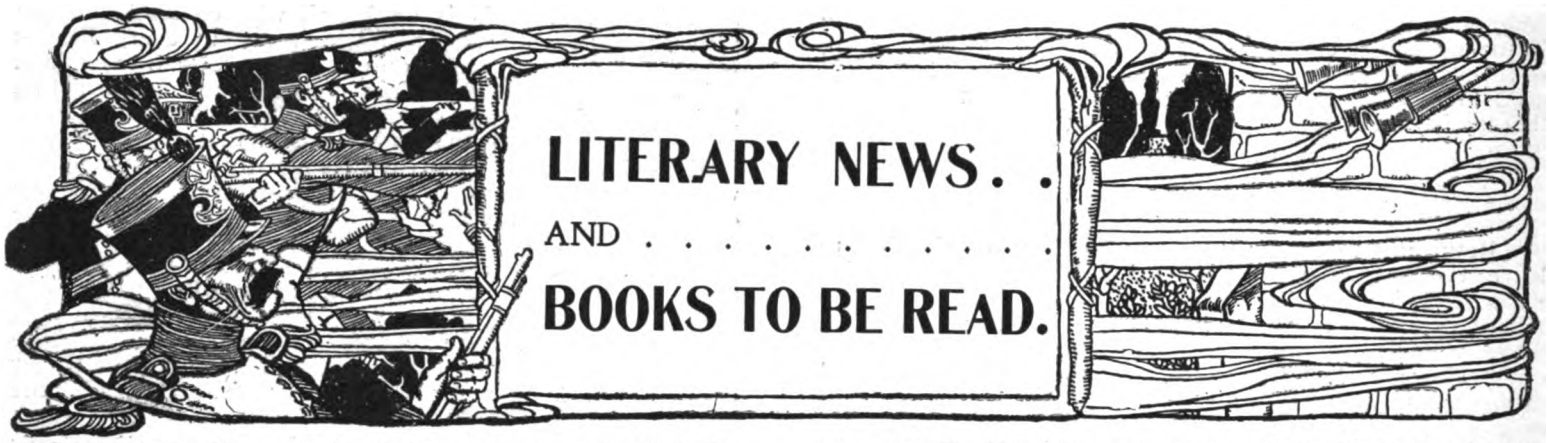


AT a time when all eyes are directed to events and prospects in the Transvaal, the appearance of a comprehensive work entitled "Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa, 1795-1845" (Unwin, 2 vols.) should be of interest to many. The author is Dr. J. C. Voigt, who belonged to the Cape Colony Volunteer Ambulance Service in the Transvaal in 1881. He handles events very cleverly, and has certainly written with great spirit and an excellent eye to his purpose. History, as all the world knows, repeats itself, and it is singular to find in one of his early chapters the remark that "the reforms which had been promised were slow in coming, and when they made their appearance it was found that they amounted to very little." He is not referring to the grievances of the Uitlanders, as might be supposed, but to the discontent and dissatisfaction felt by the farmers and frontiersmen at the end of the last century with the mismanagement of the Dutch East India Company—a discontent which led to the Republic being proclaimed in Graaf Reinet in 1795. Dr. Voigt has a good deal to say concerning the dangerous and tyrannical policy pursued by some of the Dutch administrators, though he is careful to say that there were some examples of worse government in those days. The general impression received from the early chapters is of the very sturdy independence of the burghers. Officials in Cape Town were ready enough to transfer their allegiance to the British Government, but this was by no means the case with the frontiersmen and farmers. Thus we have an excellent historical illustration of the spirit that now inspires the Boers, with whom Dr. Voigt is evidently in full sympathy.

* * * *

The reader, in fact, has not gone very far before he discovers that even in those days there were men bearing the now familiar names of Kruger and Joubert ready to haul down the British flag, and that they have all the approval of Dr. Voigt. There is certainly something rather hysterical in the sidenotes attached to his pages—"Waiting for British clemency," "The scarlet Lion," "The Crown has obtained its victims," and so forth. The surrender of Prinsloo and his followers soon introduces us to what our author calls "the black hole of Cape Town," the prison in which, it would seem from these pages, the captives saw visions. "Did they dream of the flag under which De Ruyter was victorious in more than one encounter with British sea-power, and under whose folds he died the hero's death; of that flag waving once more over those battlements, to set them, the African Batavians, free? Or did they see emblazoned on the ceiling of their miserable prison cell a lion and unicorn supporting a shield bearing inscribed upon it in letters of scarlet the words of the oath of allegiance to King George?"—a curious heraldic achievement surely! I cite these words to show not only the view taken by Dr. Voigt, but also the manner of writing into which he sometimes falls. Britons will always, I think, like to take a candid view of history, and there are certainly some matters in our past dealings with South Africa which they must deplore. Therefore I believe many will like to read Dr. Voigt's volume. They will recognise strong partisanship in it, but will also appreciate its many good qualities, and will always find it entertaining.

* * * *

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is its account of the doings of the Voortrekkers, and the reasons for their going into the wilderness. Put briefly, the view adopted is that the "Downing Street Messiahs"—the phrase is Dr. Voigt's—drove them to the act, the old home being no longer tenable. In fact, there can be no doubt that these old burghers were exceedingly stiff-necked. Our vacillating native policy, causing successive Kaffir wars, disconcerted them, but they were not content that we should reorganise the administration of justice in the country, involving the suppression of their courts, and should assume the government. Readers will find Dr. Voigt a very enthusiastic writer, and if they should be pro-Boer, they will vastly enjoy his survey. On the other hand, most readers, who do recognise the present character of the Boer Government, will find him an open advocate of the Boer system, or, at least, of the past conditions that have led to it. He can see very little that is good in our administration. History, as students know, can tell much of Dutch cruelty to native tribes, but Dr. Voigt does not spare words in his censure of our treatment of Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Mashonas. So bitter is he, that he likens our treatment of Mashonaland to that of the Turks in their dealings with Armenia. This spirit of exaggeration takes something from the real value of a painstaking, and in many ways capable, work. However, it is well to know the other side of a question, and that is why I commend the book.

* * * *

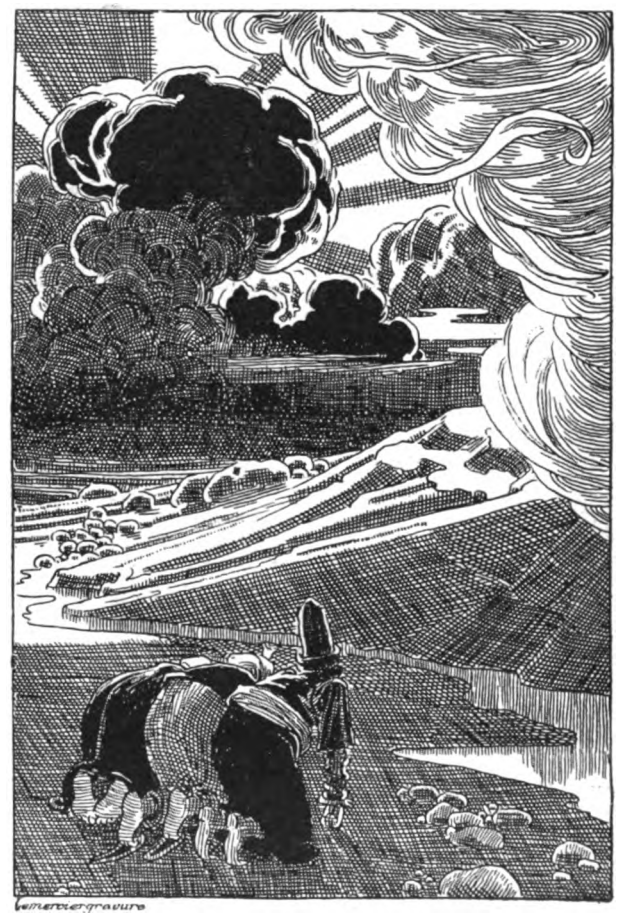
Mr. Rudyard Kipling has many votaries, and has inspired not a few. Among these is Mr. E. J. Brady, whose tuneful lays, with their easy lilt and their happy mixture of the gay and the sentimental, and a strong savour of the salt, have been issued by the *Bulletin* Newspaper Company, Sydney. "The Ways of Many Waters" is a good title for them, but they chiefly concern the ways of Australian seamen, and the Australian shipping trade. There is a good deal about hides and tallow, copra "an' sich like besides," and a good deal concerned with the life and ways of men of the sea. The ballad of "The Sailorman" is excellent. Then there is the necessary touch of pathos delivered in homely fashion. The following verse from "The Passing of Parker" will show how catching are the characteristics of Kipling:

"No, you *''aven't* 'eard of Parker,' as was with us in the Bay,
Ah, you 'aven't dropped acrost 'im in your cruises,' as you say;
An' you aint a-go'n' to meet 'im, for 'e's safe an' snug is Joe—
If the fishes 'asn't eat 'im—fifty fathom down below;
Gawd rest 'is bleedin' bones!
'E 'as gone to Davy Jones,
An' I 'opes, as passun told us, that 'is soul is with the Lord,
For 'e slid down like a plummet,
'E went quick an' lively summat;
Two shots above 'is feet, mate, an' two above 'is 'ead,
When 'e dived astarn one mornin' like a bloomin' chunk o' lead."

Now the merit of such verses as these resides in their truth to human nature more than in their form of expression, and that is somewhat a matter of taste in the classes to which they appeal. A good deal of the book is cast in this vein, and it is very tuneful, and fully expressive of the ideas which prevail among seamen. There is also much patriotism in it, and the "Song of the Flag" is capital, but I cannot quote further. It is always pleasant to discover quality in the muse of the sea, and I am glad to recognise it in the homely utterances of Mr. Brady.

* * * *

"The Arabian Nights" are such ancient favourites, and so many of us have fallen under the spell of Scheherazade, that it is pleasant to chronicle the appearance of a new and very satisfactory edition, most handsome in its form, very characteristic in its illustrations, and as good as could be desired in the matter of paper and print, and yet easily within the reach of all. It is the edition which Messrs. George Newnes are publishing by arrangement with Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., and it is issued in twenty sixpenny parts. I shall do no more than draw attention to it, with particular allusion to the quaintness, merit, and originality of the many illustrations.



"A thick vapour advancing towards them."
From "The Arabian Nights," p. 12 (Newnes).

* * * *

The Imperial Press, which led off its campaign, if I mistake not, with Sir George Clarke's "Imperial Defence" as the initial volume of a series of Imperial significance, has turned attention to the publication of volumes upon natural history, though I have seen a series announced of patriotic readers designed "to inoculate the young with the spirit of patriotism." Meanwhile "Autumnal Leaves" (7s. 6d.), by Francis George Heath, has appeared, being the fourth edition of an older book. It deals with forest and familiar trees in their splendid autumnal aspects, and is accompanied by some very successful coloured pictures of leaves. There is a use in these for purposes of identification, and the descriptions are adequate. To say more is unnecessary.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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Admiral Dewey at Colombo.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

YOU can readily imagine that Colombo Society has been not a little fluttered by the arrival of the United States cruiser "Olympia," having on board Admiral Dewey, who is returning to New York, by very easy stages, from the Philippines. Naturally we did our best to rise to the occasion, and to extend a most cordial and at the same time a respectful welcome to the gallant sailor, who, apart from the *rapprochement* now so happily existing between the United States and Great Britain, has won all our hearts by the frankness and modesty of his demeanour, as well as by his great qualities of courage and leadership.

The "Olympia" arrived on the evening of June 21, and was saluted by the "Marathon," which has since left for the Maldives, and by the Flagstaff Battery, the formal reception being postponed till the next morning. Meanwhile an interviewer boarded the "Olympia," and elicited the fact that the ship would remain at Colombo for about a week, and that Admiral Dewey did not expect to reach New York before October. The United States Government had given the admiral *carte blanche* both as to his route and the time he chose to spend on it. On the morning of the 22nd, about 11 o'clock, Admiral Dewey left the "Olympia" and landed at the jetty, where he was received by Colonel Savage, R.E., in acting command of the troops, and other military officials. A Guard of Honour of fifty rank and file of the Highland Light Infantry was in attendance on the jetty with band and pipers, and rendered a salute.

THE "OLYMPIA" AT COLOMBO.
Having on Board Rear-Admiral Dewey, U.S.N.

After inspecting the guard, the admiral left with his flag-lieutenant for Colonel Savage's residence, the crowd on the jetty raising three hearty cheers as the party drove off. In subsequently alluding to his reception, Admiral Dewey feelingly remarked that though they were 14,000 miles from his home, those cheers would be heard in America. They were a pleasant reminder of the bond of sympathy and appreciation which now held the two nations together, and which had been so highly demonstrated at Manila by Sir Edward Chichester and his gallant comrades of the

THE OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA."
The "Olympia" is commanded by Captain Lamberton, U.S.N.

Photos. W. L. P Skeen *Colombo*

ON THE COLOMBO JETTY—ADMIRAL DEWEY THANKS COLONEL SAVAGE FOR HIS WELCOME.

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"Immortalité." During the day the admiral received on board his flagship a deputation of the Ceylon Planters' Association, who asked his acceptance of a beautiful silver casket of Kandyan work, and also offered 1,000-lb. of Ceylon tea for distribution among the officers and men of the "Olympia."

Altogether the incident of the admiral's visit was of the brightest and pleasantest description, apart from the very real international significance which was bound up with it. One was sorry to see that the gallant admiral has suffered considerably in health during his stay in the Philippines; but he is picking up, and by the time he reaches Gibraltar, whence he will sail direct for New York, his health should be fully restored.

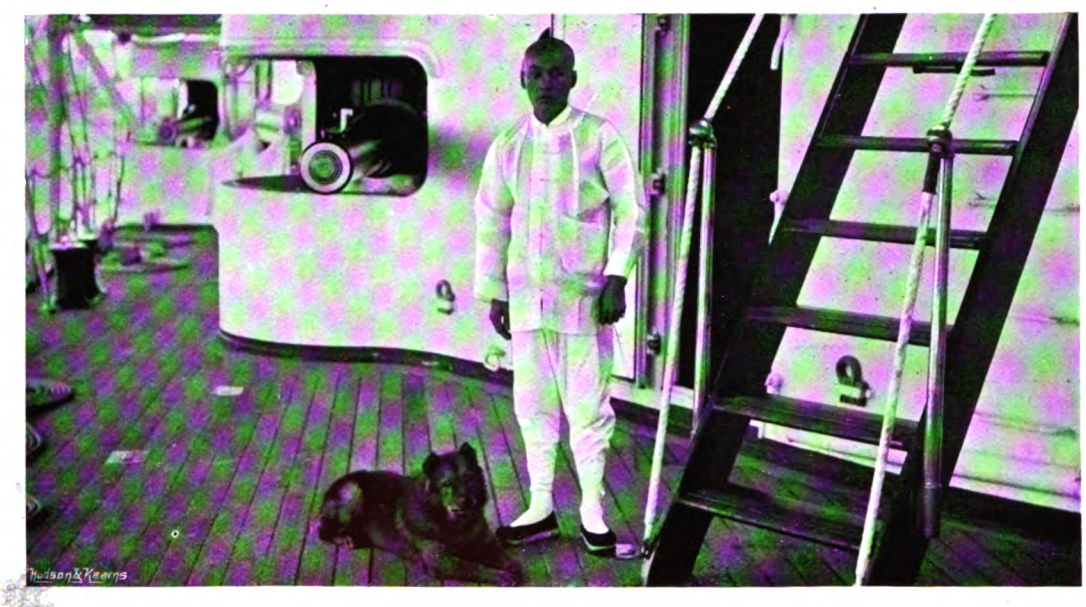

Photo. W. L. P. Skeen — TWO IMPORTANT PERSONAGES. — Colombo.
The Admiral's Favourite "Chow-Chow" and Chinese Steward.

Bisley, 1899.

IN our last issue we gave some interesting and representative pictures of the first week of the National Rifle Association's Meeting at Bisley. To-day, while equally disavowing any idea of detailed descriptions, we reproduce a further selection of illustrations, most of them having reference to the later competitions, including those two most important and exciting events, the contests for the Queen's Prize and the St. George's Vase.

To some extent, at any rate as regards Volunteer circles, the winner of the Queen's Prize at the annual meeting of the N.R.A. stands in much the same proud position as used to be occupied in classical times by a winner at the Olympian games. In cases where this coveted distinction has been carried off by a provincial, more especially a Scottish, Volunteer, the native town of the fortunate champion has commonly regarded the triumph as a matter for much local rejoicing, and has gone to great lengths in arranging a fitting reception for the conquering hero on his return. Such enthusiasm has much to justify it, for assuredly the winner of the Queen's Prize, judged by other than a purely musketry standard, is no ordinary man. It wants something more than marksmanship of a very high order indeed to be well in the running for this great distinction, and at the last, when a centre instead of a bullseye at 1,000-yds. may—in fact, generally does—make all the difference, it wants most wonderful steadiness to remain sufficiently unaffected by the magnitude of the issue and the prevailing excitement to send bullet after bullet into the same little circle at a distance of considerably over half a mile.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZEMAN.
Private W. Priaulx, Guernsey Militia.

The contest won by Private Priaulx, of the Guernsey Militia, who e portrait heads our series, was of a singularly exciting character. Two others, Colour-Sergeant Anderson, of the 4th Lanark, and Cyclist-Sergeant F. Jones, of the 1st Welsh, had tied with Private Priaulx with a grand total of 336 points. When it came to shooting off the tie, Priaulx made two bullseyes and an inner; Anderson a magpie, a ricochet, and an outer; Jones an inner, a bullseye, and a miss. Had Jones made a bullseye with his last shot, he would have again tied with Priaulx, but his nerve had been unduly strained, and, to quote the best of the reports, "the Guernsey man won by sheer steadiness on a day when the changes of wind and light were not particularly puzzling."

Private Priaulx is the first Channel Islander to win the Queen's Prize, which carries with it the Gold Medal, Gold Badge, and the sum of £250.

Much of the success of the Bisley Meeting depends upon the range officers, of whom we give a portrait group, which

Photos. C. Knight. — *THE RANGE OFFICERS—N.R.A. MEETING, BISLEY, 1899.* — Copyright

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should be acceptable to most competitors. Tact, firmness, and scrupulous attentiveness are absolutely necessary qualifications for a good range officer, and they are qualifications which it is sometimes not altogether easy to maintain in working order when the thermometer indicates an average of nearly 80-deg. in the shade. Second to the Queen's in importance, at any rate as an individual competition, comes the St. George's, the winner of which, Corporal Ommundsen, of the 5th Royal

A SCOTTISH CHAMPION.
Corporal Ommundsen 5th V.B. Royal Scots.

THE SCOTTISH TWENTY.
Winners of the National Challenge Trophy.

Scots, a Scotsman of Swedish descent, carried off the Vase, the Dragon Cup, a Gold Cross, and £30. The conditions are seven shots at 500-yds. and 600-yds., and ten at 800-yds. Corporal Ommundsen, who also won the Caledonian Shield in Scotland this year, made possibles at the first two ranges, and forty-six out of fifty at 800-yds.

Our penultimate group is of the Scottish team which won, as it has consistently done every year since 1891, the National Challenge Trophy for teams of twenty a side, seven shots each at 200-yds., 500-yds., and 600-yds. Scotland's score was 1,886, England followed with 1,875, Wales came third with 1,862, and Ireland last with 1,847.

Our last picture is of the team representing the Hythe Staff, which, on the opening day of the meeting—although the competition is not, strictly speaking, connected with it—carried off the Methuen Cup with 770 points. The team includes Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, the British Army Champion, who led with 100 points; Lieutenant Uniacke, 99; and Captain Grant, 93.

Photos. C. Knight. Copyright.

WINNERS OF THE METHUEN CUP.
The Hythe Instructional Staff Team.

The Naval Manœuvres.

WITH THE "A" SQUADRON—IN A FOG.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE great flotilla which was illustrated last week as it lay in Portland Roads left on Monday, the 17th, for the hostile ports of Ireland and the mimic warfare of 1899. First the cruisers, eighteen in all, cleared the port, and then the battle-ships weighed anchor and solemnly steamed in single line ahead through the "Hole in the Wall," as the narrow Ship channel in Portland Breakwater is called by Naval men. I was able to get a photograph of them as the "Magnificent" passed through. The entrance is decidedly narrow, at any rate not nearly so wide as the illustration makes it appear, yet years ago, before masts and sails disappeared from our war vessels, many an English squadron with every stitch of canvas set has sailed triumphantly through its granite portals.

Once clear outside, a signal from the flag-ship formed up battle-ships and cruisers in cruising formation. That evening,

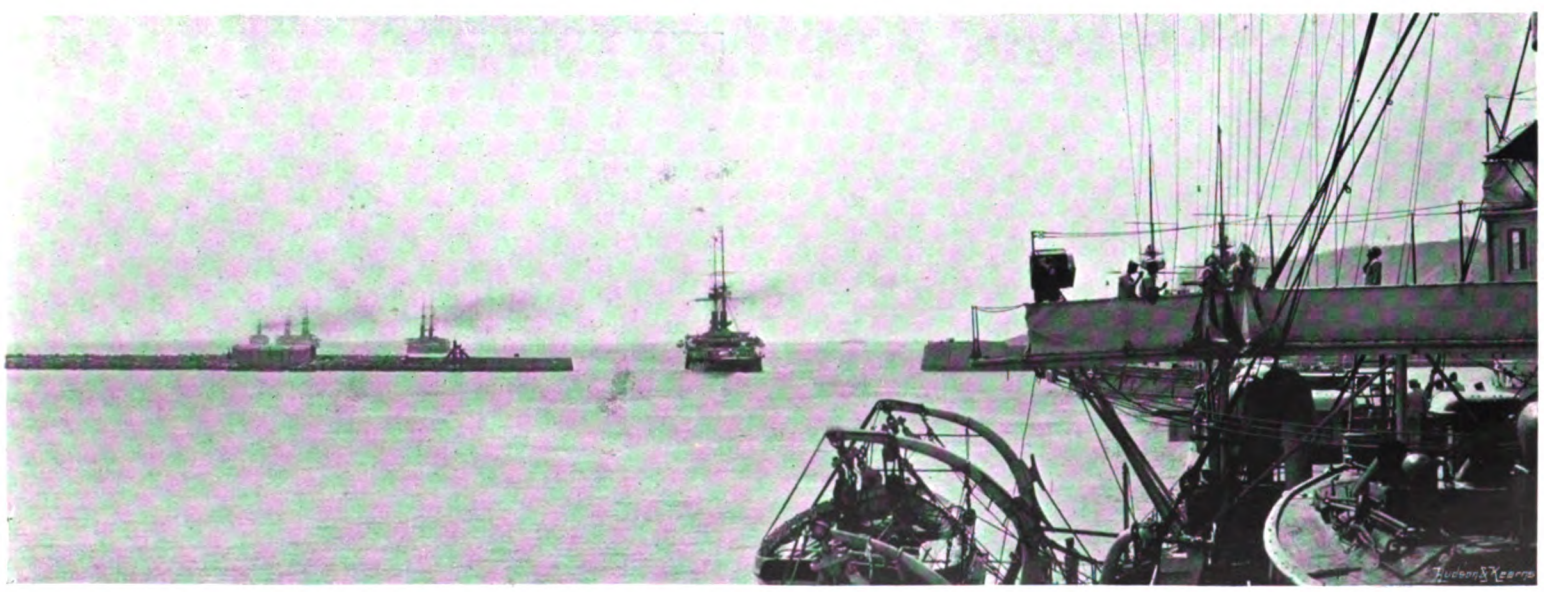

Photo. Debenham. *Ryde.*

THE "A" FLEET LEAVES PORTLAND ROADS.
THE BATTLE-SHIPS PASSING THROUGH THE "HOLE IN THE WALL."

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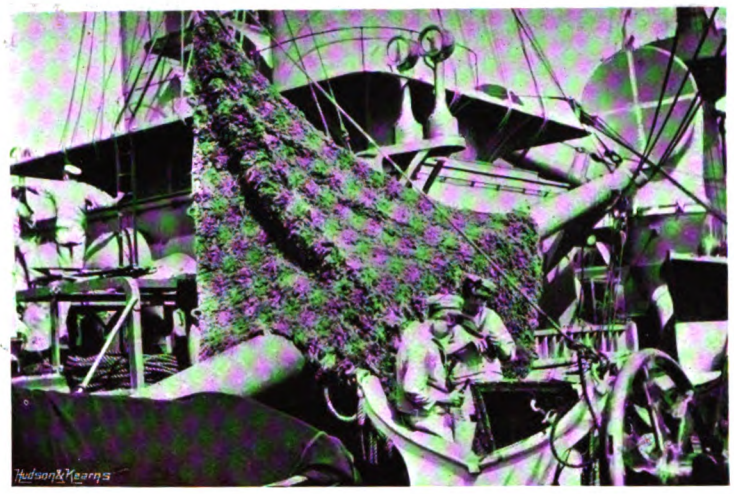
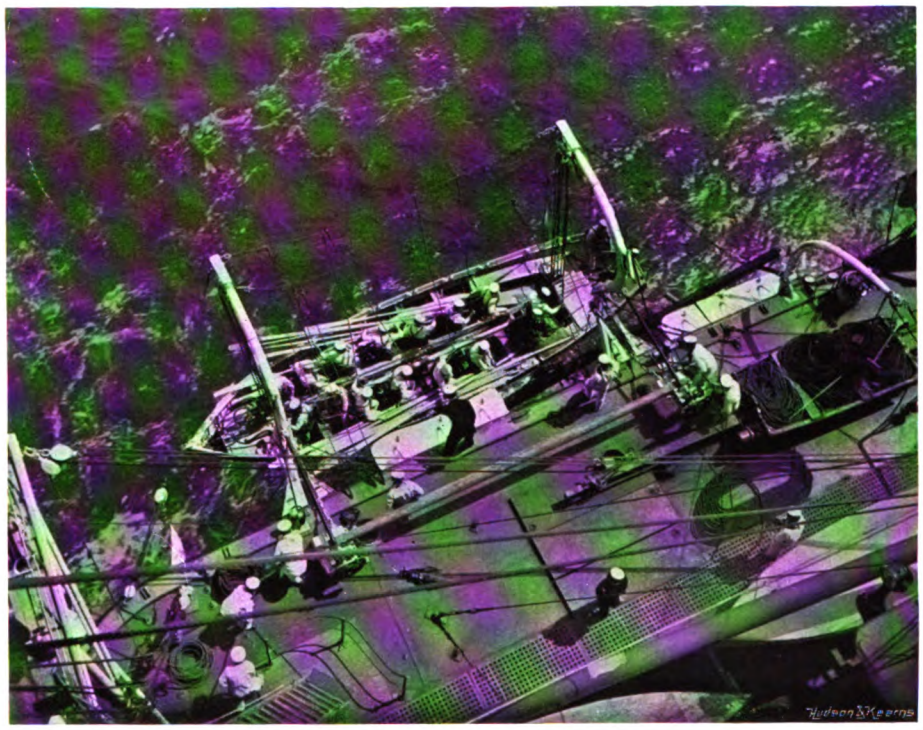
off the Eddystone, we met the B Squadron. It was, indeed, a gloriously unique and extraordinary spectacle—the weather was calm and clear, and the two fleets seemed to stretch away for miles into the distance—but it was one for the pencil of the artist, not the camera of the photographer, and realising this I reluctantly sent mine below again.

Altering our course slightly to clear them, we passed them during the night and stood out into the Atlantic. The days were fully occupied with steam tactics and drills, general quarters, fire quarters, collision stations, etc. With regard to the latter, I give an illustration of the collision mat spread out to dry upon the booms. It is about 16-ft. square, made of stout canvas, which has rope yarns threaded from front to rear and back again, very much like the old wool mats that our grandmothers delighted to work in their young days. Suppose, now, a collision occurs. "Close water-tight doors and out collision mat" is the pipe. Every man flies to his station, and in a few minutes at most the mat is over the side above the leak, with a rope on each corner and one under the ship's bottom. By these ropes it is drawn down into position over the hole, where the pressure of the inrushing water keeps it in place. Perhaps the hole is too large, as was the case when the poor "Victoria" was lost, and it will be remembered the gallant sailors worked to place the mat till the water was waist-deep on the forecastle, and the attempt had to be abandoned. But, as a general rule, for any moderate-sized hole the collision mat is invaluable. By the way, a ship carries several of these mats.



THE COLLISION MAT.

As to my next illustration, it happened that an officer was aloft with a camera when the life-boat was called away to pick up something or other that had fallen overboard



THE LIFE-BOAT FROM ALOFT.

The result of his snap-shot is curious. We see, from a most unusual point of view, the boat manned, the crew with their belts on and oars ready, the boat lowerers letting the boat's falls rush through their horny hands with a safety and rapidity that only comes of constant practice.

Tuesday evening brought a thick fog down upon us, and all night long the syrens moaned and screeched, each in turn up one long line of ships and down the other, without pause, except when the fog lifted for a few minutes now and then. So thick was it, indeed, that the 1st and 2nd Divisions lost each other for several hours.

My illustrations show the two chief precautions taken by a fleet in case of fog. The first of these is the fog buoy. This photograph I secured during a temporary lift, and the patch of white foaming water close under our bows is the buoy of our next ahead. It is simple enough and most effective; it consists of a buoy towed by each ship 200-yds. astern. All, therefore, that the next ship astern of her has to do is to keep that buoy close under her bows, then she knows exactly her position as regards the next ahead on whom she has to keep station.

The other precaution is Thompson's sounding machine, which is kept constantly going when near land. This machine consists of a drum having wound upon it 200 fathoms of steel wire; a heavy lead sinker is on the end of the wire. To the sinker is attached a long thin glass tube, closed at one end and coated internally with a chemical composition that changes colour when wetted.

The water forces itself up the tube to a distance proportional to the depth the sinker has been down; this is indicated by the changed colour of the chemical coating inside, and can be measured on a special scale supplied, which gives the depth.

Photos. Debenham.

THE FOG BUOY IN TOW.

Ryde.

THOMPSON'S SOUNDING MACHINE.

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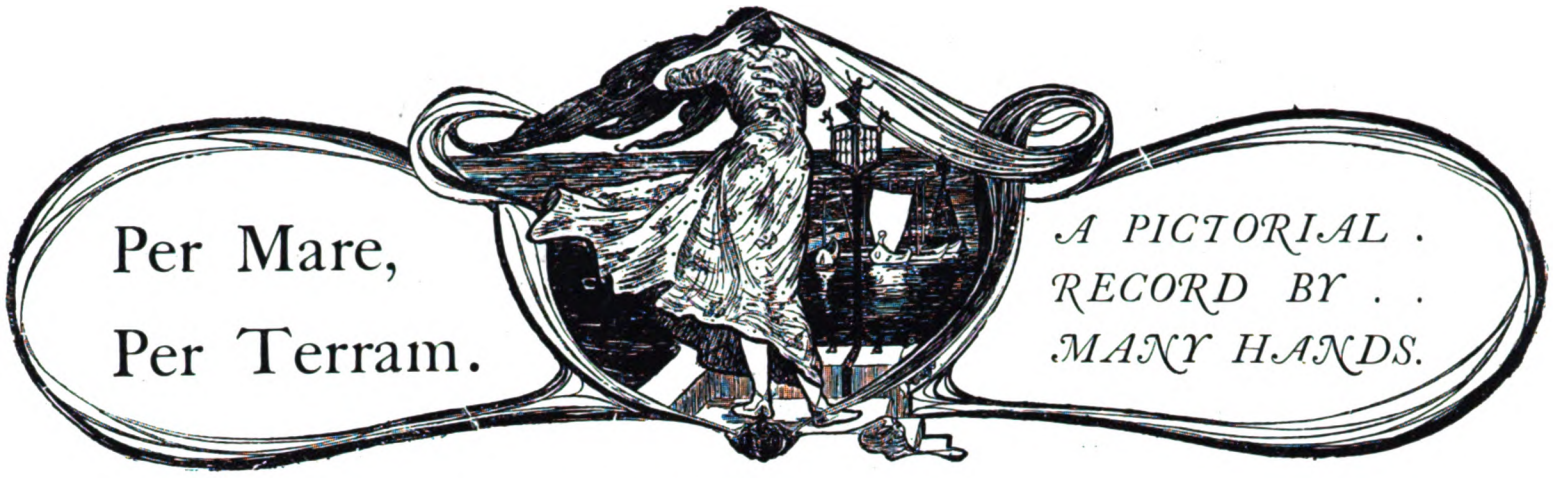

Photo. *Russell.*
REAR-ADMIRAL H. J. CARR.
Late Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard

REAR-ADMIRAL H. J. CARR, who has just retired from the important post of Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, entered the Royal Navy in October, 1852, and, although not fortunate enough to have seen any actual war service, he has had a varied, an interesting, and a distinguished career. Thirty-five years ago he was lieutenant of the "Bombay," when she was burnt at sea, and was mentioned in despatches for his conspicuous gallantry on that occasion. As a captain he enjoyed the Good Service Pension, only granted to officers of distinguished merit, and in October, 1896, he succeeded to the post which he has recently relinquished, to the great regret of all who have come in contact with him. During the time that he has been Admiral-Superintendent at Devonport several important changes have taken place, the docks having been enlarged, and a new departure made in the direction of building battle ships, of which three have been laid down under Rear-Admiral Carr's supervision.

THE Assistant Military Secretaryship at Army Headquarters is a post which, if only by reason of the close and confidential relations with the Commander-in-Chief which it involves, requires the holder to be an officer of exceptional qualifications as well as of exceptional experience and distinguished reputation. These requirements are happily met by the selection, in succession to Major-General N. Lyttelton, of Colonel A. S. Wynne, who, since May, 1898, has been Deputy-Adjutant-General at Aldershot.

Photo. *C. Knight.*
COLONEL A. S. WYNNE, C.B.
The New Assistant Military Secretary at Headquarters.

Colonel Wynne is not by any means new to Pall Mall, having served as D.A.A.G. at headquarters from 1888 to 1891. He is an old Yorkshire Light Infantry officer, and has served in three campaigns (Jowaki, 1877, Afghan War, and South Africa, 1881), in charge of the signalling arrangements, and in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, on the lines of communication.

No better guarantee of the continued efficiency of our Army could be desired than the selection of such men as Colonel Wynne for important posts at Army Headquarters. It is very right, too, that in the majority of cases service on the staff at such a centre as Aldershot should lead to higher things.

COLONEL MATHIAS, late commanding the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, is one of the best-known officers in the British Army. The manner in which he led the magnificent charge of his regiment at Dargai, during the operations on the North-West Frontier of India the winter before last, has earned for him a general popularity which in the Service is accompanied by sincere affection and respect. But Colonel Mathias has other claims to consideration besides the leadership which he exhibited against the Afridis.

He was present in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and also distinguished himself in the Chitral relief operations, receiving for his share in the latter the C.B.

It is most satisfactory that, in spite of the fact that Colonel Mathias is by nationality a Welshman, his life-long association with the Gordons—which comprise the old 75th and 92nd Highlanders—should be continued by his recent appointment to the command of the 75th Regimental District at Aberdeen. A colonel commanding a regimental district is a great power for good, and in his highly-representative capacity it is well that he should be an officer of marked distinction. In the case of Colonel Mathias his personal record will certainly influence recruiting to a considerable extent.

Photo. *Winter.*
COLONEL H. H. MATHIAS, C.B., A.D.C.
Selected to Command the 75th Regtl. District.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, K.C.B., who has just vacated the command at the Nore, is by several years the youngest admiral on the list, being now only in his fifty-seventh year. This is partly due to his having entered the Royal Navy before he was "turned thirteen," and partly to special promotion.

As a lieutenant he distinguished himself greatly in New Zealand in 1863, being wounded while leading a party of small-arm men in a series of attacks on the rebel redoubt at Rangariri. Admiral Hotham also served as flag-captain to Sir Beauchamp Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester, at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and for this service he received the C.B.

In 1886 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen, and from January, 1888, to December, 1889, he was a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. From 1890 to 1893 Admiral Hotham was Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station, on the Queen's Birthday, 1895, he was promoted to a K.C.B., and in December, 1897, he was appointed to the important and historic post of Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. There is not much likelihood that an officer of Sir Charles Hotham's seniority and experience will remain long in the obscurity of private life, and we may surely count him as in the running for the best things in the way of high appointments which the Sea Service has to bestow.

Photo. *Russell.*
ADMIRAL SIR C. F. HOTHAM, K.C.B.
Late Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

THE gracious custom in vogue among City Corporations of accompanying the gift of their "freedom" with the presentation of a sumptuous casket has been finely exemplified in the case of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which has

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just conferred its freedom upon the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. They know how to "do things well" on the "canny Tyne," and for taste and quality the beautiful ornament of which we give a picture will not easily be surpassed.

The casket, which was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Reid and Sons, of 41, Grey Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is made of ebony, enriched with massive silver-gilt mounts, panels bearing the most noted local views, and emblems illustrating Lord Wolseley's career, and executed in beautiful enamels.

The picture given shows the reverse of the casket, with enamelled views of the castle and of Stephenson's locomotive, which still stands in the Central Station.

FROM THE "CANNY TYNE."
Casket Presented to Lord Wolseley with the Freedom of Newcastle.

In the centre are Lord Wolseley's arms enamelled in their proper heraldic colours, with the grim motto which intimates that sometimes a man can be a wolf to his fellow-man.

On the obverse are enamelled views of the cathedral and the high level and swing bridges. In the centre is a plate bearing an inscription with the signatures of the mayor, sheriff, and town clerk. The ends of the casket are decorated with military trophies, one of which, very appropriately, is the Armstrong gun, and the four corners are supported by most chaste and elegant fluted columns. The lid is panelled and inlaid with an ornamentation of oak leaves and acorns, inlaid again with ribands, upon which are enamelled the names of Lord Wolseley's numerous campaigns. The whole is surmounted by the City arms in their proper heradic colours. Truly a most notable specimen of the goldsmith's art, worthy alike of the recipient and of the busy and thriving centre of industry which now counts the greatest living soldiers among its honorary burghers.

THE presentation of colours to a regiment is an event so many-sided in the sentiment it evokes in the corps itself, and the interest it arouses among the outside public, that it can hardly be too frequently illustrated.

Our present picture is a reproduction of a photograph taken during the recent presentation of colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Malta Regiment of Militia.

The colours have just been presented, and the two subalterns who have received them on behalf of the regiment are in the act of carrying them in slow time to the place of honour in the column. The scene is an impressive one, not the less so by reason of the surroundings, in which Oriental brilliancy of climate is happily blended with an entirely European, though by no means wholly English, circle of spectators. Malta, with its strange history, its unique position, its great potentialities, is just the spot in which it is well to see accentuated every sort of ceremonial tending to illustrate the devotion of the Army to its Queen and to the maintenance of its own honoured traditions.

Photo. Ellis Copyright

AFTER THE PRESENTATION—THE NEW COLOURS OF THE 2nd ROYAL MALTA REGIMENT.

HERE is a delightful snap-shot secured during some Naval sports held recently at Corradino, in the island of Malta. These sports, as may be judged from the dense crowd of spectators indicated in the picture, were exceedingly successful, and certainly they courted popularity by being pleasantly comprehensive. Among other events there were subalterns' races of several sorts, a sack race, an obstacle race, a field-gun competition, a competition for torpedo teams, and, finally, a race for veterans, which the

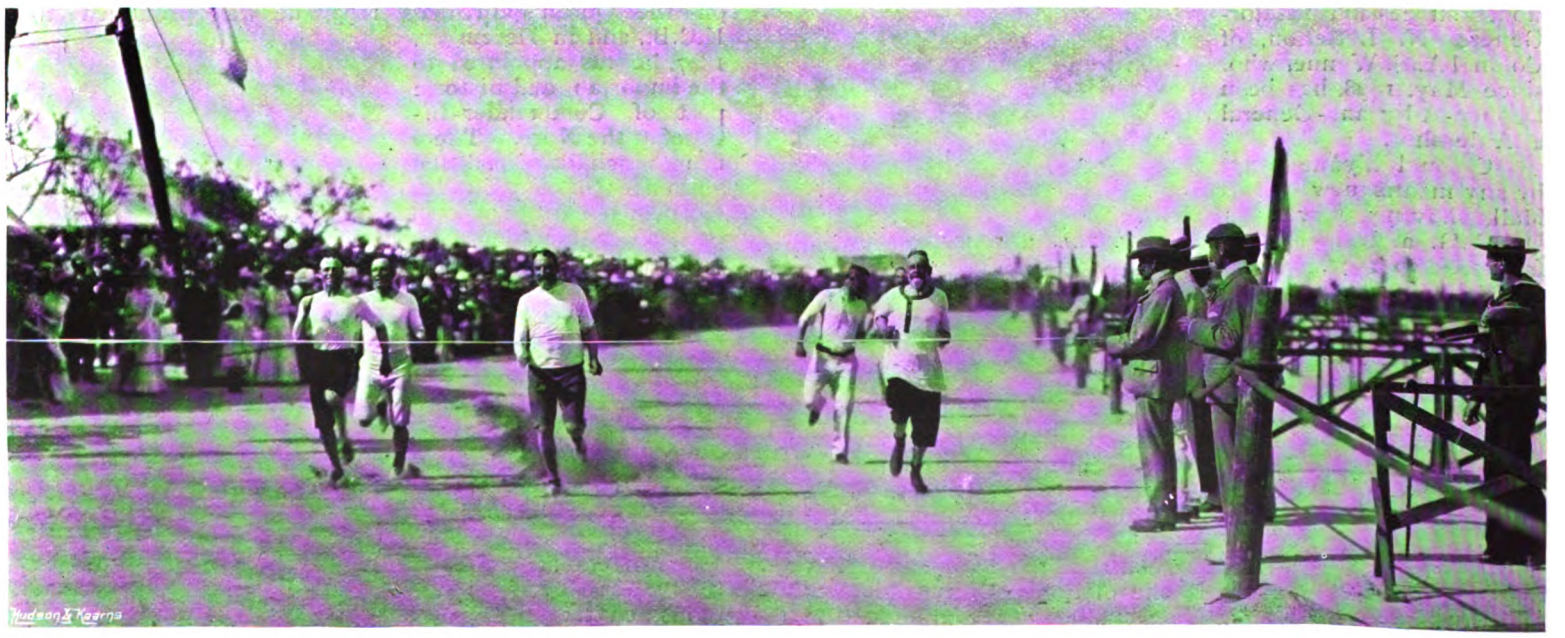

Photo. Ellis. Copyright

VETERAN SPRINTERS—COMMANDER ARBUTHNOT WINS THE VETERANS' RACE AT CORRADINO.

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Photo. Cribb. **ROYAL ENGINEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.** *Pontoons being Hauled on Board.* Copyright

picture shows Commander Arbuthnot in the act of winning. Several officers of rank, equal to and higher than that of the winner, took part in this race, and it is evident from the picture that it was a closely-contested one. This is as it should be, and in strict accord with the guiding rule of the Navy, that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing as well as the doer knows how to do it.

AMONG all the preparations rendered necessary by the crisis in the Transvaal, few were more significant and more to the point than the despatch of one particular contingent, consisting partly of 100 non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Engineers from Chatham, and partly of fifty officers and men of the Army Ordnance Corps from Woolwich.

It may also be remarked that the despatch of these reinforcements to our garrison in South Africa demonstrated with exceeding clearness the fact that the War Office was singularly alive to the possible military needs of the situation, and was in no way disposed to leave anything to chance, or to run the risk of dangerous and aggravating delay by putting the cart before the horse. The pontoons which are depicted here being hauled up on the "Braemar Castle," are more suggestive of the "real thing" than of any ordinary process of relief. Their appearance in such a connection, too, is a useful reminder of the part which the Royal Engineers have commonly to play in the very forefront of a difficult campaign. Great natural obstacles which to ordinary horse and foot, and especially to guns, may mean, if not a complete stoppage, at any rate a vexatious loss of valuable time, are treated by the skilled Royal Engineers with such scientific dexterity and resource that, by the time the army has come up to them, they have ceased to be obstacles at all, and cavalry, infantry, and artillery pass on unchecked and unfatigued to their proper business of meeting the enemy *aut cureu aut cominus armis*. There is a little jealousy at times between the R.E. and other branches of the Service, but it wants a very pig-headed linesman not to see the virtue of a properly-handled pontoon on an awkward stream.

SIMILARLY no wiser precaution could well be imagined than the despatch to South Africa, at a time when hostilities were, to put it mildly, within the range of possibility, of a detachment of that vastly useful and important institution, the Army Ordnance Corps.

What the Ordnance Corps would have to do in connection with a big campaign is almost beyond comprehension. Among other trifles it would have to provide, receive, hold, issue, and account for munitions of war, military stores, clothing, and necessaries for use in the field; but beyond this its duties are so various that they are best described vaguely by saying that what it would *not* have to do is scarcely worth mentioning.

Our picture shows the embarkation of fifty men drawn from the Woolwich companies of the corps, who we may be sure were heartily envied by the comrades they left behind them.

THE British soldier, as we all know, is liable to all sorts of "moving accidents by flood and field," but it is not often that he wakes to find his dwelling-house completely surrounded by water, and has to wade to parade, carrying his boots and rifle in loving juxtaposition. This is what happened in June to the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, at Mandalay, and here is one of the soldiers' barrack-rooms as it appeared after a storm in which, during about six hours, nearly 6-in. of rain were registered.

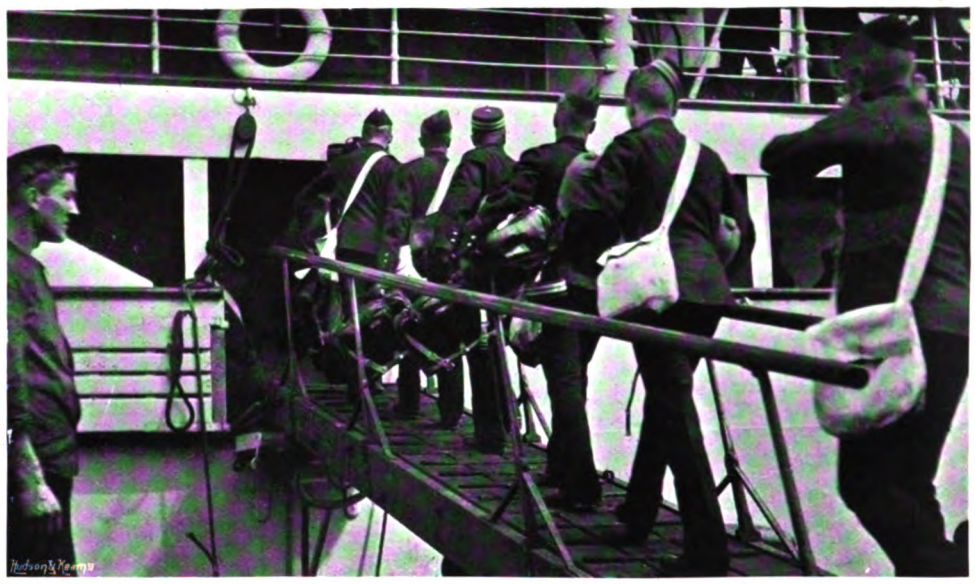

Photo. Cribb. **ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.** *Embarking on the "Braemar Castle."* Copyright

With that cheery optimism which distinguishes the British soldier, the best was made of these uncomfortable circumstances. In fact, the men seemed to enjoy themselves hugely, punting themselves about on bits of board and all sorts of extemporised rafts.

In the officers' lines several of the lower rooms had 2-ft. or 3-ft. of water in them, and several officers found it necessary to leave their bungalows in bath-tubs pushed along by their native servants!

From a Photo. **"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE."** *A Flooded Barrack-room in Mandalay.* *By a Military Officer.*

AN interesting little picture from Malta is given over-page, showing the men of the Royal Army Medical Corps to whom Sir Francis Grenfell recently presented medals for the Omdurman Campaign.

The detachment is drawn up under the command of Major Steel, R.A.M.C., in the courtyard of the Valetta Palace. His Excellency the Governor is just arriving, and the men are "carrying swords"

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accordingly. By no section of Lord Kitchener's force was the Soudan medal more hardly and honourably won than by the R.A.M.C., and it must have been an additional gratification to this detachment to have received it at the hands of so great a master of Soudan warfare as Sir Francis Grenfell.

A GOOD deal of excitement was created some days ago by the announcement that the "Bonaventure" had met with a serious accident. With that frank anxiety to paint such things in the most lurid colours possible which renders some evening papers such doubtful guides in all matters relating to the Services, one enterprising journal went so far as to print "Wreck of H.M.S. 'Bonaventure'" on its contents bills, thereby, we may be sure, causing a great deal of needless anxiety to those with relatives or friends on board. Later and official intelligence, however, dispelled these gloomy forebodings. It turned out that the "Bonaventure" had indeed met with an accident, but one which could not be regarded as very serious. She had grounded on an unknown rock in the Gulf of Kornilov, on the East Coast of Korea, but had got off a day or two later, and proceeded at once to Nagasaki. The usual court-martial was held, and the officers of the ship were honourably acquitted of all blame. The "Bonaventure," of which we give a picture, is a second-class twin-screw cruiser of 4,360 tons. She was commissioned at Devonport in March, 1898, and is on the China station.

CAPTAIN R. A. J. MONTGOMERIE, who commands the "Bonaventure," is an officer of just thirty years' service, who has distinguished himself greatly in Egypt and East Africa. He landed with the Naval Brigade in 1882, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and he also served in the Nile Expedition of 1885-86, and held various Egyptian staff appointments. In 1890 he took part in the expedition against the Sultan of Vitu, and was mentioned in despatches. Captain Montgomerie wears the Stanhope silver medal for 1877, for a very gallant rescue at sea, in a latitude abounding with sharks.

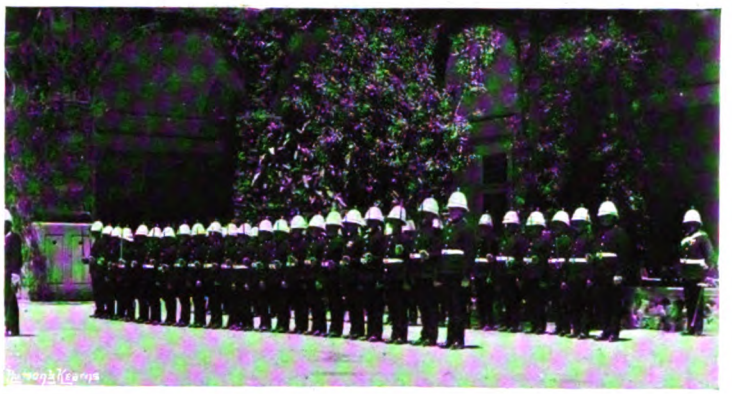

Photo. M'Namara. Copyright

A SOUDAN MEDAL PRESENTATION
The R.A.M.C. in the Valetta Palace

Photo. W. M Crockett. Copyright

THE "BONAVENTURE"
Recently aground off the Coast of Korea.

Photo. Crockett.

CAPT. R. A. J. MONTGOMERIE, R.N
Commanding the "Bonaventure."

THE pleasant Welsh watering-place of Porthcawl has recently been visited by the six battalions comprising the South Wales Volunteer Infantry Brigade, which is commanded by Brig.-General A. P. Vivian, C.B., V.D. We give a portrait group of the brigadier and his staff (including Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Garnon-Williams, brigade-major, Captain Vivian, A.D.C., Captain Pitten, supply and transport officer, and Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel P. E. Hill, V.D., senior medical officer), and the commanding officers and adjutants of the various battalions. The latter were the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Volunteer Battalions of the South Wales Borderers, and the 2nd V.B. Welsh Regiment.

The brigade mustered considerably over 3,000 strong, no battalion having less than 500 present.

The camp was a highly-successful one, all the arrangements being admirably carried out, and the officers and men receiving a hearty welcome from the local residents.

Photo. T. White. Copyright

THE SOUTH WALES VOLUNTEER BRIGADE.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL VIVIAN, BRIGADE STAFF, COLONELS, AND ADJUTANTS.

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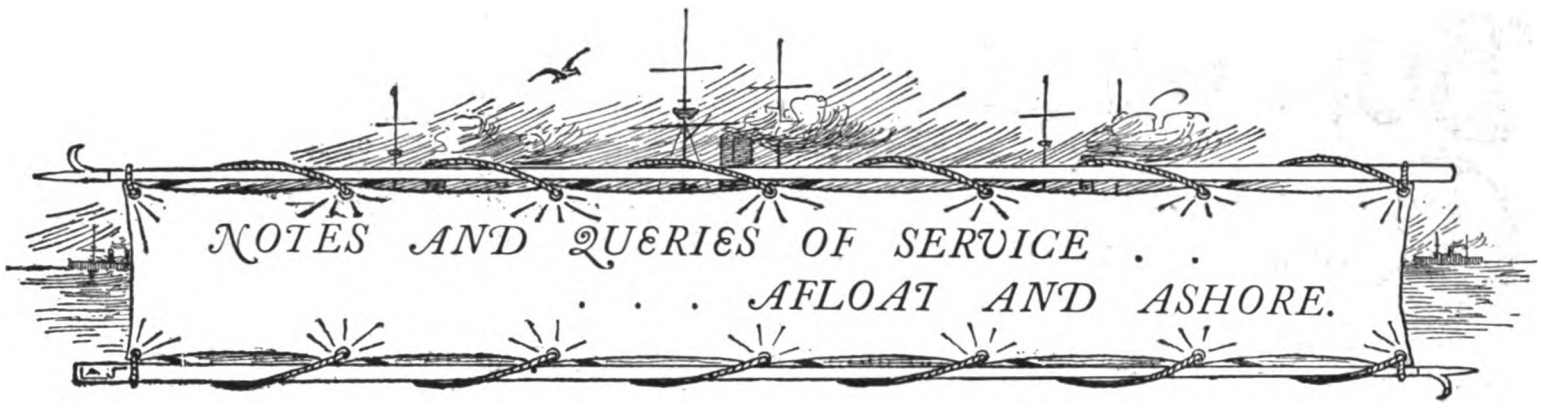

"A. C. C."—A chaplain on joining the Royal Navy receives 12s. per diem, or £219 a year. After five years' service 13s., or £237, and his salary increases 1s. per diem every three years until a maximum of 22s. a day, or £401 yearly, is attained after twenty-four years' service. If he has had a mathematical training he may, after passing the necessary examination, also become Naval instructor to junior officers, for which he would receive half his daily rate of pay in addition, with £5 a year for each young gentleman under tuition. On joining the Service he is a member of the ward-room mess, to which lieutenants and the older officers belong. The subscription for living is £3 monthly. From 10s. to 15s. for maintaining mess property and for requisites, and providing papers and periodicals. If the vessel has a band, each officer subscribes £5, or less, yearly to assist it. Monthly allowance to personal servant 10s. Consumption of wines, etc., is at individual option, but each member of the mess has to share the expense of entertaining visitors and guests, which rarely exceeds 10s. monthly. If an officer choose to indulge in liquor, an expenditure of £2 monthly is ample for ordinary consumption. Expense of washing personal linen varies according to the station on which employed, but £1 per month should suffice. On joining a newly-commissioned ship each ward-room officer pays about £10 for fitting up the mess place and other requisites.

* * * *

I AM very pleased to hear that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has just been instrumental in bringing together two branches of a family which have been separated by many thousands of miles for over twenty years. In one of our recent issues appeared the portrait of an officer in the Local Forces of New South Wales. This officer's name, and a strong family likeness, caused a gentleman residing in the Midlands, who has been a constant subscriber to the paper from its birth, to communicate with him, with the pleasing result that a near relationship has been fully established. It is interesting to add that the New South Wales officer is greatly pleased at the prospect of thus reopening communications with the old country, with which he had lost touch. I have always claimed that one of the chief functions of this journal is to strengthen the bond between Great Britain and her colonies, and this striking example of the completeness with which this *role* is being carried out is naturally most gratifying to me and those associated with me. Incidentally it affords an admirable instance of the "pull" which the "constant subscriber" has over the casual reader. Had my Midlands correspondent belonged to the latter class he might easily have missed renewing a family tie in which he evidently takes the greatest satisfaction.

* * * *

"NEMO."—The "Ganges," now boys' training-ship at Falmouth, was the last line-of-battle ship employed on the Pacific station as flag-ship, and the last of her class commissioned for foreign service. She was built at Bombay in 1821, to carry eighty-four guns, and is 2,285 tons old measurement, or 3,594 tons weight, and designed from the lines of the French vessel "Canopus." Captain John Fulford commissioned her at Devonport on June 25, 1857, as flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Robert Lambert Baynes, C.B., and had as his second in command Commander Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, V.C., who as captain of the "Captain" was lost in that vessel when she foundered in 1870. Of the officers who served in the "Ganges" there are now living, as far as I can ascertain, Captain G. F. Cottam and Commander T. S. Dickinson, lieutenants, Deputy-Inspector-General W. Roche, assistant-surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Elliot, and Major W. W. G. B. Willis, lieutenants R.M.L.I. The present Senior Naval Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir F. W. Richards, G.C.B., was flag-lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Baynes, and obtained promotion to commander by a death vacancy occurring in the steam sloop "Vixen." The "Ganges" was relieved by the steam frigate "Bacchante," commissioned at Portsmouth on April 17, 1860, for the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland, Kt., who afterwards succeeded to the Earldom of Lauderdale. She is about to be sent to Harwich.

* * * *

To a correspondent who wants to know what Government Military Schools existed from 1780-96, more especially for sons of ex-Marine officers, I regret that I am unable to give a completely satisfactory reply, although no pains have been spared to make the necessary researches. I do not think it at all probable that there were any military schools, especially for the sons of ex-Marine officers, but it is quite clear that at the time mentioned the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich was in existence, as that was founded in 1741. Cadetships were conferred by the Master-General of the Ordnance, and those nominated by him were admitted on a qualifying examination according to their age, which was between fourteen and sixteen. The Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers were officered exclusively by cadets from the Royal Military Academy. The Royal Military College, Sandhurst, was instituted about 1798, and was originally located at Marlow. In the British Museum will be found George III.'s Regulations for the conduct of the college, the old "senior department" of which was founded in 1803. In addition to the above, the Honourable East India Company had a military college at Addiscombe, but this, of course, was not in any way a Government institution.

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THE same correspondent asks with reference to the same period—1780-96—at what age could a commission be obtained in the Yeomanry? Here is another poser which has necessitated much abortive investigation. No mention can be found anywhere as to any age rule in connection with Yeomanry commissions at that time. Careful examination has been made of Standing Orders for the Yeomanry of the exact date, but the point is not touched upon, and was probably left to the discretion of commanding officers. It must be remembered that not so very long ago commissions in the Regular Army were sometimes conferred without any regard to age, even children in arms being nominated to comparatively senior grades in satisfaction of family or other claims. This is recalled by the well-known story of the nurse's explanation of an uproar in the nursery, "It is only the Colonel greetin' for his parritch!" Nowadays, of course, the age on entry of Yeomanry officers is restricted by hard and fast rules. Candidates for first appointments as subaltern officers are recommended by the Lord Lieutenant of a county, assisted by commanding officers of corps, for the consideration of the Secretary of State for War, and the age of such candidates must not be less than seventeen.

* * * *

"C. L." is concerned about Sir John Fisher's proposal to have a captain of the fleet for the Mediterranean Fleet, in addition to the flag-captain. He is, however, mistaken in thinking it an innovation. A captain of the fleet was formerly appointed to every fleet of over ten ships, and received the pay and allowances of a rear-admiral. He was the channel of communication between the admiral and the fleet, and one of his duties was to forward periodical reports of the work of the fleet. The captain of the fleet on the Mediterranean station was abolished at Sir William Martin's request, he being Commander-in-Chief of the station at the time. Though Sir William Martin was one of our most energetic admirals, it is doubtful if he would hold the same adverse opinion concerning the captain of the fleet with the exceptionally heavy work and responsibility which now falls to the lot of the Mediterranean command.

* * * *

"X. Y. Z."—When the ward-room and gun-room officers mess together it is called a "General Mess." The captain always takes his meals apart, though, of course, welcomed as an honorary member of the ward-room mess. You are therefore right in saying that the custom seems very different from that in the Army, where all the commissioned officers mess together, but you are on more uncertain ground when you imagine that the conditions are similar. General Sir Charles Napier, who was no mean judge of the matter, once made a speech in India in which he said that: "The good order and understanding that exist in a British army is manifestly attributable to the messes of the Service. When officers meet at a mess the general and the junior ensign are on a level—every one is at full liberty to express his thoughts and feelings as they emanate. On parade the laws of reason and of discipline combine to make him obey his commander."

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT has discovered that the year '98 has always been a fateful one for the Mediterranean. Last year, he says, saw the expulsion of the Turk from Crete, the recognition of Tunis as a French possession, the virtual establishment of a British Protectorate in Egypt with the reconquest of the Soudan, and the appearance of Germany as an active influence in the Mediterranean. The year 1798 was chiefly eventful as regards the Mediterranean for the presence of the French in Malta and Egypt, the temporary abandonment of the Mediterranean by the British fleet, and its triumphant re-entry with the battle of the Nile. It was also noteworthy for an Anglo-Russian alliance against France. From a modern point of view, it is also interesting because of the commission Napoleon gave to Lepère to examine into the feasibility of a Suez Canal. Lepère reported against the scheme, basing his objections on the premise that the surface of the Red Sea was 30-ft. higher than that of the Mediterranean. In justice to Lepère, it should be remembered that the great English railway engineer, Stephenson, was one of the most hostile opponents of the De Lesseps project, and stated in the House of Commons that he had been over the whole ground and knew the scheme to be impossible of execution. The year 1698 saw the great maritime Powers scheming for the partition of Spain, the encroachment of Russia on Turkey, and the birth of that great scheme in the mind of Peter the Great for the expansion of Russia. The year 1598 saw the last relics of the Moors expelled from Gibraltar, after a tenure of 726 years. Finally, it may be added that 1498 was the year of completion of Vasco da Gama's voyage, through which the Cape route to the East superseded the caravan route from the Mediterranean.

* * * *

"T. S."—The terms "flotsam," "jetsam," and "lagan" are legal terms to distinguish a derelict vessel's cargo from a wreck which has grounded above water. Blackstone defines flotsam as when the goods are floating on the surface, jetsam when sunk beneath the surface, and lagan when, though sunk beneath the surface, a mark buoy is moored to them so that they can be recovered. As regards wrecks, it is curious to note that the coastguard, until well into the forties of the present century, could not legally interfere to prevent plunder, except in the case of goods subject to customs duties. In 1843 a Government committee reported that: "On many parts of the coast of the United Kingdom a wreck is looked upon as a chance gift which everyone has a right to scramble for as he can, notwithstanding the laws which have been passed from the earliest period to prevent or punish such depredations. The plunder of shipwrecked property on the coast has been carried on to an enormous extent."

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in the hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Rendered desperate by Nelly's refusal to marry him, Bunter resolves to evade arrest and get drunk. Chased by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. The narrative pauses here whilst a description is given of the career of Captain Laxdale, which will be found to have a direct bearing upon subsequent events. Early next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *role* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Returning to his cabin to dress for breakfast, he reads an important letter written to Captain Laxdale by Lady Sybil Norrington. From this letter he judges that Laxdale may hesitate to face the ridicule which must follow an exposure of the situation.

CHAPTER VII.

PRISON FARE.

WHEN Roger Laxdale was roused from his uneasy slumbers by the hum of many voices and the roars of boatswains' mates, he looked upon the steel walls of his sombre little cell with sleepy incredulity. Unconsciously echoing the sentiment of a mythical King of Sicily, he said within himself: "It was a dream."

The light of day had crept into the cell through a thick bull's-eye of opaque glass; and, as he lay upon his hard plank bed, he counted all the little ventilating holes in the door to assure himself that he was indeed awake. The theory of nightmare he speedily dismissed, for too soon he recalled the horrible events of the previous evening, and remembered that he was the victim of an incredible and ludicrous blunder. He was reminded of his fight with the water police by a feeling of soreness in his nose, and found, on putting his hand to that aristocratic organ, that it was badly swollen. One eye also felt stiff and painful, and he grew conscious of innumerable bruises upon his legs. Indeed, he soon found that he was aching all over, owing to the hardness of his prison bed; so he threw off his single blanket and sought relief in a sitting posture. The cell, which was some six feet square, was sparingly furnished with a Bible and a pannikin of water. He drank a little of the water, and bathed his face and nose; but he was in no mood to search the Scriptures for consolation, and ignored the Bible altogether. Examining the torn and muddy clothes of the rascally sailor, Roger Laxdale grew keenly alive to the difficulties of his horrible position. He did not believe that he could fail to establish his identity; but he saw that his lamentable adventure would make him the laughing-stock of the Service, and lower him in the eyes of Lady Sybil. To keep the affair secret seemed hopeless; and if she came to hear of his humiliating sufferings, he felt sure that she would never become his wife. The officers of the ship might keep silence, but how could the men be muzzled? Inevitably the story would leak out; the newspapers would revel in it; his enemies would jeer; his friends would laugh at him.

Yet he could see no way of averting the dreaded ridicule. To accept his false position was impossible, for that, he thought, would not explain the disappearance of Roger Laxdale. That the sailor who had stolen his clothes was still evading arrest he never doubted. He was puzzled, however, by the weighing of the anchor; and later, when he felt the motion of the vessel through the water, was quite at a loss to understand why the ship had been ordered to sail without her captain.

Hearing footsteps outside his cell, he knocked loudly upon the door and shouted. The footsteps drew nearer, and a man outside asked what he wanted.

"I must speak to someone," he replied; "I will be let out of this dark hole."

A little iron shutter in the door was pulled back, and a man with a peaked cap peered into the gloom.

"Well," he said, sourly, "what's wrong with you?"

"I demand to be let out," said Laxdale; "I insist upon being taken before the first lieutenant."

"What the —— are you in such a hurry about that for?" enquired the ship's corporal; "you'll see the first lieutenant fast enough, my man, when the time comes; and the captain, too!"

"The captain!" echoed Laxdale. "What captain?"

"Why, the captain of this ship, of course."

"I don't understand you," said Laxdale; "but I ask you to take me on deck and confront me with an officer of this ship."

"Officers of this ship," said the corporal, testily, "have other things to do besides seeing you. You'll go before the captain at six bells" (11 a.m.), "and, if you're lucky, you'll get off with a week's cells."

"What time is it now?" asked Laxdale.

"A bit after six. I'll bring your breakfast in half-an-hour."

"Thank you," said Laxdale, wearily.

The corporal clapped down the shutter and went away. Laxdale got back to his inflexible bed and waited. In due time the corporal returned, carrying a bowl of cocoa and a plate of ship's biscuit. The prisoner tasted the cocoa and found it devoid of sugar and milk, and very greasy to the palate. He was afraid to bite the hard biscuit, lest he should fracture some of his artificial teeth, so he soaked it in the greasy cocoa to soften it. The much-worn pewter spoon caused him infinite disgust; but he washed it in the pannikin and dried it upon a corner of his blanket. When he had finished all the biscuit and cocoa he still felt very hungry, for he was accustomed to begin the day with eggs and bacon, fish, and other essentials. For the first time in his life it occurred to him that the Service ration was distinctly inadequate; and he remembered with grave uneasiness that dinner was six hours distant. He tried to cheer himself with the reflection that his identity would be established before noon; but he was much less confident on the point than he cared to admit.

Slowly and tediously the hours passed. He glanced through some chapters of the Bible, but could not fix his

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attention upon what he read. He sat brooding in the stuffy cell until his mind became an intellectual vacuum. At last he heard six bells struck, and knew that the long morning was nearly gone. Soon afterwards the corporal returned to the cell, opened the door, and bade him come out. Guarded by two unsympathetic marines, he was conducted to the welcome air of the upper deck, and stood in shameful captivity awaiting the pleasure of his judges.

It was the hour of the day devoted, as Laxdale well knew, to the punishment of backsliders. Filmore tried all the minor cases with great rapidity, and when Laxdale's turn came he found no opportunity of gaining the ear of that irritable officer.

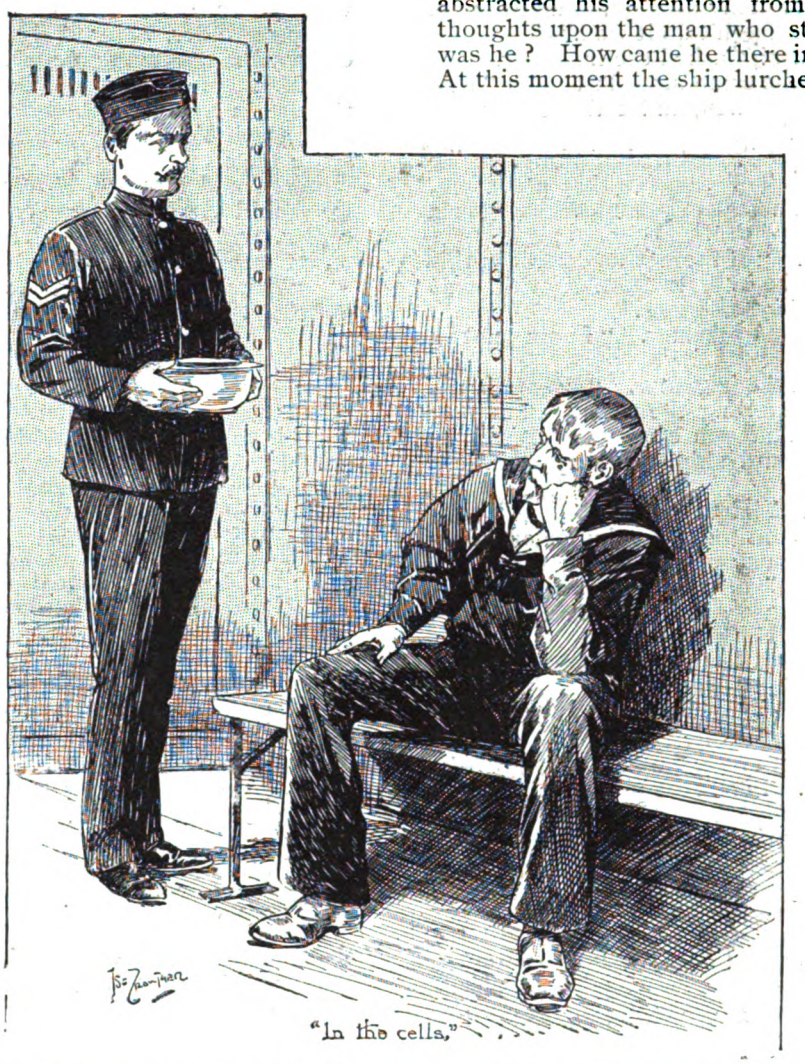
"This is a serious case," he said, gravely. "The captain will deal with it."

"One moment," put in Laxdale; "this is all a mistake."

"Silence!" cried the master-at-arms, sternly, and the unfortunate gentleman thought it best to obey, lest he should be sent back to his cell unheard.

After a while he saw the first lieutenant returning to the quarter-deck, accompanied by two other officers. One of these he recognised as the lieutenant who had been on duty the previous evening, and who, after hearing the statements of the water police, had ordered him to be lodged in the cells for the night. His name he did not know, but the officer was Clarence Parr. "If that fellow had let me explain," Laxdale reflected, bitterly, "I should have been spared a most humiliating and uncomfortable experience." He inwardly resolved that he would "make it hot" for the young lieutenant.

His attention was chiefly attracted, however, to the officer whose uniform proclaimed him captain of the ship. How he came to be in command of the "Grunter" Laxdale could not understand. He saw at once that the officer was a stranger to him. He noted that the mysterious captain was a well-built man, a little shorter than himself; that he wore a well-trimmed Naval beard, and very smart new uniform, that somehow failed to suit his muscular figure. He observed, too, that his shirt collar seemed too tight for his throat, that his complexion was bronzed and ruddy. Assuredly they had never met before; and it flashed across his mind that perhaps this was not the "Grunter" after all, but some other vessel to which he had been brought through a deeper complication of errors than he had suspected.



"In the cells."

With this new fear in his mind, he turned to the stolid marine on his right, and asked quietly: "What is the name of this ship?"

The marine ignored the question, and looked as unconscious of having been addressed as though he had been carved out of wood and painted red. The prisoner turned his head to the left and put the question to his other custodian. There was no response from the second marine, except a slight twitching of the muscles of his mouth.

"Keep silence, there!" growled the master-at-arms. "Do you want to get these men into trouble as well as yourself? Stand to attention and keep your mouth shut."

"But is this ship really the 'Grunter'?" persisted Laxdale.

"You know she is," said the master-at-arms, testily. "I see your game, my man. You're shamming barmy."

"Barmy?" echoed Laxdale. "I have no idea of your meaning."

"No, you wouldn't have," rejoined the other, cynically. "Silence! and come to attention."

Laxdale obeyed, and riveted his attention upon the mysterious captain. "They'll have to let me speak soon," he reflected. "These men are simply doing their duty, and it is useless to be angry with them."

Still watching the "captain," he listened uneasily, but with growing personal interest, to Filmore's account of the backslidings of one Edward Bunter, A.B., who was described as an insubordinate desperado of violent temper and intemperate proclivities. He learned how this ruffian had obtained a night's leave from the depôt ship at Dockhaven, and had tried to evade going to sea in the "Grunter" by remaining on shore; how the water police had pursued him through the streets of the port and had suffered assault and battery at his hands; how they had finally tracked him to a bathing-machine, and secured the ruffian, after a desperate struggle. With the further adventures of the supposed Edward Bunter Laxdale was but too familiar, though they seemed to him to be venomously distorted by the witnesses. He was amazed to learn, for example, that he was drunk when brought on board, and that several witnesses would testify to the fact. Here, indeed, his indignation exceeded his discretion, and he interrupted the narrative by exclaiming angrily, "I was not drunk. I was as sober as I am at this moment, and——"

"Silence!" roared Filmore.

"My man," said the mysterious captain, mildly, "you must put a stopper on that nasty temper of yours. We'll have your story presently."

Again Laxdale controlled himself, and was silent. Determined to keep his temper and bear himself with dignity, he abstracted his attention from the evidence and fixed his thoughts upon the man who stood in his own shoes. Who was he? How came he there in command of the "Grunter"? At this moment the ship lurched, and Laxdale glanced at the deck in the act of steadying himself. His eye fell upon a pair of well-made shoes that seemed strangely familiar to him, and then, in a flash, his recognition of the shoes helped him to unravel the fraud that had baffled his understanding. His own shoes, the tight shirt collar, the trousers turned up at the bottom to make them shorter—these evidences, combined with a certain roughness of speech in the supposed captain, convinced Laxdale that the man who stood before him was undoubtedly the scoundrel who had stolen his clothes. The discovery so amazed him that for some moments he could do nothing but stare at the impostor in wide-eyed impotence. The colossal impudence of the fraud quite staggered him, for in the first flush of the discovery Laxdale marvelled that an uncultivated seaman should have been able to escape detection for an hour. And detection of the fraud, whether immediate or delayed, seemed to his mind so inevitable that he vaguely wondered whether the man could be sane.

These were his first thoughts; but they were followed by more disturbing reflections. Improbable as it seemed, the man had contrived to masquerade as captain of the vessel, and he had planned the fraud with extraordinary cunning. Laxdale had scarcely begun to consider the best means of exposing the impostor, when he found that the man was addressing him.

"Edward Bunter," said the impostor, gravely, "you have heard the charges brought against you by these officers and other witnesses. You have broken your leave, fought with the police, and you were drunk when brought on board It is my duty to punish you severely; but, if you have any excuse to offer for your bad conduct, I am ready to consider it." He paused a moment, and then added, warningly: "Now, be careful, Bunter, and don't make it worse for yourself by telling me lies."

Their eyes met as the impostor spoke, and Laxdale guessed that the audacious ruffian meant to suggest to him that it would be wise to accept the intolerable position.

That, of course, he would never do.

"Gentlemen," he began, excitedly (he ostentatiously ignored the impostor)—"gentlemen, the water police made a ridiculous mistake in arresting me."

"I don't see that," interrupted the impostor, "for they got the usual reward." It was an undignified remark, but the

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officers and witnesses laughed. They would have laughed at a feebler joke from the captain.

"A ridiculous mistake," continued Laxdale, hotly, "because my name is not Edward Bunter, and I have never been an able seaman. I tried to explain this last night," he continued, hurriedly, "but the lieutenant on duty thought I was drunk, and disregarded my protests."

"Now wait a bit, my man," said the impostor. "You say you are not Edward Bunter." He turned to the first lieutenant. "Have they examined his clothes?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; the name of Bunter is plainly marked on them."

"Good!" said the impostor; "go on."

"The name is on these clothes," Laxdale resumed; "but they are not mine. Mine were stolen whilst I was bathing, and when I returned to my bathing-machine I found this suit of uniform left in place of them. As I couldn't walk back to my hotel naked, I was obliged to dress in these clothes that you see; and the police arrested me directly I stepped on to the beach. I tried to explain the mistake, but the fools only laughed at me, and persisted in the outrage."

"This is very queer," said the impostor. "What do you think of his story, gentlemen?"

"A pack of lies, sir, if you ask my opinion," said Filmore. "He looks a born liar; and he doesn't do it well."

"What do you say, Mr. Parr?" asked the impostor.

"The prisoner told much the same story last night," said Parr. "I thought he was drunk then, and I think now that he is trying to impose upon us."

"Well, it may be so," said the impostor, doubtfully. "The story is a bit tough; yet it isn't impossible that a seaman, wishing to desert, might sneak a suit of plain clothes from a bathing-machine."

He turned to the prisoner. "If there is any truth in this story," he said, "you should be able to back it with some proof that we can test. What is your trade?"

"My trade?" echoed the prisoner. "I am not a tradesman. I am——"

"No shuffling," interposed the impostor. "What do you work at for a living? If you're telling the truth, you may be able to prove it by showing that you can use tools, for we have many sorts of tools on board ship. Perhaps you're a carpenter, or a shoe-maker?"

The prisoner shook his head impatiently.

"A plumber, perhaps?" continued the impostor, playfully; "or a tailor? No? Then a burglar, perhaps?"

"I am none of these things," said the prisoner, angrily. "My name, as you very well know, is Roger Laxdale, and you are the rascal that stole my clothes."

At these audacious words the officers and witnesses looked as if they expected the heavens to fall, or the earth to dissolve into its primary gases; but the impostor burst out laughing in a very natural and unaffected manner.

"Ha! ha!" he roared. "The cool impudence of the fellow is really damned funny. I can't help it, gentlemen, I must laugh."

His hearty merriment was so infectious that even Filmore indulged in a sour smile.

"Well, well," said the impostor, "we must be serious, I suppose. I begin to fancy the man is slightly mad."

"I am not mad," said the prisoner, sullenly.

"Take him back to the cells, for the present," continued the impostor, "and I'll think what shall be done with him. I think," he added, turning to Parr, "that the doctor had better examine the man."

"Of course, sir, if you wish it," said Parr.

"Yes, he'd better," said the impostor. "Send the doctor to my cabin."

"Gentlemen," cried the prisoner, "I insist upon being allowed to prove my statement. In common fairness you must let me——"

"Come, stow that jaw," growled the master-at-arms. "Back to the cells you goes. Left turn! quick march!"

His protests were unheeded. The marines seized him, and he was dragged back to his dismal lodging in the bowels of the ship.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Terry's Diagnosis.

The afternoon slipped away uneventfully; so uneventfully, indeed, that Bunter, as he reposed in his comfortable cabin, began somewhat to underrate the dangers of his position. The weather held fair, and the "Grunter" steamed quietly down channel, with a light easterly wind astern rippling the surface of the water. Bunter enjoyed an excellent luncheon; and two bottles of Bass, followed by some of his victim's cigars, made him sleepy.

(To be continued.)

"H.M.S. 'Pinafore'" the Perennial.

By F. Hamilton-Knight.

EHEU! Fugaces! No, it can't be that over one-and-twenty years have slipped by since the dog-shores were knocked away and the good ship "Pinafore" slid gracefully down the slips into the Sea of Popularity? Nevertheless it is so, and if you doubt it, just consult your mirror for a moment, and see if Old Father Time has not printed some indelible marks upon your serene physiognomy to emphasise the fact. Were those becoming patches of silver on your temples in evidence on May 25, 1878, when you struggled with all a first-nighter's enthusiasm into the Opera Comique? Were those tell-tale lines creeping round the eyes that danced with laughter at the bright fun of our new-found humourist?

"But, my dear friend," I can fancy the reader saying, "I saw 'Pinafore' only the other night, and it seemed to me to be as——" Precisely; it seemed to you as young and as charming as ever. Quite so, but you appear to forget that while you are a very ordinary person, and have got twenty-one years older, "Her Majesty's Ship 'Pinafore'" is a very extraordinary play, that age does not wither nor custom stale.

How times have changed! Suppose our dear friend Gilbert, in a spirit of humorous prophecy, in 1878 had made Sir Joseph Porter say something like this: "Having a few spare days on hand, I shall to-morrow morning take out a hundred and eighteen ships of war for a little blow." How we should have laughed! Now we should only smile complacently, and sit more securely in our stalls, thinking only on an accomplished fact.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." No, not quite all. "Dick" Temple, a veteran who certainly does "not lag superfluous on the stage," still gives us his inimitable picture of the weird Dick Deadeye, and he told me that he enjoys playing the part as much now, if not more, than at the first production.

Incidentally Dick Deadeye reminded me of the rather notable fact that although "Pinafore" was a success from the moment she was launched here, it was not until she had sailed across the Herring Pond that the absolute "Pinafore" *furore* set in. The American public jumped at it, and when they do jump they jump high, "you bet"; and in the State of New York alone there were no less than twenty-eight different companies playing the piece at the same time. Then all at once the boom reverberated over this side, and it was impossible to listen to the man in the street's conversation for five minutes without being assailed by the inevitable "What, never?" And then, like everything else in this world, it wore itself out by endless reiteration.

But to the original cast. Rutland Barrington, the Captain Corcoran, has been snapped up by the Napoleonic George Edwardes, and George Grossmith, after a series of brilliant successes at the Savoy, prefers now to be "on his own," while Jessie Bond—ah me! Jessie Bond, who used to break our susceptible hearts with the same ease as a head wind in the Bay of Biscay smashes the crockery ware—has resigned Hebe to another. Is it because two decades have passed away? Never let it be said. However, all these rallied to the call of Commodore Carte at the Savoy when, in 1887—nearly ten years after the first production—the good ship was recommissioned. But now Dick Deadeye is the only one who shipped originally in the saucy ship. And have we lost by the change? Not a bit of it, only inasmuch as one always recalls with some little touch of regret the absence of the friends of old time, however much we may enjoy the company of the present moment.

Admiral Gilbert comes aboard, and the word is discipline. And discipline it is. How everyone on the stage enters into the spirit of his delightful fun. How the chorus act their parts, every man Jack of them. Is Mr. Passmore dismayed by recollections of the original Sir Joseph? Not he; he is as funny as he is artistic, and revels in his opportunities.

Captain Corcoran Lytton seems born for the quarter-deck. By the way, in the true Gilbertian spirit of topsy-turveydom, Mr. Lytton played the First Lord for years in the country, and now is "a right good captain, too."

That ever valuable artist, Miss Brandram, comes to the rescue as "Sweet Little Buttercup" in place of Miss Everard, who created the part so admirably; and as for Josephine and Hebe, well, look at their pictures on the other page, or, better still, go and see them, and if you are not satisfied I am a Dutchman.

But what more need be said about such an old friend and such a well-found ship as "H.M.S. 'Pinafore'"? May she be sailing along as merrily as ever when Old Father Time has reeled another one-and-twenty years off the log, and may we all be there to cheer her as she deserves.

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The 1st Madras Lancers.

NATIVE OFFICER, TRUMPET-MAJOR, AND SOWARS, 1st MADRAS LANCERS.

IN the Diamond Jubilee Procession few uniforms excited more general admiration than the light blue tunic, with silver lace and buff facings, and the dark blue pantaloons worn by Subadar Muhammad Beg, Bahadur, 1st Lancers, who represented the native portion of the Madras Army. It is easy to imagine that a whole regiment similarly attired presents a fine appearance, more especially when it is so admirably mounted as the three Madras cavalry regiments are, for, unlike the Bengal, Bombay, and Punjab cavalry, in which the horses are the property of the men themselves, the Madras cavalry are horsed on the "Regular" system of the British cavalry, with the result that many a Madras trooper rides an animal fit for an officer's charger.

The 1st Madras Lancers is really the senior of the Indian cavalry regiments, having been raised in 1788 from the cavalry corps taken over by the East India Company from the Nawab of the Carnatic.

The regiment is now stationed at Bellary, in the Madras Presidency. It is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. M. Lawford, who has eight British and sixteen native officers under him, with 600 non-commissioned officers and men and 520 horses.

We give a picture showing this fine regiment on parade, with Colonel Lawford at its head. Another picture shows a mounted group of British and native officers, while in a third are represented two sowars, or troopers, mounted and one dismounted, a native officer in the centre, and on the right of the picture the trumpet-major.

The 1st Madras Lancers is composed of four squadrons, three and a-half squadrons of Deccan, Mysore, and Madras Mohammedans, and a half-squadron of Mahrattas, the latter the descendants of the freebooters who overran Bombay and the Deccan at the close of the last century and gave us a deal of trouble.

BRITISH AND NATIVE OFFICERS- 1st MADRAS LANCERS.

Photos. Metzker. *THE SENIOR INDIAN CAVALRY CORPS—1st MADRAS LANCERS ON PARADE.* Copyright

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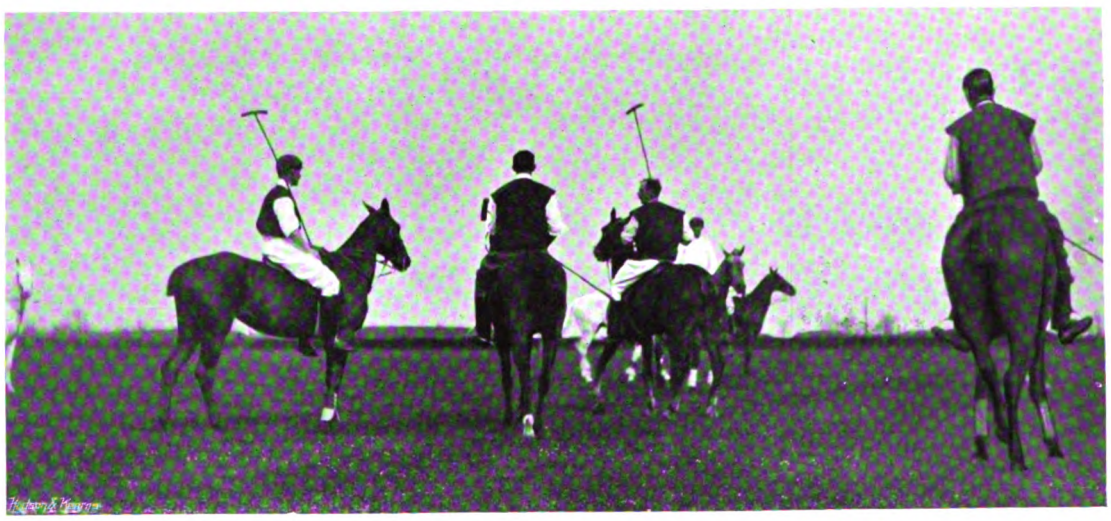
The New Portsmouth Polo Club.

A Day with the Players.

THANKS mainly to the energy shown in the matter by Captain R. Alexander, of the Rifle Brigade, honorary secretary to the organisation, Portsmouth now possesses a flourishing polo club. This is the first attempt to give polo a permanent place in the recreations of officers stationed in our first Naval port, and it promises to be very successful. Although inaugurated but recently, the new club has become quite an institution. The field secured lies just beneath the shadow of the ramparts at Hilsea. It is easily get-at-able, either by carriage or cycle, and quite a big gathering of officers and their friends assembles to watch the games.

TELLING OFF THE PLAYERS.
Capt. Alexander, R.B., Sec. Capt. Smith, R.A. Lt. Clifton Brown, R.A. Lt. Barnet, R.A.

Portsmouth is quite unique amongst polo clubs, inasmuch as it includes both Navy and Army officers in its membership. The principal officers of both branches of the Service are warm supporters of the club. Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, is one of the committee. There is not a better all-round sportsman on the flag list than Sir Michael, who has in his day been a smart athlete, and who would even now make a formidable opponent in a veterans' event. But although a past-master in the art of handling a fleet, Sir Michael does not care to undertake the task of manœuvring so unsailor-like a craft as a pony through the intricacies of a polo match. Therefore he contents himself with taking a share in the administrative work of the club, and leaves the playing part to others. On the other hand, Lieutenant-General Sir Baker Russell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, and General Commanding the Southern Military District, has added his name to the list of playing members. Up to the present, however, Sir Baker has not taken part in any of the matches. But there is no keener follower of the game than he. Be the weather what it may, he is on the field, and he enjoys the sport with as much zest as a schoolboy does a game at cricket or football in which his school is contending against some rival establishment. And he does not hesitate to shout a lusty "Well played, sir," at any man who wields the club in a manner that meets with his approbation. But Sir Baker is a cavalryman, and has spent much time in India—facts which, taken together, account for much of his keenness on polo. Both his aides-de-camp, Captain Levita, R.A., and Captain Maclaren, play for the club. The latter, who has just left England for South Africa on special service, is an Hussar officer, and is accounted one of the best players in the Army. Although Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour does not mount for the club, Mr. Alexander S. Sinclair, his flag lieutenant, takes part in most of its matches. Lieutenant Sinclair is, in fact, one of the best men on the club's



TEAMS LINING UP.
Capt. Carey, R.A. Capt. Bainbridge, the Buffs. Lt. Barnet. Lord Denman. Lt. Clifton Brown.

Photos. Cribb. *LORD DENMAN SHAPES FOR A GOAL.* Copyright
Lord Denman. Capt. Alexander. Capt. Bainbridge. Capt. Maclaren, A.D.C. Major Kays, K.R.R.

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playing list, and is usually placed at back. One of the distinctive features of the Portsmouth Polo Club is that it numbers so many Naval men amongst its playing members. One does not expect any great skill in horsemanship from a Naval officer. His training is against the cultivation of excellence in this direction. The horses he is most accustomed to riding are the white ones that sport about the ocean when a stiff breeze is blowing. The club has done well so far, and has scored a good percentage of victories in its matches.

It is proposed to have a week's polo tournament some time during the next few months. The accompanying snap-shots were taken at the club's opening match.

Photo. Cribb. *RECEIVING A BACK-HANDER.* Copyright

Capt. Carey. *Capt. Bainbridge.* *Lt. Barnet.* *Lt. Clifton Brown.* *Capt. Alexander.*

A Recruiting March in Kent.

ONLY a week or two back we illustrated and annotated a march of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry through the country of Pol, Tre, and Pen. To-day, with Ariel-like agility, we skip across the full breadth of England to describe pictorially and with approving pen a similar march of the old 97th through the pleasant roads and fertile fields of Western Kent. We need not repeat our remarks as to the value of these recruiting marches, more especially as, quite apart from that, every one of them possesses an individual interest altogether separate from that attached to even an exceptional parade.

In the case of the 2nd Royal West Kent, which has been stationed at Chatham, under Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Grove, there was a distinct need of some such proceeding, since recruiting had of late shown signs of falling off. Beyond this the Royal West Kent is peculiarly a county corps, and does its utmost to confine its recruiting to its own district limits. From time immemorial Kentishmen and Men of Kent—the dwellers on the Medway will recognise this subtle distinction—have been famous soldiers, as the annals of the Roman occupation will testify, while if further proof were needed it is writ large in the records of the "Fighting Fiftieth," the "Celestials," or "Sky-blues" (the former nickname of the 97th), and the grand old "Buffs." Small wonder, then, that Kentish corps should make every effort to attract the right kind of Kentish recruit, to the exclusion of the outsider from other counties, and of

COLONEL GROVE ADDRESSES THE 2nd ROYAL WEST KENT.

Photos. Graham. *THE TRANSPORT ABOUT TO START.* Copyright

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the Cockney contingent which comes through St. George's Barracks at Charing Cross.

On June 22 the old 97th started from Chatham with a strength of about 22 officers and 600 men. Its route lay by Maidstone, Tunbridge Wells, Tonbridge, Sevenoaks, Westerham, Bromley, Dartford, Farningham, and Malling, the march terminating at the latter point on July 7. The regiment was, it goes without saying, heartily welcomed at the various halting-places, and the band performances at each camp, and the torchlight tattoos, were keenly appreciated. West Kent is pretty thickly populated, and, though the effect of the march may not be immediately visible, we shall be greatly surprised if it does not result in a marked accession of recruits in the course of the next few months. Of the closer union between the county and the corps there can be "no possible, probable, shadow of doubt—no possible doubt whatever!"

Our pictures give an excellent idea of the inception and progress of the march under discussion. In one is seen Colonel Grove addressing the men before starting, and it would not require any specially active imagination to give the gist of his remarks. One might even go further and presume to reproduce what is working in the colonel's mind as he sees before him that fine, well-set-up battalion which he is about to lead through the "garden of England." Well may the commanding officer have been proud of having such a corps to show to the civilians of the county, and we may be sure that the satisfaction of belonging to it made every man in the ranks only too eager to carry out the injunctions of the Chief on this particularly interesting parade.

Another picture shows the regimental transport on the point of starting from the Chatham Barracks. There were times, bad old times, when transport was a thing which was, to a great extent, left to arrange itself, the result being that an immense amount of suffering and discomfort was entailed upon all ranks, with serious detriment to their fighting efficiency. We have not arrived at perfection yet. Far, very far from it. But as regards regimental transport there is not much lacking. Of this we have demonstration in the trim, workmanlike equipment of the 97th, which, we make no question, drew forth many approving remarks from the discriminating critics *en route*.

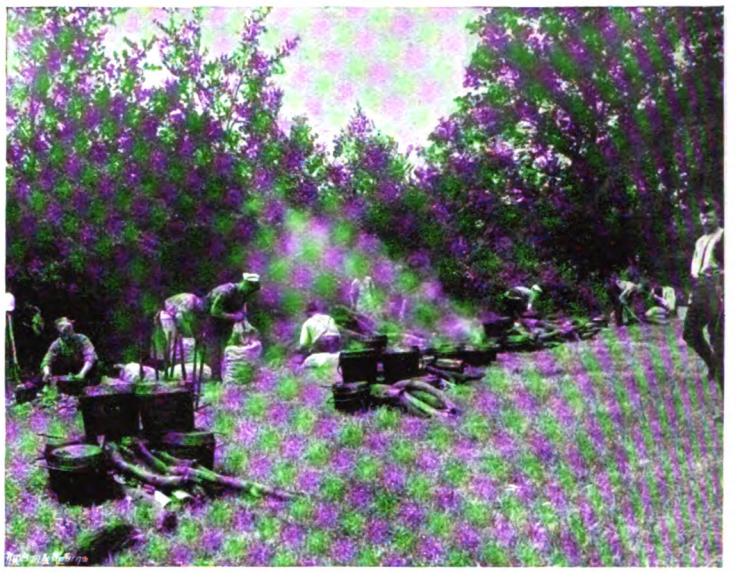

Photo. Bent. THE COOKS AT WORK IN CAMP Copyright

The two remaining pictures are of the camp and shirt-sleeves order, and sufficiently self-explanatory. The Royal West Kent has a splendid athletic record, and there are useful thews and sinews indicated in the *al fresco* washing scene. As an interesting sequel of the march it may be mentioned that, since it came to an end, Colonel Grove has relinquished the command of the 2nd Royal West Kent in order to take up that of the 50th Regimental District at Maidstone. In this capacity we may be sure that he will do his utmost to strengthen the good understanding between the Royal West Kent and its recruiting district, which owes so much to the march described.

Photo Graham A WASH BY THE STREAM. Copyright.

The Paying-off of the "Fox."

THIS bright picture gives an excellent idea of the scene which follows the paying-off of a ship just returned from a foreign station. The men having received their last instalment of pay are now trooping on shore, with their personal effects coming after them in that bundle form which is inseparably associated with Jack *en route* for home at the end of a long commission.

In this case the ship is the "Fox," a second-class cruiser which has just come back to Portsmouth from the Cape of Good Hope and the East and West Coasts of Africa where she is to be relieved by the "Forte." During the paying-off of the "Fox" there were three other paying-off pennants flying in the harbour, a thing which, it is said, has not happened for the last thirty years. The "Fox" has been away for a little over three years, and has had a variegated and interesting commission. She arrived in Zanzibar just after the bombardment of the palace in which the usurping Sultan had ensconced himself, and remained until tranquillity had been restored.

Subsequently she was at Delagoa Bay at the time of the Jameson raid, and helped to "demonstrate" in connection with the German Emperor's telegram.

During the Sierra Leone revolt the "Fox" played a more active part, having covered the landing of the West India Regiment, and also successfully carried out an expedition up the river Pompeh. The "Fox" since January, 1888, has been under the command of Captain F. H. Henderson.

Photo. Cribb. HOMEWARD BOUND. Copyright

On the Jetty at Portsmouth Dockyard—The last day in the old ship.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 132.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1899.*

From a Photo. *By Our Own Correspondent.*

THE FILIPINO HEADQUARTERS IN LUZON.

"While sandbag trenches and trenchworks are in course of construction, the artillerymen amuse themselves and encourage the crowd by firing the 15-centimetre mortars which they captured from the Spanish. These are little squat things which shoot up in the air with a great bang and a lot of smoke and drop the bomb at short range (half a mile to one mile), with a high trajectory."

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The Fighting in the Philippines.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

MANILA, *June* 20.

AS the censorship does not apply to mailed correspondence, I am free to tell truthfully the story of the fall of Paranaque, and likewise of the neighbouring town of Los Pinas. No doubt the telegrams to England and the United States will have recorded that these two places have been occupied by American troops, and for some purposes this statement might be thought sufficient. The censor certainly thinks so. I would, however, add a word or two. Paranaque and Los Pinas have both been pictured in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and as they look much the same as they did before, I need not send fresh photographs. They are ordinary little Philippine towns. It would not be libellous to call them villages. But they have certain natural defences, and some unnatural ones, namely, lines of trenches, which rendered them of some interest to the American troops who were ordered to hoist the Stars and Stripes there. And Paranaque—was it not garrisoned by the Loyal Pampanga Regiment, commonly known

A CAMP KITCHEN.

END OF THE CHASE.

The Figure in White is that of an Officer of the "Powerful" accompanying the American Troops.

From Photos. *NATIVE AMBUSH.* *By Our Own Correspondent.*

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among the "boys" as the Mulligan Guards?

We breakfasted early, and left Manila in an antediluvian chaise, a combination of Buffalo Bill's Arizona stage coach and a hearse. The troops whose deeds that day we were to chronicle had gone on before. We were particular about order of precedence, as there were reports that natives were ambushed at convenient intervals on the route. Our troops were the Oregon, California, and North Dakota Volunteers, and some men of the 23rd Regiment. We passed the 20th Regiment on the Malecon (a continuation of the Luneta or esplanade of Manila). They had just breakfasted, and were engaged in erecting tents for a new camp.

Incidentally I may mention that this is what the rank and file have daily when the commissariat toes the mark: Fresh (frozen) Australian beef and mutton; fresh potatoes, onions, rice, etc.; soft bread (baked daily), macaroni, oatmeal, hominy; fresh Australian butter (40 cents, or 1s. 8d., per lb.); Californian condensed cream, unsweetened; canned peaches, pears, apples, strawberry jam, black-currant jelly, plum jam; oysters, lobsters, salmon, tomatoes, Morton's and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, etc., twenty or thirty kinds, tea, coffee, or cocoa; *no beer*.

Our coach was surmounted by an antique Jehu in bronze, that is to say, his skin was dark, and he wore no livery except a cap and trousers. But his complexion was good, and what he lacked in clothes he made up for in dignity. We got along well for a mile or two, and then the birds became weary. We called them birds because of their pace. Then we struck the first sentry of the 12th Infantry, and as we approached their bivouac we heard the tinkle of the guitar and the twang of the banjo, as the "boys" were taking a rest. We dallied not. The article in bronze whacked up the rhinoceroses in good style, and we passed the 12th with grim determination. After this we made slow progress. The road was bad, and the man of bronze had to steer his insects over boulders and logs, through mud and quagmires, and numerous miscellaneous articles such as bottles (empty) and tomato cans. We presently came upon a body of men sent to the rear on account of fatigue. We were piloted to a hill overlooking Paranaque and close to the town, where we were told we could see all that went on. We saw nothing going on. We climbed to the top of a high tree, and thence we saw the American troops in two columns, marching into the market-place of Paranaque much as if they were on parade instead of the battle ground. The fact was that the Loyal Pampanga Regiment and their comrades in arms had left the neighbourhood of Paranaque and also of Los Pinas without notice. Our troops gave chase, but were stopped by the broad stream of the Pasig. Therefore I concluded that I should be giving a full summary of the day's proceedings if I telegraphed home, as I endeavoured to do, "Paranaque and Los Pinas captured without fighting." The censor struck out the last two words.

A BIVOUAC.
General H. G. Otis is seated on the left.

"MARCH, THE MULLIGAN GUARDS!"

From Photos. *40th INFANTRY ERECTING TENTS.* *By Our Own Correspondent.*

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Photo. W. M. Crockett.

YOUNG TARS AT PLAY.

Copyright

This lively picture shows the varied and withal most practical course of physical training which has to be undergone by the sucking British tar. The lads of the "Lion" are here depicted illustrating for our photographer's benefit the bayonet, dumb-bell, Indian club, boxing, fencing, horizontal and parallel bar, and vaulting-horse exercises, which they perform as duties, but not, it would seem, as very irksome ones.

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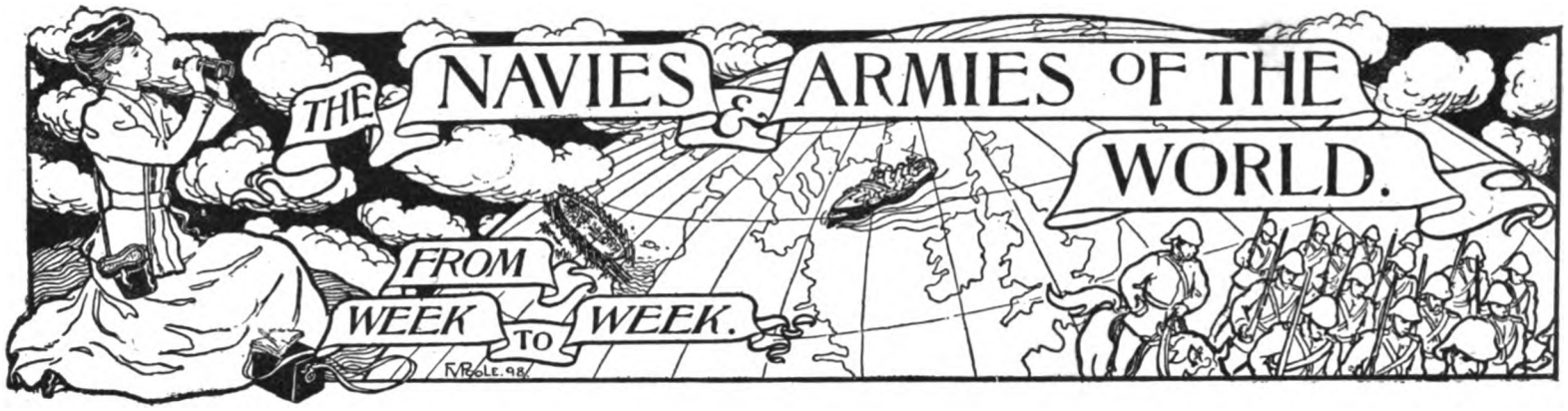

THE Naval Manœuvres would appear to have ended without teaching any lesson of novelty. The result of them has rather been to show that one of the oldest of the conditions which can confuse an admiral is as powerful as ever. The A Fleet had the ill-luck to be blinded by fog, and could, therefore, find neither the convoy nor the fleet appointed to protect it. This was most particularly unfortunate for Admiral Rawson, because, by the rules of the game, he did not know where the convoy was to be found. Unless his scouts could see, he was helpless. Sir Compton Domvile did know where his charge was to be found, and could have made his way to it, fog or no fog. Therefore this accident affected the two fleets very differently. It as good as paralysed the A Fleet altogether, while B was scarcely affected. The Manœuvres can thus hardly be said to teach us anything to the purpose, since all the world knew already that if one fleet is blinded, and the other can use its eyes, the second must have the advantage, and cannot help succeeding, except by its own gross fault.

* * * *

Meanwhile, may not this incident bring grist to the mill of the extreme military school. One may occasionally hear it asserted that a fog or a storm can render the defending force of no avail. The answer has commonly been that fogs and storms affect both sides equally. Well, we see that in certain conditions they do not. Now let us suppose that Admiral Domvile had left Milford Haven with orders to try whether he could not throw a body of troops on shore before Admiral Rawson could interfere with him. He starts, knowing exactly where he means to make his landfall. Admiral Rawson leaves Belfast Lough not knowing precisely where he will meet B Fleet, or to what exact point it is steering. Admiral Domvile has clearer weather, and is in any case comparatively indifferent to the fog, since he knows for what point he is heading. Who will assert that in these circumstances he could not have found a clear twenty-four hours in which to land troops? But then, what becomes of the deterrent influence of the Fleet in Being? Admiral Rawson's was surely a Fleet in Being, if ever there was one; yet with the story before us, is it not clear that he could not have baulked Admiral Domvile of a clear four-and-twenty hours for the landing of troops? It may be answered that the cases are not parallel, because the bringing in of a convoy may be an absolute necessity for which you will risk much, while an invasion of your enemy's territory is an operation of war which you will not undertake at the hazard of having your protecting fleet beaten and your army cut off. To that I should answer, for my part, that a good deal will depend on the character of the assailant. Napoleon, who did actually throw away an army in Egypt to forward his personal ambition, and who repeated the blunder when he ordered Dupont to make his premature movement in Andalusia, would have played the game without scruple. He would have been guided solely by the estimate he had formed of the amount of service his invading army would do him before it was destroyed. Therefore I have to come to the conclusion that, with the help of fortune and a good admiral, an invasion of some part of the United Kingdom by at least a solid body of troops is possible, even though we have a fleet ready in one of our ports to intercept it—if we are to argue from these Manœuvres.

* * * *

The real answer to the extreme military school, it seems to me, must be that we cannot argue from these Manœuvres. It is indeed impossible to believe that we would form a convoy in Nova Scotia during peace, not declare war till it was near home, and then send a fleet to cover its arrival nineteen hours behind the enemy. The arrangement is too artificial to be instructive. If we had reached such a point of "strained relations" that it became necessary to form convoys, we would not, unless we had lost our senses, be lying in port till the last minute. Our fleet would be at sea, and in the neighbourhood of whatever hostile port is supposed to be represented by Belfast. In the long run there is no security that you will stop an enemy's fleet anywhere except at his port of departure. Steam, search-lights, and wireless telegraphy may and do increase the power of fleets, on both sides, but it must needs remain the case that when the enemy has got to sea unobserved and not followed, the difficulty of finding him is raised to the maximum. The obvious course, therefore, is to do all you can to keep him in port, or if he feels strong enough to come out, then to give him battle at once, with the reasonable confidence that even if you lose—and the issue of battles is always to some extent uncertain—still you can maul him so effectually that he will be in no condition to follow up his success. This, I gather, is the moral, the very sound moral, of Admiral Colomb's letter on this year's Manœuvres in the *Times*. So long as the enemy's fleets are free to go to sea in such strength that they can offer battle to ours, so long as they can get out unobserved, there can be no absolute security that we shall not have to grope for them in fogs, and miss them as Admiral Rawson has missed Admiral Domvile. Then a bold and confident enemy who will take risks will always have a fair chance of landing men, as Chateaurenault did at Bantry Bay after he had been sighted by Herbert off the Old Head of Kinsale, and as Humbert's men were landed at a later date.

* * * *

The question as to the use of scouts, or rather as to the chance of their being of any use, on which Admiral Colomb and "Navalis" differ, seems to want a little more defining. Admiral Colomb says that scouts have frequently been needed for so many purposes that there has commonly been a want of them for fleets—which is historically true. "Navalis" replies that this is an argument for having more scouts, which is argumentatively sound. But it is all a little in the air. Suppose a French fleet has been allowed to start from Brest nineteen hours ahead of ours which leaves Torbay. This gives him a start of 228 miles, and according to the hypothesis he is presumably heading for some part of the West of Ireland, and we do not know which. Both fleets are well supplied with scouts. What is to happen? To me it seems that what is likely to happen is that the English admiral, who does not know whether he will find his enemy off Kinsale or Blacksod Bay or Lough Foyle, and cannot neglect any of them, must scatter his ships widely. The French admiral, who knows where he is going, and that his best chance is to go quickly, is under no such obligation. He can keep his scouts round him at a moderate distance where they can support one another. If now our vessels, widely spread out as they must be, drop on the enemy's scouts, it is not at all impossible that they may have to fight single-handed, in which case whatever message they can send by wireless telegraphy before they are knocked to pieces is more likely to tell the admiral what is going to happen to them than to give any information as to where the hostile fleet is. Besides, if the English admiral is 400 miles away, as he may be, the mischief may be done before he gets anywhere near an opponent who is also moving, and whose whereabouts are still uncertain. Therefore if you have once let the foe get to sea, there must be a great chance that you will miss him. The moral is don't let him get to sea.

DAVID HANNAY.

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to our remarks in a recent article on duelling concerning the influence of the Prince Consort in stopping duelling, notes that it is often said that if the Emperor of Germany were to forbid the practice among his officers, the civil community would also give it up. The English precedent certainly lends some confirmation to this view, for it was on the War Office introducing stringent regulations to put a stop to duelling in the Army that it disappeared altogether among civilians. In the past the Crown has on several occasions interfered to stop particular duels, notably in the case of Lord St. Vincent and Admiral Sir John Orde, when Lord St. Vincent received orders in writing from the King that he was on no account to accept Sir John Orde's challenge. Last year was the centenary of the duel between Pitt (then Prime Minister) and George Tierney on Putney Heath, a duel which originated in the discussion on Pitt's Bill for manning the Navy by compelling different towns to supply specified quotas of men for the Navy.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 13, 1704.—Rooke's drawn battle off Malaga with the French Toulon fleet of equal number under the Comte de Toulouse. The fighting lasted all day. With upwards of 2,000 killed and wounded on each side, it is probably the bloodiest battle ever fought at sea.

August 14, 1761.—Capture of the French "Courageux," 74, by the British "Bellona," 74, off Cape Finisterre. The battle was fought in smooth water within pistol shot, and was so furiously opened by the "Bellona" that in twenty minutes the French line-of-battle ship surrendered.

August 15, 1416.—The Duke of Bedford's victory off the mouth of the Seine over a Franco-Genoese squadron, after a five hours' hand-to-hand battle.

August 16, 1854.—Bombardment and reduction of the Russian fortress of Bomarsund by a detachment of the British Baltic fleet, in combination with an allied French squadron.

August 17, 1796.—Surrender of a Dutch squadron to a British squadron under Lord Keith, in Saldanha Bay. The Dutch were sent out to recapture the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, but found themselves in the presence of a vastly superior force, and could only surrender at discretion.

August 18, 1759.—Admiral Boscawen's victory in Lagos Bay over the French Toulon fleet when trying to pass north in order to effect a junction with the Brest fleet. Two French ships were destroyed and three taken.

August 19, 1702.—Opening of Benbow's battle with the French in the West Indies, in which the gallant admiral was basely deserted by three of his captains, and received his mortal wound while making the best fight possible with his flag-ship and the only two ships of his squadron that remained loyal to him.

AUGUST 13, 1704.—Battle of Blenheim, in which the allies obtained a decisive victory over the French and Bavarians. The allies were commanded by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the enemy by Marshal Tallard—in chief command—Marshal Marsin, and the Elector of Bavaria. The strength of the allies was 52,000 men, with 52 guns, that of the enemy 56,000. The loss of the allies was 13,000, that of the enemy—including stragglers and deserters during the first few days after the battle—40,000 men, 100 guns, 24 mortars, 129 colours, and 171 standards. Marshal Tallard was taken prisoner on this occasion.

August 14, 1812.—The French detachment of 2,000 fighting men, who held the Retiro just outside Madrid when the capital was evacuated by the French, capitulated to the British troops.

August 15, 1809.—The French and Dutch garrison of Flushing capitulated to the Earl of Chatham. 1808.—The first fighting during the Peninsular War took place at the action of Obidos, which ended to the advantage of the British, who were commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley.

August 16, 1754.—Battle of the French Rocks, in which Major Lawrence, with 1,000 European troops, 200 Topasses, 3,000 Sepoys, 14 guns, and 5,500 Tanjore troops, totally defeated the enemy, who consisted of 900 French-European troops, 400 Topasses, 5,000 regular Sepoys, and 10,000 Mysore and Mahratta cavalry. Our loss was only 18 killed, besides wounded, while the enemy suffered heavily, the European battalion alone leaving on the field 160 killed or severely wounded. 1812.—General Hull, with an American army, surrendered to Major-General Brock. 1780.—Lord Cornwallis at the head of about 1,900 men—including provincials and militia—defeated 6,000 Americans under General Gates. The British loss was 20 killed and 220 wounded, that of the Americans 1,000 killed and wounded, and as many prisoners.

August 17, 1808.—Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under General Laborde at the combat of Rolica. The French lost 600 men and 3 guns. The loss of the British was 500 men. The number of the British was 4,000, that of the French about the same. 1801.—Sortie of the French from Alexandria—to the westward—repulsed by Major-General Coote.

August 18, 1793.—Major-General Lake, with three battalions of Guards—1,080 strong—and one battery, drove the French from the fortified position of Lincelles, and completely routed them. The British lost 182 men, and the French—5,000 strong—300 men, 12 guns, and 1 colour.

August 19, 1799.—The Dutch garrison of Surinam capitulated to Lieutenant-General Trigge, who was aided by Admiral Seymour's squadron of two sail of the line and five frigates, besides smaller craft

Lower Deck Generosity.

By A SEAFARER.

WHEN a man dies in the Navy his effects, consisting of his clothes, his ditty-box, and its contents, are collected and a careful inventory made of them by the master-at-arms in the case of a seaman, and the sergeant of marines in the case of one of his corps, and are then handed over to the pay-master for custody.

The deceased's letters, if any, found in his ditty-box are searched for the address of his next-of-kin, or some near relation, the signature being generally sufficient; or if only a sister's or brother's letters are found they are read through to see if there be any mention of a wife, child, or parent, but the contents, outside the information searched for, are a sacred trust to him who reads. The letters are then either destroyed or returned to the writers, the former course being resorted to if it seems probable that their contents would cause distress or unpleasantness to those into whose hands they might fall. Any unfinished letters of the deceased are forwarded to their destination if a clue is given, and such things as a Prayer-book, nearly always the gift of a mother or sister, photographs, and other little things which it is thought undesirable to sell, are forwarded direct to the next-of-kin, with a letter stating the particulars of the man's death.

The contents of these ditty-boxes often make the duty of going through them a sad one. A good deal of the inner nature of a man is revealed. He may have seemed hard in life, and rough as any of his fellows, but many touches of softer feelings are found in the little mementoes stowed away in his box; they are necessarily small, from the paucity of room in the ditty-box, but are generally arranged with such neatness, and every atom of space so carefully utilised, that it is difficult to restore every thing to its place now the owner is no more.

The Admiralty Regulations require that the effects of a deceased seaman or marine shall be sold "before the mast" during the month in which he dies, or if this cannot be done some reason has to be given for not doing so. It can therefore be taken as a general rule that they are sold as speedily as possible, the only exception being when the deceased's relatives, having been communicated with, desire that the effects should be handed to them.

The regulation that they shall be sold "before the mast" I have never seen complied with; it may possibly have been so ordered to prevent any quarter-deck influence in the sale; and in the old days of sailing ships, from which the order probably dates, "before the mast" was a roomy space, but nowadays it is generally taken up with engine-room hatches, funnel casings, etc., and the sale usually takes place on the quarter-deck.

The date of the sale having been decided on—generally Thursday afternoon, as being the men's "make and mend clothes" day—the bag is brought on the quarter-deck; the master-at-arms or sergeant of marines attends as auctioneer, a writer, as his clerk, to write down the successful bidders, the paymaster and an executive officer to supervise the sale; the hands are piped to lay aft, and when a sufficient number have collected the sale begins. The master-at-arms, or perhaps one of the officers, states that the deceased has left relatives dependent upon him, and the first article of clothing is held up to view and the bidding commences, slowly at first, but becoming more lively as the patter of the amateur auctioneer or the circumstances of the case strike the men; the value of the article has very little to do with the matter. I have attended several auctions ashore, and as far as I have been able to gather, the one idea in everyone's mind, from the broker to the young married couple, or to the couple yet unmarried seeking their future household gods, is to get a bargain. The opposite is the case on board; the idea is to do all in one's power to make as good a sale as possible, and so each contributes—some by running up the bidding, others by securing the articles at high prices, and then throwing them back among the unsold articles to be again eagerly bid for. All the time the auctioneer, as far as he is able, keeps up his patter, and the sale, in spite of what is sorrowful about it, is made the medium of many time-honoured jokes and much innocent badinage. A penny is put up for sale; it is at first laughed at, then someone jokingly bids threepence and is capped by a shilling, and then the bidding rises till at last the copper is spun to the successful one, who pays 5s. or 7s. 6d. for it, and looks on it as a lucky coin in future. By the regulations all money is ordered to be collected and handed to the paymaster for the benefit of the next-of-kin, and this is done with gold or silver coin, but the harmless

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penny is allowed to remain; it won't corrupt anyone, and may add much to its value at a sale.

The bidding goes merrily on, the writer now and again totting up the figures and calling out the total as a stimulus to those who have not yet contributed; and it seems a point of honour for everyone to get something, or at any rate to pay for something, for this does not always mean the same. With the man's messmates, of course, it is a more particular duty, and next to that is the duty of his particular rating and class. I have noticed that in the bidding for a seaman's effects the seamen stand out handsomely, next to them the stokers; the marines come a bad third, which is excusable on account of their receiving much less pay than any other class; but what is not so easily explained is that the artisan class, if it does not stand aloof, comes in last. If it is a marine whose effects are being sold, there is not a man in the corps who will not contribute to the utmost extent his account will allow of (the sales are usually on credit), and the same may be said of each class. Each is fired by a generosity that does great credit to the lower deck, but is nothing more than one would expect from the open-faced and open-handed sailor, who knows that at any time, from sickness or accident, his effects may be dealt with in the same manner.

There are, however, peculiarities about the lower deck that are not easily explained. In a recent case of a draft being sent to recommission a ship abroad, two men met their death through the same accident; both, as far as one knew, were equally unknown to the remainder, having only been a few days together; the circumstances in each case were almost exactly similar, each having left aged parents, who, if not actually dependent on the small contributions their son could make towards their support, were no doubt equally glad of the assistance.

Both bags were brought on the quarter-deck at the same time, and chance decided which should be sold first; the bidding was very high, and the sum total reached about three times the value of the kit, and this though nearly every man was in debt, as is usual on joining a ship abroad, as the men had received an advance before leaving England. This was very satisfactory, but the sale had taken so much time that it was decided to offer the other bag for sale on some future occasion. Before the next sale could be held, another ship, by way of showing its sympathy both with the deceased and with the new ship's company, which, as yet, had not had time to organise the usual dramatic company or minstrel troupe, gave a performance ashore, resulting in a handsome balance, which was handed over to be equally divided between the next-of-kin.

On the second bag being brought on deck there was no response to the pipe to lay aft, and the sale had again to be postponed; and when it finally came off the result was little more than a third of the previous sale, for an equally good bag.

I do not quote this as a lack of generosity, but as a peculiar turn of feeling, probably brought about by the large and somewhat unexpected balance resulting from the concert; but still the fact remains that the next-of-kin came off a good deal worse in the latter than in the former case.

While the Bluejacket thus shows his generosity towards his messmates' relatives, it seems a pity that he is so chary of contributing towards any fund by which he could help himself. There is no doubt a feeling, and it appears but a reasonable one, that where a man loses his life by an accident, the country, through the Admiralty, should compensate those for whom he was a bread-winner; but while this is not done the feeling is not clear that prompts men to show no sympathy with such a scheme as is now afoot—I allude to Mr. Edwards's scheme—which, as far as I can learn, is being cold-shouldered out of existence in much the same way as the Victoria Fund for officers, which, though prosperous on account of a singular lack of deaths amongst the few contributors, has received the scantiest support from the Service at large.

When an appalling disaster, such as the loss of the "Victoria," strikes home to everyone a thought of the dangers our men run even in the piping times of peace, and in a perfect calm, the country nobly responds to an appeal for help, but it would be far more satisfactory if there were some fund raised by the men themselves before the disaster which would be equally available in the case of isolated deaths by accident and disease. Death is a reaper who respects neither time, place, nor condition, and the epitaph over the many is that "He died and was buried." The public knows nothing of the case, and therefore does nothing, there being no appeal. Our men do not *ask;* and in small ships the men can raise but a small sum. I would not check this generosity, which is noble and ennobling, but I would not leave the relief of the widow and the fatherless, of the aged parent and the dependent relative, entirely to a variable generosity, which I feel sure would none the less be shown if there were a certain sum provided, in every such case, from a fund.

A sale before the mast in the olden time.

Si vis pacem, para bellum, is a motto which may be read in more than its literal meaning as applied to the Navy; and it appears to me a nobler charity to put by for a rainy day that one does not expect for oneself, but which is an absolute certainty to one or other of those who are with us, in no matter how small a ship we may be serving.

The methods, or rather want of method, in the matter of subscription on board ship are characteristic of a Bluejacket's careless generosity. The death of a popular man, especially under circumstances that fire the imagination, such as the bursting of a gun or boiler, or a diving misadventure, will give rise to an outburst of practical sympathy altogether disproportionate to the needs of the case. Another case, due to natural causes, which lacks the exceptional fillip, will pass almost unnoticed, although, perhaps, much more distressing, owing to the number of dependent relatives left unprovided for.

The same unequal results are exhibited in the matter of memorials to departed shipmates. In a ship on which the writer once served a member of the crew died in his bed in the sick-bay. The doctor had been attending him from the beginning of the malady, but by one of those unfortunate coincidences that take place occasionally, it happened that at the moment of death, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly, there was no one present in the bay with the poor fellow. Nothing could have been done for him that had not been done; but still the suspicion became general that he had been neglected, and the popular sympathy rose in proportion. A subscription was at once made to provide a memorial at the cemetery, and in half-an-hour, though the ship's company was a small one, more than 200 dollars were collected.

Humour is seldom absent from anything, however serious, the Bluejacket undertakes, and in this case it was supplied by the numerous poetical tributes to the worth of their departed shipmate which were offered to the chaplain for inscription on the headstone, which may still be seen, I hope, in the European cemetery at Nagasaki.

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The Ghoorkas.

By Ernest C. Pulbrook.

IF a British soldier be asked which of our Native Indian regiments are most popular, he will be almost certain to say the Ghoorkas, those grim, humorous little men who have won so many laurels in the Indian wars of the last sixty or seventy years. The Ghoorkas are the natives of Nepaul, the mountain kingdom on the southern slope of the Himalayas, at the north-eastern corner of India; they are named after the village of Ghoorka, which is the old capital. They originally came of a Rajpoot stock, having left Rajpootana during the twelfth century, and gradually overran Nepaul; it was not till the latter half of the eighteenth century that they became paramount in their new country, when, led by Prithi Narayan, they deposed the native rulers, and set up the Ghoorka dynasty about 1760. Since then Nepaul has been an independent kingdom, though after the Chinese had defeated an invading army, about 100 years ago, they claimed suzerainty over it, and Britain exercises a kind of indefinite protectorate over it without interfering in the internal administration. There is a British Resident in Khatmandhu, the capital, but no visitor is allowed to enter the country without a permit from the Prime Minister. As the country lies so very high, there are no railways, and even few roads, and most of the imports are carried up the hills on men's backs.

They are sturdy, broad-shouldered, genial little men, born fighters, and inured to hill climbing; they are, perhaps, the most loyal native soldiers to be found under the Union Jack, and, having no caste prejudices, they sit down in camp with our soldiers, eating and drinking without ceremony. Next to bravery, their most characteristic quality is vanity, and this is beneficial in a way, as when once they have taken up a position they will not retreat if they can possibly help it. It is related that at the siege of Bhurtpore they raced the 59th Regiment to the breach, and when complimented on it afterwards, they replied, "The English are as brave as lions; they are splendid Sepoys, and *very nearly* equal to us!"

Another similar incident occurred at the battle of Candahar, when Major White, of the 92nd Highlanders (the present adjutant-general), ordered his men to charge some guns which were working havoc among the British. A Ghoorka who charged with them was one of the first to capture a gun, and, thrusting his cap into the muzzle, he shouted, "This gun belongs to *my* regiment—2nd Ghoorkas, Prince of Wales's!"

The Ghoorka War occurred in 1814-16, owing to the encroachments of the hillmen on British territory, when several severe engagements took place; at first they succeeded in holding our army in check, and even inflicted some defeats upon it. On the morrow of one of these fights several of them strolled into the British camp, without arms, asking to have their wounds dressed, as they "preferred the English doctors," they said with a grin, and wished to be fit for the next battle! It was only after stubborn fighting that they were defeated, and since then they have been our fast friends and allies, and no battle or expedition of importance has been without its battalions of green-coated little riflemen, with their deadly kukris in their belts. These they use for stabbing the enemy when they get in amongst them.

They entered the British Service soon after the war, and first distinguished themselves at the siege of Bhurtpore, in 1826; and since then, in whatever fight they have taken part, they have covered themselves with glory. In the Indian Mutiny it was greatly owing to the loyalty of the Ghoorkas and Sikhs that the rebels were overcome. Jung Bahadur, the Prime Minister of Nepaul, placed his army at the disposal of the British, and though at first his services were refused, we were only too glad for his co-operation afterwards. An army of 3,000 Ghoorkas crossed the border, marched fifty miles, and gained a big victory; afterwards Jung Bahadur marched for Lucknow at the head of 9,000 men. His army is said to have taken some 4,000 cartloads of loot on its return home after the Mutiny was over.

At Delhi, the 2nd Ghoorkas held Hindu Rao's house, with the 60th Rifles, and foiled attack after attack, till only some two-thirds of their original number remained fit for action. It is to this achievement that they owe their uniform, for, as a reward, they asked that they might wear one similar to that worn by their brothers-in-arms, and their request was readily granted.

"'*This gun belongs to my regiment.*'"

In 1875 they were sent to the Malay Peninsula, on the occasion of the disturbances at Perak; while they went through Lord Roberts's Afghan Campaign of 1878-79, this time it being the Highlanders who fraternised with them, as the 72nd were brigaded with the 5th Ghoorkas, the latter of whom presented their British comrades with a silver shield as a memento of the occasion, while the Scots returned the compliment with a presentation drum-stick. The 2nd Ghoorkas were among the 7,000 native troops brought to Malta by Disraeli in 1878.

At present there are five regiments of Ghoorkas in the Indian Army, and lately it has been said that some further battalions are to be raised, in consequence of the excellent service they rendered as scouts in the Tirah Campaign. For some modern achievements of these warlike natives one has only to turn to accounts of the Hunza-Nagar Campaign of 1891, and the more recent Chitral Expedition of 1895, while everyone knows how the handful of soldiers held out against an overwhelming mass of natives at Manipur, early in 1891, when the British officers were murdered, and Mrs. Grimwood fought her way out with the men. The Tirah Expedition of some months back is still modern history, and the exploits of the Ghoorkas had much to do with its success. At the celebrated storming of Dargai they were the first to attempt to charge up the slope, and they suffered severely in consequence. It was the Ghoorkas who were utilised to turn the tables on the snipers, and so well did they do it that sniping became a very dangerous pastime for the wily Afridi. Lately some of the celebrated mountain climbers have been using Ghoorkas as guides in the Alps and Himalayas, and they have proved themselves as devoted and skilful servants as they are gallant comrades.

Serving in the Ghoorkas, the Guides, and other mixed regiments, there are at the lowest estimate 10,000 men hailing from Nepaul. The spring is the annual time for recruiting, when thousands come down from the hills to serve the Queen-Empress, and one of the conditions of service is that British officers shall entirely occupy the higher ranks in Ghoorka regiments. We may well be proud of our Asiatic fellow-subjects; some of our most famous military commanders have expressed the opinion that they would be ready at any time to lead them against the most highly-trained white soldiers, without a doubt as to the result.

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The Naval Manœuvres.—War Begun.

[From Our Own Correspondents.]

I.—*WITH THE "A" FLEET.*

Belfast Lough,
July 28.

WHEN I last wrote we were at sea, *en route* for Belfast. Since then we have arrived in Belfast Lough, and have anchored off Bangor. Needless to say our arrival has created intense excitement, and the beach at Bangor has been crowded with sight-seers from all parts of the surrounding country. These have from time to time ventured forth in boats of all sorts and sizes to get a nearer view of our great fleet, and have cheered us quite as enthusiastically as if we had been friends, instead of supposed enemies, and actually on our way to do battle on the high seas. I send you a picture of one of these "Hurrah boats" coming to wish A Fleet the best of good luck.

Photo. M. Roche THE DECLARATION OF WAR. *Copyright*
An "Hurrah Boat" Wishes the "A" Fleet Good Luck.

Yesterday Admiral Rawson received a telegram from the Admiralty conveying the order "Prepare for hostilities." This has been followed to-day by a second telegram to the effect that hostilities will commence at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Meanwhile the fleet has been steadily completing its coaling and the other preparations for the execution of its important design. At this point I may recall to your readers' recollection the fact that A Fleet is supposed to be a hostile one, and that its intention is to capture, if possible, a convoy friendly to the B Fleet, which is known to be proceeding from Halifax to Milford. The B Fleet, which protects the coast of England and Wales from Islay to the Lizard, including the Isle of Man and the Scilly Isles, is at Milford Haven. There are also a B gun-boat and eight or ten torpedo-boat destroyers respectively at Lamlash, Holyhead, and Milford.

Later, At Sea.—War was declared at ten o'clock on the morning of the 29th, and in superb weather our beautiful fleet steamed out majestically in "column of divisions, line ahead" on its errand of capture. I send you an illustration of the fleet in the act of leaving its anchorage. To realise the splendour of the scene you must remember that Admiral Rawson's command, irrespective of a gun-boat and eight torpedo-boats respectively at Belfast, Kingstown, and Waterford, consists of eight battle-ships, three first-class, fourteen second-class, and two third-class cruisers, all, like well-bred hounds, straining at the leash, and eager to show what British ships and British guns can do when manned by the finest sailors in the world.

Photo A. Debenh TO CAPTURE THE CONVOY. *Ryde.*
The "A" Fleet Leaves for the Scene of Action.

As night fell our thoughts have naturally turned, since hostilities were declared imminent, not only to the convoy which, under the escort of a first-class cruiser, is supposed to be our quarry, but also to the torpedo-boat destroyers which the enemy is known to have had originally posted at Lamlash, Holyhead, and Milford. It has been quite on the cards that almost at any moment we might fall in with these venomous craft, and accordingly when, after "lights out," an alarm was given of their supposed presence, swift measures were taken with a view to according them a very warm welcome. Instantaneously our search-lights flashed out, and a scene of the most

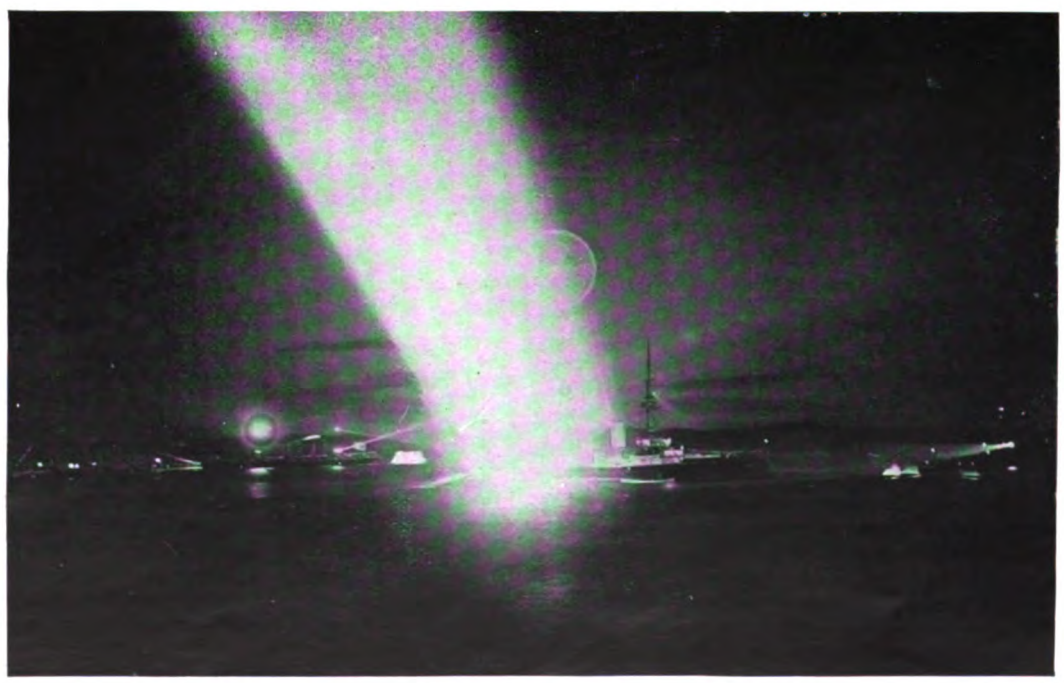

Photo. A. Debenham. DESTROYERS IN SIGHT. *Ryde*
The Battle-ships use their Search-lights.

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dazzling picturesqueness ensued. The working of search-lights has often been described, but to my mind it is absolutely impossible to give a fair idea of it under such conditions as those I have mentioned. The illustration which accompanies this gives a faint idea of the radiant interweaving of the great beams of penetrating light, but here again optical phenomena combine to render the effect a somewhat confused one. In the picture the long white beam is one from a search-light on board our own ship, which is playing upon the "Mars." The curious circles here and there are always to be found in photographs of search-light displays, and are probably due to atmospheric causes.

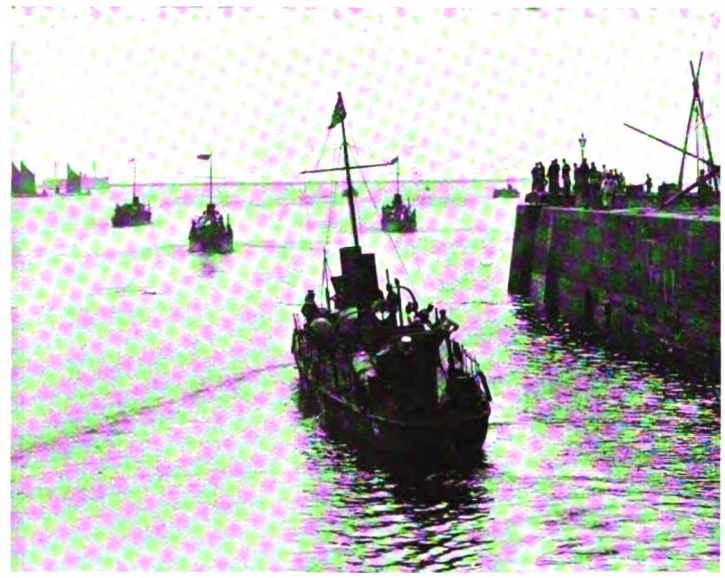

Photo. Moll & Wyles. WITH THE TORPEDO-BOATS. Copyright
About to Reconnoitre the "B" Fleet.

With the Torpedo-boats.—Hurrah for the Mosquitoes! As soon as ever the word to "go" was given us, we were off to reconnoitre the whereabouts of the B Fleet. Best of all, some of us have had the good fortune to come into contact with our natural enemies, the destroyers. I am not able to enter into details, but can say that at half-past one on Sunday afternoon the torpedo-gun-boat "Gossamer" and three torpedo-boats of the Waterford flotilla engaged two of the enemy's destroyers near the Hook Light-ship and put both out of action.

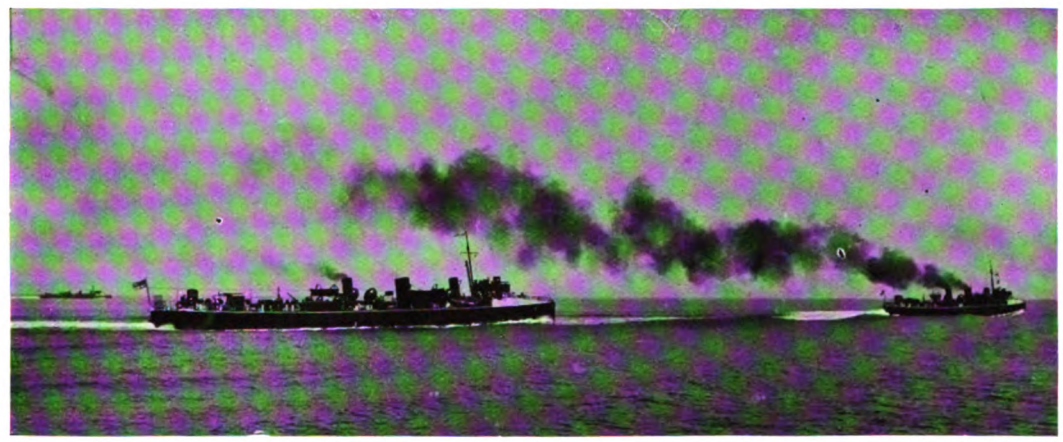

Photo. West & Son. WITH THE DESTROYERS. Copyright
On an Errand of War—The Enemy in Sight

II.—WITH THE "B" FLEET.

On a Destroyer, At Sea.—I am afraid that any account which I can give you of the part played by the B Fleet in these manœuvres will necessarily be of a very sketchy description. With the general idea of the manœuvres your readers are doubtless sufficiently familiar But it is useful to recall that these operations include this year a very *special* idea, namely, the examination of the potentialities of the torpedo boat destroyer when used on a very large scale. On a minor plan our mission is to hunt out and smash into what Mr. Mantalini would call "demnition little bits" the torpedo-boats of the enemy. But there are such a grand lot of us, and we are in such a splendidly fit condition of fighting efficiency, that it remains to be seen whether we shall not be more usefully employed in other and more important directions.

On July 27 the telegram announcing that hostilities were imminent was received at Milford Haven from the Admiralty. We were at once ordered to start for our respective destinations. The De onport flotilla was despatched to Lamlash, ten destroyers strong. The Portsmouth flotilla, also ten in number, proceeded to Holyhead, while the eight Chatham destroyers came down the Haven from Pembroke Dock and anchored between the B battle-ships and the Milford shore. The manner in which these wicked-looking craft proceeded about their business on this singularly interesting occasion was a sight to see.

Later.—Since war has been declared we seem to have been getting the best of it, but by the time this is in print all will be over, and you will be able to gauge results far better than I can at present.

Photo. West & Son. *A DESTROYER IN ACTION.* Copyright
ONE MISSION OF THE "A" DESTROYERS IS TO SLAY THE "B" TORPEDO-BOATS.

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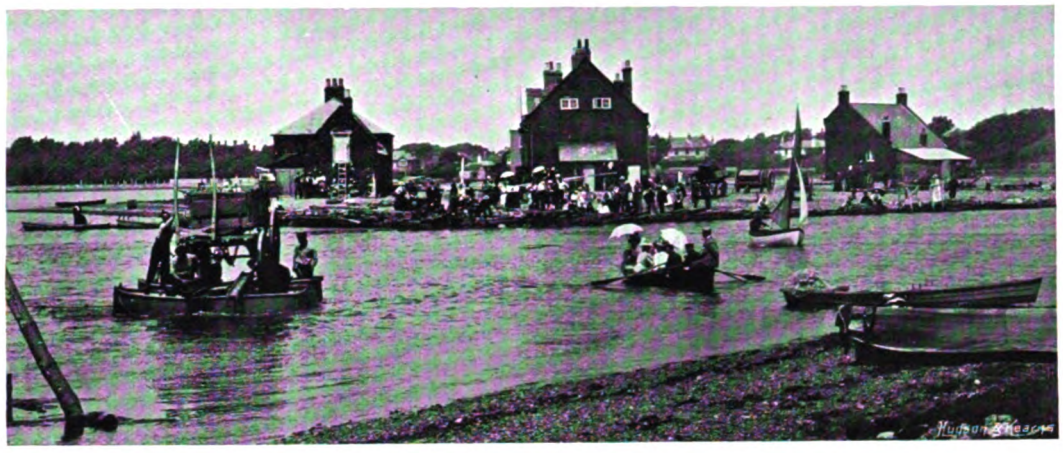
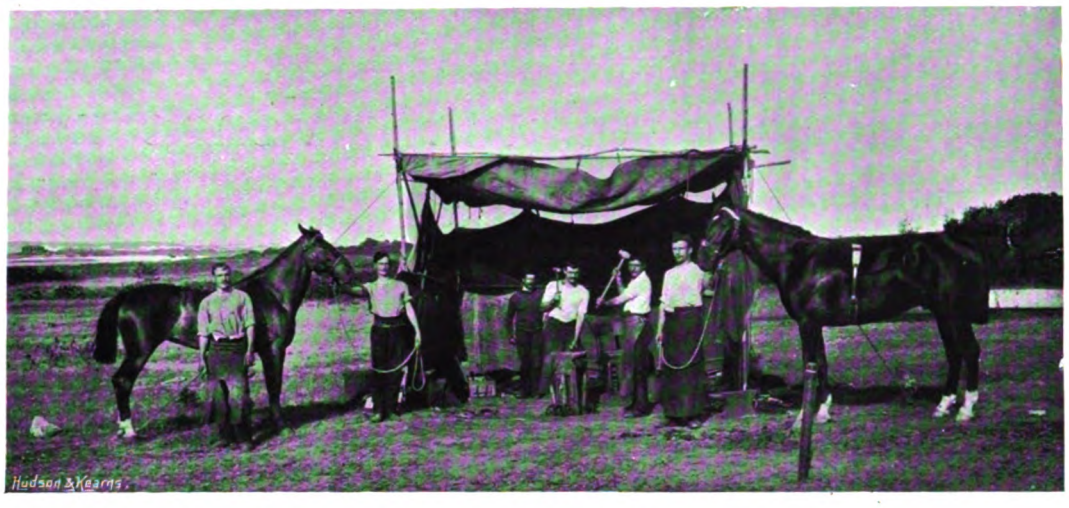
A Royal Engineer Camp.

Military Life and Work at Hengistbury Head.



RAFTING A WAGGON.
R.E. Camp, Hengistbury Head.



THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.
Field Troop, Royal Engineers.

MILITARY camps are always more or less interesting, but from almost every point of view the most interesting variety is that in which the Royal Engineers are the chief actors. The work of the scientific corps is so diversified, so attractive to the lay mind, and at all times so extremely well done, that a Royal Engineer camp is always a most popular function, not only with those who take part in it, but also with the residents in the locality in which it is held. The camp of the Royal Engineer Field Troop at Hengistbury Head, which is here illustrated by a series of four bright pictures, was no exception to the rule. It afforded considerable instruction and amusement to the dwellers in the neighbourhood, and the best possible training, short of actual warfare, to the troop itself, and we have reason to believe that every officer and man in the latter was sincerely sorry to leave it for the harder work and sterner discipline of Salisbury Plain.

Hengistbury Head lies some thirty miles nearly due west of Portsmouth, and close to Christchurch. The camp, of which we give a charming bird's-eye view, was situated on the north side of the Head. On the north it was bordered by the river Stour, which can be seen in the picture. On the south the land rose sharply to a height of 250-ft., and from this eminence was to be seen a combined land and sea scape of singular beauty, including the Isle of Wight and the historically interesting pile known as Christchurch Priory. This rising ground and the numerous streams and lagoons combine to render Hengistbury Head an ideal Engineers' camp, and it is highly probable that in subsequent years the visit of the Field Troop to this locality will be renewed.

The camp lasted some six weeks, during which the work got through was both excellent in quality and amazing in quantity. At the same time there was no undue strain upon the men, who started their day's spell at six o'clock in the morning, finishing at two in the afternoon. The principal training was in bridging, in which the Royal Engineers are the greatest military experts in the world. During their stay on the Head, the Field Troop constructed about a dozen bridges, several of which were left standing. One very fairly substantial structure, about 20-ft. in length, was made of telegraph poles, and, as some indication of the skill and dexterity exhibited, it may be mentioned that this was run up by eighteen men in a couple of hours.

Our picture shows a suspension bridge in the course of erection. At this embryonic stage it would seem that a certain amount of nerve is required by bridge builders, it being evident that a fall would for some of the individuals present be attended by a nasty jar.

Another of the pictures shows a waggon being rafted across the salmon run at Mudeford, a mile from the camp, an operation which, with that of swimming horses across the same stream, produced some interesting and exciting incidents. On one occasion a horse got entangled in the reins and was drowned, but as a rule the animals swam very pluckily and were very skilfully handled. As indicated in the picture, these operations were watched by numerous civilian onlookers The lord of the manor, Sir George Meyrick, was a frequent visitor, and the officers of the troop lent added zest to the

Photos. J. Habgood. Copyright

AN ENGINEER CAMP—THE FIELD TROOP R.E. AT HENGISTBURY HEAD.

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proceedings by taking a very active part, two of them actually swimming over with the horses.

Our second picture is that of the blacksmith's shop, which was a useful feature of this most practical encampment. By those who have only seen dismounted Engineers, it will be scarcely realised that the Field Troop of the corps is a thoroughly efficient and self-contained mounted unit.

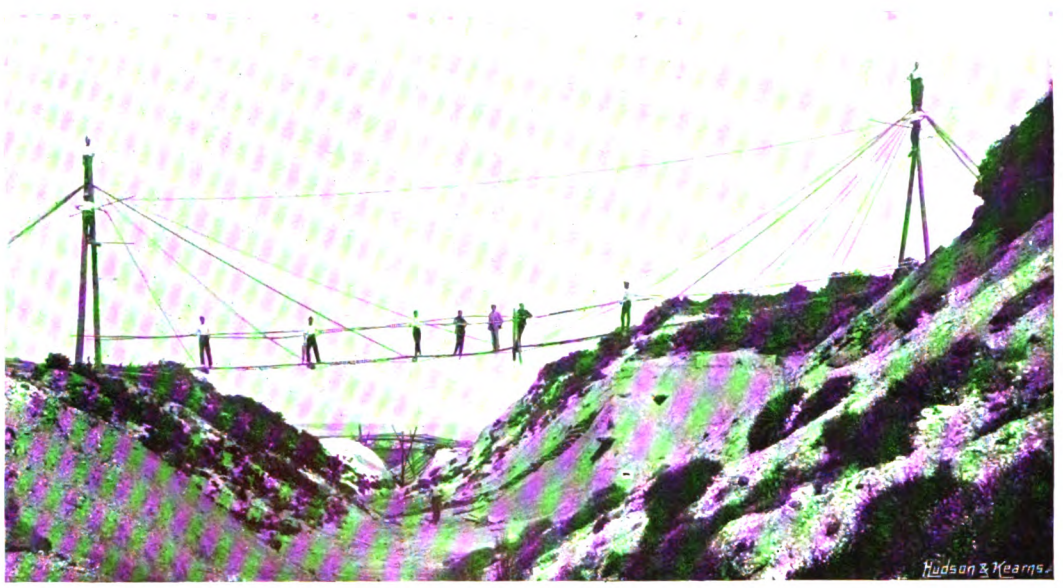


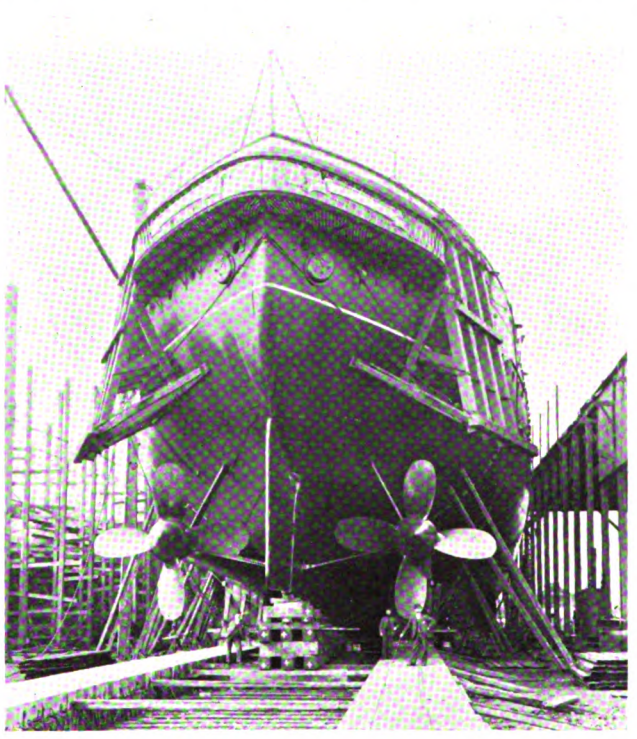
Photo. J. Habgood. "JUMPY" WORK. *A Military Suspension Bridge.* Copyright

It may be added that the troop consists of excellent riders, and that the drivers' team has never been beaten in wrestling on horse-back competitions.

In the matter of recreation the troop seems to have "done itself" remarkably well. The men spent their afternoons in boating, swimming, and fishing. Sports were also held, and cricket matches of all sorts and sizes.

The Launch of the "Vengeance."

"VENGEANCE" is a historic name in the annals of the British Navy. It is nearly a century and a-half since the 28-gun frigate of that name took part in Hawke's action of Quiberon Bay. A 74-gun "Vengeance" fought under Keppel off Ushant in 1778, and under Rodney against De Guichen in 1780. A third "Vengeance" was one of the fleet before Sebastopol in 1854. But all three put together would not, of course, compare in power and weight with the mighty latter-day battle-ship which has just been launched from the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim. The new "Vengeance" is a battle-ship of the "Canopus" type, of 12,950 tons displacement, and 13,500 indicated horse-power with natural draught. Besides the "Vengeance," there are five vessels of this class now building—the "Canopus," "Ocean," "Goliath," "Albion," and "Glory," and the first two are about to make their trials.



AN IDEAL LAUNCH. The "Vengeance" Takes the Water.

A most interesting fact connected with the launch of the "Vengeance" is that it is the first battle-ship which has been both built and completely equipped by one firm. Another well-known yard has built and armed battle-ships, but in the case of the "Vengeance" it is said that Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, notwithstanding that this is the first contract they have taken for a battle-ship, have supplied everything, engines, guns, armour, gun-mountings, and even ammunition. Needless to say, the highest possible standard of excellence in every department has been aimed at. The guns and mountings, even in the case of the 6-in. guns, are of a type which will fire four rounds a minute, and, both as regards offence and defence, the greatest power has been given with the least possible weight.

With the memory of the sad disaster which occurred at the launch of the "Vengeance's" sister ship, the "Albion," still fresh in our minds, it is pleasant to be able to add that the manner in which this later addition to our Naval strength "took the water" was entirely satisfactory. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Albert Vickers, wife of one of the directors of the constructing company, and it is estimated that there were 40,000 people present, special trains having been run into Barrow from Leeds, Sheffield, and other large towns. North Country spectators are not of a silent, *nil admirari*, type, and the prevailing enthusiasm was as copious as it was gratifying and justifiable. Apart from louder forms of expression there was present in the minds of more serious spectators a feeling of profound satisfaction that such success should have attended the first excursion of yet another private ship-building firm into the highest realms of Naval construction, seeing that in this matter of private enterprise so much of our national security as well as prosperity is involved. It is not sufficiently understood by the public that in these private yards we possess a reserve of strength superior to that of any other nation. We must always look to the possibility of some great cataclysm in which, after crushing, perhaps, the fleets of two combined enemies, we might find ourselves crippled.

With private yards helping us to build two new ships to every one built by an enemy our permanent supremacy is assured.

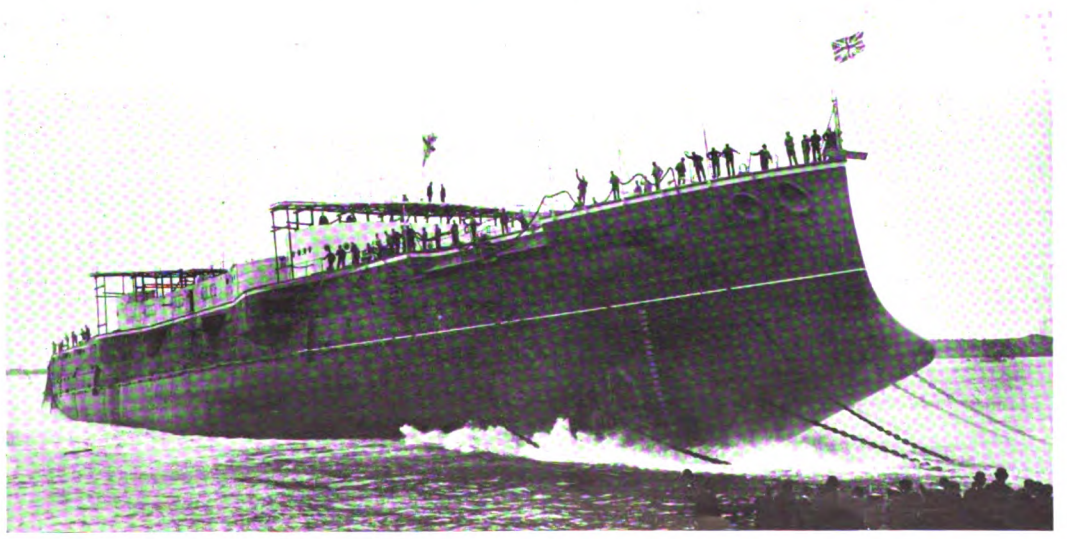


Photo. by Permission of LEAVING THE WAYS. *Wishing the Battle-ship "God Speed."* *Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim.*

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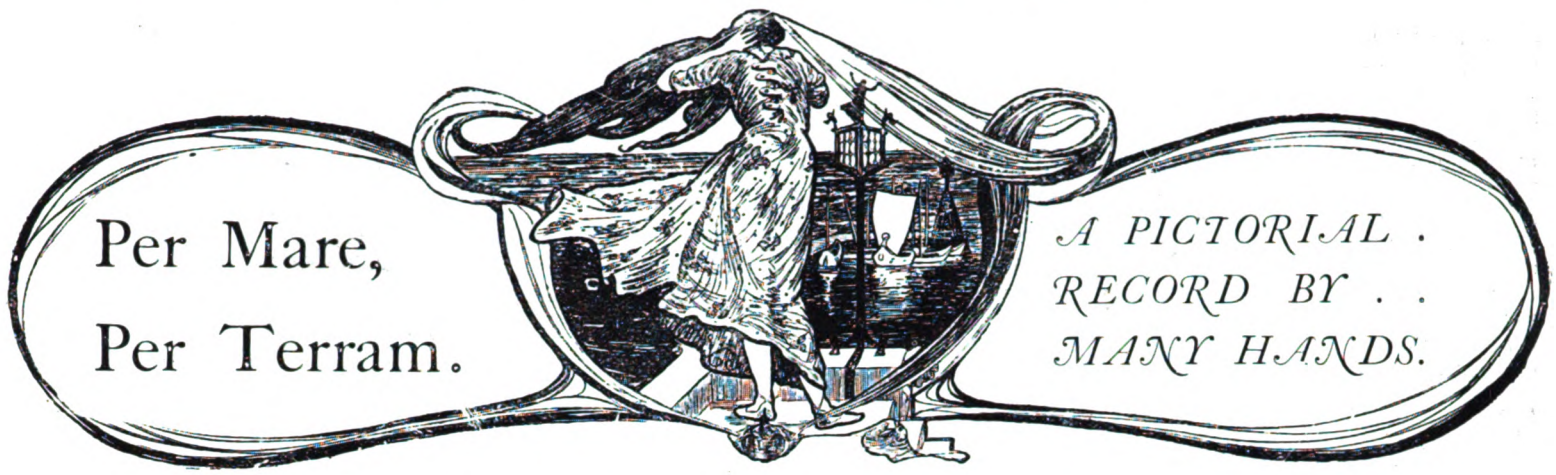

Photo. Maull & Fox.
REAR-ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH.
Second in Command of "B" Fleet, Naval Manœuvres.

REAR-ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH, the second in command of the B Fleet in the Naval Manœuvres, is an officer of just forty years' service, who has had some very varied and interesting experiences. As a lieutenant he served in the famous "Challenger" Expedition of 1872-75, the results of which have proved of inestimable value both in the matter of marine surveying and from the standpoint of the naturalist.

Admiral Aldrich also wears the Arctic medal, having participated in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76. As a captain he enjoyed a Good Service Pension, and he attained to flag rank last December. His selection for a leading position in connection with the manœuvres is sufficient proof of the estimation in which he is held by the Naval powers that be.

ALTHOUGH one of the youngest of our great public schools, Wellington has already an honourable and interesting record, and has passed hundreds of good men and true into the Services and the learned professions. Our picture, reproduced from a photograph taken recently at the summer capital of India, shows a highly representative group of Old Wellingtonians, two of whom are now Royal Engineer officers, two belong to the British infantry, six to the Indian Staff Corps, while one is Chief Engineer to the Simla and Kalka Railway.

THE bestowal of a Knight Commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Colonel C. S. B. Parsons, A.A.G. at Woolwich, in consideration of his recent services in Egypt, comes as no sort of surprise. Colonel Parsons' brilliant capture of Gedaref, some th ee weeks after the battle of Omdurman, was a very striking little victory as well as an event of considerable political importance. But Colonel Parsons was a distinguished soldier even before he joined the Egyptian Army sixteen years ago.

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
THE HERO OF GEDAREF.
Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Photo. Bourne & Shepherd *OLD WELLINGTONIANS* *Copyright*

Lt. R. G. Pritchard, 2nd B.L. — *Major W. O. Cavanagh, Bedford Regt.* — *Capt. A. A. Johnstone, 5th P.I.* — *H. S. Harington, Chief Eng. S.-K. Railway.* — *Lt. T. P. Melvill, S.W. Borderers.*
Capt. W. J. R. Wickham I.S.C. — *Capt. C. J. Wimberley, 8th B.C.* — *Major A. L. Mein, R.E.* — *Major W. C. P. Hard, 15th B.L.* — *Major G. B. Unwin 1st Punjab Cav.*
Major H. Finnis, R.E. — *Lt. G. J. Watt Smyth, R.E.*

Photo. Symonds & Co. *Portsmouth.*

THE DESTROYER "BULLFINCH,"
IN WHICH AN EXPLOSION OCCURRED, KILLING ELEVEN MEN.

HERE is the "Bullfinch," the torpedo-boat destroyer in which there recently occurred an explosion resulting in the loss of eleven lives. The destroyer was undergoing her trials at Portsmouth at the time. When the explosion took place the most gallant efforts were made to rescue the victims, in spite of the blinding steam, and it was only by the smart use

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of a collision mat that the vessel was kept afloat.

The "Bullfinch" was built at Earle's ship-building yard at Hull, and has an indicated horse-power of 5,800 with forced draught.

Photo. R. Ellis. *FIELD-GUN CUP TEAM.* *Copyright*
Royal Marine Artillery, the "Ramillies."

THE general public have been so frequently and so deeply impressed with the appearance at tournaments and elsewhere of field-guns manned entirely by Bluejackets that they are apt to forget that another body of men exists with whom marine gunnery is still more of a specialty than it is to the accomplished and versatile Jack Tar. Needless to say, we allude to the Royal Marine Artillery, or, as they are commonly called, in contra-distinction to their red-coated Light Infantry comrades, the "Blue Marines." Whatever the Blue Marine is called upon to do he generally does pre-eminently well, and only in the last few numbers of this journal have we illustrated his prowess in special competitions at the ranges and the tug-of-war. Here we have a winning field-gun team from the "Ramillies," the flag-ship in the Mediterranean. The physique of the Royal Marines is always splendid, a fact well demonstrated in our picture. The corps, moreover, is a very highly-trained one, and the non-commissioned officers and men have often displayed very great independence and self-reliance in "warm corners" of a hot engagement.

Photo. T White *MASSED VOLUNTEER BANDS.* *Copyright*
South Wales Infantry Brigade

WE published the other day a group of the principal officers of the South Wales Volunteer Infantry Brigade, which has been in camp at Porthcawl. To-day we supplement this by a picture of the massed bands of the brigade, probably one of the largest bands of the kind that has ever been paraded. The brigade consists of five volunteer battalions of the South Wales Borderers and one of the Welsh Regiment, and is under the command of Brigadier-General A. P. Vivian, C.B., V.D. A careful scrutiny will reveal one of the regimental goats in charge of a bugler on the right of the picture.

THIS pretty little picture is one which was secured in the course of a recent field day at More Park, in County Cork, under the direction of Major-General H. McCalmont, C.B., commanding the Cork District. The picture shows a detachment of the 17th Lancers crossing a stream by a very primitive bridge, with a view, perhaps, to getting round the enemy's flank, and suddenly crashing in upon him. In the 17th Lancers the "good form" of "ours" is

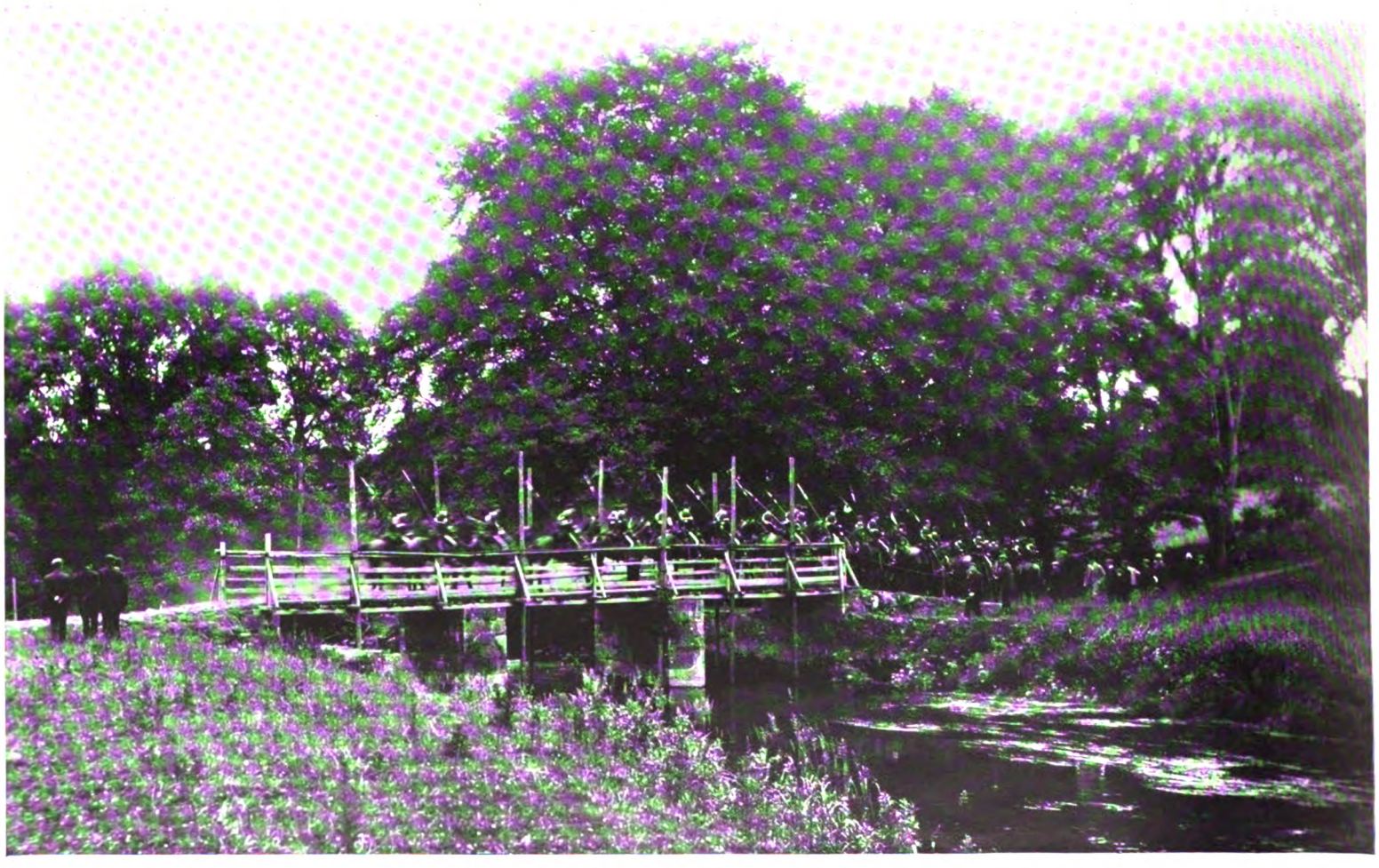

Photo. J. Thomson. *"DEATH OR GLORY" BOYS.* *Fermoy.*
THE 17th LANCERS AT AN IRISH FIELD DAY.

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traditional, and wherever it goes it is always a thoroughly esteemed and popular corps.

THERE was a time when the garrison gunner was rather looked down upon by all the mounted branches of the Service. Nowadays the serious importance of his duties and his own smartness have completely demolished this mistaken idea of the garrison gunner. The accompanying picture gives an idea of one section of the work allotted to the Royal Garrison Artillery, and very important work it is too. The gun shown is not of the most modern type, but it is an extremely powerful weapon all the same, and, manned by such a team as this, would probably give an excellent account of itself in any attempt on the part of an enemy to "rush" the harbour which it guards. In the foreground will be seen the ammunition for the gun, including a serious-looking projectile which is hoisted into the muzzle of the gun with the aid of a small crane. Altogether a pleasing and suggestive little picture, indicating dramatic possibilities in the event of real war.

Photo. J. Thomson. GUARDING AN IRISH HARBOUR. *Fermoy.*
Cup Team of the Royal Garrison Artillery

A SERVICE funeral, whether at sea or on land, is always a most impressive spectacle, but seldom is it surrounded by more solemn reflections than it is in India. There is something unspeakably sad in the thought that the man who is being carried to his last rest, with the drear pomp and ceremony which Service tradition rightly enjoins, was but yesterday, in most cases—for a British soldier's death in India is usually attended by short warning—in the prime of life, and that he has been denied even the melancholy privilege of interment in his own native land. In the case under notice the funeral was that of the late Sergeant Rattle of the Welsh Regiment, who died of enteric fever at Ahmednagar. The firing-party is not shown, but part of the band and drums are seen, followed by the gun-carriage conveying the coffin. The gun-carriage is manned by sergeants of the 42nd Field Battery, the pall-bearers being the brother sergeants of the deceased. The remaining sergeants of the battalion follow with the company to which the deceased belonged.

Photo. Copyright. MUFFLED DRUMS *"Navy & Army."*
A Soldier's Funeral in India.

HERE we have the ship's company of the "Bruizer"—we defer, of course, to the Admiralty spelling, though it is not, in this case, in accord with the usual practice—a destroyer of 265 tons, which acts as tender to the "Hood" in the Mediterranean. Officers and men look a very hard lot, just the very sort of company for a destroyer, in which nerves, muscles, and endurance must be all of the cast-iron variety. The "Bruizer" is commanded by Lieutenant M. L. Hulton, who has with him Mr. Sadleir as sub-lieutenant, and Mr. Walter Edwards as chief engineer.

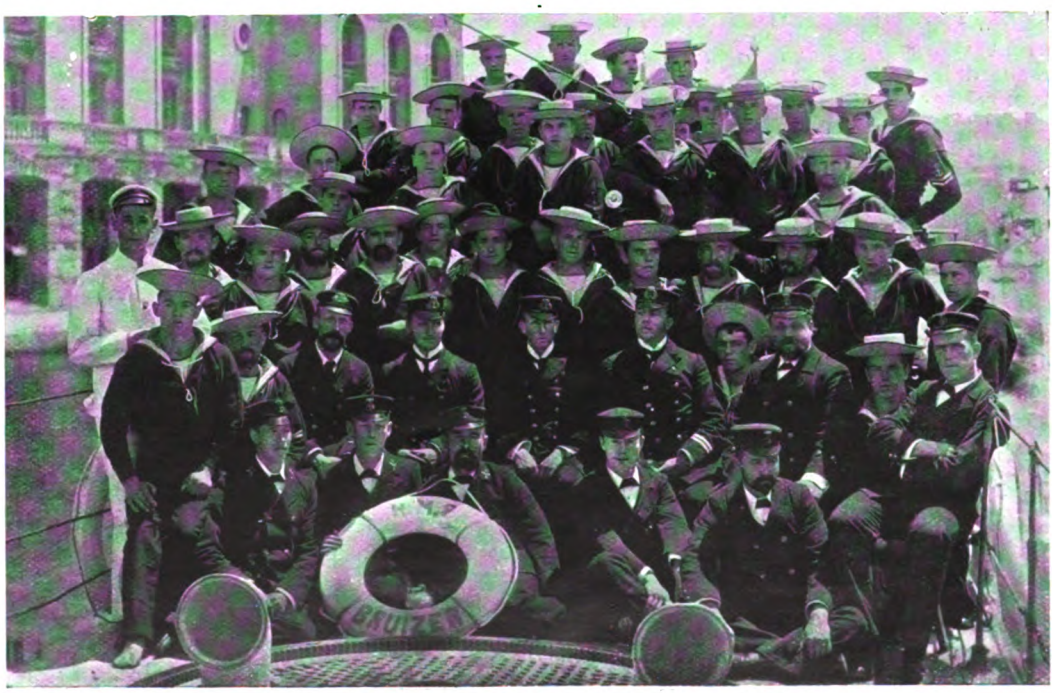

Photo R. Ellis. "BRUIZERS." *Copyright*
The Company of the T. .d. "Bruizer" in the Mediterranean.

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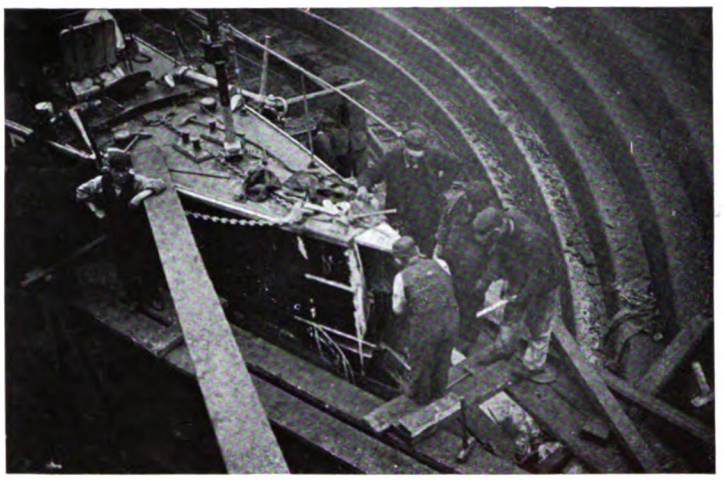

Photo. A. Debenham. *ISHMAELS OF THE SEA.* *Ryde.*
A Torpedo-boat in Trouble at Belfast.

DURING the recent stay of the A Fleet at Belfast, one of the torpedo-boat destroyers attached to Admiral Rawson's squadron came into collision with a sister vessel and sustained some damage. She was taken up to the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff and placed in the Hamilton Dock for repairs, where the photograph we reproduce was taken. Torpedo-boats, by the way, seem to be the street Arabs of the sea. Dirty, roving, and quarrelsome, always in trouble with themselves or each other, battered and bullied, but coming up smiling for another round after each mishap. Regular Ishmaels in fact; but some day in real war their turn will come, and they will catch a pompous battleship or elegant cruiser asleep and send her gasping and stuttering to the nearest port, even if she have the luck to escape Davy Jones's locker.

THE "Empress," the well-known industrial training-ship on the Clyde, is a ship with a history which some of these days we shall have pleasure in narrating. She is now engaged, with Commander George S. Deverell, R.N., as captain-superintendent, in most useful work, which at due times and seasons is varied by successful play. Here we have the team which has won for the current year the football cup presented by Her Majesty's inspectors of reformatories and industrial schools, the competition being open to all industrial schools in Scotland. The cup has to be won three times to become the property of any one school, and if it does not find a permanent home on the "Empress" it will not be for want of trying.

Photo. Tearlmann. Copyright
FOOTBALL CUP TEAM FROM THE "EMPRESS,"
The Clyde Industrial Training ship.

SYMBOLIC GROUP REPRESENTING THE U.S. NAVY, TO BE PLACED ON THE MEMORIAL ARCH AT THE NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

THIS last picture is a portrait group of the officers of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment, taken during their recent annual training at Shorncliffe. The battalion is commanded by Colonel J. Bonhote, and its honorary colonel is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who will readily be recognised in the centre of the picture.

The Duke of Connaught is beloved throughout the Army as an earnest and able soldier, to whom every detail of the profession of which he is such a conspicuous ornament is thoroughly familiar.

If possible this feeling is accentuated in the regiments with which the Duke is more particularly associated as honorary colonel or colonel-in-chief.

With these he mixes in the truest spirit of military comradeship, and is intensely popular with all ranks in consequence. Here we see him, a full general, dressed scrupulously as a Militia colonel in undress uniform, and as much at home as he was at Aldershot, and, some of these fine days, will be in Pall Mall.

Photo. Lambert & Weston. *A ROYAL MILITIA BATTALION.* Copyright
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND OFFICERS 3rd ROYAL WEST KENT.

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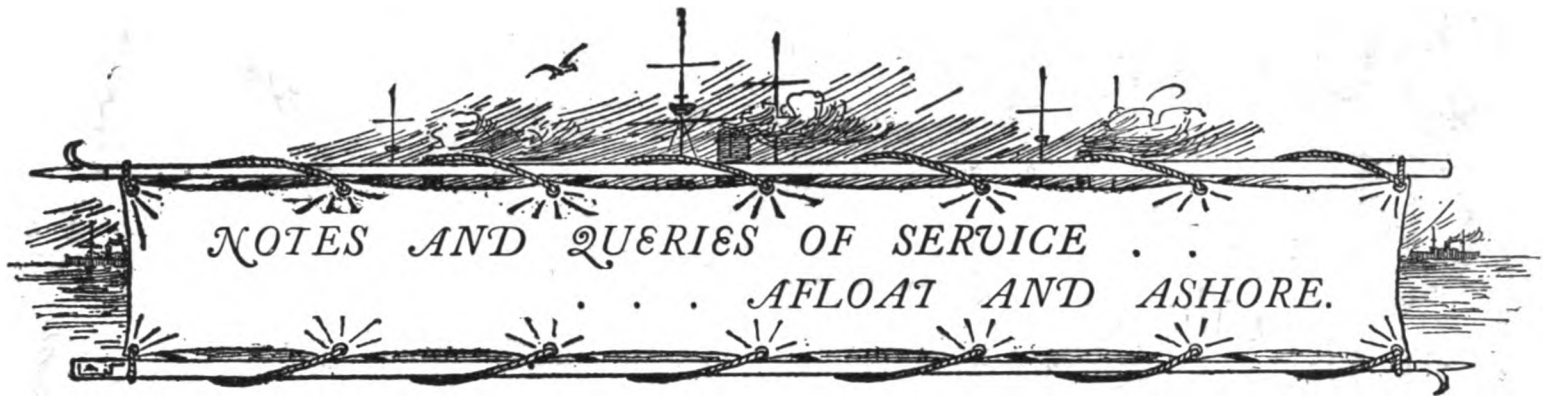

"X. X."—The body of horsemen alluded to in your former question, the *lance fournie* of the Middle Ages, had its origin in the Trimacresie of the ancient Gauls, in the time of Hannibal. Pausanias tells us that the cavalry of Brennus was organised in this manner—little bands of three horsemen, the chief combatant and two assistants, corresponding to the knight and his esquires. They were armed with a javelin and a long pointless sword, and sometimes with a bow and arrows, and were always mounted on very fine horses, for which they paid good prices. The Gauls are said to have invented the iron cuirass. The German cavalry in the year 55 B.C. were great fighters, and never hesitated to attack, even if the odds were against them. In the year just named, 800 German cavalry attacked 5,000 of Cæsar's horsemen near the river Meuse, and utterly routed them. They first charged, then dismounted and fought on foot. They rode their horses entirely barebacked, considering that the use of pads or saddle-cloths such as the Gauls had denoted great effeminacy. The Visigoths were the first horsemen to use saddles.

* * * *

MOST people refer to "the age of bows and arrows" when they wish for a simile of a remote past. Though aware that Crecy, Poictiers, and, finally, Agincourt in 1415, were won by archers, the great majority of people imagine that their use ended about this time. As a matter of fact, mention is made in 1676 of the King's Body-guard in Scotland being constituted of archers, and archers were employed throughout the great Civil War in England during the seventeenth century. In the latter case their chief use appears to have been to shoot messages into a city during a siege, as was the case at Gloucester. Mention is also made of how the suburbs of Chester were set on fire by arrows (*Vide* "Military Memoirs of Colonel John Birch," published by the Camden Society). The arrows could not, however, have had a range of more than 500-yds., though Robin Hood is said to have been able to shoot 800 yds., a range which seems well-nigh impossible. The last occasion on which bows and arrows are mentioned as being used in battle by European nations was during the French Revolutionary War by the Cossacks at the battle of Friedland in 1807.

* * * *

IN answer to "W. B.," it would take too much space to state in detail the origin of the various regulations for compulsory age retirement in the Navy. The experiment was first tried with paymasters in 1852, masters (the former navigating officers) in 1853, medical officers in 1859, and combatant officers in 1860. The rank of engineer officer having been only introduced in 1837, regulations concerning age retirement of engineers did not become necessary until 1864. Similar regulations were introduced into the French Navy in 1867. As formulated in 1860, the age retirements did not touch our flag officers, and provided that in all other executive ranks retirement was to take place at the age of sixty. Under Mr. Childers's scheme of 1870 the present more drastic methods were first employed, flag officers being retired at sixty-five to seventy, captains at fifty-five, commanders at fifty, and lieutenants at forty-five. In addition, commanders and lieutenants were retired after five years' non-service instead of fifteen, as fixed in 1860, captains after seven years' non-service, and flag officers after ten years' non-service. By referring to page 719 of the Quarterly Navy List it will be seen that the regulations for captains and admirals have been made a little more stringent since 1870.

* * * *

"SHELLBACK" is puzzled to know precisely what is meant by "Mamelukes." He knows that they formed a sort of personal body-guard of the Emperor, but cannot find anything as to where they came from and what they really were. The Mamelukes were once the actual rulers of Egypt, and were composed of Circassians, Albanians, Servians, and Bosnians, who were sent into the land of the Pharaohs by the Sultan of Turkey and made into a *corps d'elite*. They did nothing else but fight, and were a magnificent body of men. Each man of the 12,000 horsemen was followed by two attendants, who simply acted as servants, carrying provisions, etc. The arms of the Mamelukes were a pair of pistols and a dagger in the waist-belt, another pair of pistols in holsters, a sabre and blunderbuss. They were dressed in richly-coloured shawls and turbans, although Napoleon, in his "Memoirs," mentions that they also wore defensive armour, probably in the form of a light shirt of chain mail. He also comments on the fact that they were very ill-disciplined, and it was only owing to that defect in their organisation that he was able to inflict such crushing defeats upon them. After he had conquered them he took a number away from Egypt and made personal attendants and guards of them. By the way, it was in his Egyptian expedition that Napoleon made the first use of a camel corps.

* * * *

BY an excusable oversight Colonel Grove, at present in command of the 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, was given in our last issue as having relinquished the command of this fine battalion on promotion to the 50th Regimental District. The officer who *was* appointed to the latter post a few weeks ago is Colonel Brock, lately in command of the same regiment. The remarks made in connection with Colonel Grove's appointment hold good with even greater force in Colonel Brock's case, as for five years he held the adjutancy of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal West Kent, and thus acquired an intimate knowledge of at least one portion of his district. No one who had the pleasure of watching the reception given to Colonel Brock by the men of his old Volunteer regiment at his first inspection could doubt the wisdom of his appointment. Personal popularity must count enormously in the power for usefulness of any officer, but in the case of a colonel commanding a district it is all-important.

* * * *

"M. H. D." wishes to know "What examination or instruction must a person go through in order to become an electrician in the Royal Navy?" To begin with, there is no rating of electrician in the Navy, though the growth of electrical fittings in the way of motors, dynamos, batteries, telephones, etc., and their accessories, may lead to such a rating being introduced in course of time. The only way a young man can get to electrical work on board ship is by entering as a boy between 15½ and 18 years of age, and then by zealous work passing a good examination in gunnery, in which case he would be sent to the Torpedo School (the "Vernon") to qualify for S.G.T. From thence he can, if he has special aptitude for electrical work, rapidly work his way through the higher rating of L.T.O. to Torpedo Instructor. There is a rating of electrician in each of our dockyards, and if "M. H. D." requires information on this point he should communicate with me again. They carry out the first fitting of a ship with her electrical equipment, and make good the larger repairs required on board ship, while the torpedo ratings in a ship maintain and use the electrical fittings, carrying out such small repairs as their tools allow of. The sole exceptions are the dynamos and motors, which are in the charge of the engineers and engine-room artificers.

* * * *

"HORSEMAN."—The name "Villers-en-Couche" is borne as one of its badges by the 15th Hussars. This is to commemorate as dashing and glorious an achievement as could well be imagined. At a place called Villers-en-Couche in 1794 a body of cavalry, consisting of about 100 Austrians and 200 British Light Dragoons, attacked the French army, numbering about 10,000 cavalry and infantry, for the purpose of assuring the personal safety of the Austrian Emperor. The charge was so strongly and impetuously made, that the French horse were driven back upon the infantry, who were in their turn attacked with such spirit that the whole body was routed. The French lost 1,200 killed and wounded, and three pieces of cannon. Three hundred against 10,000! That is something like odds! All the officers received the Order of Merit from the Austrian Emperor; and the privileges of bearing the name of the fight as a badge and of decorating their helmets with scarlet feathers were conferred by the King of England upon the "Fighting Fifteenth"—formerly Light Dragoons, now known as the 15th Hussars.

* * * *

"C. M."—Your question concerning the most famous war-horse is a little difficult to answer. From an Englishman's point of view, the honour belongs to the Duke of Wellington's charger Copenhagen, which bore the fortunes of Major-General Sir Charles Stewart in the Peninsular War up to 1813, and was then sold by him to the Duke. The Duke rode Copenhagen at Waterloo, Vittoria, and other battles, being in the saddle, according to some accounts, for eighteen hours at the first-named battle. The horse was a great favourite with the Duke, and there must be many presents, now honoured as heirlooms, containing Copenhagen's hair, as this was a favourite method of the Duke's when bestowing mementoes. The horse was also used as the model of the charger in the equestrian statue of the Duke. At his death in 1835, at the age of twenty-seven, Copenhagen was buried with special military honours at Strathfieldsaye. Cust describes the horse as of "a full rich chestnut colour, with a strong dash of the Arab in his appearance, and showed at all times an endurance of work that was very remarkable."

* * * *

THE passing of the three Trafalgar trophy swords under the hammer at Christie's on July 13 of this year is an event to be specially recorded here. One sword was that of Admiral Villeneuve, Commander-in-Chief of the combined Franco-Spanish fleets, and it was surrendered to Collingwood on board the "Euryalus" on the evening of the battle, when Villeneuve was brought to the admiral from the "Mars," on board which ship he had given himself up. The second sword was that of the captain of the "Santa Ana," the Spanish Vice-Admiral Alava's flag-ship, which ship surrendered to the "Royal Sovereign," Collingwood's own flag-ship. Collingwood was led to believe that the Spanish flag-captain when surrendering the sword was giving up Alava's own sword, that admiral lying at that moment very seriously wounded. Collingwood was much put out at finding that the wrong sword had been given him. So much so, indeed, that after the battle, when Alava had been sent ashore on parole to recover from his wounds, Collingwood, on finding out the trick that had been played on him, had a very angry correspondence with the Spanish authorities at Cadiz on the point of honour involved. The third sword sold was that of the Spanish third in command at Trafalgar, Rear-Admiral Cisneros, of the giant four-decker 130-gun ship "Santisima Trinidada." It was surrendered to Collingwood through the captain of the British ship that took possession of the four-decker after the "Trinidada" struck. Surely these specially interesting relics of Trafalgar ought to have been purchased for the nation at Christie's. Since it was fated that they must pass out of the hands of the member of the Collingwood family who had kept them so long, it is a thousand pities that they have been allowed finally to get adrift and possibly even to go out of the country.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Rendered desperate by Nelly's refusal to marry him, Bunter resolves to evade arrest and get drunk. Chased by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. The narrative here gives a description of the career of Captain Laxdale, which will be found to have a direct bearing upon subsequent events. Early next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *rôle* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Returning to his cabin to dress for breakfast, he reads an important letter written to Captain Laxdale by Lady Sybil Norrington. From this letter he judges that Laxdale may hesitate to face the ridicule which must follow an exposure of the situation. The story here reverts to Captain Laxdale, showing how his first attempt to regain his rightful position completely fails.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued.)*

AFTER his lunch, Bunter was lying down in his shirt sleeves, a half-empty bottle at his side, when Filmore knocked at the cabin door and entered.

"The men have had their dinner hour," he reported. "I have plenty of small jobs for the watch and idlers to do."

"I daresay you have," growled Bunter. "Never met a first lieutenant yet who couldn't *make* useless work."

"Pardon me," said Filmore, "there is always necessary work, and plenty of it, on board the 'Grunter.'"

"Ah! that's your opinion, I don't doubt," retorted Bunter; "but I'll have no work done in my ship on a Thursday afternoon, Mr. First Lieutenant, so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Sir," said Filmore, reddening with anger, "you take a tone with me that I don't understand. If my method of working fails to meet with your approval——"

"Yes, it does," Bunter interrupted. "I don't like your bullying way with the men, Mr. What's-your-name——"

"My name, sir, is David Filmore."

"Just so," resumed Bunter, curtly; "but never mind the front name, Mr. Filmore; your gal—if you've got one—can mark time on the David, and leave the surname to me."

They glared at one another for a moment, and Filmore dropped his eyes and seemed cowed. "Of course, sir," he said, sullenly, "I am here to carry out your orders."

"Then, mind this," said Bunter, testily; "I won't have the men yapped and growled at as if they was dogs and you the master. I want the men to be comfortable, as well as the officers. The 'Grunter's' going to be a happy ship. That's the idea, Mr. Filmore, and see that you remember it."

He scowled at Filmore, but the first lieutenant looked steadily at the beer and made no reply. "And so," concluded Bunter, "let all hands make and mend clothes this afternoon, and every other blooming afternoon that I choose to let 'em."

"Well, of course, it *is* Thursday to-day," said Filmore, "and the usual day for making and mending; but——"

"But, be damned!" said Bunter. "There'll be more than one Thursday aboard this hooker for the future."

"And I reckon that's about settled him, and put him in his right place," thought Bunter, as the discomfited lieutenant left the cabin.

He slept undisturbed until tea-time, and awoke refreshed and confident. He drank some tea, and finished a plate of thin bread and butter, with some contempt for aristocratic appetites. Being a kind-hearted man, he gave a thought to the Hon. Roger, and really regretted the manner in which he had been dragged off the quarter-deck by the marines. He honestly wished that he could send him some "soft tack" and a few bottles of beer. "For it really is rough on the Honourable," he reflected, "and I don't want to keep him in the cells." Whilst he was considering what to do with his victim, Sparks announced Staff-Surgeon Terry.

A stout, middle-aged man entered the cabin, bowing obsequiously. He had a bald head, a deferential manner, and a strong Irish accent; and Bunter divined at once that the doctor was an obedient tool and a toady.

"Well, doctor," he said, familiarly, "have you overhauled that prisoner?"

"Sure, then, I have, sir," replied the doctor. "I should have waited upon ye before, sir, only I feared to disturb your nap."

"You take an afternoon caulk yourself, doctor, may be?"

The surgeon laughed, deferentially, and admitted the soft impeachment. Bunter asked him to be seated, and called for refreshments. Elated by the impostor's affability, Dr. Terry grew a little less deferential, and crossed his fat legs. "This is indeed a splendid whisky, Captain Laxdale," he remarked. "I would hazard a guess that Lord Boldrewood has no better in his cellar."

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied Bunter, incautiously.

"I trust his Lordship continues to enjoy good health?" continued the surgeon. "I had the honour of being introduced to him three years ago, on the occasion of the Naval Review at Cowes. You resemble his Lordship very strongly in feature, sir."

"Yes; so I've been told," said Bunter, with a grin.

"Undoubtedly," persisted the surgeon. "If I had met you in the street, sir, I should have said to myself, 'That is a gentleman of the Laxdale family.'"

"Would you, now?" chuckled Bunter.

"Upon my soul, sir, I would that," affirmed the surgeon. "There is a distinction about old families that can be distinguished by every keen observer. I myself come of a good family, sir, for my maternal grandmother's first cousin was a Cavendish, and I have the honour to be christened Cavendish Terry."

"I congratulate you," said Bunter, warmly. "I saw you were a nob directly you came in. But we will talk of family matters another time," he broke off. "Tell me what you think of this crack-brained chap who wants to take my

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place. By George, doctor, the chap made me laugh more than I've done for a month."

Dr. Terry laughed himself at this cue, and Bunter felt completely at ease.

"But tell me," he continued, "is the man cracked, or was it a bit of sauce? I don't fancy you noticed any likeness between that fellow and Lord Boldrewood, eh?"

"Heaven forbid!" said the surgeon, gravely. "Why, sir, the man has quite a low type of face; and a bulldog jaw, I suspect, under that beard of his."

"Well, well," said Bunter. "He can't help his jaw. I fancy myself that he must be a bit barmy—cracked, I mean."

"You're a keen observer, sir," said Dr. Terry. "That is precisely the opinion I've formed myself, after a careful examination."

"It's a queer case," said Bunter, thoughtfully. "Have you come across anything of the sort before?"

"Frequently, frequently," said Dr. Terry, carelessly. "These delusions are quite common. The lunatic asylums are full of persons who imagine themselves to be gods, kings, prophets, and even literary characters. There's a man in the Dockhaven Asylum now who insists that he is the author of 'The Christian.'"

"Perhaps he is," suggested Bunter, innocently. "Do you mean to say they locked him up for that?"

"One has to be careful of these monomaniacs," said the surgeon, "though very often they are quite harmless."

"Well, I hope," said Bunter, "that it will be safe to let this man of ours have his liberty. I don't half like the notion of keeping him locked up this hot weather."

"Exactly what I was going to suggest," said Dr. Terry. "His mania must be of a very recent development, and it is probable that close confinement would aggravate the disease. It would be best, sir, to let him do his ordinary work about the ship until we reach Gibraltar. The ship's police might keep an eye upon him; but I don't think he is likely to be violent."

"I'm quite of your opinion, doctor," said Bunter, heartily. "I'll have the poor devil let out at once, and tell the officers to send him back to work."

"Dragged off the quarter-deck."

"Sir," said the doctor, "it is an honour to serve under a captain of such humanitee. Mr. Filmore insists that the man is shamming madness in order to evade his punishment; but I'll stake my reputation that this is a case of monomania."

"Damn Filmore!" said Bunter; "what does he know about it. Your advice is good enough for me. Try some more of that whisky."

"No more, sir, thank you. I have but a poor head for liquor, though I know what's good. Before I go, captain, permit me to say that the ward-room officers will feel greatly honoured if you will dine with them this evening."

"Very friendly of 'em, I'm sure," said Bunter. "It's dull work eating your grub alone, and I'll come, with pleasure."

When the surgeon had bowed himself out, Bunter put on his collar and coat, and went on deck. The unwonted splendour of his clothes still bothered him, and he regarded the gold stripes upon his sleeves with uncomfortable awe. The tight shirt collar was a continual penance and chafed his neck; but he dared not discard it. He thought seriously of simulating sore throat and wearing a comforter during the cruise.

Clarence Parr was keeping the first dog-watch, and Bunter joined him on the bridge. The lieutenant was pacing methodically up and down, and Bunter followed his example. The Devonshire coast was still faintly discernible on the starboard quarter, the sea was smooth, and the wind so light that the smoke of distant steamers trailed behind them and soiled the fleecy sky. Here and there the white sails of a barque or coasting ship caught the gleam of the sun, and a flock of gulls, disturbed by the foam at the "Grunter's" bows, rose clumsily from the water, and sped screaming toward the land.

"Many a good spree I've had in Plymouth," said Bunter, pointing with his thumb at the faint coast-line. "There's some fine gals in the 'Three Towns,' Mr. Parr, eh? and the gin can't be beaten."

Parr assented, rather stiffly, and Bunter was quick to notice his change of manner.

"You're a married man, perhaps?" he added, apologetically.

"I was married three months ago," Parr admitted, with a sigh.

"Then I suppose you've done with sprees, and settled down," said Bunter. "I shall do the same when I get spliced, for I don't hold with married men playing the goat."

Parr's face brightened. "I'm glad you think as I do, sir," he said. "Since I've been married I've been ashamed to remember the old sprees on shore; and if you ever marry, I think you will understand what I feel. It's an awful thing, sir, to look into the pure eyes of a good woman and to know that you've whole pages in your life that she must never read."

"Buck up, man," said Bunter, not irreverently. "Perhaps the best gals aren't quite such saints as we think 'em. They're better than us, I'll allow; but they're like harbour-ships with heavy moorings—it takes a heavy strain to set 'em adrift."

"That's Lyle's argument, too," said Parr, doubtfully. "He says I take marriage too seriously."

"I don't mind telling you," said Bunter, in a burst of confidence, "that I want to get married myself."

"You are engaged, sir?" asked Parr, with interest.

"Well, no, I'm not. My gal's difficult to please. She's very high in her ideas."

"Some lady of rank," thought Parr, "who looks higher than a Naval captain." He sighed, sympathetically.

"Did you have any trouble about getting your wife?" asked Bunter, thoughtfully.

"Only with her parents," said Parr. "They didn't want her to marry me, on account of the foreign service. If they send me abroad I think I shall have to resign, and look out for a job on shore."

"By George! you do take it seriously," said Bunter. "If we all did that, there'd soon be an end of the British Navy. What about the men? They can't resign, you know."

"No, poor chaps, I feel for them," said Parr.

"You're a good fellow, Parr," said Bunter, giving him a slap on the back. "When you come to be a captain yourself, don't forget that the men have their feelings just the same as the officers over them. Take my word for it, they won't serve you the worse if you show them a little kindness. Some men want managing, and some want driving; but the officer who always drives (like that fellow Filmore) is bound to get the work done badly. And here's another tip for you," added Bunter, gravely—"don't be too down on a man with a bad character. I've seen many a useless lubber made a petty

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officer through squirming to the officers, and wearing out his hat with saluting. There's often a lot of good in what's called a bad hat, and a little kindness will bring it out. Well," he broke off, with a laugh, "I didn't come up here to preach you a sermon, Parr. I've had a talk with the doctor about that man Bunter, and I want him sent to his work. Send for the master-at-arms, will you, and I'll give him the order myself."

Parr looked surprised, but obeyed without comment. Whilst they were waiting for the chief of the ship's police to appear, Bunter briefly explained the doctor's diagnosis of the case. He glanced at Parr when he had finished, but the lieutenant said nothing.

"Well," said Bunter, "what do you think?"

"Since you ask me, sir, I detected no signs of mania in the man. I can't help thinking that he is assuming this delusion in order to evade punishment and get out of the Service."

"It may be as you think," said Bunter, smiling; "but I must do what the doctor wants."

Soon afterwards Bunter returned to his cabin to dress for dinner. Though the release of the prisoner might slightly increase the dangers of detection, Bunter was glad to have him set at liberty. "I couldn't have kept the poor chap in cells in this hot weather," he mused, "and I must take the risk."

And, as he dressed himself in the mess uniform of the real captain, a broad smile played about his mouth. He was thinking of the manifold perplexities and experiences in store for the Hon. Roger in his new part of an A.B.

CHAPTER IX.

"PLAIN HOOD."

ROGER LAXDALE passed a miserable afternoon in his stuffy, ill-ventilated cell. He was oppressed by his failure, by the humiliating fact that he had been outwitted by a vulgar, insolent impostor. In the first heat of his anger he condemned the officers of the ship as a set of crass idiots. That they had failed to penetrate his disguise, failed to recognise a gentleman in distressed circumstances, seemed to him a glaring proof of density. He forgot that his face was disfigured, his clothing torn and soiled; nor did he make sufficient allowance for the "divinity" that hedges both kings and captains.

Gradually, as the long afternoon dragged its length, his passionate resentment against the officers abated, and he was able to understand how they had been misled. He began to recognise the futility of blaming them, and even derived some faint consolation from the prospective humiliation that they would suffer through their lack of insight. But his anger against the impostor blazed unquenchably, for the dread of Lady Sybil's scorn stoked the fire of his wrath. Frightfully galling to him was the knowledge that all his plans and hopes had been shattered by the reckless freak of an impudent Bluejacket.

The visit of Dr. Terry to the cell brought him no comfort. He made one eager effort to establish his identity, but completely failed to shake the convictions of the fatuous Irish surgeon. Indeed, his very persistence in claiming the name of Roger Laxdale convinced the doctor that he had to deal with an interesting case of mania.

"Well, well," he said, soothingly (and Laxdale saw him wink at the ship's corporal in attendance), "we are going to take you out of cells and make you comfortable. Now what do you say to my plan? Instead of being shut up in this hot cell you shall do the ordinary work of a seaman until your claim can be proved. Come now, will that content you?"

Laxdale understood quite clearly that the surgeon believed him insane.

"You think I am a lunatic!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"No, no, no," said Dr. Terry, gently.

Laxdale turned his face to the wall and pondered over the conditions of release. "Very well, doctor," he said, sullenly. "Anything will be better than this cursed cell. I will do what you suggest—under protest."

"Yes, yes, under protest, of course," said the doctor, with another wink. "There is just one little condition attached to your release," continued the doctor. "You must not attempt to assault or annoy the person whom you say has stolen your place. If you try that, we shall have to lock you up again."

"I accept the condition," said Laxdale; "there will be better means of punishing that scoundrel."

"Quite so," agreed the doctor; "I hope you will give no needless trouble. Now, Corporal Angel, you can show Bunter his mess."

"Stop!" exclaimed Laxdale. "I refuse to answer to that infamous name."

(To be continued.)

The Story of Blenheim.

By A. B. TUCKER.

IT is impossible to read of the victories of the Duke of Marlborough without reflecting upon the fact that the vices of John Churchill the courtier and politician have robbed John Churchill the most successful general of his age of much of the credit due to his genius. Marlborough has never been a favourite like Wellington, yet he never fought a battle that he did not win, and never besieged a place that he did not take. The grandest of all the many victories won by Marlborough was undoubtedly at the battle of Blenheim, fought on August 13, 1704. For his signal services on that occasion Queen Anne bestowed upon the great general the Manor of Woodstock, and gave orders for the building of the Palace of Blenheim.

The campaign of which Blenheim was the distinguishing feature, arose primarily from the offensive action taken by Louis XIV. in supporting the Stuarts, and from his backing the claims of his grandson Philip to the throne of Spain. On the one side were the French and the Bavarians, for the Elector of Bavaria had thrown in his lot with Louis, while on the other were the allies, British, Austrian, and Dutch. Having decided to concentrate the allied armies on the Danube, where the main Franco-Bavarian army under Tallard had gone to carry the war into the Emperor's territory, Marlborough began his march from Maestricht, on the Meuse, where his army had been assembled in May. After some unimportant operations the armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who commanded the Emperor's army, found themselves in August opposed to the Franco-Bavarian army near the village of Blenheim, between Dettingen and Donauworth, to the north of the Danube. The French and Bavarians had taken up a position at the top of an almost imperceptible slope to the west of the river Nebel, with their right resting on the village of Blenheim. Tallard and the Elector had carelessly encamped their forces not as one army, but as two distinct armies, each according to the orthodox fashion, with infantry in the centre and cavalry on the wings, so that their front presented a central mass of cavalry with a body of infantry on each flank, and again two more masses of cavalry on the flanks of the infantry. In defiance of custom, Marlborough formed his line of battle with cavalry in the centre and infantry on the flanks. Tallard decided to allow the allies to cross the Nebel near Blenheim and to await their attack, and sent twenty-six battalions of infantry to reinforce the cavalry at that village. Marlborough's troops formed the centre, and Prince Eugene's the right, of the army of the allies. When all was ready for the attack, Marlborough sent Lord Cutts with a strong brigade of infantry to assault the village of Blenheim, while he himself led the main body down the slope of the valley of the Nebel to effect the passage of the stream. The assault on Blenheim, though bravely made, was repulsed with severe loss. Prince Eugene fared but little better on the right, where he strove in vain to make an impression on the Elector's army.

In the meantime Marlborough in the centre had succeeded in getting several squadrons across the Nebel, not, however, without great difficulty, for the French Artillery had not been idle, and the enemy's cavalry rode down from the western ridge to charge our squadrons before they had formed. By degrees, however, our cavalry crossed the stream, and some infantry were also brought over to keep in check the troops at Blenheim, who, now that they were no longer assailed in front, had begun to attack the allies on their left with considerable effect. But before Marlborough could put into execution his plan of attack he was called away to another part of the field, where on his right the Prince of Holstein-Beck had with eleven Hanoverian battalions crossed the Nebel, and been utterly routed by the famous Irish Brigade which then formed part of the French army. The ardour of the Irish Brigade, however, carried them too far, for Marlborough came up in person and dashed upon their exposed flank with some squadrons of British cavalry. The Irish reeled back, and as they strove to regain their old position their column was raked by the fire of three battalions of the allies which Marlborough had called up from the reserve. Having re-established the order and communication of the allies, Marlborough prepared to deliver his charge against the French centre. The attack was feebly resisted. The allied cavalry galloped at the enemy's squadrons, who fired a volley from the saddle and fled. Then the flanks of the two armies which Tallard had failed to make one swerved to right and left. Through the gap Marlborough's Horse poured, and the battle was won. The garrison of Blenheim, after several gallant attempts to cut their way through the allies, surrendered at discretion. According to Voltaire, the allies lost about 5,000 killed and 8,000 wounded, while the French army was almost entirely destroyed. Of 60,000 men so long victorious there never reassembled more than 20,000 effective. About 12,000 were killed and 14,000 taken prisoners.

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The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

Photo. *Cribb.*
THE SMALLEST BUGLER.
With the Ashanti Drum.

THE King's Shropshire Light Infantry arose from the ashes of the old 53rd Shropshire Regiment and of the 85th (Bucks Volunteers) the King's Light Infantry. The result of this arrangement was that the 85th lost its connection with the county of Bucks, and the 53rd became Light Infantry. Moreover, as the special reward for some particular service. Many other regiments were, under analogous conditions, fashioned into battalions of Highlanders, Fusiliers, and Riflemen, but few of them rejoiced over receiving distinctions that were sown broadcast. However, these and similar wounds inflicted at the time of the territorial reorganisation are now nearly, if not entirely, healed, for the simple reason that the generation which suffered from them has almost passed away. Time is an admirable physician, and even the most obstinate disorders must eventually yield to his patient and ceaseless exertions.

It is the 2nd Battalion of the Shropshires (the old 85th) the 2nd Battalion of the territorial regiment thus created, the 85th completely lost its "number"—a misfortune sufficiently great to suggest that it had the worst of the bargain. Yet it must be borne in mind that the 53rd also had good cause to complain.

That regiment had fought with great distinction in many campaigns, and therefore its pride revolted against being made Light Infantry under any other circumstances than that forms the subject of the series of illustrations published to-day. The original photographs were taken at Portsmouth, where the battalion is now quartered.

Photo. *Symonds & Co.* *Portsmouth.*
THE WARRANT OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS, 2nd BATTALION K.S.L.I.

Photo. *Cribb.* *Copyright*
THE OFFICERS, 2nd BATTALION K.S.L.I.

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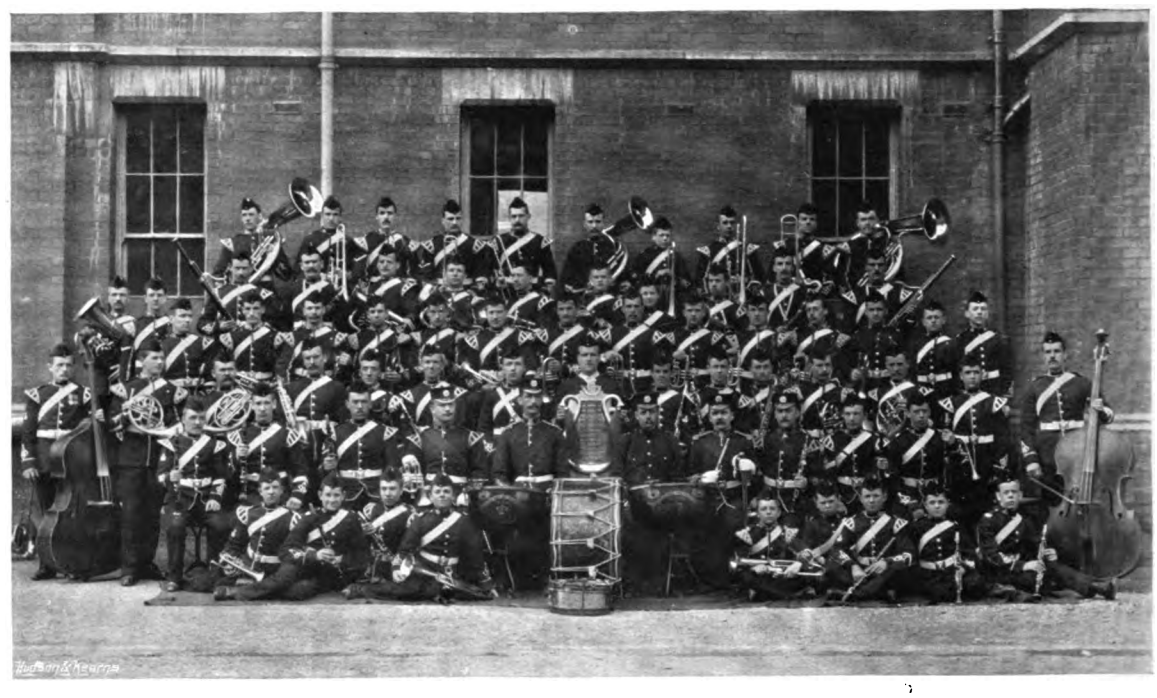


THE BAND AND BUGLERS, 2nd BATTALION K.S.L.I.

On another page of this number is a group of the battalion staff, the lieutenant-colonel, the second in command, the adjutant, and the quartermaster. Of these, Lieutenant-Colonel James Spens is probably the most remarkable all-round man of his years in the British or any other Army. His performances in the cricket field during the present year are in themselves sufficiently astonishing, in the case of a powerfully-built man aged 46, but even these are as nothing compared with his marvellous achievements in the racquet court. It is doubtful whether any officer less than ten years younger than Colonel Spens has ever previously played in the competition for the Army Challenge Cup; and yet Colonel Spens was the leader of the winning pair this year!

Whether there may be a magician at work or not, it is impossible to say, but it certainly appears as if the lieutenant-colonel commanding the 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry has by some means become endowed with perpetual youth.

The smart, active-looking little bugler-boy who stands up so well, holding the Ashanti drum, is at least thirty years younger than his colonel; but the latter could give him ten yards in a hundred and beat him easily.

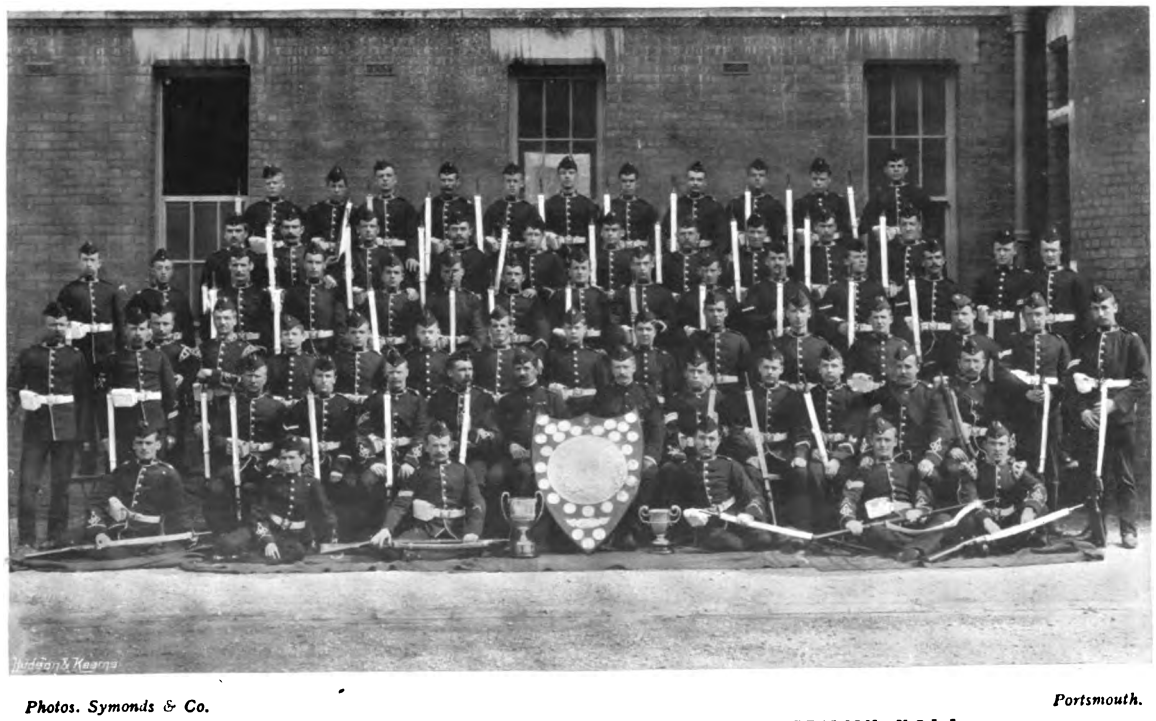
The drum, it will be observed, is covered with leopard-skin, and is a very handsome specimen of its kind. This fact no doubt contributes to mitigate the disgust which a Light Infantry bugler would naturally feel in being asked to pose as a drummer.

THE MAXIM GUN, 2nd BATTALION K.S.L.I.

The warrant officers and staff sergeants of the battalion, with the colours crossed above them, and the colonel, the adjutant, and the quartermaster seated in the centre, appear to be a very smart and soldier-like body of men. We may be sure that the superior-looking veteran in civilian clothes who has taken his place amongst them was formerly one of their number. Most probably he is now manager of the canteen, and thus remains a by no means unimportant personage in his old corps. The sergeant-instructor of gymnastics has an appropriate place at the feet of his athletic commanding officer, where he will be recognised by the crossed swords above his sergeant's chevrons. On his left arm are the crossed rifles, showing that he is a marksman as well as a gymnast.

The two accomplishments generally go together, since a strong arm usually results in a steady aim, and a man whose entire body is in training is pretty sure to have a clear sight. It will be observed that some of the officers are wearing whistle-cords round the neck, whilst some are not. This apparent discrepancy is due to the fact that scarlet and blue jackets are undistinguishable in an illustration, except by noticing the collars, and only those officers who are in scarlet are wearing whistles.

The distinguishing marks of Light Infantry regiments are: (1) Green head-dress; (2) bugle badge; (3) black sword knot; (4) whistle worn with cord round the neck; (5) officers never "hook up" their



Photos. Symonds & Co. Portsmouth.

LETTER "D," THE BEST SHOOTING COMPANY, 2nd BATTALION K.S.L.I.

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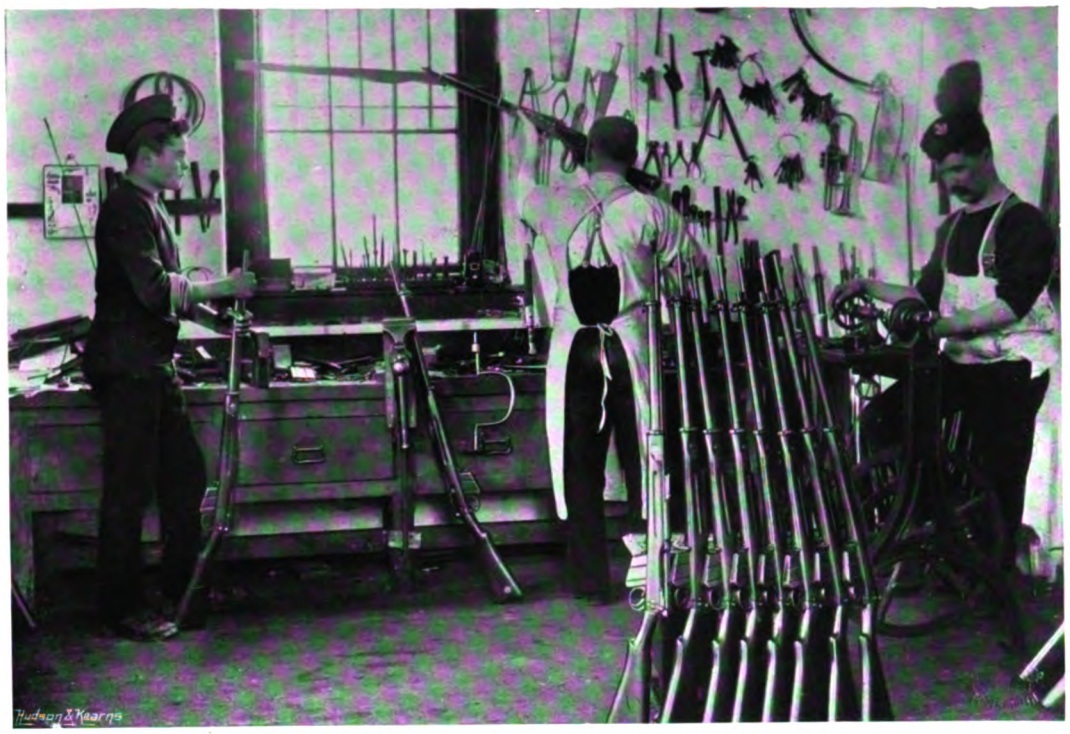
swords; (6) the men carry their rifles at the "trail" when marching at "Attention." The latter feature is not, however, authorised by regulation, and consequently generals of either Rifle or "Grabby" origin are accustomed to prohibit the practice so far as they can—jealousy, not conscience, being in both cases the motive. Some, but not all, Light Infantry battalions can further be recognised by their smartness when moving in battle formations, or when employed upon outpost duty. The 85th has always prided itself upon living up to Light Infantry traditions.

The band and buglers have the band-president with them. It will be noticed that in addition to the "Clockenspiel," with its green horse-hair plumes, the battalion possesses a pair of kettle-drums—probably a unique property in the infantry. The 85th keeps up what is called a "bugle band," such as all Light Infantry regiments used to maintain, and this is why the buglers as well as the bandsmen have musical instruments in their hands. The buglers will be recognised by their embroidered shoulder-wings. The men and boys who have no wings are "extra," and not "full bandsmen" or "full buglers." The battalion machine-gun detachment is evidently receiving instruction from a staff officer, who imparts a spice of novelty to the scene by wearing what appears to be a watch chain outside his uniform. The 'best shooting company' has very properly been photographed not only with the regimental shield and a pair of prize cups, but the men also have in their hands the rifles with which they won their success. The armourer's shop is a busy place, more especially when arms are about to be inspected by the "viewers," or when companies are about to commence their annual course of musketry. In the eighth illustration Sir Baker Russell is inspecting the regimental transport, and finally we have the battalion on parade in review order.



THE ARMOURER'S SHOP DURING QUARTERLY INSPECTION.

INSPECTION OF THE REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT BY SIR BAKER RUSSELL.

Photos. Symonds & Co. THE 2nd BATTALION THE K.S.L.I. IN REVIEW ORDER. Portsmouth.

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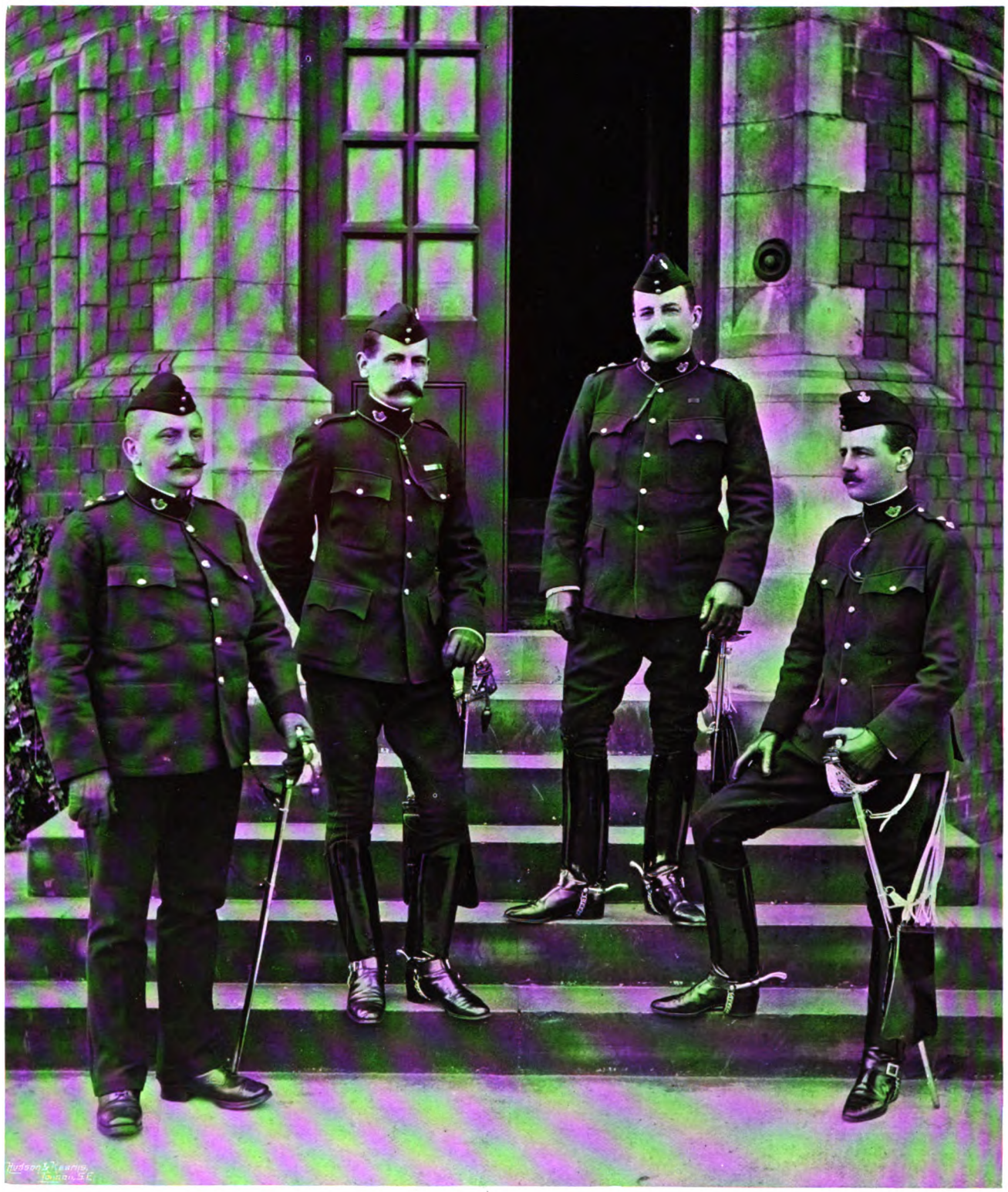

Photo. Cribb. Copyright

THE STAFF OFFICERS,

2nd BATTALION THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

An allusion to this picture will be found in the article which immediately precedes this page. A few additional details with reference to records of service will serve to heighten the personal interest attached to a group of very smart officers of a very smart corps. The officer standing at the back on the second step is Lieutenant-Colonel James Spens, to whose prowess in the cricket field and the racquet court allusion is made in the article. Colonel Spens entered the old 85th in 1872, and, with the exception of a seven years' spell as an instructor at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, has done regimental duty ever since. As a subaltern he served in the Afghan War of 1879-80, with the Kuram Division in the Yarmusht Expedition, and at the assault of Zawa. On Colonel Spens' right is his second in command, Major P. Bulman, who is some four years junior to his chief, and who from November, 1895, to October, 1897, was a Vice-Consul, or, as it has sometimes been called, a "military watch-dog," in Asia Minor. Major Bulman also served with his regiment in the Yarmusht Expedition in the Afghan War. On the left of Colonel Spens is Captain C. P. Higginson, who entered the battalion from the Militia in 1886, was promoted captain in 1895, and appointed to the adjutancy in 1897. On the right of the second in command is Captain A. Willmott, who has been quartermaster of the 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry for nearly eighteen years.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 133.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th, 1899.*

Photo. Vandyke

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REAR-ADMIRAL ARTHUR DALRYMPLE FANSHAWE,

SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE "A" FLEET, NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

With his Flag Flying in the "Magnificent."

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—I.

THE sea defence of New Zealand, like that of the other Australian colonies, is in the hands of the Australasian Squadron. As regards land defences, the New Zealand Government is under agreement with the Imperial authorities to provide an efficient force to meet any contingencies that may arise. The colony is divided into three islands, of which two are of about equal size. The third, Stewart Island, need not be taken into account. Each of the other two contains a couple of principal ports, and as all are of equal importance, the defence force has to be so divided as to cover the lot.

For years New Zealand needed to keep up a fairly strong defence force, particularly in the North Island, to subdue the Maoris, the original inhabitants of the colony. This force was for a long time supplemented by drafts from the Imperial regiments, and was divided into Imperial troops, armed settlers, and volunteers. The armed settlers have since been merged into a small permanent force entitled the Permanent Artillery, and the Imperial section is only represented by a few ancient pensioners who decided to settle in the colony.

The four ports—Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton, and Dunedin—are each well defended by forts erected under a scheme formulated by the late Sir William Jervois.

These forts are provided with fairly heavy artillery, and the harbours are ready to be mined at any time on the approach of an enemy.

It is conceded on all sides that the defences of the four principal ports, so far as armament is concerned, are ample, but it must be borne in mind that in addition to these four principal ports there are at least 2,000 miles of coast-line which are entrusted to the Naval defence of the squadron supplied by the Imperial Government.

Photo. Copyright. COLONEL POLE PENTON, *"Navy & Army."*
Commandant of the New Zealand Forces

The present defence force is divided into two sections, viz., the Permanent Artillery, whose duty it is to superintend the defences at the ports, and the volunteers. The former numbers about 500, and is divided between the four centres.

The volunteers form the real defence force of the colony, and considering that the whole population is only something like 700,000, the number of volunteers, viz., 5,500, must be looked upon as very creditable. In addition to these 5,500 volunteers there are fully 1,500 rifle club men, all crack shots, who, although not at present sworn in, would be at the service of the colony in case of emergency.

The volunteers are divided into Cavalry, Mounted Rifles, Naval Artillery, Garrison Artillery, Field Artillery, Engineers, and Rifle Corps; but the men are not sworn in for any definite length of time.

Government gives very little encouragement to the volunteers, for the capitation grant, £2 10s. per head, hardly covers the expenses of uniform, etc.

The Cavalry and Mounted Rifles are a well-mounted, athletic body of men, well suited to the special work which would be needed of them. The duties of the Naval Artillery, who are mostly men employed among the shipping, are to assist the Permanent Artillery in working the guns and laying

Photo. Standish & Preece. THE DEFENCE COMMISSION OF NEW ZEALAND. Copyright
Lieut.-Cols. Newall, Webb, and Gordon.
Major Madocks, Col. Pole Penton, Sir A. Douglas, R.N., Lt.-Col. Banks.

Photo. Foy Bros. Copyright

THE THAMES (AUCKLAND) NAVAL ARTILLERY.

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mines for the defence of the harbour.

Engineering is a branch almost neglected. There are only two corps in the colony, but they are both well up in all modern work. The field batteries are at present the weakest feature of the defence force. Their guns — 9-pounder breech-loading Armstrongs — are obsolete and worn out, and they have little or no practice with the guns. However, this is to be remedied shortly, and the batteries are to be armed with a late pattern of field gun. For that purpose the Government has granted £25,000. The Rifle Corps, which forms by far the best-equipped and most efficient branch of the service, is a very fine body. It is armed with the Martini-Henry rifle, and the instructors in all cases are men from home. All that is needed to make the Rifle Corps even more efficient is a larger annual grant of ammunition.

Pho'o. Hobbs. *A FAVOURITE POSE.* Copyright
The Te Aroha (Auckland) Rifles.

In addition to these there is a Honorary Reserve Corps, composed almost entirely of old crack shots, who would be invaluable in case of a raid. Under the regulations the volunteers have to put in a large number of parades per year. Each Cavalry, Mounted Rifle, Engineer, Field Artillery, and Rifle Corps is obliged to hold a company camp of six days' duration each year, in addition to the three days under canvas at Easter, in order to earn the capitation grant.

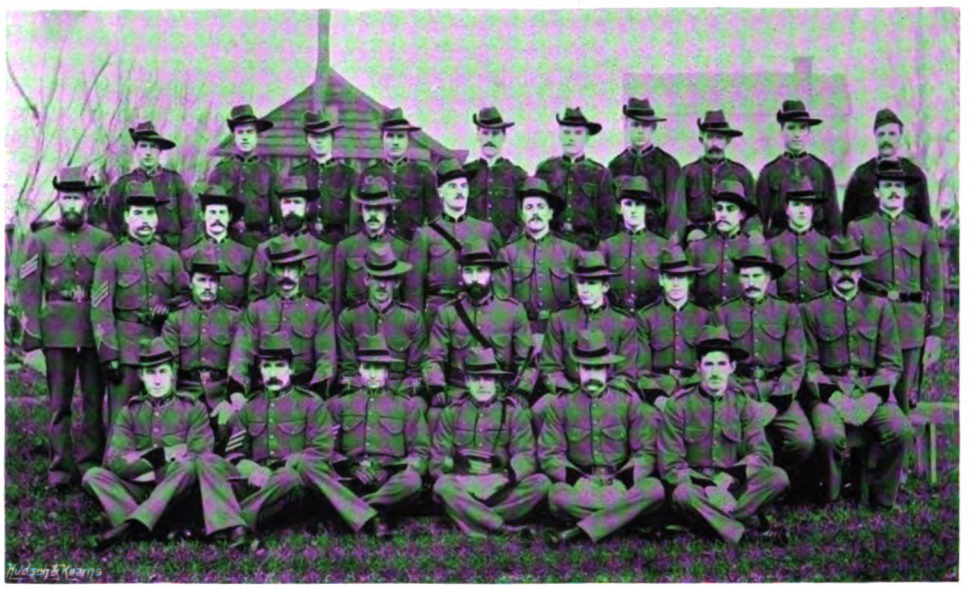

Photo. Copyright. *A TYPICAL GROUP OF NEW ZEALAND VOLUNTEERS.* *"Navy & Army."*
The (Hauraki) Thames Rifles.

The present commandant of the Forces is Colonel Pole Penton. The commandants of the different districts are: Auckland, Lieutenant-Colonel Banks; Wellington, Lieutenant-Colonel Newall; Canterbury, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon; Nelson, Lieutenant-Colonel Pitt; and Dunedin, Lieutenant-Colonel Webb.

The Thames Naval Artillery consists almost exclusively of gold miners from the rich Thames district, Auckland, and has always been looked upon as one of the best corps in the colony. It was formed in 1869, under the style of Thames Naval Volunteers, but the name was subsequently changed to Thames Naval Brigade, and in 1882 to Thames Naval Artillery. The corps was among the first selected to take part in the demonstration against the chiefs Te Whiti and Tohu at Parihaka.

The name of Major Kemp will always be revered by New Zealand colonists for the very able assistance he and his tribe rendered during the many engagements of the great Maori War. He was the son of the chief Rere-o-Maki, and was a fighter from his earliest childhood. When the Hauhaus started their murdering of the whites, Keepa, or Kemp, immediately decided to throw in his lot with the Europeans. When the rebellion of the Maoris on the West Coast was crushed, Major Kemp took part in the pursuit of that arch-murderer Te Kroti, having charge of the expedition. He received the New Zealand War medal and the cross for special bravery, as well as a sword of honour forwarded to him by Her Majesty. He died at the latter end of last year, and was honoured by a splendid military funeral.

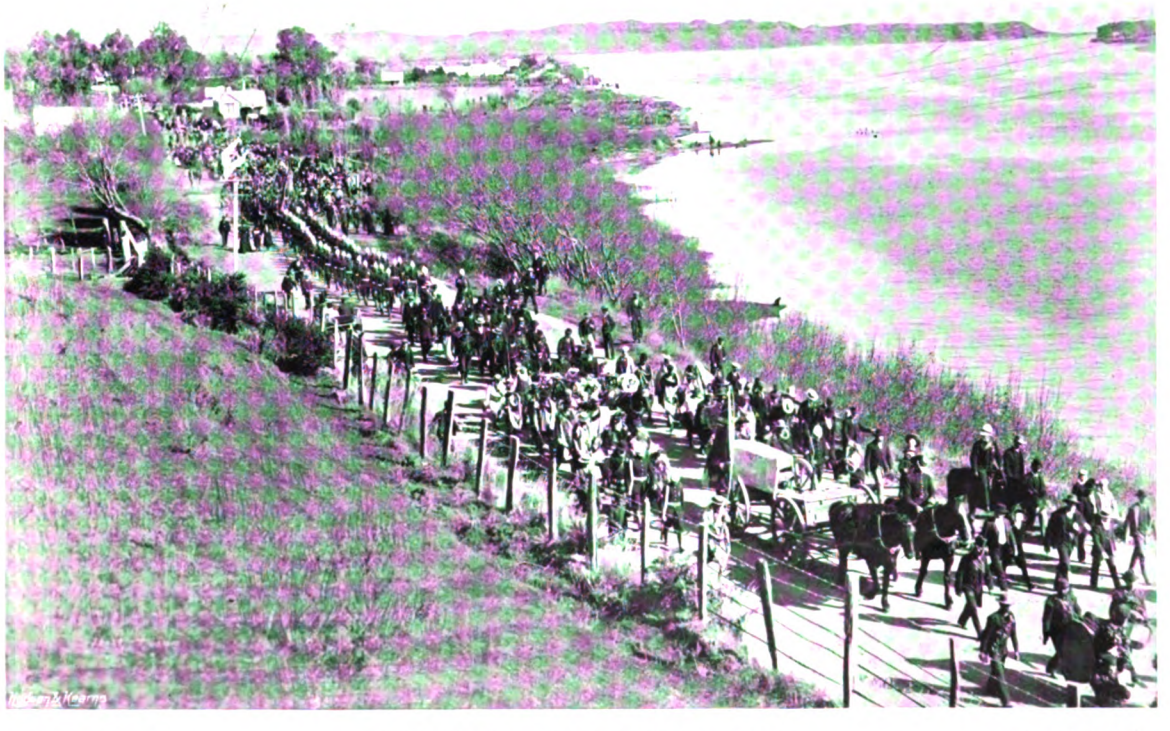

Photo. Copyright. *THE FUNERAL OF A MAORI WARRIOR.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Body of Major Kemp Leaving Pipiriki.

The Defence Forces of Canada, New South Wales, and Victoria have been fully described and illustrated in previous issues of the "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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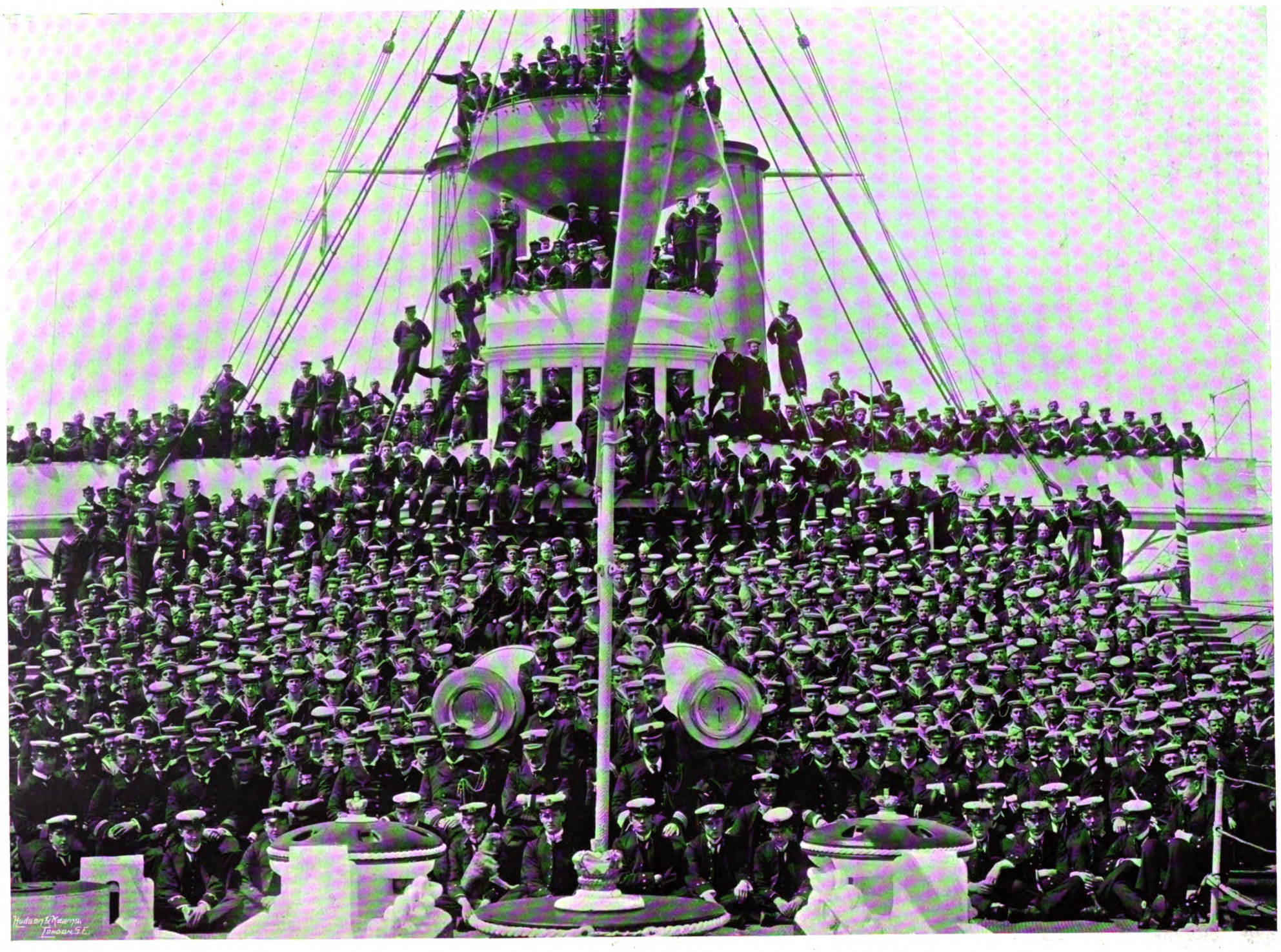

Photo. *THE ADMIRAL, HIS STAFF, AND COMPANY OF THE "RAMILLIES."* Copyright

A SOUVENIR OF SIR JOHN HOPKINS' COMMAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

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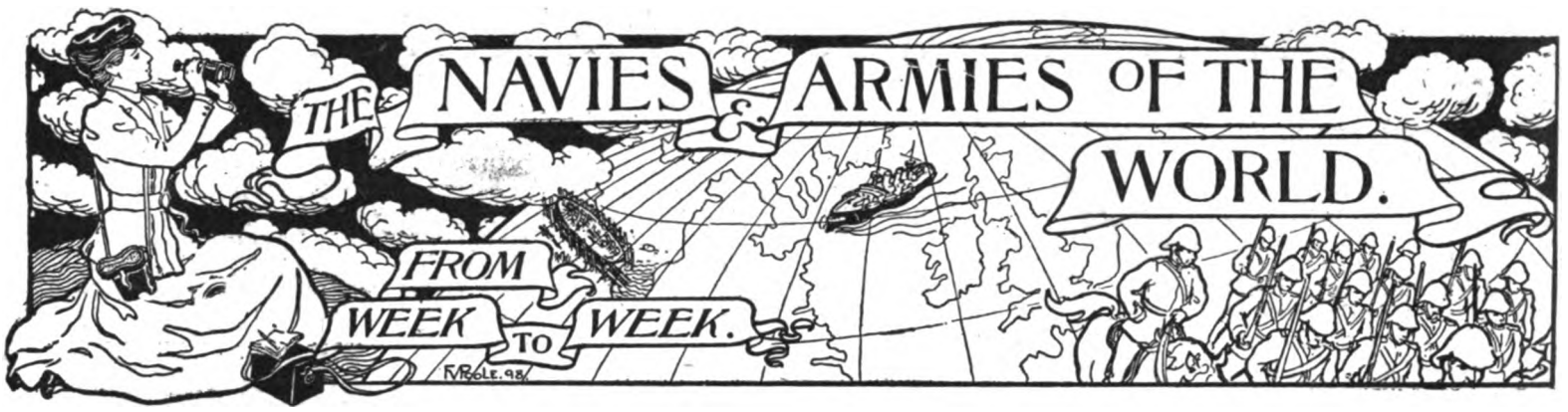

"IF we understand that the search" (Sir H. Rawson's search for Sir C. Domvile, to wit) "was a gigantic experimental exercise, *almost impossible to conceive of in real war*, and couple that thought with the result, we shall note a confirmation of the principles of Imperial defence that no one has better stated than 'Navalis.'" The sentence is from Admiral Colomb's letter to the *Times* of the 12th, and it is quoted here for the sake of the words I have put in italics. They are to be noted because, if they are to be accepted as correct, they go very far to deprive the manœuvres of all real value as instruction. Their value as exercise is another matter. That they must always have. If Admiral Rawson's scouts had not been looking for a convoy at all, but had simply been sent to patrol and report how many merchant vessels they found in the space of sea they covered, the practice would have been the same. But the theory is that the manœuvres are more than practice, that they are instruction as to what will happen in war. But if it is almost impossible to conceive of such things happening in war, they can have no value from that point of view at all. And it must be allowed that Admiral Colomb has many good reasons for his proviso. The extremely short space of time allowed for the working out of the game was enough to deprive the experiment of any real value. It is greatly to be wished that an effort may be made to render the manœuvres more serious. So far the problems have done little more than add a certain flavouring of sport to the practice.

* * * *

The comment on the manœuvres in the papers proves incidentally how little Englishmen care to know of their Naval history, apart from a few episodes of the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic War, with an occasional reference to the Armada. A few references have been made to the First of June, which we know was fought by Villaret Joyeuse to protect the food ships coming from America. But Naval history is full of attacks and defences of convoy, on a big or little scale. The voyages of the Elizabethan seamen to the Isles, *i.e.*, the Azores, were meant to intercept the Spanish "flota." In the first Dutch War operations of this character were continuous. Tromp fought the battle off Dungeness to cover a convoy on its way out, and the three days' battle, called of Portland, to protect one on its way home. In the war of King William's reign, and in the year before La Hogue, Tourville sailed to capture the Smyrna convoy on its return, and the allies to protect it. The off-shore cruise, of which French Naval historians are proud, was designed to achieve the double purpose of taking the merchant ships and avoiding the allies. Tourville succeeded in the second purpose, but failed in the first. During the War of the Spanish Succession, when King Louis's resources were so overtaxed that he could not keep his fleets at sea, attacks on English and Dutch convoys were all he could attempt. Some of his seamen, notably Duguay Trouin and Forbin, achieved brilliant successes now and then. More frequently they failed—at least, to do all they meant to do. Thus, Duguay Trouin sailed at the beginning of the war to capture the Dutch East Indiamen, on their way home round the British Isles. He reached the Orkneys, but found fifteen Dutch men-of-war waiting for the convoy, and for him, and had to escape. He fell back on worrying the whalers at Spitzbergen. And, by the way, this illustrates another weakness in our schemes of manœuvres. When a given operation fails in war, a commander has commonly a second string to his bow. Would it not make the thing more real if an alternative were also permitted in manœuvres?

* * * *

Mr. D. V. Pirie had no doubt the interest of the British Army at heart when he wrote to the *Times* to point out that there had been a fall in the number of commissions granted from the ranks. Whether his zeal was according to knowledge is another question. Mr. Pirie seems to take it for granted that the chance of getting a commission is an inducement to recruits. It is very doubtful whether this is the case, save with the very small class of men who would go in directly as officers if they were not prevented by some obstacle, which may be inability to pass examinations, or may be something else. He couples together the increase in the total number of commissions given and the fall in the percentage of those granted from the ranks, and draws the deduction that there has been a deliberate change of policy; yet it is fair to conclude that the real moral is different. Fewer commissions have been granted from the ranks because the increase in the size of the Army permits "the gentleman ranker" to become an officer at once more easily. So long as opinion in the Army, and out of it—and even more out of it than in it—demands a certain scale of living from officers, a man who has no private means has very small inducement to take a commission. The difficulty is not in the scale of pay; 5s. 6d. or 6s. 6d. a day is not much, but a man can live on it, and "like a gentleman," too, if he happens to be one, and if character has anything to do with making a gentleman. The trouble is that in the general opinion of Britons character goes a very short way to making a gentleman. What really marks him is a certain scale of living and an appearance of indifference in money matters. Now for an honest man that is impossible when he has not a fortune which justifies the indifference. And nothing would be gained by increasing the pay, for the only result would be that the scale of living would go up in proportion, and very soon everybody would be as hard up as ever.

* * * *

The French are beginning to doubt whether the system on which their courts-martial is organised is perfection. A writer in the *Figaro* has lately gone to Germany for ideas, and informs its readers that that country, which cannot be said to be wanting in respect for its Army, has a body of military judges, who have a regular military training, and of whom two sit on every court-martial when the offence is one which entails more than six months' imprisonment. There is nothing absurd or disrespectful to the Army in this, where it and the nation are one. The military judge has done his service like other men, and is then allowed to apply himself to its judicial work, as he might to its commissariat or its railway department; and like the officers engaged in these branches, he is trained to his special work, which seems a very sensible idea. It is, perhaps, not necessary to go so far, but in the French Army there is not even any officer answering to our judge-advocate-general, and that he is needed is now tolerably obvious. After the amazing confidences of General Mercier, no human being can any longer doubt that evidence, so called, was shown to the judges of the court-martial of 1894 which was not shown to the prisoner. Of course, this is the judicial abomination of desolation, but the amateur judges of the court-martial did not know it. The need for a lawyer who knew the rules of the game was a crying one.

* * * *

If there is no mistake in the report, the French Military Museum has just been enriched by a very curious trophy. It is a Lebel rifle made by negro savages on the West Coast of Africa. It is a rough specimen, painfully hammered out, but it will work, and it follows its (no doubt stolen) original piece by piece. Even the sights and the markings on them are repeated closely, though the natives do not know what they mean, and believe them to be charms. This rifle was captured during the late campaign against the Samory, and the native from whom it was taken said that his tribe had six or seven others made by its own armourers. If this is so, there must be more mechanical skill among the West African negroes than they were credited with, and things will alter for the white man if the "poor Indian" takes to making his own breech-loaders.

DAVID HANNAY.

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A Night Attack on Sheerness.

By EDRA.

COLONEL DITMAS, C.R.A. Thames District, recently carried out the annual inspection of the four companies of Garrison Artillery stationed at Sheerness. After the usual routine, the last item of the programme came as a surprise to everyone. Strict secrecy had been kept as to the nature of this last parade, which generally takes the form of an emergency manning of the batteries in Garrison Point Fort, the largest fort in the place. This year, however, after the "alarm" had sounded, the order to mobilise arrived, and all details of mobilisation were promptly carried out without a hitch.

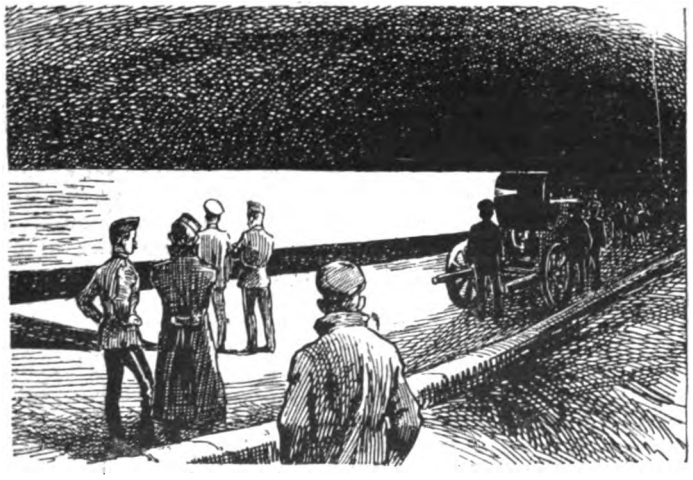
After this mobilisation rehearsal, the companies were assembled, and units were told off for certain duties, the officers in command of each receiving written instructions which were not to be communicated to the others. This secrecy insured that all attacks to be delivered should be quite unexpected in every way.

The general idea of the operations was as follows: The batteries at Barton's Point (about two miles east of Sheerness) and the quick-firing batteries on Sheerness lines were to be manned, to resist any attacks that might be delivered by torpedo-boats which were reported to have been sighted beyond the Nore; five electric lights were to be worked by the Engineers to assist the guns. Three companies formed the manning detachments, a part being told off as pickets to furnish patrols and sentries along the sea-wall as far as Barton's Point, which is defended in rear by an impassable moat which extends to Sheerness. The remaining company was told off as the attacking force; part of the company, embarking on the "Sir Henry Alderson," proceeded to the Nore, unseen by the defenders. Here the "Sir Henry" was to wait till dark, while the remainder of the company marched through Sheppey to make a descent on Barton's Point, representing a party landing somewhere to the east of that place.

At the rendezvous at the Nore the "Sir Henry" met the two submarine mining boats, "Miner" and "Swale." These represented a torpedo-boat flotilla, which was to try and run past the Sheerness defences and up the Medway, while the "Sir Henry," which represented a gun-boat, was to make a demonstration in the lighted area, after sending off an armed party in a cutter with instructions to land and destroy the electric lights on the sea-wall and the engine-room which supplies the power.

All went well with the attack, which commenced at about 10.10 p.m., till, unfortunately, a search-light on the sea-wall which hitherto had been idle discovered the cutter in the very act of pushing off from the "Sir Henry." All chance of an absolute surprise was of course at an end, and the cutter made straight for the shore a few hundred yards distant. One of the pickets was in force at the spot where the cutter grounded, and, being in overwhelming numbers, immediately put the attacking party out of action.

Meanwhile the "Sir Henry," having accomplished its mission of dropping the landing party, steamed about, keeping up a hot fire on the electric lights. The sappers in charge of



A Search-light on the Sea-wall.

the search-light had not, it appears, noticed the cutter, and so followed the "Sir Henry" with their beam. The gunner pickets on the sea-wall, on the other hand, had observed the cutter and its probable landing-place, and it thus fell an easy prey to them. Meanwhile the submarine boats, in attempting to slip past, were seen, and sunk by the quick-firing guns. The attack from the sea was thus entirely repulsed.

At Barton's Point, however, the defence had not been so successful, and the fort was completely surprised and captured with hardly any resistance, the guns being all put out of action. This misfortune was chiefly due to some confusion with regard to the limits to be patrolled by the pickets, which were of necessity very small, owing to the length of sea-front to be guarded by such small numbers. The approach of the enemy on the land side was entirely unnoticed until they reached the palisade round the fort; this cannot be climbed, but could be blown up, but the attacking force rendered the emplacements untenable by their carbine fire.

Discovered in the Act of Starting.

This most interesting and even exciting night's work satisfactorily displayed the efficiency of the defences and the electric lights, which, it is true, were worked under most favourable conditions, atmospheric and otherwise. The crowds of spectators which had been attracted to the sea-wall by the lights seemed to enjoy the show, though they somewhat impeded the defending pickets, and prevented them from firing volleys on the landing party.

The next morning, at a meeting of the Artillery officers belonging to the garrison, the colonel on the staff expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the work had been executed, and at the same time suggested some improvements which would be advantageous in future similar operations, explaining also how any possibility of a repetition of the surprise at Barton's Point could be best guarded against.

RENNES, where the Dreyfus trial is taking place, has also an interest of its own—to which reference does not appear to have been made elsewhere—in the history of the British Navy. It was there, on the night of April 21, 1806, that Admiral Villeneuve, the defeated French Commander-in-Chief at Trafalgar, met his end in strange and mysterious circumstances never to this hour explained. He had been exchanged after a few months in England as prisoner on parole at Reading, and had just arrived at Rennes awaiting orders from Napoleon, then in Paris. These came—at least, an official letter from the Ministry of Marine came—on the afternoon of April 21, and the next morning Admiral Villeneuve was found dead in bed at his inn at Rennes, stabbed to the heart. A midnight murder by Napoleon's orders to get rid of an inconvenient officer, said nine people out of ten in France at the time. Suicide, say most people nowadays; but, as a fact, what really happened nobody ever knew, or can know—until more secret documents come to light.

THE United Service Institute at Simla is to be congratulated on having chosen a most important and practical theme as the subject for the prize essay of 1900. The subject in question is, "The Use of Light Railways, 2-ft. 6-in. gauge, in Indian Warfare, and the Organisation and Working of the Railway Corps." For many years past the question of strategical railways on the Indian Frontier has received the most earnest consideration, and to some extent recent projects of railway extension in that direction have been carried out with purely strategical ends in view. At the same time, the Indian Government is not in a position to disregard the financial aspect of this question so completely as does the War Ministry of Russia, and in many instances has been deterred from laying down permanent lines of unquestionable military importance by the fact that they could only be maintained at a serious loss. With a system of light railways in a country like India the consideration of expensive maintenance, and still more of expensive construction, does not arise to anything like the same extent. It is a fact that in many cases it costs less to construct a light railway line than it does to make a good road, while, as was abundantly shown in the case of the Soudan Campaign, there is no comparison between the value of the two for purposes of a rapid advance, steady reinforcement, and continuous despatch of supplies to the front.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 20, 1694.—William III., commanding the allied forces in the Low Countries, made an attack on the Citadel of Namur, in which the stormers only obtained a partial success. The French garrison of 16,000 men, under Marshal Boufflers, made a valiant resistance, and inflicted heavy losses on the allies. Lord Cutts, of the Coldstream Guards, greatly distinguished himself and was wounded on the occasion.

August 21, 1801.—Major-General Coote obliged the French garrison of 180 men to surrender Fort Maraboute, to the west of Alexandria, after a three days' bombardment. 1808.—Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated a French army under Marshal Junot at Vimiera, near Lisbon. The French numbered 14,000 men with 23 guns, the British 18,900 men with 18 guns. The loss of the French was 1,800, that of the British 720 men. 1860.—Sir Hope Grant took by assault the Taku Forts in China. The French, under General de Montauban, only contributed 400 men and 4 guns to the assaulting force. The British loss was 20% of all ranks.

August 22, 1801.—Major-General Coote, continuing the operations in Egypt, drove the French on the west front of Alexandria within the enceinte, capturing 7 guns.

August 23, 1781.—The garrison placed by Hyder Ali in Tripasore surrendered to Sir Eyre Coote just as he was about to assault it after a four days' siege.

August 24, 1814.—The Americans, 7,600 strong, with 23 guns, defeated at Bladensburg by Major-General Ross, with a loss of 10 guns and 220 prisoners, not counting killed and wounded. Major-General Ross was in commemoration of this victory granted the addition to his name "of Bladensburg," a distinction borne by the representative of his family at the present day. 1842.—Major-General Pollock on his march to Cabul defeated 12,000 Afghans at Mamoo Khail.

August 25, 1765.—Major Adams repulsed an attack by Ali Khan at Anda Nulla, near Monghyr.

August 26, 1840.—Batteries captured from the Chinese at Anunghoy by a flotilla under Sir F. Senhouse and a land force under Major Pratt. 1346.—Edward III. defeated at Crécy King Philip of France. The French numbered 120,000, and lost 37,000. The English numbered 36,800, and suffered but slight loss.

AUGUST 20, 1799.—Capture of the French frigate "Vestale," 38, by the British frigate "Clyde," 38, in the Bay of Biscay. A French 20-gun corvette was with the "Vestale" when sighted, but she ran away and left her consort to be taken after a sharp fight of an hour and fifty minutes.

August 21, 1800.—Capture of the French frigate "Vengeance," 40, by the British frigate "Seine," 40, in the Mona Passage, off Cuba, after a long running fight, in which the "Seine" had twice to drop astern and repair damages to her sails and rigging.

August 22, 1798.—Capture, off Cape Finisterre, of the French frigate "Décade," 38, by the British frigate "Naiad," 38, aided at the end by the appearance of the British "Magnanime," 44, on the scene.

August 23, 1806.—Action a few miles from Havannah, Cuba, between the British "Arethusa," 38, and "Anson," 44, and the Spanish frigate "Pomone," 36, with ten gun-boats, all anchored close under a heavy 11-gun battery. In half-an-hour the "Pomone" was taken, the gun-boats sunk or burnt, and the battery blown up.

August 24, 1217.—Herbert De Burgh's celebrated battle off Dover with the French fleet under Eustace the Monk. The English got the weather-gage, closed and grappled with the enemy, and then boarded, and in the end captured, sixty-five out of the eighty ships of which the French force was comprised. The English force numbered only thirty-six ships.

August 25, 1799.—Capture, in the West Indies, of the French frigate "Republicain," 32, by the British frigate "Tamar," 38, after a very gallant defence.

August 26, 1808.—Capture of the Russian "Sewolod," 74, in the Baltic, by the British "Implacable," 74. The "Implacable" made the "Sewolod" strike after a sharp fight, but other Russian ships that had been far ahead coming up, she rehoisted her colours. Later in the day, however, the "Sewolod" was a second time cut off, and then she got aground, after which she again surrendered, this time to a consort of the "Implacable," the "Centaur."

Capturing a Slave Dhow.

By CAPTAIN L. H. ELIOT, R.N.

AMONG the branches overhead are a troop of chattering monkeys, young and old. The young ones are sky-larking, playing catch who catch can, grabbing one another by tail, ears, or any other portion of the monkey body. The older monkeys are sitting quiet, and watching with the utmost gravity the proceedings in the steam pinnace anchored almost directly under them, the water being deep enough to allow the boat to lie very close in shore. So far is the boat in that she is almost indistinguishable from the trees and beach; her grey hull matches the beach, and her short masts are hidden by the trees. It is now about 5 p.m., so the only seaman on board is just beginning to get things ready for supper. The stoker, who has remained on board to look after the machinery (the fires being banked at ten minutes' notice), remarks, "Now it won't be long before they come back." In a short time voices are heard, and soon the little dinghey is alongside. The officer first hands in his gun, then a brace of duck and a couple of curlew. The coxswain has a large basket of oranges, bananas, and, best of all, some mangoes; the seamen and stokers have fowls, fish, and yams; the interpreter has a basket of eggs, and a collection of orchid roots. These last are quickly put away in a water-tight locker, where they may remain for a long time in good condition—so long as they are kept dry, in fact.

Before dark—it gets dark at 6 p.m., daylight at 6 a.m., in these latitudes: the Arab clock is marked for twelve hours; the first hour is from 6 a.m. to 7 a.m.; six hours is noon—before dark supper is ready. The officer has his in solitary state in the stern—a slap-jack, a couple of boiled eggs, a basin of tea, and some fruit. Forward they have fish, eggs, fruit, biscuit, tea, etc., and a right good supper they make of it. Fine strong healthy men they look. Certainly, as regards their dress, there is nothing of the man-of-war's-man about them—trousers cut off short at the knee—the lower part comes in handy to patch the portion that is most worn by constant sitting on hard planks—straw hat, sun helmets, almost any kind of head-dress, coats none, coloured shirt, flannel or cotton, complete the costume; invisible, there is always a good cholera belt. The officer is dressed in white, and wears a uniform cap—thin and sunburnt, he might verily pass for an Arab; indeed, has frequently done so.

Half-an-hour after supper grog is served out; on boat service it is given to the men neat, to drink as they may individually like. No slave dhows ever make the land until about midnight, unless they are becalmed, or something unforeseen takes place; as the boat is not going to start for a night's cruise, pipes are smoked, and songs are sung until 8 p.m. Then a "look-out" is placed, cable is shortened in, and fires are kept ready at ten minutes' notice. Those that feel inclined lie down in the best places they can find, the leading stoker as near to the gauge-glass as he can get. Out in this gap, which is the favourite entrance of the slave dhows bound for this part of Pemba, there are no mosquitoes, so there is not much difficulty in getting to sleep. In some of the creeks the mosquitoes are so numerous that the men often sleep in their waterproofs. Should you by chance get to sleep, the noise the mosquitoes make in settling on the oilskins will wake you up, making you think it has come on to rain heavily. Here, though, in Deep Gap, there is a nice breeze and no mosquitoes, consequently the men generally sleep in "lammy suits," that is, jackets and trousers made of blankets. About nine the officer, who has been smoking and reading "Sartor Resartus," and, to tell the truth, wondering what it all means, knocks out his pipe, unrolls his mattress, gets it on the stretch across the after-end of the stern sheets, takes a pillow out of his wooden tub, that serves as bath, table, and kit bag, then puts on his "lammy suit," and proceeds to take a last look round before laying down to get an hour's sleep. As he is looking towards the mainland in the direction whence the dhows come, a splendidly brilliant meteor suddenly appears; it lights up the sky and the surrounding islands among which the boat is anchored, and shows up the sleeping men's faces as it describes an arc of most beautiful light While it is yet traversing the heavens the superstitious one—most sailors are superstitious—knows he must wish for something. "I wish to take a prize to-night," he murmurs softly to himself—not so softly, however, as not to reach the "look-out's" ears, who does not distinguish what is said, but

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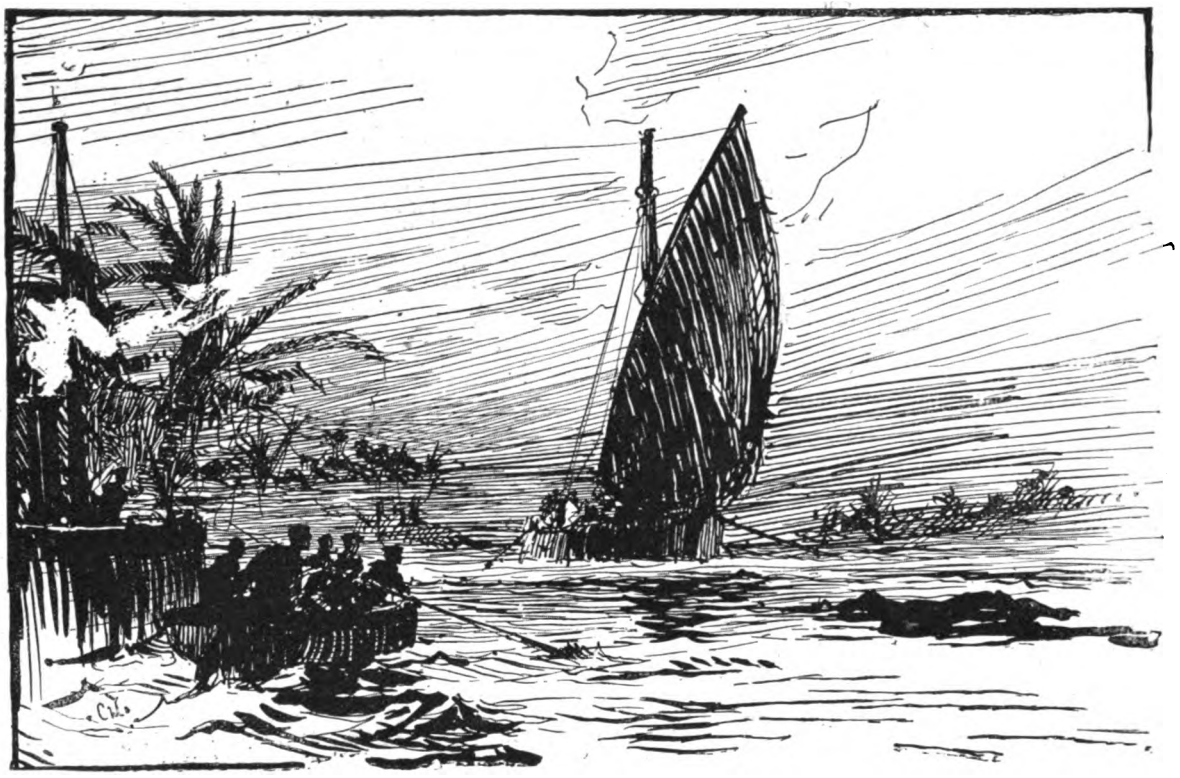
promptly answers, "All's well; nothing in sight," something in the same way as the dockyard policeman, who, on hearing a clock strike at the same time that he discovered a fire in the dockyard, hailed "All's well; dockyard is on fire." Sleep and dreams soon visit the superstitious one. A certain pair of well-known eyes appear to approach the dreamer, a gentle pressure of a soft hand, a warm breath, the very curls of her hair seem to touch his face, when, alas! in a moment, delicious sentiment is suddenly displaced by stern reality—a hoarse whisper, and, to be exact, the not very gentle application of a monstrous big toe, belonging to the bare-footed coxswain, awaken the dreamer. The whisper is real enough—"Dhow coming in, sir." "All right, bring the fires forward; get up the anchor as soon as you can." Owing to the boat being so close in and under the shadow of the trees, the Arabs have not yet seen her, and until they hear the rattling of her anchor chain, and see the reflection of her fires from the opened furnace doors, have no idea that there is a British man-of-war's boat anywhere near them.

Directly they do, it is all noise, confusion, and shouting. As long as the breeze holds and they are in deep water the sail is kept up; but as soon as the water shallows, down comes the sail, out come the baritis (long poles used for punting). The Arabs' game—and they are nearly successful—is to get round a "hard" or street, half rock and half sand, partly covered by water. The steamboat will have to steam out from her anchorage for about 600-yds. or 700-yds. before she can cross this hard, the dhow having only to push along one side, while the pinnace has to traverse both sides before she can catch her. "How long before steam is ready?" "Now, sir." "Up anchor, then. Three or four of you jump into the dinghey with me." "Ay, ay, sir." "Take your revolvers; one of you bring a rifle; we can cut across somewhere. Follow us as soon as you can, but do not get aground." All this is said by the officer. The dinghey is shoved off—two men have the oars, the officer the tiller. "Commence firing" is the next order. The interpreter and one of the men have got rifles. "Fire away as hard as you can." It is not too dark to easily make out the dhow; she is now "on shore"; everybody is evidently jumping overboard; cries, groans, shrieks, splash, splash, splash, they go. The dhow is almost 100-yds. from the beach, hard and fast. Bang, bang go the rifles. The officer stands up. "Don't fire at the slaves; fire over the heads of those in the water ahead of her; they are the crew; those black objects close to are slaves—don't shoot them." "All right, we understand; we can see." "What water have we got? Can you touch with your oar?" In a short time the water shallows; overboard jumps the dinghey's crew—no hardship this on such a warm night—all except one hand, who remains to pull the dinghey along, make the best of their way to the dhow, holding their weapons overhead, cheering and laughing as they go. "Yambo, Sana, Rafiki," they say. The interpreter tells the slaves to remain close to the dhow, and that we are their friends. All around the dhow are pools of deep water, here and there are patches of rock; standing well out of the water on these patches of rock are groups of slaves, mostly women and children. A few of the men slaves have escaped, being driven along by the Arabs, but nearly all being frightened at the depth of the pools of water, have got on, and dragged one another on, to the rocks. Meanwhile, the pinnace has got as close to the dhow as she can; all hands join in the rescue party.

Great fun it is, sure enough. Some of the Bluejackets carry the children to the pinnace—there are about a dozen, boys and girls; the women are helped, the men made to help. and soon all are on board the pinnace, about thirty in number. The beach and boat are searched, but no Arabs or slaves are found; no doubt they have made their way into the interior of the island. The dhow is boarded, found to be firmly fixed on the rocks, and must be left until daylight, which is not far off.

"Make as much tea and cocoa as you can. Breakfast for everybody, as soon as you can. All hands set to work."

Daylight appears; an inspection is made. Nine men, fourteen children from seven to ten years old, sixteen women, most of them thin and wretched looking, apparently old, but not so really, being worn and tired from long marches on shore, also from being two days in the dhow with but little food or water. They are part of a caravan, about 1,000 strong on leaving the interior, that only numbered little more than half on reaching the coast. Two of the women are young and good-looking Galla girls, with good features, straight noses, good lips, and fine eyes—black, of course. Under the influence of a good breakfast with us, they all cheer up wonderfully, laughing and chatting, and very soon, indeed, become the best of friends. The quantity of tea, cocoa, and biscuits they swallow is prodigious; their bodies swell visibly. Sailors are like the rest of mankind, only, perhaps, more so; good looks go a long way with them. Quickly the young Galla's find themselves in the most comfortable places, getting the best food and the greatest attention. All these advantages are accepted with the greatest equanimity. Black or white, a good-looking young woman accepts, as a matter of course, compliments and attentions that her plainer sisters are thankful for and grateful. Breakfast being over, the slaves are sorted out, women and children brought aft, men and boys sent forward, and awnings are spread; but before this they are all landed on the nearest part of the land, given soap, and told to wash, which they proceed to do with great alacrity. It is found impossible to move the dhow without a great deal of time and labour, so she is stripped of everything of value and set on fire. On returning to the boat, steam is got up, the anchor raised, and by 8 a.m. the pinnace is on her way south to Zanzibar. For many reasons it is best to hurry back, the presence of so many slaves not being by any means desirable in such a small boat as the pinnace. She is only about 40-ft. long; her engines and boilers, water-tanks, and coal-boxes take up a good deal of space. The wind is light, the sea smooth, so the distance of about fifty miles is covered in some nine hours, a short stop being made, after crossing the channel, between Pemba and Zanzibar, to let the slaves freshen themselves up a bit, and get some dinner to eat, as nothing much could be done while crossing the channel. On arriving at Zanzibar, the slaves are landed at the Consulate for disposal.



"The dhow is hard and fast aground."

The following morning they appear before the Consul-General and Resident, who gives their freedom to those who desire it; the others will be sent to the various missionary societies, where, at all events for a time, they will find rest and a home. The children go to the Mission school; the men generally join the Sultan's army.

The Universities' Mission have fine buildings, where the children are brought up as Christians, being educated by ladies and gentlemen who devote their lives to the work. The Roman Catholics have a mission, where, in addition to Christianity, good useful trades are taught.

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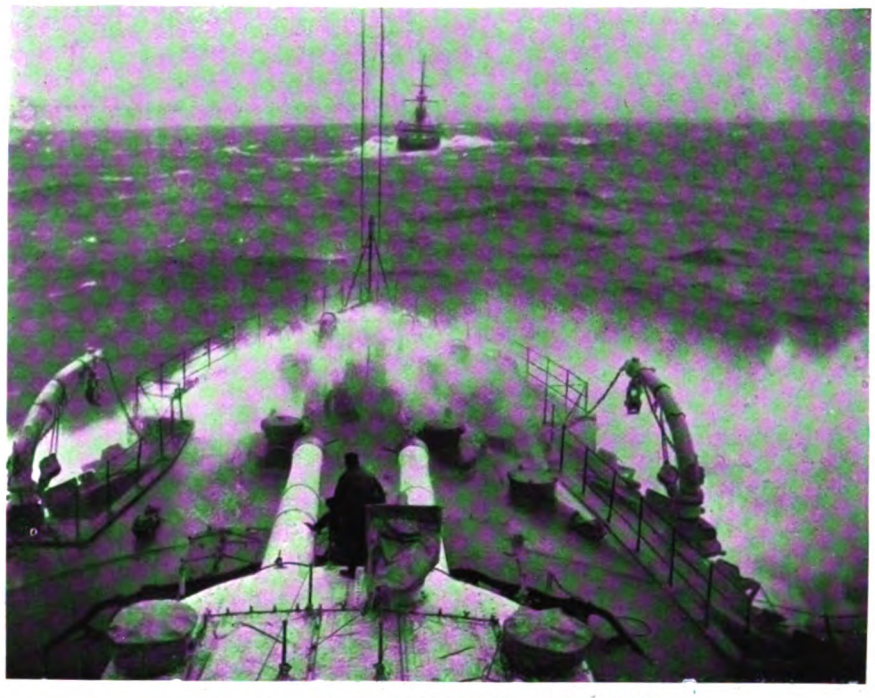
The Naval Manœuvres.—The Close of Hostilities.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT WITH THE "A" FLEET.]

PORTLAND, *August* 5.

IN my last I gave you some account of our stay in Belfast Lough, and of the active preparations that there went on to have all in readiness for the mimic war in which we were about to engage. I brought my narrative in fact up to the point of our leaving on the actual declaration of hostilities and the first alarm that was given of attack by the enemy's destroyers. This attack, however, was never pushed home that night, when they had their only chance, for by next morning we were well on our way out to sea on our search for the enemy's convoy. The method by which our admiral intended to find the convoy was one that could hardly have failed in its object if the rendezvous, at which they had to wait until either our fleet had captured them or the B battle squadron had come to their assistance, had been placed by the Admiralty authorities within the area of water every mile of which we searched. The method of search was a most ingenious one. There lies off the Hebrides, about 200 miles out in the Atlantic, a shoal known as the Rockall Bank. Some 250 miles to the south of that and about 150 miles to the west of the Connemara Coast lies another shoal known as the Porcupine Bank. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of one of these shoals the admiral expected would be the point where the enemy's convoy would be found. And his reasons for so suspecting were these. In these latitudes fog constantly prevails, and as the convoy ships would have to wait at a given point for some duration of time, it would be difficult for them to keep at the exact spot if the weather made it impossible for them to know their position by taking sights. On the other hand, if in the neighbourhood of a shoal, they could by simply taking soundings always ascertain their position, as the depth is marked one very inch of the chart, and the lead-line would at once tell them whether they were on or near their appointed spot. The search therefore had to be made to sweep up the Coast of Scotland, round the northward of the Rockall Bank, then down to the Porcupine Bank. The vessels each took a separate line, which is best described by saying that the great fleet when spread for the search represented exactly a fan, each rib of the fan indicating the course taken by a ship, the outermost rib running up the West Coast of Scotland to north of the Rockall Bank, the innermost rib running down the West Coast of Ireland to south of the Porcupine Bank. As each got to the end of its rib it turned in to a rendezvous at the Porcupine Bank, and some of the vessels when there collected and waiting for their consorts are shown in my first illustration. But, alas! none brought news of the convoy, for hampered throughout was the great A Fleet by its most deadly and unremitting foe, the fog. Now and again it would lift for a few moments, as shown in the second illustration, and eager eyes would scan the limited horizon for any signs of the masted and sparred vessels which represented the object of our search, but almost immediately the curtain of grey mist would fall again thicker than ever. To see a ship even a few yards off was, of course, an impossibility, as we could barely see across our own deck. Signalling by flags or semaphore was out of the question, and sound signalling, either by gun or siren, could only be used.

AT THE RENDEZVOUS ON PORCUPINE BANK.
No Sign of the Convoy.



RESUMING THE SEARCH FOR THE ENEMY.
The Fog Lifts for Five Minutes.

One ship is shown so signalling in my third illustration; she herself is for the moment out of the fog, and has sighted a strange sail, and is letting her comrades hid in the mist know of the fact. Towards the end, however, the weather cleared, and two incidents occurred, which are here illustrated. One was the capture of the "Furious," by a very active cruiser division of the B Fleet, comprised of the big four-funnelled first-class cruisers "Europa" and "Argonaut," and the three-funnelled second-class cruisers "Vindictive" and "Gladiator," sister ships of the "Furious." Our gallant cruiser strained every effort, but it was all in vain, and the much superior force of the enemy was able to capture her. To us she was lost, though we met her again returning to Belfast, where, under the rules, she was obliged to go till hostilities were over. The cruisers that captured her were afterwards sighted by our fleet, and our meeting and chase of them is shown in another illustration.

Photo. Copyright. *SIGNALLING A STRANGE CRUISER IN SIGHT* *"Navy & Army."*
Ordered to Chase.

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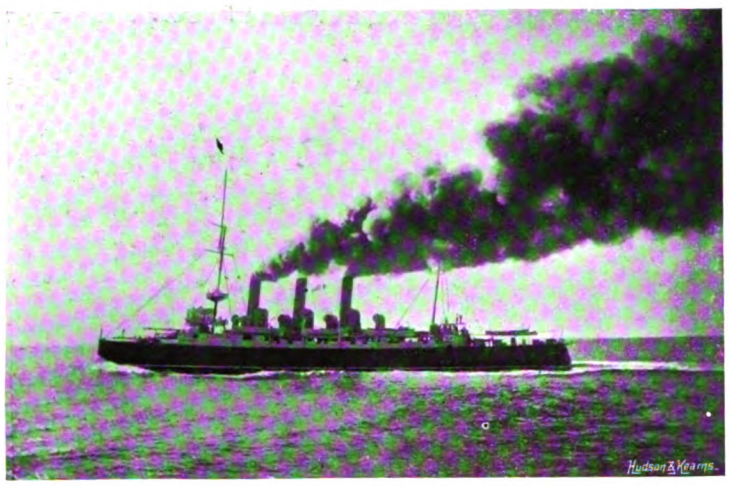
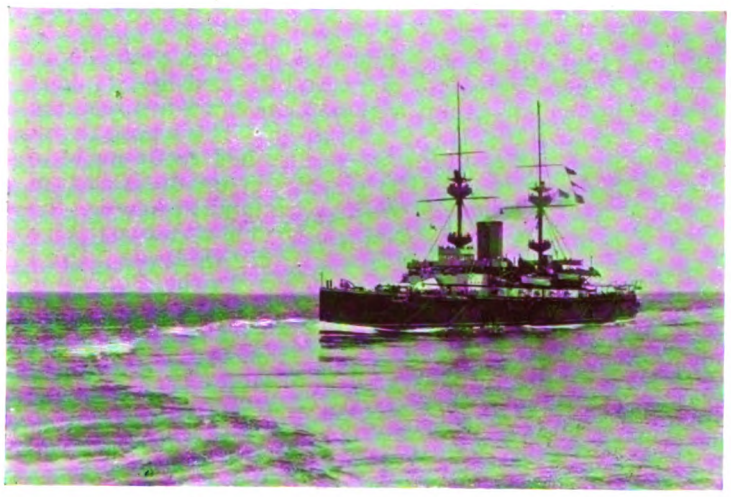
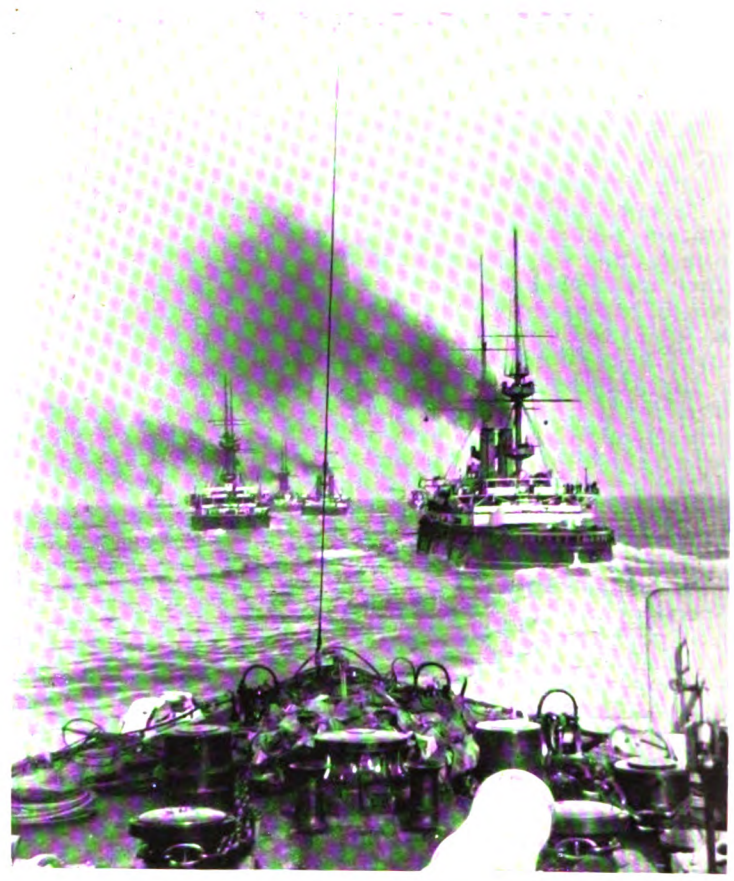


THE "FURIOUS" FLIES FROM THE FOE.



Photos. Copyright. THE "MAGNIFICENT" Navy & Army.
Admiral Fanshawe's Flag-ship.

One of the most spirited incidents that the attacking fleet was fated to meet with during the whole course of the manœuvres this year was this chase of the B cruisers by our battle-ships, but, of course, as they could steam some 19 or 20 knots to our 15 or 16, it was not likely we were going to capture them. We made the attempt, however, and it was indeed a glorious sight to see



THE "A" FLEET
In Chase of the Enemy's Fast Cruisers.

the great battle-ships suddenly leap to a speed of 15 knots and stretch their long line out—we were in column of line ahead at the time—in pursuit of the enemy. In my illustration the ships are shown cleared for action, and steaming at the speed above named.

The last illustration of this series shows the "Magnificent," the flag-ship of the rear-admiral second in command. She is perfectly typical of the eight grand battle-ships that compose the squadron, as five of them are her sisters and the other two very similar. Fine fleet as we were, we failed in our objective, but not through any fault of our own, for we were terribly handicapped both by the weather and the rules.

The Irish Military Manœuvres.

UNDER CANVAS IN THE GREEN ISLE.

FOR a good many years past Ireland has been, during the summer, the scene of Army manœuvres of a very high class. With leaders like Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts in command of the troops, it is only natural that very particular attention should have been paid to the field training of the corps under their control. Not only this, but Ireland in many respects affords a very much better scope for Army manœuvres on a considerable scale than England. With a beautifully diversified country there is generally combined a freedom from restrictions as to private property which often render manœuvres on this side of the Irish Channel very unreal, or else full of irritating complications. To these points it may be added that the military are in general extremely popular, notwithstanding political differences of opinion, with the Irish peasantry, and in most districts such supplies as the country-side affords are readily forthcoming.

Under Lord Roberts the Irish manœuvres have risen to a very high standard of practical excellence. The late Commander-in-Chief in India has had the advantage of having under him general officers of the highest capacity, some of whom were honourably associated with him in the Afghan War. It has been noticed by experts that almost invariably Indian experience tends to render Army manœuvres very much more instructive than does the class of professional proficiency which relies chiefly upon the study of continental models. Officers who have been trained in the conduct of considerable operations on the frontier, against enemies of whom it is often impossible to conjecture with any certainty what they will do next, have learnt the lesson that in war there is always room for fresh ideas, and that useful—nay, absolutely necessary—as it is for the purposes of the parade ground, the pedantry of the tactical text-book can often be dispensed with when the conditions resemble those of an actual campaign.

Photo J. Thomson, IRISH MANŒUVRES. Fermoy
Manning a Breastwork

In the manœuvres just

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A HAPPY DAY IN CAMP.
King's Royal Rifles Drawing Pay.

completed the concentration was ordered for August 5. The manœuvre area lay between the Curragh Camp and Thurles. Lord Roberts acted as director of the manœuvres and umpire-in-chief, Major-General M.W.E. Gosset, C.B., as chief umpire. The force assembled was divided into two distinct commands, designated Blue and Red respectively. The Blue force, commanded by Major-General McCalmont, C.B., consisted of a brigade of cavalry and one of infantry, with artillery, and the usual departmental units. The cavalry brigade, under Colonel Viscount Downe, was made up of two batteries Royal Horse Artillery, the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 8th Hussars from the Curragh. The Blue infantry brigade, under Colonel H. C. B. Farrant, A.A.G. Dublin District, consisted of the 2nd Norfolk Regiment, 2nd East Yorkshire, 2nd Cheshire, and 3rd King's Royal Rifles. The Blue artillery was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. Hammond.

The Red force was under the command of Major-General Boyce Combe, C.B. The Red cavalry brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel De Burgh, 3rd D.G., consisted of U Battery R.H.A., 1st K.D.G., and the 14th Hussars from Newbridge. There were two infantry brigades in the Red force, the first commanded by Colonel M. Churchill, 27th Regimental District, the second by Colonel W. Wood, 87th Regimental District. The first brigade consisted of the 2nd Leicestershire, the 1st Oxfordshire L.I., the 1st Connaught Rangers, and the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The second brigade was made up of the 2nd Bedfordshire, 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, the 1st K.O.L.I., and 4th Rifle Brigade.

THE RIFLE DOCTOR
Armourer at Work in an Irish Camp.

The opposing forces were not, it will be seen, of any great magnitude, but under such a director as Lord Roberts, such a chief umpire as General Gosset, and such commanders as Generals McCalmont and Combe, it may be taken for granted that excellent results were obtained, and that the troops engaged will have returned to their respective stations distinctly the better for their extended training.

The accompanying pictures, illustrative of various scenes of camp life, are sufficiently self-explanatory. In three of them, in which the payment of a company, the drawing of the men's dinners, and the work of the armourer are illustrated, one sees how readily the routine of barracks can, if necessary, be adapted to the exigencies of field service.

In the first illustration a company is depicted in the act of manning a breastwork which has just been constructed, and in which the cover afforded is wisely being used to the best advantage, in view of the possibility that bullets may come dropping over the parapet and render the ground only a few feet in rear of the parapet a somewhat hot position and one extremely dangerous for anybody to occupy.

Photos. J. Thomson. *A CAMP KITCHEN* *Fermoy.*
Cheshires Drawing Dinners

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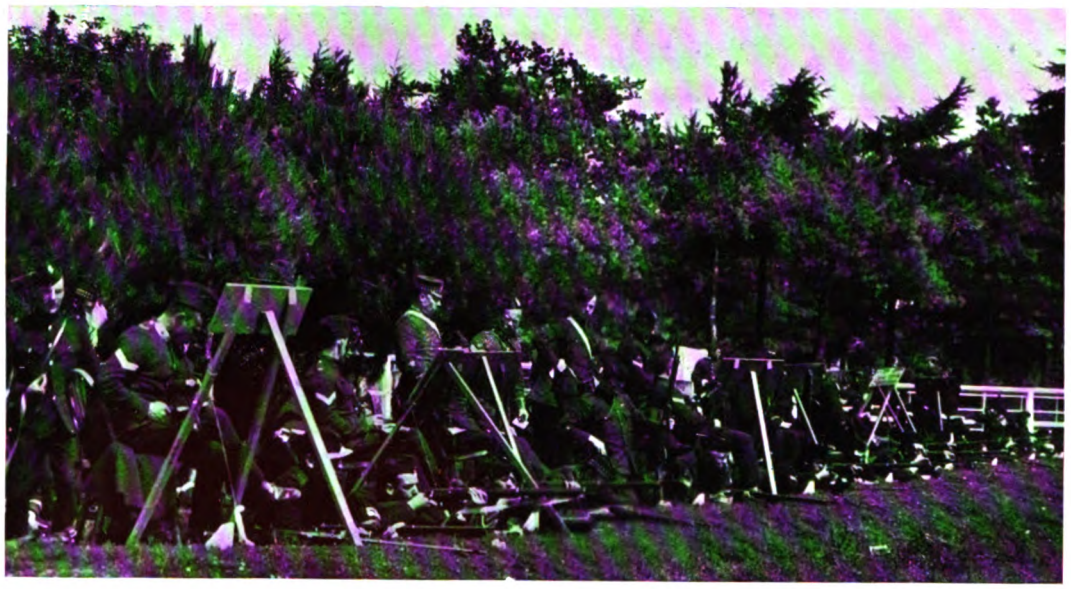
The All-Ireland Rifle Meeting

THE recent meeting which took place at the Curragh Camp was pronounced on all sides to be an unqualified success. The number of entries was large, the shooting reached a high figure of merit, and the arrangements worked without a hitch. A large measure of the success is no doubt due to the exertions of Captain R. Hardy, D.I.M., who was untiring in his efforts to make the various events go off successfully. The weather, too, was favourable to good scoring, and highest possibles were to be found in abundance.



SHOOTING FOR LORD ROBERTS'S CUP.
Watching for bull's-eyes.

Among the competitions were Lord Roberts's Cup, the *Daily Graphic*, and the Queen's Cup. For the last-named contest no fewer than eighteen teams competed, comprising the best of each battalion. In the collective firing the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles and the 4th King's Royal Rifles forged ahead, nor did they fall back at the individual shooting at 700-yds. and 800-yds., and finished in the order named, the first with a score of 564 and the second with 559.

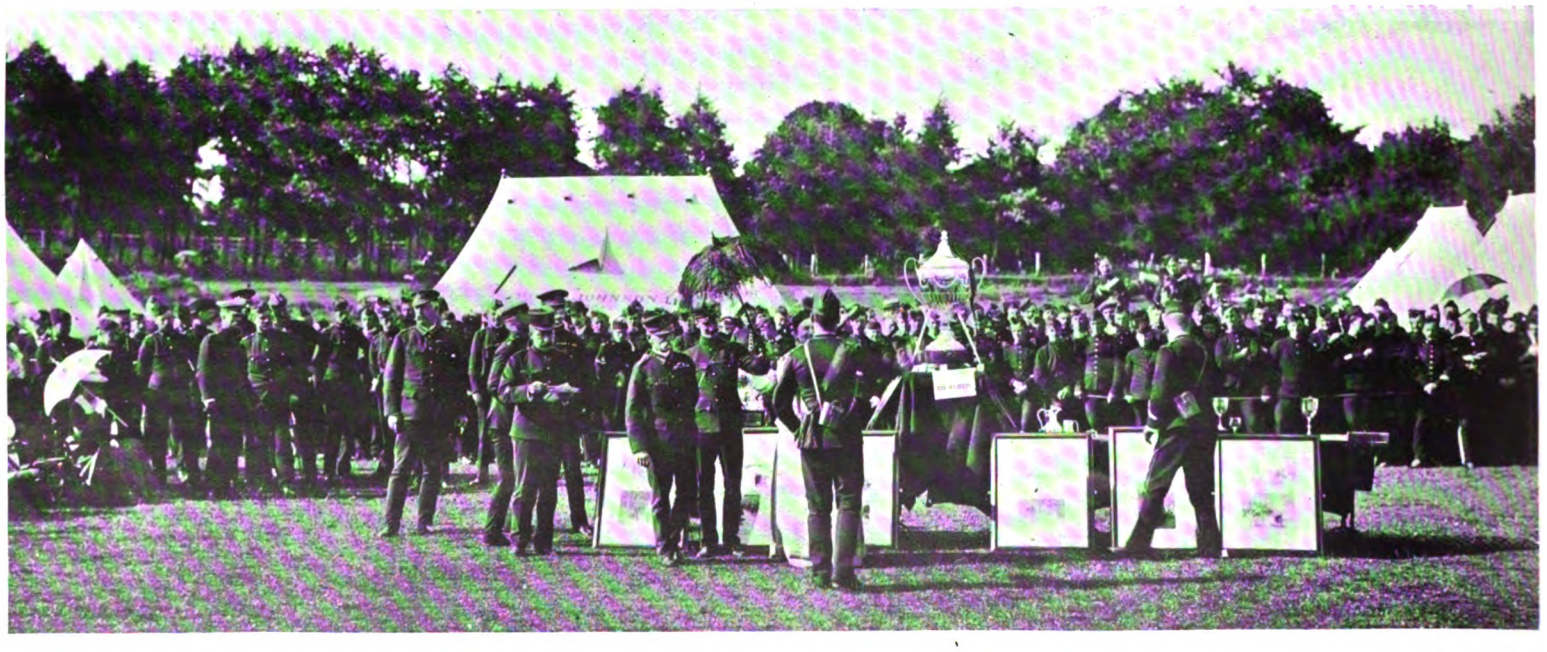
WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S CUP.

Although there are now no volunteers in Ireland, there is no lack of interest in rifle-shooting in the island, not only among the large military population, but among civilians also, and it may be mentioned in passing that some of the finest "shots" who attend the Bisley Meeting hail from the Emerald Isle.

It is well known that the present Commander-in-Chief in Ireland does everything in his power to foster rifle-shooting within his command, and though, of course, he insists upon a thorough training in individual shooting, it is to shooting "under Service conditions" that he himself is partial. The prizes were distributed by Lady Roberts. Addressing those present, the Commander-in-Chief pointed out that in the term "musketry" were comprised both marksmanship and fire control, and that although physical endurance was most desirable in a soldier, it must ever be second in importance to accurate shooting.

The number of entries this year was 4,140, against 2,714 last year.

WINNERS OF THE CURRAGH CHALLENGE CUP.



Photos. Charleton. *LADY ROBERTS PRESENTING THE PRIZES TO THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.* Copyright

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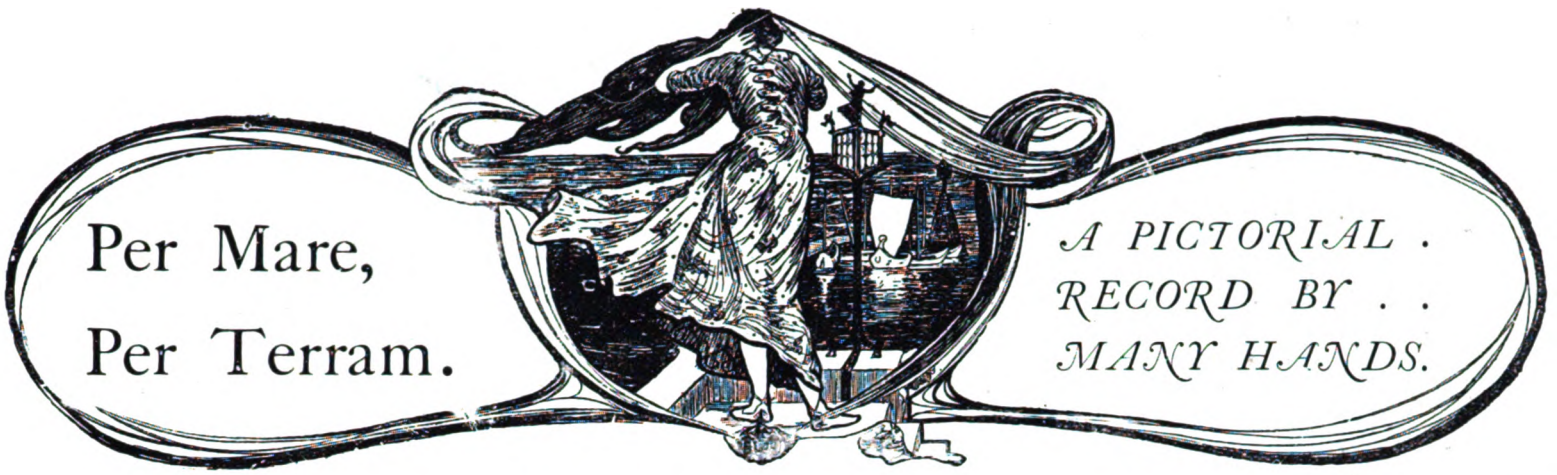

Photo. C. Knight.
MAJOR-GENERAL W. O. BARNARD.
Late Comdg. 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM OSBORNE BARNARD, who has just retired into private life from the command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, is one of a type of officers who are fast disappearing. Nowadays it is the fashion to appoint to general officers' commands only officers who have an extended record of staff service, to obtain which, of course, a man must necessarily sacrifice a certain amount of regimental experience. In many cases officers have been appointed of late to the command of brigades and districts who have not done ten years' regimental duty in their lives. Without discussing the virtues and failings of this system, it is sufficient to say that in Major-General Barnard the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot has had a general of the old style, with a regimental record which includes command of a company for nineteen years. General Barnard entered the old 96th, now the 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, in 1856, and had the good fortune to command it in Egypt in 1882. After the bombardment of Alexandria he was placed in command of Ras-el-Tin.

His retirement means the loss to the Army of an officer who knows the British soldier thoroughly, and it will be long before he is forgotten as, to use Lord Roberts's eulogium, "one of the best of commanding officers."

WHATEVER may be the upshot of the Transvaal crisis, it is pleasant to reflect that our Cape Squadron, of which we give a picture, is very clearly and constantly in evidence as an important factor of our local armed strength in the event of trouble.

Without going into details, it may be usefully recalled that here we have represented not only the command of the sea *in esse*, but also a powerful and most efficient little land force *in posse*. For it may be taken for granted that, if ever, now or hereafter, we are compelled to teach the Boers that the British lion can strike as well as growl, one of the earliest demonstrations of that great truth will be the landing of a Naval Brigade from the squadron at the Cape. We may be equally sure that that brigade, after the fashion of Naval brigades in general, will not be long in "getting there," whatever the objective may happen to be, and, when there, in making its presence felt. For the rest, it may be mentioned that the Cape Squadron is under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, K.C.M.G., whose portrait, together with those of his flag-captain, his flag-lieutenant, and his secretary, was given in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of July 8.

The flag-ship here depicted is the "Doris," a second-class cruiser of 5,600 tons. Service on the Cape station is of a varied and sometimes very lively description, ranging as it does from dhow chasing to the overthrow of usurpers at Zanzibar, from demonstrations in Delagoa Bay to expeditions through the tropical and unhealthy country which borders the Bight of Benin.

THE commandant of the Artillery Practice Camp at Okehampton must of necessity be an officer not only of rank and experience, but also of very distinguished professional ability. For apart from the course of training undergone by the various batteries, there is much experimental work done at the camp, of which a careful and expert report has to be furnished to Army Headquarters. Colonel Downing, whose portrait is here given, is one of the leading ordnance experts of the day. Not only is he one of the chief instructors at the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness, but he is also Associate Member, for field artillery, of the Ordnance Committee. Colonel Downing entered the Royal Artillery in 1866, and served in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68, and the Afghan War of 1878-79.

Photo. Van der Weyde.
COL. C. M. H. DOWNING, R.A.
Commanding the Artillery Practice Camp at Okehampton.

IN connection with the recent Volunteer Manœuvres at Minehead, in Somersetshire, a curious story got into the papers to the effect that because they had been supplied with bread and cheese and onions instead of meat sandwiches some of our gallant citizen soldiers had refused duty Needless to say, there is not the slightest foundation for this aspersion of the Volunteers in question. The meeting was in every way successful, and a capital tournament was held by the A Squadron of the West Somerset Yeomanry

Photo. Elliot. *THE CAPE AND WEST COAST OF AFRICA SQUADRON.* Copyright

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Photo. H. M. Lomas Copyright

YEOMANRY TOURNAMENT AT MINEHEAD.
Inter-Battal on Volu teer Tug-of-war.

Cavalry, which comprises the Wellington and Dulverton troops. The arrangements were under the supervision of Captain C. D. Carleton-Smith, commanding the Wellington troop, and included a number of interesting and well-contested competitions. The accompanying picture represents the inter-battalion tug-of-war contest for Volunteers, which resulted in a victory for the 3rd V.B. Welsh Regiment.

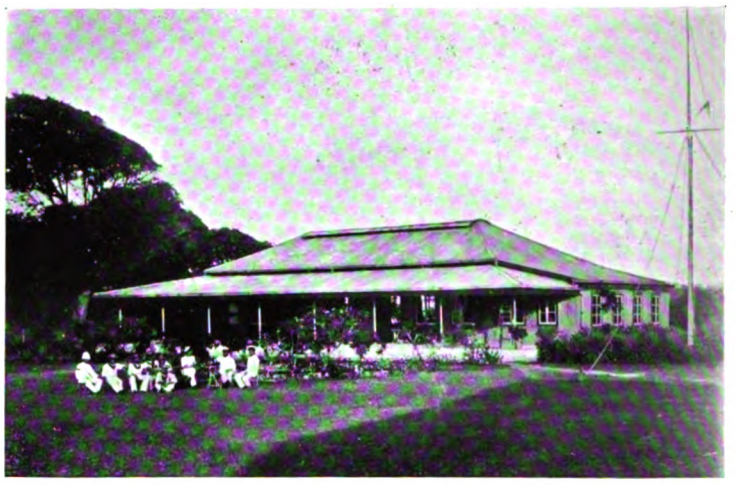

Photo. Carter. *THE COOPER INSTITUTE AT ZANZIBAR.* Copyright
In Memory of Lieutenant Cooper, R.N., killed at Pemba.

mother caused this Institute to be erected for use by sailors serving on that station. The Institute was opened by Captain Charles Campbell, whose portrait we have just given, when in command of the "Philomel." There is an Admiralty grant of £50 a year towards its support. One can hardly imagine a better method than this of honouring a gallant seaman's memory. Jack ashore in such places as Zanzibar is apt to "spread himself" to no very good purpose, and it is distinctly to his moral benefit as well as to the advantage of his personal comfort that he should be able to resort to an Institute of this sensible and too rigidly restricted character.

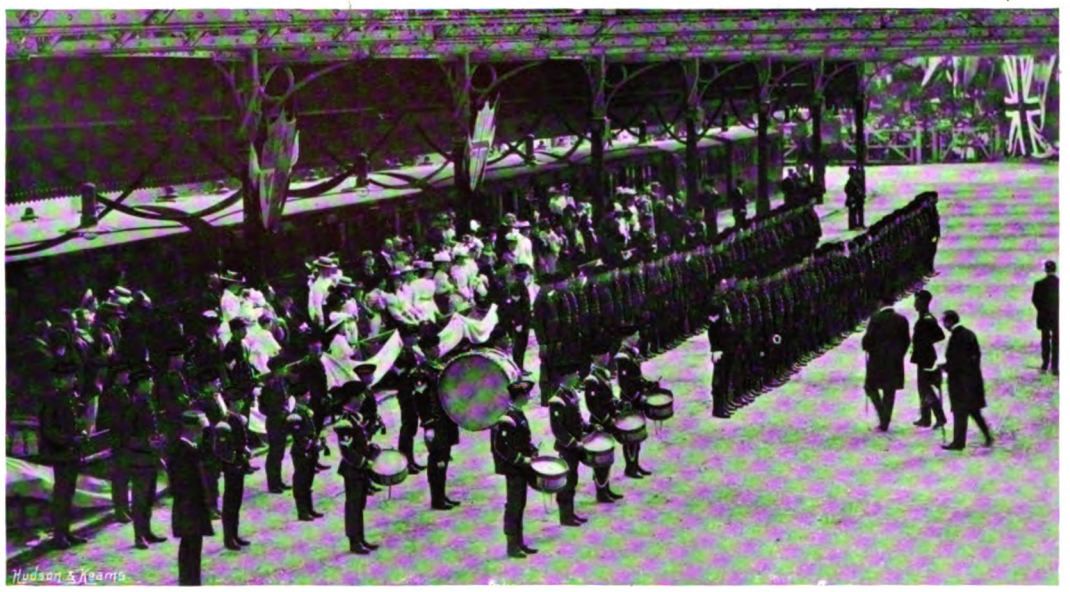

Photo J. Weston. *EASTBOURNE COLLEGE CADETS.* Copyright
Inspection by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

DURING his recent visit to Eastbourne, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took the opportunity of inspecting the Eastbourne College Cadets, whom we see here drawn up at the railway station, presenting, as the reports justly say, a most soldierly appearance. To the right of the picture His Royal Highness is shown in the act of commencing the inspection. One can well understand with what pride these youngsters took part in the function, to which hereafter they will be able to look back as having occurred on one of the red-letter days of their lives. It is not given to every corps, however old and distinguished, to be inspected by a future King of England, and it is typical of the Prince's kindly nature, as well as of his abiding interest in every branch, however humble, of the Army, that he should have honoured this cadet corps by consenting to inspect them. Of late years Eastbourne College has been coming to the front as a public school, and it may well be that among these boy-soldiers there are several destined in days to come to win honour and glory as holders of a commission.

THE building here illustrated is a singularly interesting memorial of a sad event. The late Lieutenant Cooper, R.N., lost his life at Pemba, on the East Coast of Africa, and from prize-money due to him his

NEARLY all the ships in the Mediterranean Fleet have what is called on the lower deck a "Theatrical Party." The latter gives, from time to time, entertainments on board the ship, or, when at Malta, in the theatre which has been specially built for that purpose near the Royal Naval Canteen.

During the recent short stay at Malta of the Cruising Squadron several entertainments were given at the theatre by the theatrical companies of various ships. Of these the unanimous opinion seems to be that that given by the lower deck company of the "Venus," in aid of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund for Children, was the most successful both from the dramatic and financial standpoints. The entertainment was of a variety character, concluding with a grand pantomimic extravaganza entitled "Cinderella."

The accompanying portrait group shows the company, band, and helpers, the whole under the superintendence of Lieutenant Carruthers.

Photo. Copyright. *A NAVAL "THEATRICAL PARTY."* "Navy & Army."
Star Variety Company of the "Venus."

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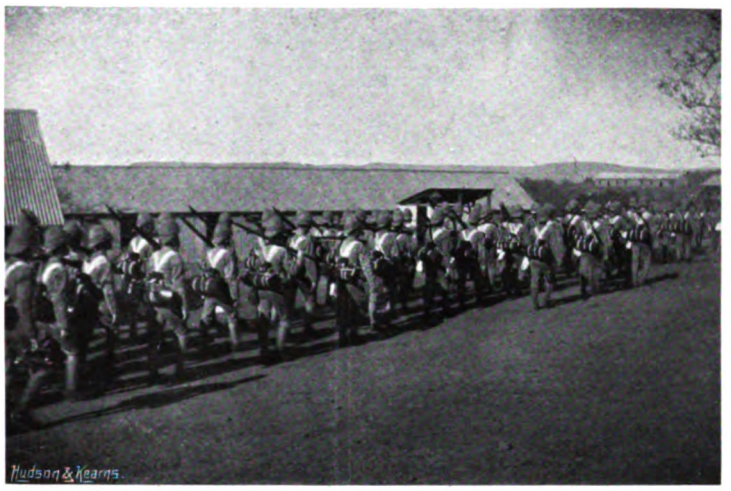
The Transvaal Crisis.

British Reinforcements for South Africa.

THOSE who have watched with anything like intelligent interest the progress of affairs in the Transvaal must have been all along aware of two salient facts. In the first place it has been evident for some months past that we have been unostentatiously preparing for certain contingencies in the most practical fashion possible in the circumstances. Secondly, it must have been borne in upon all minds, save those of a peculiarly constructed order, that a time would come, and very probably come suddenly, when our patience with the Boers would evaporate, and the world would be treated to a spectacle not only of England's capacity to enforce her just demands, but her fixed determination to do so without any further concessions either to Boer pig-headedness or to "Little Englander" sentimentalism. For a long time we were content to reply to the vapourings of the Transvaal authorities, and to the warlike preparations which they made no effort to conceal, by a quiet but singularly effective revision of our military position in South Africa, not only as regards the troops which have constituted the garrison, but also as to the supply of warlike stores. As far as the garrison is concerned, the time-honoured expedient has been adopted of sending out reliefs, and at the same time keeping the troops intended to be relieved still in the country, a plan which, of course, deceives nobody, but has always been regarded as a fit and proper thing to do when an outbreak of hostilities is possible but warlike preparations of a positive and open description are undesirable. As to warlike stores, we are so situated in regard to South Africa that if we chose to fill every corner of our own territory with ammunition, there would be none to say us nay, and, to a judicious extent, the War Office authorities have taken the fullest advantage of this interesting and satisfactory fact. In addition to ordinary arms, shells, and cartridges, there have of late been significant consignments of equipment, more especially in connection with the work of the Royal Engineers, which has been described and illustrated in previous numbers.

THE 2nd BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
The Mounted Infantry

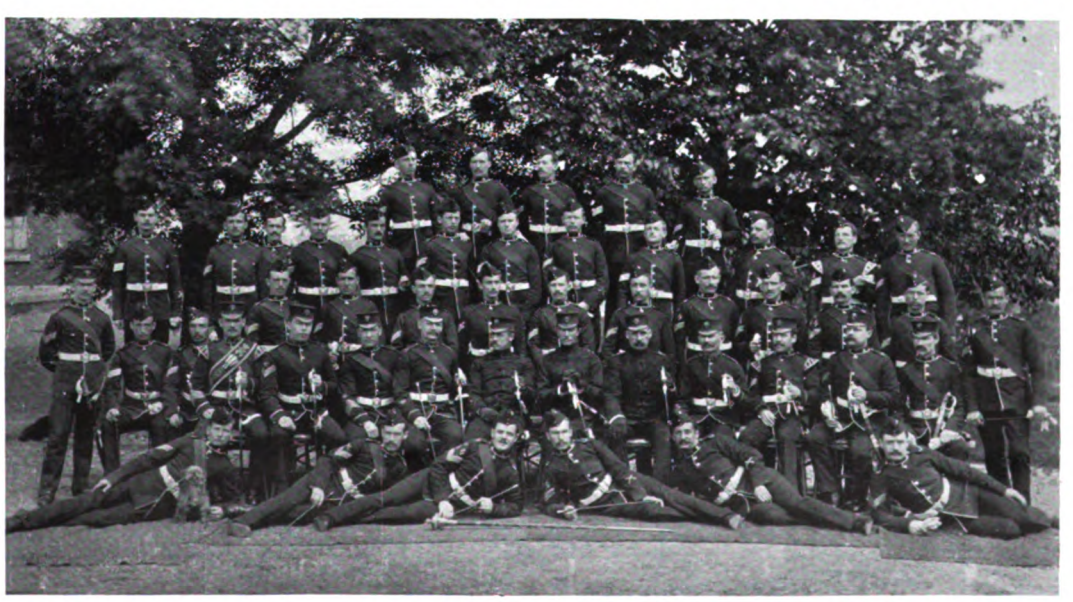


IN MOBILISATION ORDER.

THE MULE-DRAWN MAXIM

But between all this and action such as has been taken within the last few days there is a distinction with a difference, almost as great as there is between firing a gun with blank and firing one with ball. It is one thing to have everything ready for the word "go," and quite another to actually commence a forward movement which at any moment may develop into the storm and stress of real war.

What has now been done is to order certain regiments at present in South Africa to the frontiers, and to order others out from England and Gibraltar to take their places. The significance of this action is twofold. Firstly, the measure is very wisely, and seriously, a precautionary one. We do not commonly attribute to the Boers any tendency to offensive tactics, and there is reason to believe that, whatever may happen, their attitude will consist chiefly of a stubborn stand behind fort walls and field entrenchments. But, this notwithstanding, there are possible developments which may render the presence of British battalions in the immediate neighbourhood of the Transvaal border of the utmost possible importance. There are a good many British subjects, outside those who want to become



Photos. Copyright. *THE 1st BATTALION THE KING'S LIVERPOOL REGIMENT.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Officers and Non-commissioned Officers.

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naturalised Transvaalers, whose position in the event of hostilities would be extremely precarious, and whose claims to our protection, if that can be in any way afforded, are of the strongest description.

But the real gist of the latest measures taken by the War Office lies in the order that has been given to regiments nearer home to "close up," and fill the vacancies created by the despatch to the frontier of battalions already on the spot. If anything will cause the Boers to realise that we are at last in earnest, it will be this supplementary order, one which very possibly by the time these lines are published will be followed by further and much more comprehensive movements. The sending out of the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers from the Curragh, and of the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment from Gibraltar, are the first instances of open and actual reinforcement which have occurred since the "crisis" commenced; and when once the tide of British reinforcement begins to set in any particular direction, it generally continues until the representation is all that can be desired. With our matchless facilities for transport and the existence of more than one British garrison a good deal nearer to South Africa than Great Britain itself, we can at a very few weeks' notice place a force either in Cape Colony or Natal which would amply meet all requirements. In this connection it was well that before Parliament was prorogued Mr. Balfour should have definitely removed all misunderstanding as to the character of our preparations, and have declared that if we have to fight the Boers we shall do so with white troops alone.

THE 1st BATTALION LEICESTERSHIRE.
The Camp near Maritzburg.

Turning now to our illustrations, the picture of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers in what is known as "mobilisation order" is pleasantly suggestive of the "real thing." In other pictures we have the Mounted Infantry of the battalion under the command of Captain Lonsdale, and the machine gun drawn by two mules. The three pictures of the 1st Battalion Leicestershire, the old 17th, were taken at Mori River Camp, near Maritzburg, whence the regiment has recently been moved to Ladysmith, in Natal. This is the spot where our troops were encamped in the last Boer War of 1881. The field training pictures show shelter trenches being thrown up in very rocky ground.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army"*

THROWING UP A SHELTER TRENCH. HALF-AN-HOUR'S WORK—"READY."

Photo. J. Thomson. THE 1st BATT. ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS. *Fermoy.*
The National Game of Hurley.

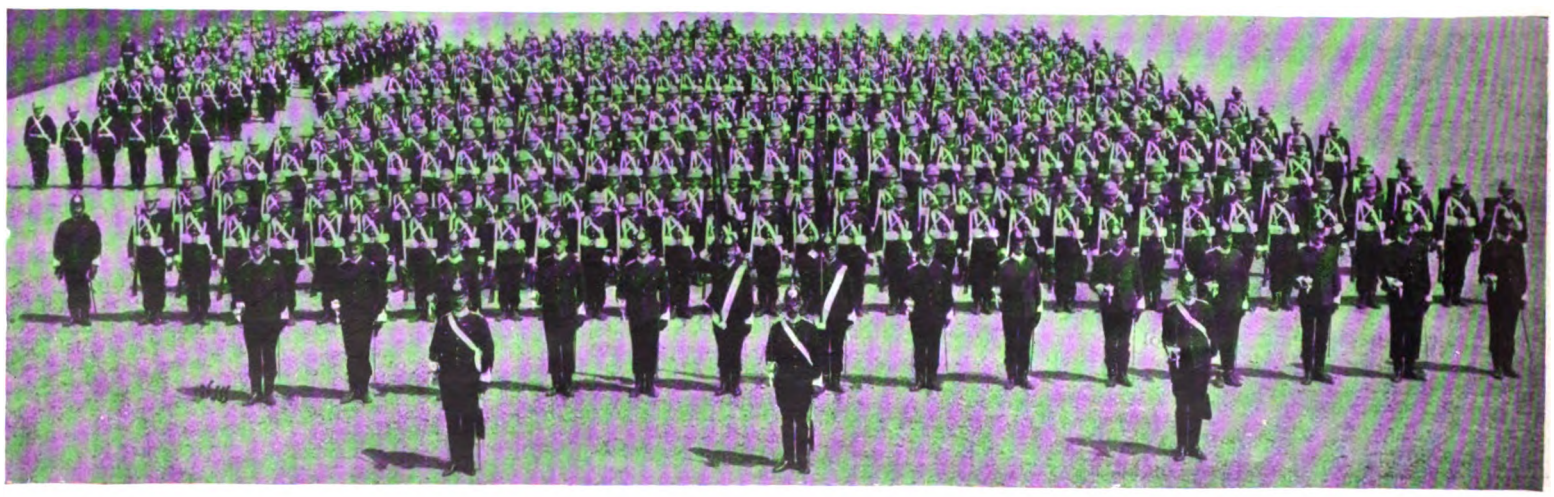

Photo. J. David. THE 1st MANCHESTER ON PARADE—ORDERED TO THE CAPE. Copyright

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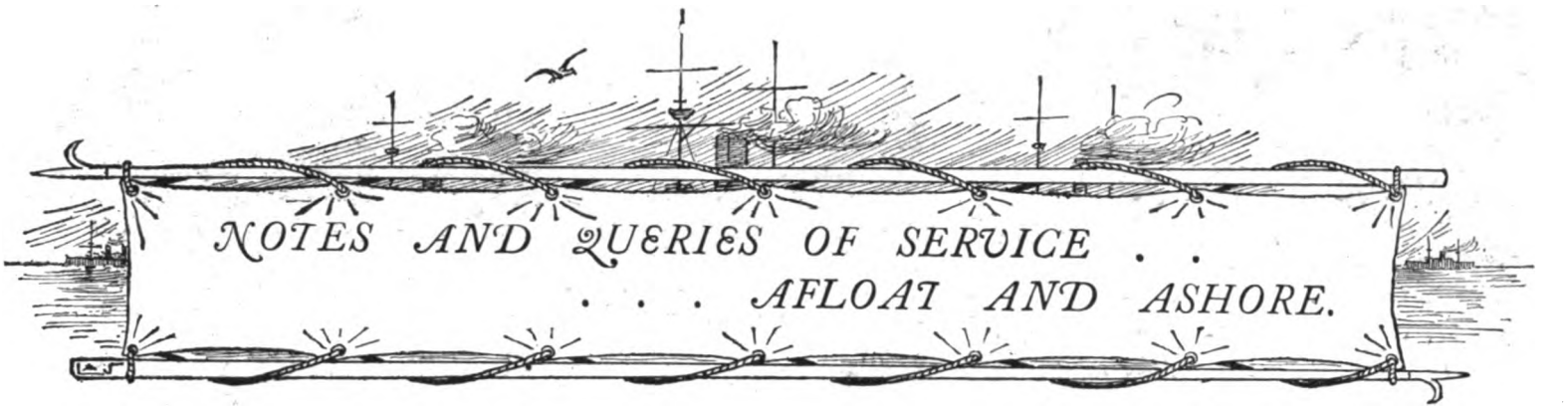

THE splendid portrait group taken on board the "Ramillies" which we publish to-day has a special interest attached to it. Until the other day the "Ramillies" was the flag-ship of Admiral Sir John O. Hopkins, the late Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, who is being succeeded by Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher. On July 1 Sir John Hopkins transferred his flag from the "Ramillies" to the "Surprise," and left in the latter for England, Sir John Fisher's flag being hoisted at Plymouth in the "Renown," in the absence of the gallant admiral at the Peace Conference. The picture was taken specially to commemorate the tenure of Sir John Hopkins's command, which has lasted since November, 1896. Our readers will note the decorations, and the unusually full muster of officers, petty officers, and men, including nearly a score of midshipmen. It is safe to say that no more imposing group of a ship's company has ever been published. In the centre, of course, sits the Commander-in-Chief, flanked by his flag-captain, Captain W. des Vœux Hamilton, and his flag-lieutenant, Lieutenant H. G. G. Sandeman. As a healthy piece of mental exercise I recommend the counting of the remaining figures. A fine memorial this of a great command, the period of which has involved some very anxious junctures, always, however, relieved by the confidence which the nation has consistently felt in Sir John Hopkins's ability to maintain in the Mediterranean, or anywhere else, the honour of the British flag. *(See page 508.)*

* * * *

WITHIN the last few weeks three correspondents, "3rd Batt.," "Militia, Birmingham," and "A. S. P.," have asked for information as to a first commission in the Militia. I propose to consolidate the replies, and I think it will be found that I have dealt with all the points raised. First, as to the means by which a Militia commission is obtained, theoretically the recommendation rests with the Lord Lieutenants of counties. But it is expressly stated that commanding officers of battalions are, if required, to render Lord Lieutenants every assistance, and, as a matter of fact, it is with them that the selection of candidates chiefly lies. Candidates must not be recommended who are under seventeen years of age, but there is no restriction as to the maximum age. At the same time, the Lord Lieutenant of the county has to forward with his recommendation a statement of the candidate's qualifications, and this has to be accompanied by evidence of age. It may be taken for granted that a candidate of anything like mature years would not be acceptable either to a commanding officer, the Lord Lieutenant, or the Secretary of State for War. There is nothing to prevent an English gentleman from seeking a commission in an Irish corps.

* * * *

EVERY Militia infantry subaltern is required to undergo, in the first year of his service, from the date of his appointment, a period of two months' instruction. He can either do this by getting himself attached to a Line battalion or to a regimental depôt, or he may attend an infantry school of instruction, or the preliminary drill of the recruits of his unit, for a period not exceeding two months. It is not necessary for him to undergo this course of instruction before taking part in the first annual training. As to the expense of the annual training, it is quite impossible to give any hard and fast opinion on this point, as regiments vary enormously in this respect. I have, however, never heard of a Militia second lieutenant who made his pay cover the expenses of his annual training, and I think it would be, in nine cases out of ten, utterly absurd to expect a youngster to do anything of the sort. I should recommend any would-be Militia subaltern who has to consider this point very closely to seek the advice of the commanding officer of the battalion to which he wishes to belong. As regards the two months' period of instruction, during this Militia officers are entitled to half-pay.

* * * *

"FOREIGN READER."—Whale Island, known in the Navy as the 'Excellent," is the largest gunnery school in the world. Here it is that all the officers, and a large number of seamen, are instructed in the theory and practice of gunnery. It will no doubt interest my correspondent to learn that Whale Island is an artificial addition to Nature's structures, or at least largely so. Half a century ago it was a speck of land in Portsmouth Harbour, like, in fact, a whale's back above the water. When it was decided to enlarge the capacity of Portsmouth as a Naval port by digging further docks and basins, the question arose as to what was to be done with the soil and sludge which the operations would yield. Quite without any intention of building an island that should be famous throughout the world, instructions were issued that the displaced soil should be deposited on the island. Hundreds upon hundreds of tons were carried there, and by degrees the island assumed considerable dimensions, then layers of chalk were deposited, which, of course, imparted the necessary firmness to the banks. And presently the gunnery school was built on this foundation.

* * * *

"A. V. A." asks me to inform him which is the best history of the Russian War dealing with the period subsequent to that covered by Kinglake, *i.e.*, the period after the death of Lord Raglan. It is rather difficult to answer a question of this sort without knowing exactly from what standpoint the questioner regards a military history. But I do not think I can do better than recommend "The War in the Crimea," by General Sir Edward Hamley, which was published by Seeley and Co., of Essex Street, Strand, in 1891. This is a most excellent history from every point of view, although it does not deal with the fall of Sebastopol with anything like the minuteness which characterises Kinglake's narrative of the earlier phases of the war. If "A. V. A." requires detailed information as to the final bombardment, he should consult one of several monographs on the subject. Hamley himself described the siege of Sebastopol in letters written on the spot, which were published in Edinburgh in 1855.

* * * *

A.B."—There is not at the present time any officer serving in Her Majesty's Navy who has been disrated to A.B. The punishment was in vogue until comparatively recent times, that is to say, until the early sixties. The West Coast of Africa was the scene of the last two reductions. In both cases the offence was somewhat similar, namely, threatening the captain. One officer was charged with shaking his fist in his captain's face, or near his captain's face. Both the officers were master's assistants, and both the ships were commanded by lieutenants; one vessel was a sailing brig, the other was an iron paddle-wheel steam brig. In neither case were the disrated officers made to mess with the men or compelled to do the same duty as the rest of the ship's company. In these days midshipmen cannot be made even to stand on the rigging bitts, for obvious reasons; neither can they be sent to the mast-head to count the number of ships in sight, or to report marine monsters, though doubtless in other ways the yoke of the modern midshipman is occasionally made to "bear hard."

* * * *

"J. H."—I have caused enquiries to be made with reference to your letter, and am able to inform you that Ensign Charles James Gibbon entered the Madras Army—14th Madras Native Infantry—in 1834, and was killed in action, at Goomsoor, on March 5, 1836. Lieutenant (Brevet-Captain) Septimus Gibbon entered the Madras Army—42nd Native Infantry—in 1839, and was dismissed from the Service on January 12, 1856.

* * * *

"ANTI - SCORBUTIC." — The continued use of salt meat has undoubtedly a tendency to favour the development of scurvy, by lowering the stamina of the system, reducing the weight of the body, and inducing debility. It is, however, an error to suppose that it is the sole cause of scurvy, a bad form of which often occurred among the earlier Australian settlers who, with a superabundance of mutton of the best quality for food, neglected to grow vegetables. The use of lime juice as a corrective goes back to a very early date, reference to it being found in the works of Solomon Albertus in 1573, and others; its introduction into the Navy as a regular ration did not take place, however, until 1795, in consequence of the danger incurred by the weakening of the crews of Lord Howe's fleet by the terrible disease. From time to time experiments as to the relative merits of citric acid, nitrate of potash, etc., have been made, with very satisfactory results so far as citric acid is concerned; but lime juice, fortified with strong rum, still holds its own as the official anti-scorbutic.

* * * *

"A SUBSCRIBER" wishes me to settle an argument as to whether the revolver is more useful than the sword. I cannot say, but may mention that during the Civil War in America the Confederate cavalry put no faith at all in *l'arme blanche*, but trusted almost entirely to their revolvers, with which they were singularly proficient. An instance: A cavalry skirmish took place in Virginia in 1864, in which the Confederates entirely routed the Federals, who fought with their swords. The latter were utterly defeated, and suffered the loss of twenty-four men killed and twelve wounded, while the Southerners lost only one man killed and a few wounded. That the revolver is a more deadly weapon than the sword is proved by the fact that in a fight between some French cuirassiers and Prussian horse at Heilsburg, on June 18, 1806, a French officer came out of the fray with no less than fifty-two sword and lance wounds upon him, and a German officer had twenty. The German Medical Staff Report upon the deaths and wounds caused by various weapons during the Franco-German War of 1870-71 also upholds the view that the sword is quite an inefficient weapon. Out of a total German loss throughout the war of 65,160 killed and wounded, 218 only were killed and wounded by the sabre and clubbed rifle. In the cavalry, out of a total of 2,236 killed and wounded, by the sword only 138 were killed. But the most extraordinary point of it all is that out of the 218 just mentioned only *six* men were killed by the sabre. The 40,000 French cavalry in six months' campaigning killed only *six* Germans with the sword!

* * * *

"C. S."—It took about thirteen months to bore the tunnel under the Gibraltar rock. It was completed not very long since, and the principal reason for its construction was to enable the stone required for the breakwaters to be brought from the eastern side more expeditiously. Hitherto this building material had to be conveyed round the north front of the Rock, a journey both slow and awkward. The tunnel measures 1,100-yds. in length, varies from 8-ft. to 14-ft. in height, and is 10-ft. in width. When it has served its primary purpose it will no doubt be preserved for strategic purposes. It traverses the Rock from west to east, commencing immediately south of Jumper's Bastion, near where the P. and O. steamers land their passengers, and terminates at Sunday Bay, some three-quarters of a mile south of the village of Catalan Bay. Mr. Goschen inspected the tunnel when he visited the Rock recently.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to the cruiser "Grunter," which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board the cruiser, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night, in the hope of seeing his sweetheart again. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Rendered desperate by Nelly's refusal to marry him, Bunter resolves to evade arrest and get drunk. Chased by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale. The narrative gives a description of the career of Captain Laxdale, which will be found to have a direct bearing upon subsequent events. Early next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *role* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Returning to his cabin to dress for breakfast, he reads an important letter written to Captain Laxdale by Lady Sybil Norrington. From this letter he judges that Laxdale may hesitate to face the ridicule which must follow an exposure of the situation. In an interview with the surgeon Bunter finds that Laxdale is regarded by the officers as a lunatic. He determines to release Laxdale from the cells, and to make him work as a seaman. The surgeon commends this plan, and visits Captain Laxdale in the cell. The unfortunate captain is glad to accept release on any terms, hoping to make use of his freedom to turn the tables upon Bunter.

CHAPTER IX. *(continued.)*

"TO be sure," agreed the doctor; "that difficulty had not occurred to me. Take any name you like, for the time being, except the one in dispute. What do you say to Jones?" he added, with marked originality.

"No," said Laxdale; "it is too vulgar."

"And we have four Joneses on board already," added Corporal Angel.

"Robinson, then?" suggested the doctor.

"There are two of them, sir, and three Smiths," the corporal added, hastily, for he saw that the doctor's imagination was not exhausted.

"I will take the name of Hood," said Laxdale, urged to the selection by the fact that this was his second baptismal appellation.

"Or Nelson, while you're about it?" suggested Angel.

The doctor gave him a reproving glance. "Let it be 'Hood,'" he said, indifferently; "Edward Hood."

"No; plain Hood," cried Laxdale.

"Plain Hood," echoed Angel. "He is plain, certainly."

Laxdale ignored the insolent jeer, and Plain Hood became henceforth his official name.

"Come along with me, Plain Hood," said Angel, "and think yourself lucky to get out of cells so soon. You've played your little game very nicely, my fine fellow; but you can't humbug Jacob Angel."

"I have played no game," said Laxdale, loftily. "If the doctor thinks me insane, that is no fault of mine."

"If I had my way," said Angel, "you'd have stayed in cells till you owned up to being Bunter; and I'd give you another fortnight on top of that besides." He was a lean, hungry-looking man with sandy whiskers and a moist, shifty eye; and Laxdale had already conceived an instinctive dislike of him.

The corporal led him to the main deck, where scores of seamen, marines, and stokers were lounging in their messes or sleeping in uneasy postures. The ports were closed, the air thick and stifling, and a coarse smell of bloaters permeated the living deck from end to end. Many of the men regarded Laxdale curiously as he passed along in rear of Angel, and one or two wags congratulated him in terms of uncouth sarcasm upon his release.

The corporal stopped at length, and pointed to a narrow table littered with broken victuals and dirty plates, among which two seamen reposed with their heads upon their arms.

"That's your mess, Plain Hood," he snarled, "and you can find out where to sling your 'ammick from the others."

The corporal's rasping voice roused both the seamen. They sat up, rubbed their eyes, and stared indifferently at the new comer.

"Squib," said the corporal, sharply, addressing a bullet-headed seaman with curly black hair and a red, clean-shaven face—"Squib, this man is to mess along with you chaps—his name is Plain Hood—by the doctor's orders." Without further explanation the corporal walked away.

The sailor addressed as Squib yawned elaborately, spat, and ran his eyes over the figure of the new comer.

"There was a Ned Bunter along with me in the training-ship," he said, slowly; "but that's getting on for sixteen year ago. My name's Tom Squib."

"Yes," said Laxdale, indifferently; "so I understood."

"So he understood, Bully," echoed Squib, as he turned towards the other occupant of the mess. "What d'ye make of that, mate?"

"Nothing," growled the man. "Don't you recognise him?"

"Can't say for certain as I do," said Squib, thoughtfully. "Sixteen year makes a change in a man, Bully; and boys in the training-ship are as like as so many bloaters."

"So they are," growled Bully Kipps. He was a powerfully-built, truculent-looking man, with a heavy jaw, a low forehead, and a surly manner. Squib, who was a little man and no fighter, found it wise to conciliate his powerful messmate; but he had great contempt for his stupidity.

"Ask him," said Kipps, scowlingly, "what he expects to gain by his bluffing. Damn me if I can understand his game."

"My friend here," said Squib, obediently, "wants to know why you said you weren't Bunter. Some fancy you're cracked; but most of us think you done it just to make the officers think you're barmy."

"You are at liberty to think as you please," said Laxdale, haughtily, "but I'm not going to talk about it."

"The devil you aren't," growled Bully Kipps. "I've a mind to make you talk about it, cockey."

"How do you propose to make me?" asked Laxdale, quietly.

"Why, by thrashing you, of course," said Kipps.

Laxdale leant over the table and looked the bully straight

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in the eyes. "You're a powerful brute," he said, "but you'd better not try that method. The very first time you lay a finger on me I'll brain you with the nearest weapon to hand."

"We'll see about that," said Kipps, starting up from the form.

Laxdale stepped back a pace and detached a heavy winch-handle from a gun just behind him. The weapon was awkwardly shaped, but Kipps did not like the look of it, and shrank back dismayed. "I'll settle with you another time," he growled. Laxdale smiled, and retained his weapon until the man, still grumbling and snarling, slunk away from the mess, and went on deck.

"He won't trouble you again," said Squib; "if I had your pluck I'd have done the same myself afore now."

Laxdale sat down, and fell into conversation with Squib. He was trying, in his slow way, to consider how the man's former acquaintance with the impostor could be turned to account.

Squib's first remark was discouraging. "I remember now," he said, "that you had lots of pluck in the training-ship. You've altered a good bit in the face, and, of course, that beard hides 'arf of it, and you've got a black eye. It aint very likely I should have known you, if it hadn't been for the name."

Laxdale sighed.

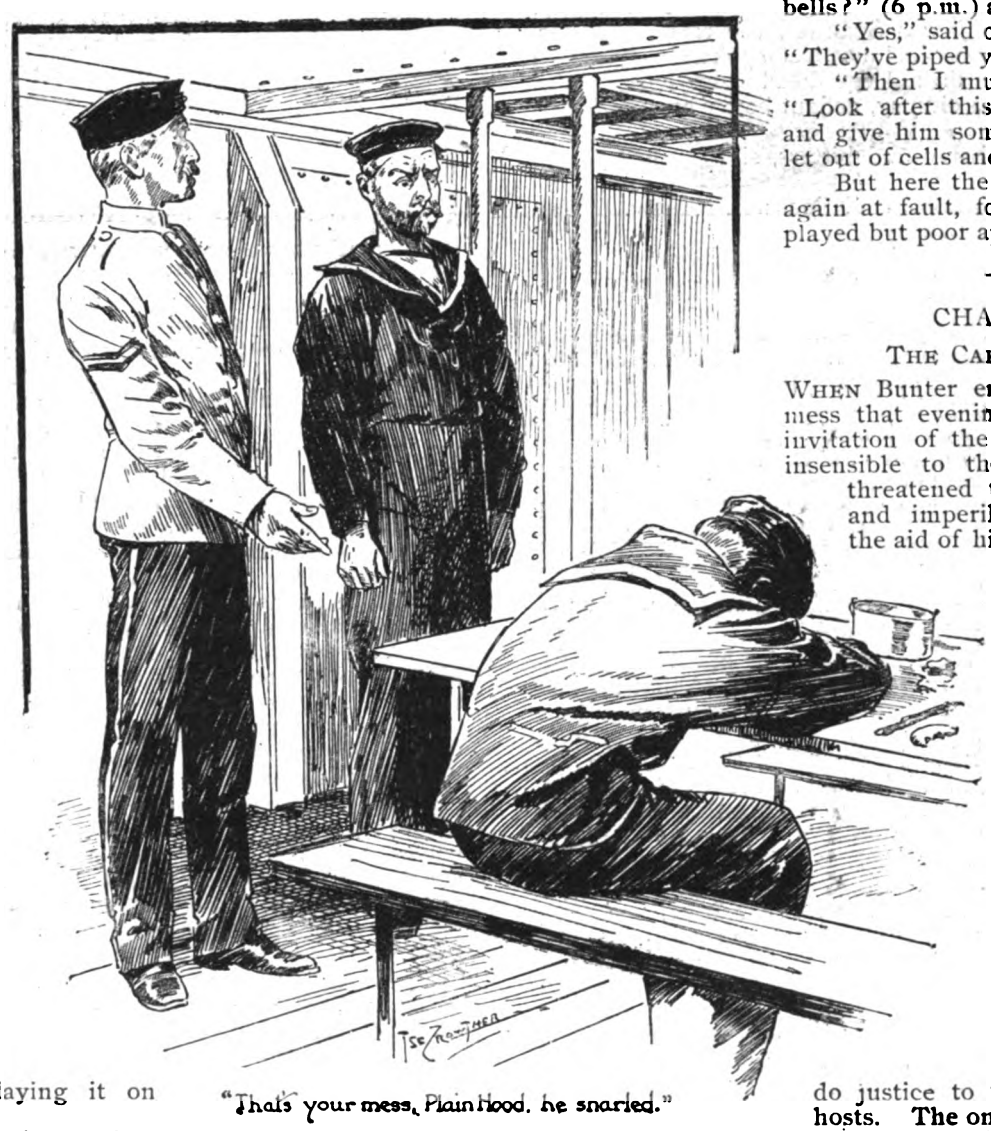
"It's odd you don't remember me," continued Squib; "though, to be sure, there was over a thousand boys in the ship. I remember that fight you had with Tommy Hitchins on the cricket ground as plain as if it was last week."

"Do you?" said Laxdale, wearily.

"Wait a bit!" cried Squib; "I'll tell you something that'll bring me to your mind again. Do you remember breaking out of the ship one evening, along with three other boys, and going to the music-hall at Stonehouse?"

Laxdale shook his head.

"Dash it all! you must remember that!" expostulated Squib. "I was one of the four that night, and I can feel that caning still, on a cold day, and fancy the corporal laying it on stiff."



"That's your mess, Plain Hood, he snarled."

"Your memory is better than mine," said Laxdale, vaguely. "Do you remember what I was like as a boy?"

"Pretty like most other boys," said Squib, readily. "Brown hair, blue eyes, I think—or may be green—and so on. But you was always a pretty fighter, and had lots of pluck."

"Squib," said Laxdale, very earnestly, "you are utterly mistaken. I have nothing to gain by fooling you, and I swear that I am not Edward Bunter."

The sailor edged away and looked uneasy. "Look here, mate, stow it, can't you?" he said, reproachfully. "As you say, what the 'ell's the good of gammoning me. Why don't you keep that yarn for the quarter-deck?"

The frank incredulity of the sailor brought tears of self-pity to the eyes of the hapless officer. "Oh, my God!" he groaned; "can't you see I'm not a Bluejacket?"

"Stow it, mate," repeated Squib, edging still further away. "If you really believe what you're a-saying, you must be barmy, after all."

Laxdale disliked slang, but the repeated use of the word "barmy" had taught him its meaning. He did not wish Squib to think him deranged. A great longing to convince even this one man of the justice of his claim filled his weary soul.

"Listen to me, Squib," he said, eagerly; "I am not barmy, as you call it, and you may be of real service to me, if you choose."

"Well," said Squib, doubtfully, "I'm listening."

The sailor's manner was discouraging, but Laxdale poured out the tale of his misfortune, and never paused until he had related the whole story. When he had finished, he waited for some expression of sympathy, but Squib was mute and cold.

"Well," said Laxdale, "what do you say now?"

"I says," replied Squib, slowly, "that you're about the damndest liar that ever broke a biscuit. Ananias was a child compared with you, mate; and hang me if I know where you'll ever find a Sapphira to match you."

Laxdale groaned. He was too dispirited to resent the sailor's freedom of speech. He rose from the mess-table without another word.

"No offence, mate," said Squib; "I thought you'd have taken it as a compliment to your invention. I'm a bit of a liar myself."

At this point a number of men came clattering down the companion-ladder, and six or eight of them made their way to Squib's mess. "Has it gone four bells?" (6 p.m.) asked Squib.

"Yes," said one of the new comers. "They've piped your watch to fall in."

"Then I must shift," said Squib. "Look after this pal of mine, George, and give him some tea. He's just been let out of cells and ought to be peckish."

But here the sailor's judgment was again at fault, for "Plain Hood" displayed but poor appetite that evening.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

WHEN Bunter entered the ward-room mess that evening, in response to the invitation of the officers, he was not insensible to the social pitfalls that threatened to mar his enjoyment and imperil his position. With the aid of his obsequious "varlet," he had dressed himself with much care in the mess dress of the Hon. Roger. His linen was spotless and disagreeably rigid, a high collar gripped his hairy throat, and he had squeezed his aching toes into a pair of tight dress boots. The arrangement of his tie he had prudently left in the hands of Sparks; but, without consulting the valet, he had split the waistcoat up the back, lest he should be unable to do justice to the hospitality of his hosts. The one serious defect in his otherwise creditable "make up" lay in the arrangement of his hair. He had anointed his head with a quantity of grease, and plastered a favourite forelock upon his forehead, in the fashion approved by Miss Nelly Pratten and many other young ladies in the humbler walks of life. Yet, in the main, he looked well in his borrowed plumes, for man is commonly indebted to his tailor in more senses than one.

The sun had not yet sunk below the horizon, but the electric lamps had already been lit, and a warm, pink light suffused the mess-room. The bulkheads were adorned with various studies from the nude, carefully selected by Lieutenant Phœnix, the marine officer, who had some reputation as an amateur artist and lady-killer. Dancers in fleecy draperies and ladies of the harem combined to scandalise Mr. Theobald Cullen, the paymaster, who was an elderly officer with a Calvinistic conscience and a large family of ugly daughters. There were also a few nautical subjects, representing some of Her Majesty's ships tossing like inebriated flat-irons in mountainous seas of lurid green. Of these Phœnix disapproved; they were reluctant concessions on his part to the marine tastes of his messmates.

The mess was principally occupied by a large table, now laid for dinner, and glittering with the best electro-plate. There was no centre-piece; but a great ventilating shaft, thoughtfully provided by the designer of the vessel, ran

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through the middle of the table on its way to a stuffy flat beneath. This was painted white and gold, and was a prominent feature of the mess. A huge dockyard sideboard, with a brass rail, blocked one end of the room, and the narrow channel round the table was mined with mahogany-backed chairs. There was no room for any other furniture, except a stove and two leather arm-chairs. The latter were usually monopolised by the doctor and the paymaster when not engaged in eating or sleeping. If either of them incautiously quitted his arm-chair, young Phœnix got in, and stayed there. A number of sliding doors communicated with the officers' cabins, but these were now closed and hidden by curtains.

Such was the scene that Bunter looked upon for the first time in his new capacity as an honoured guest.

"Good evening," he said, rather timidly, for the officers were tossing for drinks and had not observed his entry.

At the sound of his voice they threw aside the dice-boxes and murmured: "Good evening, sir," in response, in varied inflections of welcome. Filmore made his greeting sound like a curse; Lyle's was pleasant; Parr's cordial; Dr. Terry's familiar; and all were embarrassing to the recipient. There was an awkward pause, and then Filmore cleared his throat and introduced Mr. Phœnix and the non-combatants. Amongst these was Mr. James Spanner, the chief engineer, an officer to whom Bunter had not yet spoken. He was a morose-looking man with a large head and bushy side-whiskers, and he made a clumsy, defiant bow when the introduction was effected.

"Will you take a sherry and bitters, sir?" asked young Phœnix, blandly.

"It isn't fit to offer a dog," said Spanner, bluntly. "Try a gin and bitters, sir. That's my poison."

"Yes, I'd rather have gin," said Bunter, nervously, and the marine officer blushed, for he was the wine caterer.

Bunter gulped down his gin and wiped his moustache with his fingers. As he did this he caught the eye of Filmore and felt that he had blundered, without knowing how. The silence was horribly embarrassing. He wished that they would talk freely and treat him as an equal; but he could think of nothing worth saying himself. At last Lyle broke the silence with some original remark about the weather, and this useful subject bridged the soup.

Etiquette placed Bunter in the centre of the table, and Filmore was almost hidden from him by the ventilator. Of this he was glad, for he felt that he had made an enemy of the man and did not wish to talk to him.

The marine officer was at the head of the table, being president for the week, and, as Bunter grew more at ease, he was amazed to note the elderly airs of the beardless youth. From his conversation you might have fancied that he had been cradled in luxury, and that he was accustomed to a rent-roll of five thousand a year. He was an authority, it seemed, upon the manners and customs of the nobility; the ethics of the stage; the ways of women; the arts in general, and the laws of sport; whilst he hinted delicately that he was rather better acquainted with the principles of military strategy than the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army. This gifted youth piloted the conversation, and the chief engineer punctuated it with dry sneers or damp snorts of incredulity. Mr. Spanner was democratic in his views and habits. He was of humble family, and generously supported a hungry brood of young brothers and sisters.

Bunter used the wrong knife for his fish and upset the melted butter down the leg of a marine servant. When he recovered from the confusion into which the accident plunged him, he found that Phœnix was discussing a recent marriage that had scandalised Society and raised a burlesque actress of shady repute to the immaculate British peerage.

"I knew her very intimately," Phœnix was saying, "when she played in 'Cupid's Dilemma' at the Trident. George Wiffin, the manager, was a friend of mine, so I had the *entrée* behind the scenes, and often drove down to the Star and Garter with her set."

"You sent her a wedding present, of course," said Spanner, gruffly.

"We had better change the subject," said Dr. Terry.

"So I think," said the man of the Calvinistic conscience.

"Why should we?" demanded Spanner. "If she's good enough to marry a lord, she's a fit subject for discussion."

"My dear Spanner," said Dr. Terry, "you could not be expected to know that Lord Bottlemore is related to the captain's family; but Phœnix should have been more careful in his remarks about the lady."

The youthful marine looked disturbed. "I hope, sir," he said, addressing Bunter, "that you will excuse my discourtesy. I had no idea that Lord Bottlemore was related to you."

"Don't mention it," returned Bunter, affably. "The doctor is wrong."

(To be continued.)

The Dog in Barracks.

By Callum Beg.

SOLDIERS, as a class, are renowned for their kindness to animals. Whether stationed at home or abroad, "Tommy" contrives to befriend some dumb creature of one species or another. In India he often lays the foundation of a very respectable menagerie, but at home he must of necessity content himself with animals more or less domesticated. Consequently, in passing through a barrack-room at home one encounters no living creature more terrifying than a dog or cat. The dogs and cats to be seen in barracks are not, however, animals of a common type. Each is possessed of manners and habits that distinguish it from all others of its race. The animals referred to are seldom the property of an individual.

Those that are "attached for pay and rations" to a section or company are more to be admired, though perhaps they are less interesting, than the "regimental" dog proper. Their affection is more constant, and they are to be found messing and sleeping with their "unit." The dog of the barrack-room is seldom of noble lineage, but his own history is sufficiently interesting to compensate for lack of incident in the lives of his ancestors. We say *ancestors*, but, after all, his own existence is the only proof that he possessed at one time even a mother and father. To search in the archives of the Kennel Club for any particulars of his descent would prove but futile. There is no mention of his parents either in the Stud Book or Register of Names. Nevertheless, if taken for what he is worth, he will be found more entertaining than the finest specimen that ever graced a show-bench. There is not infrequently some romance surrounding his introduction to barracks. He has probably been found somewhere in the vicinity in a dying state; or it may be that he has, in the depth of winter, boldly surprised the men of B Company in the midst of their evening meal, and after tasting of their bread and jam, has forthwith selected a cot near the fireplace, and become from that day one of the company. It is more than likely that his former quiet lot in a country farmhouse was not a happy one, and, burning with martial ardour and a desire to see the world, he has unhesitatingly attached himself to the first company of redcoats that has passed the stedding. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which he enlisted, it rarely happens that he has been purchased in the ordinary way.

Although, as we have said, this friend of man is usually the property of no particular individual, he invariably selects one soldier to whom he looks for his "bed and breakfast." He does not, however, regard him in the strict sense as his master. He is prepared to follow any of the men in the same room, nor does he refuse the extra tit-bits they offer him. He must surely have a keen sense of humour, for in nine cases out of ten he attaches himself to the "funny man," and many are the pranks they play together. If he be young at the time of joining the ranks, he is taught to jump, to smoke, to shoulder arms, and a score of other tricks. In the event of an entertainment, his name is coupled with that of the funny man, and we read on the programme that "Private Atkins and his Performing Dog Bones" will charm the audience.

Wherever the company goes Bones will follow, if he is given half a chance, though his behaviour is too often such as to disgrace, or at least to cause inconvenience to, the company. It goes without saying that Bones is every inch a sportsman. No wonder, then, that he is always present at musketry practice. He espies a number of "guns," as he fancies, and naturally infers that sport is to follow.

On reaching the range he soon realises that, though much powder is used, there is no slaughter. This is not his idea of sport; so, quietly leaving the firing-point, Bones moves off to a flank in search of excitement. If he fails to "find," what matter? He continues to career up and down until he stumbles on a flock of sheep. At once "the murder is out." The silly muttons commence a stampede, followed by their pursuer. Notwithstanding the noise of musketry, the sheep begin to cross the range, closely followed by Bones. Presently a red flag is hoisted at the firing-point, and the bugle sounds "cease fire," while a few men are sent out to drive away the sheep. But there is one of the flock that will never move again, for the bullet of the Lee-Metford has laid it low. Bones returns with his tail between his legs, realising as he does the whole situation. No individual is responsible for his conduct; for is he not the property of many? It is practically impossible, then, for anyone to be punished for Bones; but there is no mistaking the origin of a regimental order published the following day, to the effect that "dogs are on no account to accompany troops to the ranges." Despite this order, it is with difficulty that Bones can be kept at home, and he invariably finds a means of taking part in a route march, even if he should join his company some miles from barracks.

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The 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers at Work.

BRIDGE BUILDING.

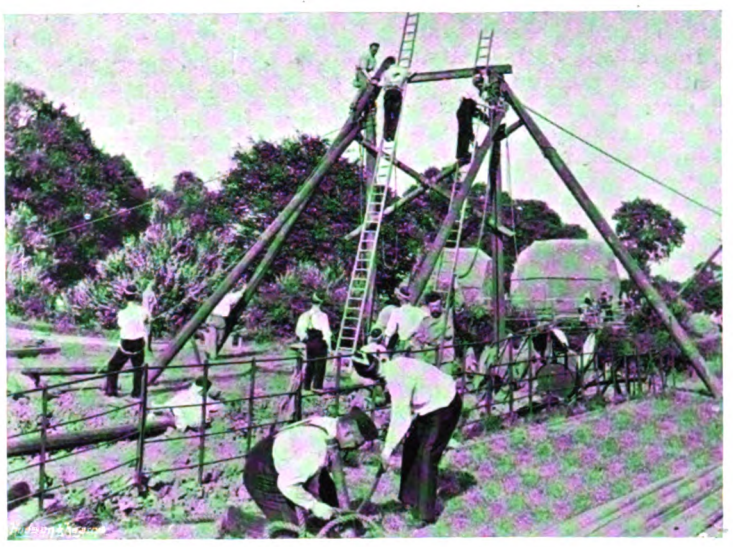
NO branch of our Citizen Army is so useful or so efficient as the Royal Engineers Volunteers. Their duties, as their title implies, are principally connected with engineering, more especially with that branch of it which is essentially military in its character. To them are chiefly entrusted the erection of temporary military buildings, such as block-houses, casemates, and powder magazines, as well as the construction of forts, redoubts, bridges, and siege parallels.

At the same time they must have some knowledge of drill and manœuvre and the general duties of a soldier. Nor are they accustomed to neglect these particular parts of their military education, as those of us who have witnessed an official inspection of any Volunteer Engineer corps can testify. Volunteer Rifle corps are wont to spend some days every year in regimental or brigade camps, where they are exercised both in drill and field movements. Elaborate schemes are carried out, and all movements in the field are made to approach as nearly as possible to the conditions of actual warfare.

Engineers, on the other hand, spend the greater portion of their time in camp in extending their technical knowledge, although drill is not altogether forgotten.

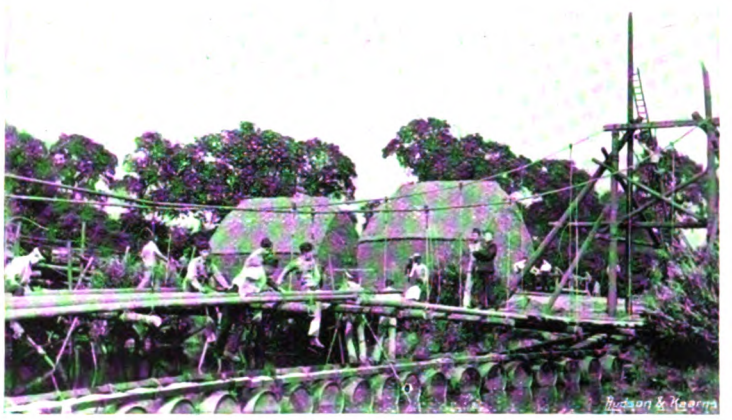
The accompanying illustrations give the reader some idea of the work carried out by the 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers when encamped for their annual training at Acton Engineering, it must be understood, is intimately connected with tactics, and a small body of Engineers, at least, accompanies every considerable unit in the field. The taking of a certain position is often a matter of being able to mobilise a number of men at a given point in a given time, and it is for this reason that bridging is such an important part of the Engineer's education. A temporary bridge thrown over a river near one already existing may often be the means of halving the time required to cross a river, and when the enemy has destroyed a bridge in order to gain time it is the Engineers that are looked to for the speedy erection of a means of crossing. The kind of bridge erected must always depend on a number of considerations which it would be out of place to enumerate in this article.

The accompanying illustrations depict the Tower Hamlets men at work on a suspension bridge in its various stages. First we see the frames being erected to which the cables are to be attached. The banks are prepared so that the roadway may rest evenly upon them. Then commences the work in earnest; the cables are made fast at either end, and soon the roadway is constructed and suspended as shown from the two strong cables, and in a very short time a handsome bridge is completed which can bear any required weight.

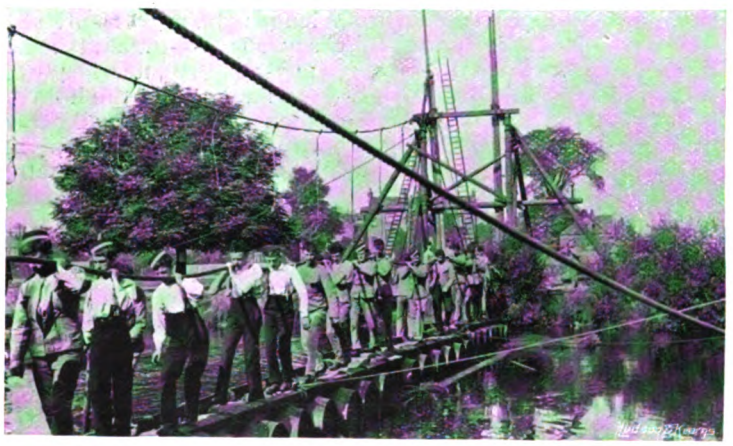


COMMENCING OPERATIONS.

"PULL TOGETHER, LADS."



NEARING COMPLETION.



PLACING THE CABLES.

THE RESULT.

Photos © Rowland. Copyright

THE ADJUTANT INSPECTS THE WORK.

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INCREASING THE BRAZILIAN NAVY.

ALTHOUGH British interests are everywhere, it is almost impossible to keep the attention of the British public fixed on more than one or two points of the globe at a time. Yet nowhere is the world standing still, and events are happening in all sorts of "furrin parts" which may be of far greater importance to us than those for news of which we now eagerly scan our morning and evening papers.

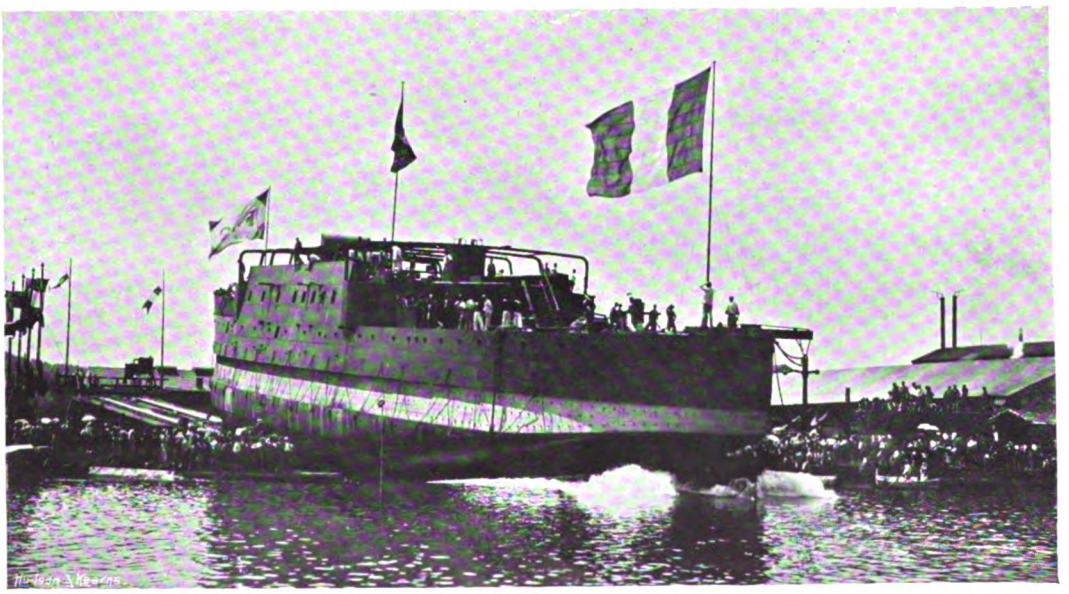
The launch of a ship for a South American State does not seem to be one of these events, yet it means something, and may mean much. Even South American Republics do not spend money on war-ships without reason, though, so far, they have only used them, with about one exception, to have an occasional bout with each other, or to serve the turn of this or that party in the political game of ins and outs. Still they have other ideas. They do not altogether like, for instance, the ease with which a European Power can send a cruiser or gunboat along, and obtain apology and compensation for some real or imaginary injury. They would be pleased if they could run another cruiser or gunboat alongside just to equalise the power of negotiation. Then we hear from German sources that for some time past there has been talk of a Confederation of the South American Republics so as to place them in a position not only to meet a European Power on something like equal terms, but also to keep in check the paternal, combined with the commercial, instincts of the United States of America.

These matters, perhaps, are still a little too remote to seriously interest the British public, though there is another question which never fails to exercise a certain amount of interest, and that is: Why should any foreign Power have a war-ship built in France when it can be done, one would think, so much better and cheaper in England? We need not "fash" ourselves, as the Scotch say, much about that, for in the first place we have plenty of war-ships to build of our own, and in the second place, as a Frenchman writing in *Le Yacht* the o her day had to acknowledge, the tonnage of the merchant ships building in the Clyde alone far exceeds the tonnage of all the merchant vessels being constructed in the yards of France, Germany, and Italy put together.

READY TO TAKE THE WATER.
The "Marechal Floriano" on the Launching Ways.

We will not, therefore, grudge the French the pleasure they had in seeing launched at La Seyne last month the Brazilian battle-ship "Marechal Floriano," the second of two ordered by Brazil from the Forges et Chantiers, the first being the "Deodoro."

The "Marechal Floriano" is a small battleship, having only 3,612 tons displacement, her length being 81½-mètres, say 267 2-5-ft., and beam 14 3-5-mètres, nearly 48-ft., with a depth in the hold of about 22-ft. She will carry two guns of 24-cm., one in each turret, fore and aft; four of 12-cm., two on each side; two mortars of 15-cm.; four 5·7-cm. guns; two 7·5-cm.; two 3·7-cm.; and two torpedo-tubes under water. She has two sets of engines, each set working a screw independently; and eight boilers, developing 3,400 i.h.p. The contract speed is 14 knots. Her company will number 200. The ceremony of launching her was very much the same as that to which we are accustomed nearer home. Admiral Guillobel, of the Brazilian Navy, conducted Mademoiselle Fournier, daughter of one of the directors of the Forges et Chantiers, to a platform draped with Brazilian flags near the head of the vessel, where, in the presence of the assembled company, she pressed a button which freed the bottle of champagne wherewith the vessel was christened.



Photos. Copyright. *THE LAUNCH.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Vessel Takes the Water.

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The Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

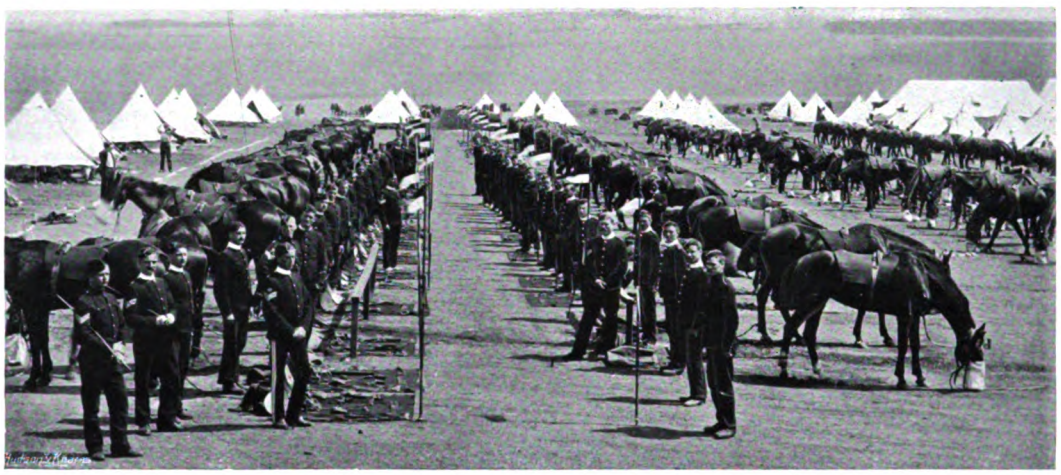
[FROM OUR OWN MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.]

ON July 1 you published a pretty set of pictures illustrating Salisbury Plain in the process of transition from a picturesque and by no means densely-populated country-side into a busy centre of military training. To-day I send to you half-a-dozen photographs showing a later stage of development. Before glancing at these in detail it will be well if I explain briefly the system that has been adopted in regard to this year's operations on the Plain. In the heading I have used the popular term "Manœuvres," but it will be readily understood that there is a marked distinction between manœuvres proper, as those carried out on the Continent, and such as it was attempted to carry out, though not with complete success, last year. What is now being accomplished on Salisbury Plain is a system of connected military training, by means chiefly of field days of much the same description as have been carried out for many years past in the various commands. But the bigger Salisbury Plain field days are on a very considerable scale indeed, and are rendered peculiarly instructive by the nature of the country over which they range. Between the field days battalion training and musketry are carried out under conditions far more conducive to real progress than those which obtain in an ordinary camp or station, if only for the fact that with the openness of a beautifully diversified expanse of country is combined a completely military atmosphere, only realised when a very considerable force of all arms is gathered together in close juxtaposition.

OFFICERS, R.A.M.C.
Cavalry Camp, West Down.

The training season has been divided into two periods, the first lasting from the end of June to the end of July, and the second from the last day of July to September 2. The idea has been that in each period a sufficient number of troops should be assembled to form two divisions of all arms. Included in the infantry have been a number of Militia battalions, who may well be congratulated on being able to combine their ordinary annual training with such magnificent opportunities of seeing and taking part in tactical exercises of a really extended description.

In the first period a special feature has been made of separate cavalry training at the Cavalry Camp at West Down, where two fine brigades, numbering some 3,500, have been most carefully exercised under their brigadiers, Major-General J. P. D. French and Colonel J. P. Brabazon, as well as under the supervision of the Inspector-General of Cavalry, Major-General H. F. Grant. In the second period, apart from the infantry training and the combined field days, there has been a special fortnight devoted to artillery drills, and lasting from July 31 to August 12. Under Major G. H. Marshall, R.A., there have been assembled no fewer than seventeen batteries, comprising over 2,200 Artillerymen of all ranks, with nearly 1,260 horses and 90 guns. The importance



SADDLE AND ARMS INSPECTION.
6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers).

Photos. J. J. Hunt. Copyright

CAVALRY CHURCH PARADE.
THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY OFFICIATING.

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of this grand assemblage cannot be overestimated. If there is one branch of training in which the Army is lacking, it is in the use of those great masses of artillery which go so far towards determining the issue on a modern battlefield. It is evident that in time the possession of a combined standing camp and manoeuvring ground on Salisbury Plain will enable this reproach to be completely removed. Meanwhile a gathering of nearly 100 guns must be regarded as a famous beginning.

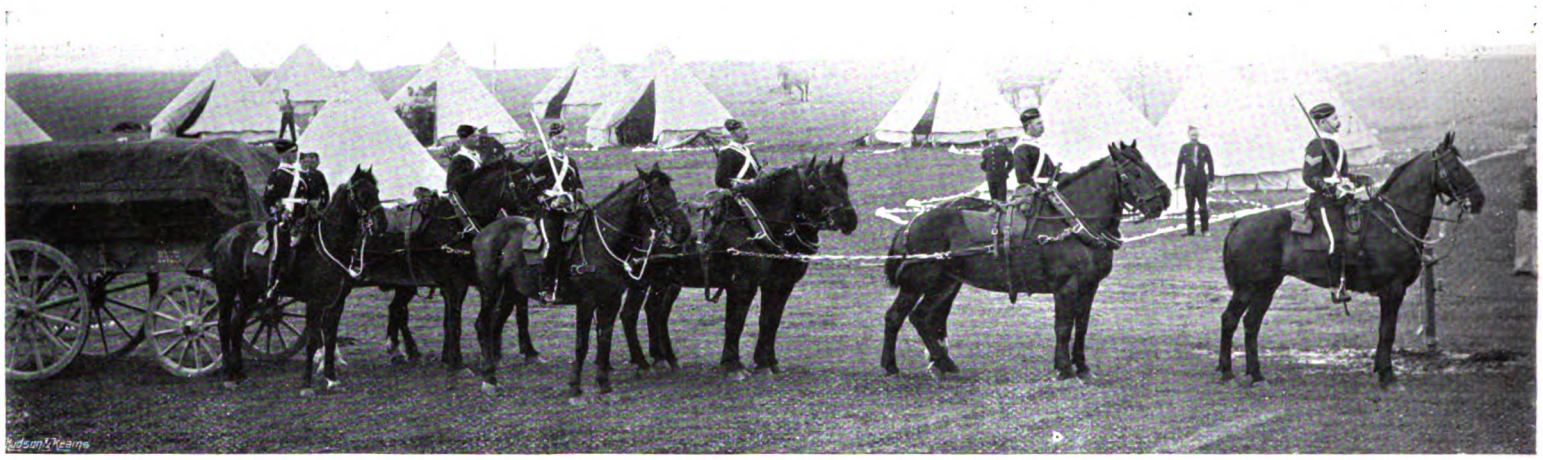
FOR HUNGRY SOLDIERS.
Army Service Corps' Meat Store.

In addition to the special sets of drills and exercises mentioned, the admirable training afforded to the departmental corps must be taken into consideration, a training the previous want of, or rather necessity for, which was forcibly illustrated in the operations of last year. In many respects for the Army Medical Service, the Army Ordnance Department, and the Army Service Corps, the work on Salisbury Plain is actually more instructive and exacting than it is on any ordinary campaign.

Turning to the illustrations, perhaps the most generally attractive of these is the picture of the church parade at the Cavalry Camp at West Down, with the Bishop of Salisbury officiating. A church parade is always a bright and interesting spectacle, but doubly so in a combined cavalry camp, where the diversity of brilliant uniforms lends additional colour to a scene of great beauty, and one surrounded for the thoughtful onlooker by many serious, not to say solemn, reflections. The picture which shows four horses being exercised near Wareham should be looked into, because it also gives an idea of the nature of the ground which prevails in many parts of the manœuvre area. It would have been absurd to choose as a training ground for the British Army a too easy piece of country, in which none of the physical difficulties of a campaign were indicated. This little picture shows that on Salisbury Plain, if you want to go across country, you must be prepared at times for inequalities of ground, somewhat trying alike to cavalry, infantry, and guns.

A portrait group shows the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps who are attached to the Cavalry Camp at West Down, and in another interesting picture, taken at the camp of No. 11 Company A.S.C., we have a team in manœuvre order, and mighty smart and serviceable it looks. The saddle and arms inspection, elsewhere depicted, is an interesting allusion to that fine regiment, the Carabiniers, who I may tell you have had many a thundering gallop across the open plain in the background of their camp.

The illustration of the meat store, showing the A.S.C. butchers, speaks for itself. The joints here displayed are of a pretty massive order and sufficiently abundant, but of course they represent only a very small fraction indeed of the tons of good fresh meat which disappear daily on Salisbury Plain.



Photos. J. J. Hunt. IN MANŒUVRE ORDER. *Copyright*
Team of Army Service Corps, No. 11 Company.

The principal military authority on the Plain is Lieutenant-General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, who is officially known as Director of Infantry Instruction. Sir C. M. Clarke is a very distinguished soldier, who was formerly Commander-in-Chief at Madras. Under him are Major-Generals Sir William Gatacre and Sir Leslie Rundle, both well known in connection with the recent operations in the Soudan, the first as General Officer commanding the British Division, the second as Lord Kitchener's Chief of the Staff.

Photo. Copyright. EXERCISING HORSES. *"Navy & Army."*
A Scene near Wareham.

Several most important combined field days have been held under Sir C. Mansfield Clarke's supervision and in the presence of Lord Wolseley and other distinguished visitors, including Lord Kitchener.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 134.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1899.*

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

"LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED."

"My snap-shot illustrates a not unusual occurrence in the streets of London, but the tiny mite has in this instance fallen into good hands; for what better protectors of innocence are to be found than our stalwart Life Guardsmen and the vigilant preservers of the peace?"—*From a Correspondent.*

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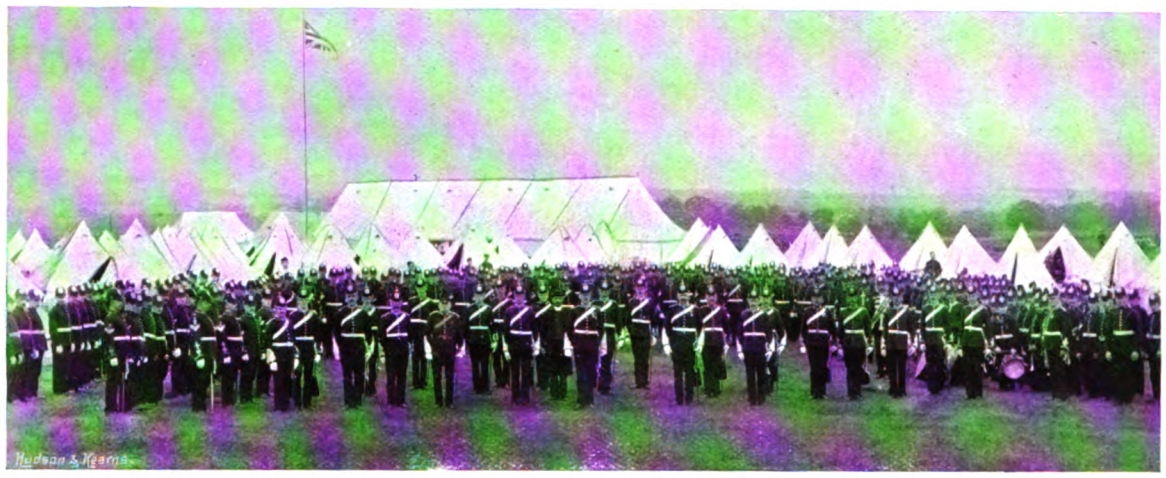
At Buddon Artillery Camp.

The Scottish National Artillery Association Meeting.

THE POWERS THAT BE.
Officers of the 1st Aberdeenshire Volunteer Artillery.

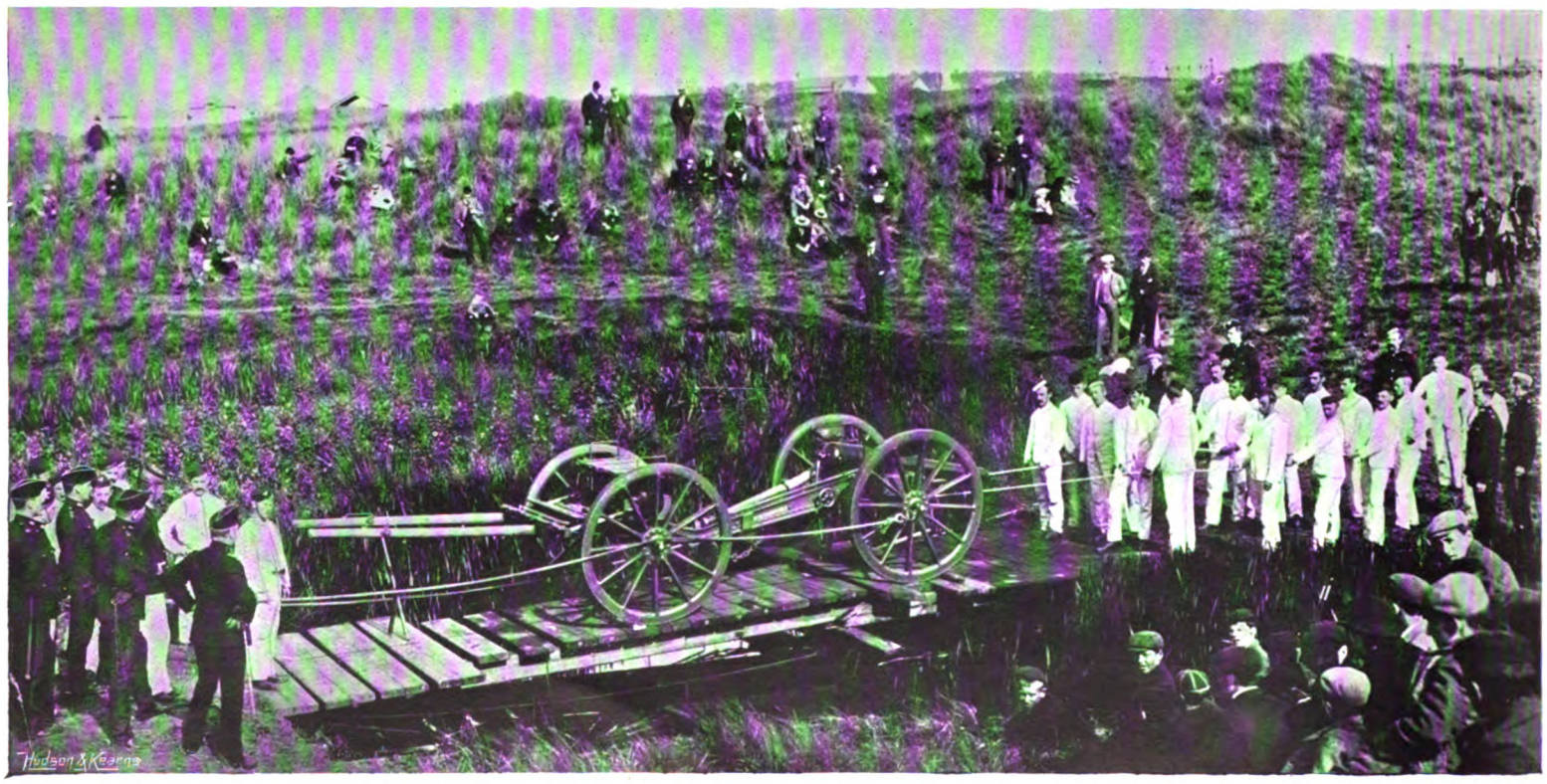
MOST of us, although we may not be intimately acquainted with the somewhat confusing technicalities which are inseparable from rifle-shooting, find a certain interest in attending rifle meetings. We run eagerly to Bisley to watch our sons shoot for the Ashburton Shield against other public schools, or it may be that we pretend to some interest in the destination of the Queen's Prize. Yes, there is no lack of interest even among laymen where rifle-shooting is concerned; but how few there are who know anything of our big artillery meetings!

On the face of it this is surprising, for as a nation with a large seaboard our Volunteer Artillery would be called to face the foe and defend our shores long before the Rifle Volunteers had to fall in.



SUNDAY ON BARRY LINKS.
Church Parade.

The two chief meetings which have for their object the encouragement of Artillery marksmanship are held at Buddon, in Scotland, and Shoeburyness, in England, and though the latter is, of course, the more important, being promoted by that influential body known as the National Artillery Association, it is with the former that we are here concerned. The meeting is held yearly in a lonely part of Fifeshire—Barry Links—and is under the auspices of the Scottish National Artillery Association. Like the camp at Shoeburyness, it is much more essentially military in its character than is the Bisley meeting, and strict military discipline is always maintained. This year's camp has recently been held, and the results were most gratifying to the association, which is supported not only by Artillery corps in Scotland but by many of the leading Artillery Volunteers in the North of England. The meeting is divided into two periods, and a number of men arrive to take part in each. The first period terminated on July 27; the second was continued until the following Saturday. Prizes were given, amongother things, for drill and laying, group firing, battery firing with four guns, firing at moving targets, and for the smartest battery. To the last-named a cup is given by Colonel Lord Playfair, commandant of the camp. As has been said, the whole of the proceedings are conducted on military lines; nor is church parade forgotten, and the men assemble in camp every Sunday, as they appear in the picture, to attend Divine worship.



Photos. Copyright. *BRIDGE TESTING—A HEAVY LOAD.* "Navy & Army."

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The Naval Demobilisation.

THE RETURN OF THE SHIPS TO THEIR PORTS.

THERE was once a French philosopher who said that he could not bear to see an old post uprooted with which he had been familiar. Had this philosopher held a position in the Royal Navy he would have died of grief. In the process of mobilisation and demobilisation a man may take away with him his worldly possessions, or such of them as he can stow in his bag, but that is all. This amounts to saying that he may take his clothes, his bedding, and a small box called a ditty-box, in which a few knick-knacks might find room. A marine goes a step further, and takes his full marching kit and shoulders his rifle whenever he is drafted to fresh quarters.

Everything else must be returned to store; and one of our illustrations of a ship paying-off after the manœuvres shows a motley assortment of ammunition-cases and protectors for points of steel projectiles, all of which have been carefully checked by the officer responsible for them, and which are being rapidly hoisted into a lighter for return to the Ordnance Store. Other gear, such as coal-bags, compasses, fenders, oars, and hammocks, is returned in the same manner to the Dockyard Reserve Store, where it is all checked, receipts given, and the gear placed in racks, duly ticketed, ready for the ship to be mobilised again.

If the reader visited the Dockyard Reserve Store at Portsmouth he would see all the gear ready for ships out of commission, even to the newly-built "Canopus"—that is, if he does not chance to hit upon a period when the "Canopus" has been commissioned for service.

The final cause for lamentation to the philosopher whom we quoted at the beginning of this article would be that, as a member of the crew, not only must he see all this pulling to pieces of what has been laboriously built up, but on a certain day which has been fixed for paying-off, he has to go himself, and must pack his bag, which is joined up with the rest of "the draft's" bags for conveyance to the General Depôt to which he belongs, either at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham.

So we see in one illustration a number of men in blue clothing waiting for the order to fall in ready for marching away, and in another illustration a working party collecting the bags to send to the same destination. After reporting themselves at this depôt, the men will be granted the leave approved by the Admiralty, and on their return await disposal to ships commissioning, or be sent through courses in the different training establishments, according as the drafting officers at the depôts decide, after they have studied each man's record of service.

In a sense, demobilisation is as severe a test of perfect organisation as is the earlier mobilising process, of which it is the complement.

It is true that the same absolute necessity for doing things within a certain time does not exist, but equally there must be a

READY TO MARCH AWAY.
Waiting for Orders to Fall In.

COLLECTING SEAMEN'S BAGS.
On the Jetty at Portsmouth.

Photos. Cribb. *AFTER THE MANŒUVRES.* *Materials to be Returned to Store.* Copyright

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place for everything, and everything must be in its place, or confusion would occur, which would be almost as detrimental to Naval efficiency as would a series of hitches at the commencement of, at any rate, the Manœuvres. Especially is this the case where ships are being commissioned at the close of the Manœuvre period, for with these it is essential that there should be no slipshod filling up, or any confusing mixture of orders and counter-orders to those who are to compose the new crews. Two classes of men, and one of ships, are specially affected by the demobilisation process. As regards ships, one cannot but think that, iron-hearted though they may nowadays be, fine battle-ships and cruisers and gun-boats must bitterly regret giving up the *Sturm und Drang* of the Manœuvres for the comparative obscurity of life in the Fleet Reserve with skeleton crews. Yet, sad as it is to subside into a humdrum and, generally speaking, inactive existence, these ships have generally profited by the brief spell of Manœuvre work, for the latter has not only necessitated their being put very obviously and completely in working order, but has involved a deal of extra furbishing up under the direction of energetic "Firsts" and zealous Bluejackets, ever ready to show pride in even a temporary sea-going residence.

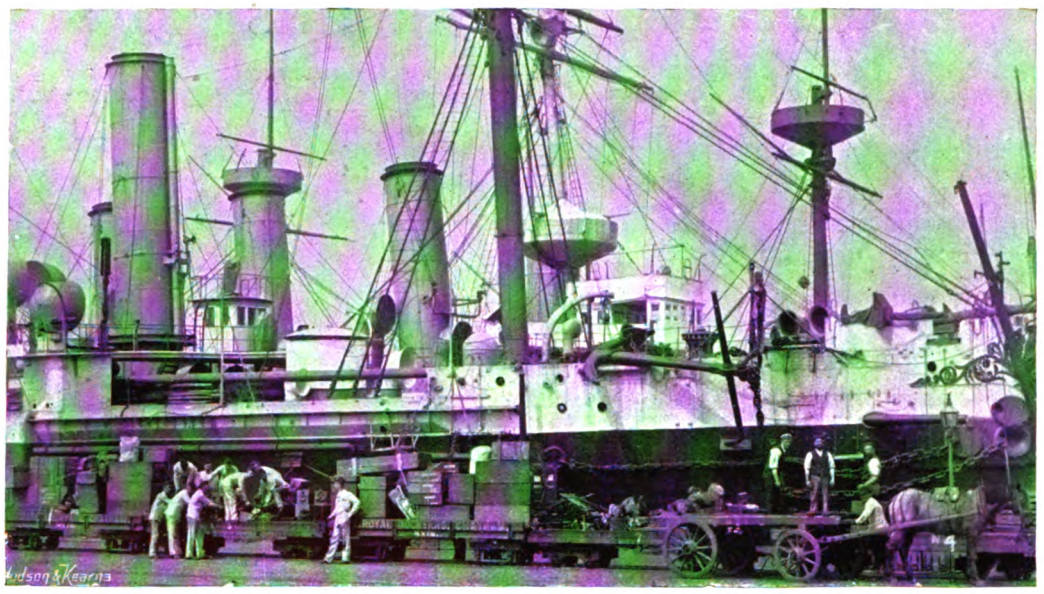

Photo. Moll & Wyles. THE RETURN TO THE "A" RESERVE. *Unloading the Ships in Dock.* Copyright

Photo. A. Debenham. A BUSY SCENE AT CHATHAM. *Leaving the Ship for the Depot.* *Ryde.*

As regards the human element, the men just home from foreign stations, who do not get their leave until after the Manoeuvres, are doubtless, in most cases, not sorry when the latter are over. Here and there, too, a coastguardsman, though glad to have had a change and a spell of the old sea duties, may feel that the little home he has established on shore is calling him, and that it is just as well that Manœuvres do not, as a rule, come oftener in the year than Christmas.

It has been aptly said that, whether he works on the quarter-deck or on the forecastle, the sailor at sea is on active service even when the times are times of peace. But there is a further stage of concentrated effort and complete alertness inseparable from even mimic Naval war, the good effects of which must be felt by everyone to whom the demobilising process had to be applied.

On Salisbury Plain.

IN former days—in fact, as recently as the beginning of the present century—"soldiering" was not conducted on the same scientific lines that it is at the present day. Even the Iron Duke himself relied to a certain extent on the courage and brute force of his infantry, for modern rifle fire had not rendered necessary extended order formation. The more scientific our methods become, the more competent must be the officers who direct the operations. Large bodies of troops are not nowadays directed according to the ideas of one man. The generals of 1899, although more learned in every branch of military education than their predecessors, are never loth to benefit from the information of juniors who are specialists in their several departments, and during manœuvres we find the leaders of the opposing armies or of divisions and brigades surrounded by a staff which represents some of the most up-to-date officers in the Army. The task of the staff officers at the various headquarters of the camps on Salisbury Plain is by no means an easy one. It is practically in their hands that all arrangements are left relating to food—that all-important item in a campaign — transport, intelligence, the framing of schemes, and a hundred and one other matters. With so many troops of every branch of the Service in camp their duties are many. To hold a staff appointment an officer must have graduated at the Staff College, where he is instructed in every branch of military work. He is afterwards attached to various branches of the Service to learn the duties of all the other arms; and when at length he has completed his special education, so to speak, he ought to be able to undertake any species of staff work, whether it be on Salisbury Plain, in Egypt, or elsewhere.

The accompanying illustration depicts General Sir Leslie Rundle and his staff halting for a moment at Ludgershall Village, near to which is the camp at Perham Down. Such a sight is not uncommon to visitors to the Plain, since the generals commanding are frequently in evidence.

GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE AND HIS STAFF AT LUDGERSHALL VILLAGE.

THE wearing of moustaches by infantrymen in the British Army did not become general until about 1855, or after the Russian War, when the warriors returning from that campaign made it fashionable. British soldiers had been slow to appreciate the "killing" value of this hirsute adornment, although as far back as 1798 some cavalrymen are said to have tried its effects on the ladies. It is claimed by the Worcestershire Yeomanry that they were the first to introduce the practice, copying, it is said, one of their officers who had served in the Austrian Army, which, at the end of the last century, was noted for the smartness of its appearance. The custom was slow in growing, and it was not until 1815 that it gained general favour with cavalry regiments.

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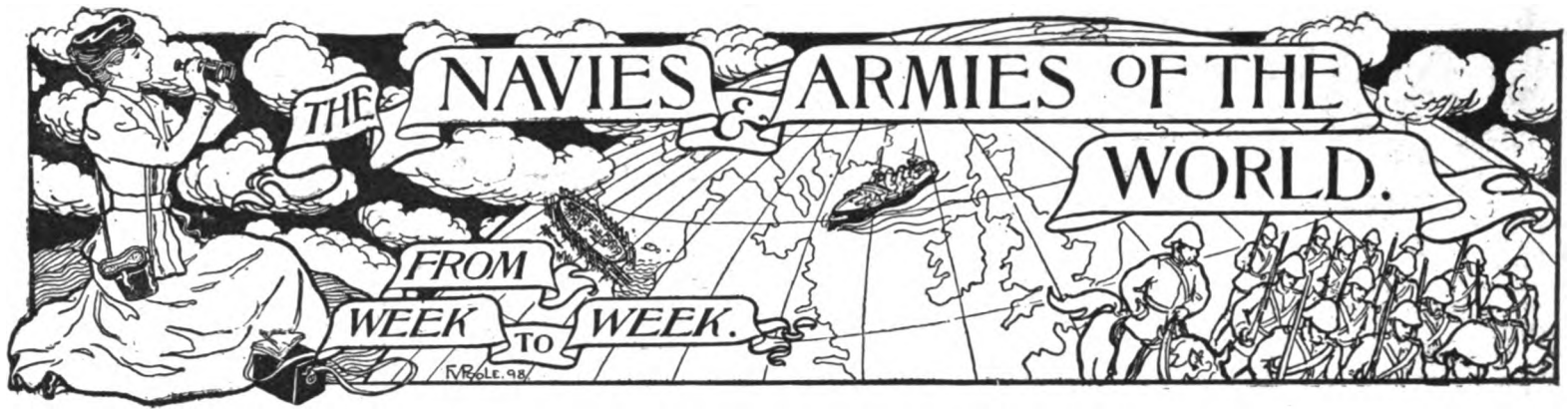

MY remarks on the lesson, so far as there was any lesson, of the Naval Manœuvres, have drawn down some friendly criticism from the *Naval and Military Record*. The *Record* appears to be reluctantly inclined to believe that I have fallen away from righteousness, and am become no better than one of the wicked who do not think that a navy is the most effectual defence of an insular country against invasion. Most assuredly it is. But to recognise this manifest truth is one thing; to hold that no invasion is possible while the power which is to be attacked over sea has a fleet which may interfere with the assailant, is quite another. This second proposition is controverted by the known facts of history. Châteaurenault landed men at Bantry Bay in 1689, though he had been sighted by Herbert off Kinsale beforehand. The old Pretender landed and got away during the Jacobite rising of 1715. In 1719 two Spanish frigates landed a body of troops at Kintail, in Ross-shire, and got back safely to Spain. In the '45 the Young Pretender landed, though he was actually attacked on his way by the "Lion." In 1781 the Count de Grasse invaded St. Kitts, in spite of the Naval threat of Hood's ships at Antigua. A little later on Hood landed men to reinforce our soldiers at Brimstone Hill, under the very nose of a much superior French fleet. Humbert was landed in Ireland, and another very inferior French expedition was put ashore at Fishguard in the Great War. In every one of these cases Naval forces were available to prevent invasion, but did not succeed. Other examples might be cited, but these are enough. What has been done so often can be done again.

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It is no answer to say that raiding invasions—to which class these examples belong, with the exception of Châteaurenault's, which must be treated by itself—have done no good in the long run. If they have not, that was because there were armed forces on shore to deal with them. We never tried raids against France in Napoleon's reign, because we knew that he had men enough to cut any expedition we sent to pieces. When we invaded in that war it was across the Spanish frontier, and with a great army. The moral here is that you can prevent invasion with a small force by making it morally certain to your enemy that he will be beaten if he does land. But to do this you must have disciplined men on shore. Again it may be argued that in several of the cases quoted the invader expected to be joined by part at least of the natives. No doubt he did, and therefore he took the risk. But if he were sure of meeting no armed opponent when he was disembarked, he would need no help from natives. Five thousand, or for that matter five hundred, disciplined men, with three or four machine guns, could march from John o' Groat's to Land's End if there were no other disciplined men to bar their way.

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It is a misfortune that this question is always fought by Naval School and Military School, and each wants to pull all the blanket to himself. The Naval School thinks itself belittled when anybody says that it cannot be relied on to prevent invasion wholly. The Military School is dimly suspicious that its importance is diminished when the Navy is called our protection against invasion. From the point of view of the third person who pays his taxes to be protected against the menaces of ruffians—as John Bright said when he was challenged to fight a duel—I think that both are needed. We want the fighting force at sea to shut the enemy up in his ports, or, at any rate, to make it hazardous for him to come into our waters. Then we want an effective Military force on shore to make it quite certain to him that he will be met by superior numbers of well-drilled and well-appointed enemies when he is disembarked. He will not run risks at sea only to incur an inevitable beating on land. The inevitable beating ashore would deter him, as it stopped us from raiding in Napoleon's time; but for us that is not enough, since we have the sea routes to keep open, and cannot do that except by means of the fleet. As for the part the fog played in these manœuvres, the fact remains that it proved a far greater nuisance to Admiral Rawson, who had to find where his opponent was, than to Admiral Domvile, who knew where he was going; therefore it did not affect the two sides equally.

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There is also a sentence in the *Record's* article which strikes me as revealing a depth of placid British self-sufficiency which is really very pleasing. "He (this writer, to wit) forgets that the imaginary invading army of Napoleon could effect no service at all if it were detected in time by the British fleet." "Why, b——," said Mrs. Jonathan Wild to her husband on a certain occasion, and, like that injured female, I also ask why? The only reason must be that whenever a British fleet meets a French one it must smash it all to pieces, and that quickly. But where was this discovered? Herbert did not smash Châteaurenault when they engaged outside Bantry Bay, nor prevent him from landing his men and stores, though he claimed the victory and was made Lord Torrington for the achievement. The fact is that our Naval history is full of battles with the French in which we have made a drawn fight of it, or have had only a little the better or the worse. The battle of Malaga in 1704, all Pocock's actions with D'Aché, all Hughes' actions with Suffren in the East Indies, Byron's action with D'Estaing near Granada, Rodney's one engagement to leeward and two to windward of Martinique with Guichen, Arbuthnot's battle with Destouches off the Capes of Virginia, and Graves' battle with Grasse in the Chesapeake, are examples. The fact is that the kind of criticism made by the *Record* is based upon nothing but the recollection of the great revolutionary war—the only period of our Naval history (with the exception of the Armada) about which we seem to care to know anything. Even in that we can rarely be got to look at what was not Nelson. This, however, is a wild way of collecting evidence for the formation of an opinion. Another invasion of the Barbarians or other crusades are as likely as another French Revolution. We must make a wider survey, and taking, as we ought to do, the whole struggle from 1689 downwards to Trafalgar, there is nothing to show that the complete rapid destruction of a French fleet—or a German one either, seeing that they are very like the Dutch, whom we never found it easy to beat, even when as at Camperdown we were greatly superior—must follow on a meeting between them and us.

* * * *

A kind friend of the Spaniards, who signs himself "Frédéric Pichereau," and writes in the *Figaro*, has been giving the Spaniards good advice. The sum and substance of it is that Spain should set about regaining a dignified position in the world by making ready for a war with England—not alone, of course, but in alliance with France and Russia. The Spaniards used to have a saying which went thus, "Con todo el mundo guerra, pero paz con Inglaterra"—war with all the world, but peace with England, which was the Power best able to interrupt their trade with America. M. Pichereau advises them to reverse the maxim, and shows them how they can do great things by placing a torpedo-boat squadron at Ceuta, and so shut the Mediterranean to England. The Spaniards are not good managers of their affairs, but they have more sense than their friend credits them with. They are quite capable of remembering that their torpedo-boats did not prove so successful at Santiago that they should trust them to stop the Straits to a British fleet. They have also sufficient shrewdness to ask what they are to get for playing cat's-paw to their kind friends in France and Russia.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 27, 1816.—Bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth's squadron of five line-of-battle ships, a 50-gun ship, four frigates, five brigs, and four bombs, together with a Dutch squadron of five frigates. The firing lasted seven hours and a-half, until the Dey's forts and batteries had been silenced.

August 28, 1796.—Capture of the French 60-gun frigate "Elizabeth," by the English 36-gun frigate "Topaze," off the coast of North America. A British squadron, to which the "Topaze" belonged, was coming up astern when the "Elizabeth" surrendered.

August 29, 1350.—Edward III.'s great victory over a Spanish fleet off the Sussex Coast, known as "l'Espagnols sur Mer." The King commanded in person, and led the attack, boarding one Spanish ship himself. The Black Prince was also in the battle, which ended in the complete defeat of the enemy, twenty-six of their largest ships being taken.

August 30, 1799.—Surrender to Vice-Admiral Mitchel and the British North Sea fleet of the Dutch fleet in the Texel, which we had been blockading since Camperdown.

August 31, 1807.—Capitulation of the Island of Heligoland to a British Naval and Military force under Vice-Admiral T. Macnamara Russell.

September 1, 1782.—Capture of the French 22-gun corvette "Aigle" off the coast of North America by the British 18-gun sloop "Duc de Chartres," after a very gallantly fought action of an hour.

September 2, 1781.—Capture of the French 32-gun frigate "Magicienne" by the British 50-gun ship "Chatham" off Boston. The "Magicienne," being a very fine vessel, was added to the British Navy under the same name, and continued a cruising ship for nearly thirty years. From her, through a regular line of successors, our present "Magicienne" takes her name.

AUGUST 27, 1756.—Major-General Abercromby detached Colonel Bradstreet with a force consisting of 3,103 men, mostly provincials, but comprising 154 regulars, to reduce Fort Frontenac, situated on Lake Oswego. This fort, held by the French, mounting 30 guns, surrendered after a two days' siege. 1776.—Conclusion of successful operations on Long Island. General Howe, with 15,000 men, effected a landing on Long Island on August 22. On the 25th he was reinforced by two brigades of Hessians. Fighting took place every day, till on the 27th General Putnam, who commanded 10,000 Americans, finally evacuated the island. His loss was 3,000 men, that of the British 318.

August 28, 1799.—Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Abercromby took possession of the Helder, which had been evacuated by the Franco-Batavian troops, after sharp fighting lasting several days, and the whole Dutch fleet fell into our hands. The loss of the British was 453.

August 29, 1778.—Major-General Prescott captured the last position held by the Americans on Rhode Island.

August 30, 1842.—The Afghans, 12,000 in number, routed by Major-General Nott at Gonine. General Nott had 7,000 troops, but only attacked with half his force.

August 31, 1751.—Captain—afterwards Lord—Clive, with 200 British troops and an equal number of Sepoys, captured the town of Arcot, which was abandoned by the enemy on his unexpected arrival, after an arduous march. 1813.—At the combat of Vera, in the Pyrenees, Lord Wellington attacked the French lines held by General Clauzel, and drove them from their camp beyond Urdax. 1813.—San Sebastian captured by assault by Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. The British and Portuguese troops lost during the siege and the assault 2,500 of all ranks.

September 1, 1748.—The French and French Sepoys driven from their advanced post in front of Pondicherry. The French commander M. de Paradis, and 1,200 of his men were killed, and many wounded. Ensign Clive greatly distinguished himself on this occasion. 1880.—Sir Frederick Roberts, with 32 guns and 90,076 men, defeated with great slaughter the Afghans, under Ayoub Khan, who had an equal number of guns, and in men greatly outnumbered him, just outside Candahar. Ayoub occupied a very strong position. The British loss—including three or four men killed and wounded in the previous day's reconnaissance—was 248 of all ranks.

September 2, 1795.—The castle of Namur was surrendered by Marshal Boufflers to William III. 1801.—The town and forts of Alexandria were taken possession of by General Hutchinson. The French commander was General Menou.

Wireless Telegraphy on Board the "Europa."

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM, R.N.

DURING the recent Fleet Manœuvres, as my readers are doubtless aware, Marconi's apparatus for sending messages without the aid of a continuous wire was fitted up on board three vessels in the Reserve Fleet, in order to test the efficiency of this method for the purposes of Naval warfare. The vessels so fitted were the "Alexandra" battle-ship, carrying the admiral's flag, the "Europa," first-class cruiser, and the "Juno," second-class cruiser.

The experiments proved to be of the greatest interest; but before describing the manner in which they were carried out, and the practical results arrived at, it may be well to give a brief account of the principles of the invention, and the apparatus required to work it.

In ordinary telegraphy the current of electricity—to use the popular term—is conducted from one place to another by means of a wire; and, without this channel to hold it, there is no possibility of communication. Cut the wire, and you are done. The current is confined to this conductor, and can only reach the spot aimed at by its means.

Wireless telegraphy, on the other hand, depends entirely upon the communication of a series of waves to that mysterious and impalpable medium which is known as "ether," these waves spreading on all sides like the little ripples caused by dropping a pebble in a pond. It sounds very impracticable, for how, in the first place, are we to set the waves in motion? And how is the receiver of the message to catch them in any particular place?

The manner in which the "splash" is caused is simple enough. The apparatus required consists of a battery and an induction coil, the primary wire of the latter being connected to the battery with the intervention of an ordinary key, which leaves a gap in the circuit. On pressing the key, the circuit is completed through the primary wire, and this induces a powerful current in the secondary wire, or, rather, an extremely rapid series of currents, caused by a "make and break" arrangement which works with tremendous speed, producing the well-known buzzing sound of the induction coil. One end of the secondary wire goes to earth, the other to a brass knob, and thence the current jumps across a space—greater or less, according to the power of the battery employed—to another brass knob, causing what is, in fact, a little flash of lightning. The second brass knob is in connection with a wire receiver, hung up aloft as high as possible; and the tension of the electricity being very high, it spurts off this receiver in little discharges at inconceivably small intervals. And here is our "splash"; we have dropped in our pebble and set the ripples going.

The higher the receiver, the further the waves will extend, becoming weaker as they near the outer limit; and in order to utilise this current in wave form, there must be somewhere within the effective radius a receiver, suspended aloft, precisely similar to the one which gives out the waves. This condition being fulfilled, we may imagine a succession of these almost infinitely rapid discharges reaching our friend's receiver, and traversing the wire attached to it. The rapidity of these disruptive discharges is so great that, if we write down the figures at which they are approximately calculated, they convey but little meaning to the mind—800,000 per second! No wonder they should appear to us in the form of a continuous current, and the spark between the brass knobs of the induction coil as a thin line of fire.

Now we have got our electricity into our friend's receiver and down the connecting wire attached to the little instrument which really forms the most important link in the whole chain. This is the "coherer." It consists of a little glass tube, containing two silver plates very nearly touching, and having between them some exceedingly minute filings of nickel and silver. The wire from aloft comes to one plate, the other is connected with earth, passing on its way through the primary wires of an induction coil. So we are shaping for a complete circuit, only interrupted by that little space between the silver plates.

Now the tiny filings come in and do their part. The

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tremendously rapid but feeble waves cause the filings to cohere and decohere with corresponding rapidity, thus producing a sort of sympathetic wave-action among them, resulting in the passing of a practically continuous current between the silver plates and so on through the primary wire of the induction coil, inducing a stronger current in the secondary wire. This current, however, is still far too feeble to work a telegraphic recorder, and is, moreover, unsuitable for the purpose, consisting as it does in reality of a series of disruptive discharges; so a well-known expedient in electrical apparatus is introduced. The weak current, by the interposition of delicate electro-magnets, puts on a stronger battery, which, in its turn, works the recorder.

Such, very briefly stated, is the general principle of the Marconi apparatus. There are some obvious drawbacks as regards its practical employment. In the first place, its sphere of action extends on all sides; anyone situated on or within the circle reached by the widest ripples, and being possessed of an apparatus with a receiver in sympathy with that of the sender, will take in the message as readily as the person for whom it is intended. This defect is certainly being tackled, and it is said that in some instances the effective arc has been reduced to a mere segment of a circle; but as yet it must be taken, as a rule, to be nearly 360-deg. Again, the height of the receiver is a very important factor; and, so far as can be seen at present, in order to communicate over any great distance—say hundreds of miles—the receiver must be carried at a height which would be quite impracticable afloat. Another drawback is the comparatively slow speed at which it can be worked, making a long message a tedious process. This is said to be due to the coherer, which cannot convey the wave-currents quite as fast as they reach it.

The first-mentioned is obviously the most serious defect. It is true that, in order to take in a message, the receiver must be precisely similar, and there may be a vast variety of receivers. Still there is always something more than a possibility of the enemy possessing a similar one; and even a cypher is not always a safeguard.

Talking to the "Juno" Forty Miles away.

However, the apparatus as applied for practical purposes, in peace or war, is in its infancy, and there is but little doubt that vast progress will be made in the next year or two. Meanwhile, the outcome of the practical test at sea is encouraging in the extreme.

When the Reserve Fleet first assembled at Torbay, the "Juno" was sent out day by day to communicate at various distances with the flag-ship; and the range was speedily increased to over 30 miles, ultimately reaching something like 50 miles. At Milford Haven the "Europa" was fitted out, the first step being the securing to the main topmast head of a hastily-prepared spar, carrying a small gaff, or sprit, to which was attached the receiver, the wire from it being brought down to the starboard side of the quarter-deck through an insulator, and into a roomy deck-house on the lower after bridge which contained the various instruments.

When hostilities commenced, the "Europa" was the leading ship of a squadron of seven cruisers despatched to look for the convoy at the rendezvous. The "Juno" was detached to act as a link when necessary, and to scout for the enemy, and the flag-ship, of course, remained with the slower battle squadron.

The "Europa" was in direct communication with the flag-ship long after leaving Milford Haven, the gap between reaching 30 or 40 miles before she lost touch, steaming ahead at a fast speed.

Reaching the convoy at four o'clock one afternoon, and leaving it and the other cruisers in charge of the senior captain, the "Europa" hastened back towards another rendezvous, where the admiral had intended remaining until he should hear whether the enemy had found and captured the convoy. But scarcely had she got well ahead of the slow ships when the "Juno" called her up, and announced the admiral coming on to meet the convoy. Now the "Juno" was at this time fully 60 miles distant from the "Europa," and the news could consequently be communicated in a minute or two over 120 miles of sea. A cruiser steaming 18 knots would take over six hours to get within signalling distance, in the clearest possible weather.

Now imagine a chain of vessels, 60 miles apart; only five would be necessary to communicate some vital piece of intelligence from a distance of 300 miles, receive in return their instructions, and act immediately, all in the course of half-an-hour or less.

This is possible already. Doubtless a vast deal more will be done in a year or two, or less; and meanwhile the authorities should be making all necessary arrangements for the universal application of wireless telegraphy in the Navy. The outfit is not expensive; £120 would probably fit up any ship, and it is sure to become cheaper in time.

It might be imagined, from the manner in which the current, so to speak, is conveyed, that any solid substance directly interposed between sender and receiver would seriously interfere with, if not altogether destroy, the practical efficiency of the apparatus; it would not be surprising, in fact, considering the curiously intangible nature of the link connecting the two stations, if a gale of wind or a thick fog were to constitute a formidable obstacle.

As a matter of fact, these curious waves are not in any way affected by such trifles as fogs or gales of wind; indeed they appear to revel in a fog, and give remarkably good results.

It has further been ascertained recently that four or five miles of solid cliff make no sort of difference to these waves. Like their first cousins, the X-rays, they decline to recognise the existence of solids, and so long as the height of the receivers is duly proportioned to the distance, they ripple merrily in all directions, and "call up" anyone within range. It is not a matter for surprise, among those who have worked at this science, that this should be the case, as the more deeply the characteristics of electricity are investigated, the more clearly does its marvellous adaptability and universal presence come out.

Some humorous faddist has been trying to prove that the earth is flat, from the fact that two ships 60 miles apart can communicate by this means; it is rather an old joke, but this apparently incongruous communication by wave-forms through a considerable slice of ocean affords a good peg whereon to hang a revival of the theory.

A curious illustration of the great tension of the current, as carried from the induction coil to the masthead, was noticeable in the induced current in the wire backstays. When the operator was at work sending a message, on looking closely at the backstay a little spark could plainly be seen playing between the wire and the small tarred rope which protects it from chafe.

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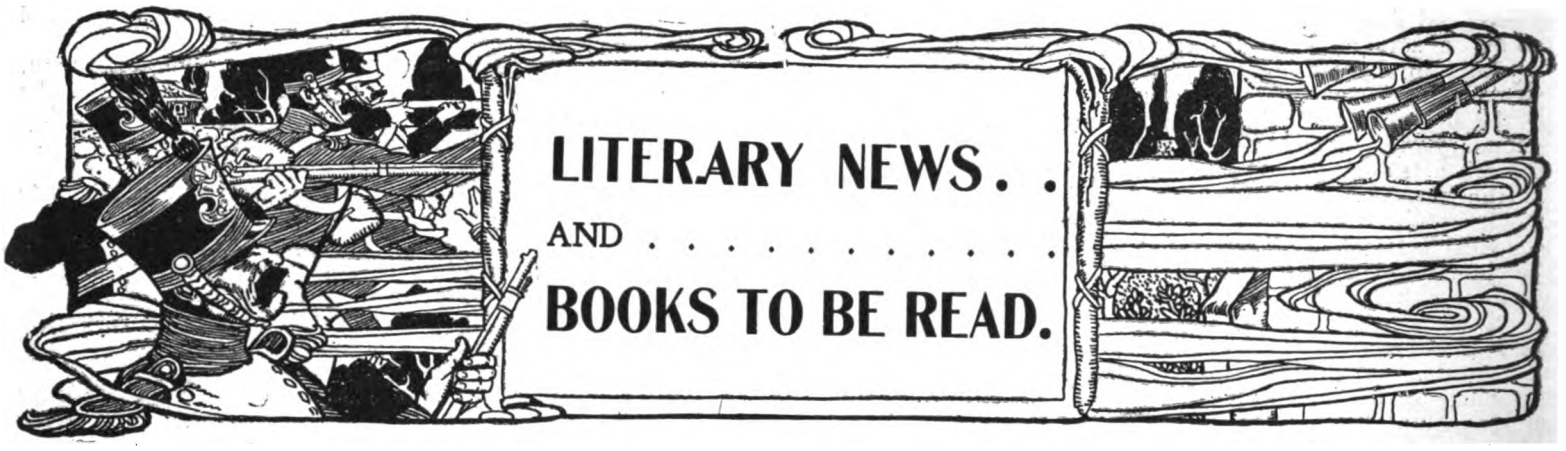

I HAD read many pages of a volume entitled "An American Cruiser in the East" (R. H. Allenson, 12s.), which I took with me for a summer holiday, before I discovered that it is not quite a recent record of travel. The author is Fleet-Engineer John D. Ford, of the United States Navy, and I suppose the late events in the Philippines have led him to publish his reminiscences, with the addition of certain appendices. However, I can safely assure the reader that he will enjoy the book, for it is one of the most entertaining narratives of travel that I have lately read. Mr. Ford is a very shrewd and careful observer, alert as to what is worth seeing, and knowing how to record his impressions. He does not always penetrate very deeply, and subsequent events—for he wrote much of his story before the war between China and Japan—have not always confirmed his judgments. But, just because he is an open-minded observer rather than a politician or a moralist are his pages so thoroughly readable. To begin with, he traversed regions little known to the English reader. The bark-rigged "Alert," with an old armament, left San Francisco for the Aleutian Islands and Behring Sea, there to hunt for illegal sealers; but the international dispute on the question of pelagic sealing had not come to a head when Mr. Ford wrote, and is not mentioned in the book. The United States vessels cruised for protection, he says, at great disadvantage, because the sealers and whalers had become very expert in evading them, and, while keeping a sharp look-out for game, were quick to discern tall masts and funnels. An excellent account of the sealing is given, but the hunting—save the mark!—is mere cold-blooded commercial butchery.

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From these depressing scenes, and the still less inviting region of Kamtchatka, with head winds, fogs, wallowing seas, tamed a little by oil, hatches battened down, and general discomfort, the "Alert" steamed almost suddenly into the summer of joyous Japan. An exceedingly bright account is given of the sights and scenes of this happy land. We are introduced to the cosmopolitan bustle of Yokohama, the merry laughing people, the jollity and brightness of the place where the Americans first touch the land. Then we have a peep at Yokosuka, the naval arsenal, where the little begrimed fellows are seen at their work of bending, framing, rivetting, or plating, all so cleverly done as to be a revelation. Next we are carried on to famous Tokio, even to a chrysanthemum fete at the palace, and are bidden to observe the intense love the Japanese have for nature, and the spirit that leads them out to visit waterfalls, mountains, or other beautiful scenes. All Japan, says Mr. Ford, is a paradise for the aged and the children, and he seems himself to have found it a paradise, though he stands between the two. The aged are respected, the infants never squall, and sadness sits upon no man's countenance. What makes this the more pleasant is that it is all lighthearted, and does not seem to be akin to the Horatian *carpe diem*, to epicurean cynicism, nor to the sybaritic sipping at the ruby cup that modern decadents delight to find in old Omar Khayyam. In short, Mr. Ford gives quite an entrancing account of Japan and the Japanese. He had evidently a disposition to be pleased, and he found much to satisfy him even in Korea. The arts and manufactures of Japan, Korea, and, in a measure, of China are described in very entertaining fashion, for the "Alert" visited Shanghai, Ningpo, Amoy, Canton, Hong Kong, and other ports.

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It is rather curious to read an American officer's account of Manila before the Yankees had the least thought of occupying the place. Generally the account is appreciative, though Mr. Ford did not like the Spaniards as well as the Japanese. But this is perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book. The appendices deal with the Japan-China War and the late events in the Philippines. Mr. Ford was in the "Baltimore" at the battle of Manila, and he gives a vigorous account of what he saw, though I think without adding much to our knowledge. The Spaniards, he says, made a splendid fight for their country, and poured out their blood like water. But I do not commend Mr. Ford's book because of its accounts of war and Naval or Military affairs. Indeed, it appears rather feeble in some respects when it describes them. It is simply a well-penned narrative of travel that will scarcely fail to please any reader, by reason of its excellent matter and easy style. Not the least attractive feature of the book is its admirable series of pictures, which considerably exceed 200 in number. Nearly all are from photographs, and there are very few that are not good. It is long since I have seen a book of travel so successfully and profusely illustrated.

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The bulk and great specific gravity of this volume may not commend it to all holiday-makers who may look for more imaginative literature in smaller compass for their amusement. A novel of many merits in such case is "Whose Deed?" by Hadley Welford (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). The rather curious announcement has reached me that the gentleman who chooses to conceal himself behind this pseudonym has been making a diligent study of the methods of Wilkie Collins, and has desired to produce a romance in his manner. It was not wise to challenge a comparison, for the author of the "Moonstone" had a particularly happy power of throwing the glamour of a particular fascination over his closely knitted plots. His mysteries were so enthralling that they impelled us to the solution, and he had a firm grasp of individual character. "Whose Deed?" is a clever story, that may stand on its own merits, though it has not the hold upon us that Wilkie Collins might have exercised. There is a mystery in it that is not unravelled until the end, and the reader does not expect the strange *denouement*. Where the book is weakest is in its characterisation. On the other hand, the plot is developed with remarkable skill, and every point in the evolution of the story is used with consummate ability. We are taken to Whitby, where the sweet heroine Kate, and the ultimate hero, George Davenant, are accidently thrown together. Kate, at the time, is engaged to a young fellow in Millwood, Percy Grimslade, who is mysteriously murdered, and disfigured beyond recognition by the action of vitriol in some chemical works. His rival is one Cascarodi, whose ancestry was in the land of Vendetta. The police blunder, and the young lawyer Davenant seems to exercise the discernment of a Sherlock Holmes. Strange incidents are discovered, and new light is constantly being thrown upon the mystery. Let not the reader jump to conclusions. I will not spoil his enjoyment by divulging the sequel. These false scents are part of the author's cunning, and he brings us to a quite unsuspected conclusion, the discovery being made in a very original fashion. It is a well written story.

* * * *

"Reveries of a Widow," by Teresa Dean (Routledge, 6s.), is a very different book—a book that has caused some sensation in America, and is reprinted here. Do not be deceived by the figure of the lady in the bathing costume, and the red cloak, outside. This is something of a tragedy. It attracts by its originality of monologue self-revelation, it fascinates by its air of cynicism and gaiety, it lays hold by its essential interest, and it grips by its final pathos. The widow looks at life by the light of experience. There *was* "Under the Grass"; there *is* "Over the Grass"—the man who has wronged her; and there is Jack. It is in America, where the bonds are loose, perhaps, but Teresa Dean felt the need of her final catastrophe. She has given us a charming widow, an original creation, an individualised character, a true woman, priding herself, with her two "pasts," upon a certain cynical outlook which she has over the word of men, but at every moment revealing herself. Here is some of her social philosophy, "You forgive because the conventions of society demand that there be no scandal. You 'believe' because, if there be no decisive step taken, your own self-respect demands that you believe; suspicion, even, is beneath you. You must 'believe' if you stay in 'harness'—otherwise you condone and lower your own high standard of womanhood." One might go on quoting many things worth quoting in this original book. It is slight, but sufficient, and there is something exceedingly clever in the manner in which the character of the widow is developed to the final expression of agonised emotion. I do not know anything exactly like it, and it will add interest, and be a subject of conversation, in the hours of these summer holidays.

* * * *

I suppose most people know what to expect in a novel by Dora Russell. They do not expect to be moved profoundly, or to discover any great mastery of character. They only expect to be interested, and to find amusement for an hour or two. From this point of view "Her Promise True" (Digby, Long, and Co.) may be pronounced a success. Love's young dream blighted by schemes of calculating elders, the trail of domestic perfidy, the suppressed letter, the long void and the broken heart, the reckless resolve, the headlong course, the treachery disclosed, the flight, the shame, the entry of Death too soon, the wrong not righted, the recoil, and the doleful end. It is all conventional. Many a novel good and bad has been written on these lines. They are tragic elements out of which much may be made by writers of power and insight into the heart of things. Miss Dora Russell is content to be readable and to interest. In that she has succeeded, and there is considerable ingenuity in the skill with which she has worked out some of the lines of her plot. Her characters are tolerable, but, like pieces upon a board, are moved at will, and the dialogue is often artificial. In short, the story has something of a machine-made character. Its merit is that there is movement in its scenes, and that the plot interests the reader. It is a suitable book for the summer season.

* * * *

"Seventy-one Not Out" (Blackwood, 6s.) is a book that I commend to all lovers of cricket. They will congratulate Mr. William Caffyn that he has not yet completed his "innings," and even wish him a "century." He is a genial votary of the game, who was long a member of All England and United Elevens, of the Surrey County Eleven, of the Anglo-American team of 1859, and of the Anglo-Australian teams of 1861 and 1863. His reminiscences going back over that long period are excellently told, and make past times live again. Mr. Caffyn delights in his experiences, and thinks he could have produced from among his old associates an eleven equal to any of the present generation.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Transvaal Crisis.

STRATEGIC POINTS AND COLONIAL TROOPS.

Photo. H. W. Armstrong. Copyright

DURBAN, THE PORT OF NATAL—WHERE THE REINFORCEMENTS WILL LAND.

TO properly appreciate the fine series of pictures with which we here illustrate the Transvaal Crisis, the reader should make at least a preliminary reference to his Atlas. If he cannot conveniently do so, he should recall one or two salient points in connection with South African topography. Without going deeply into purely strategical details, it may help him if we briefly recapitulate the principal points at which preparations have necessarily been made both to resist a possible, though not probable, Boer eruption and to facilitate the advance of any punitive force on our part.

On the east and south-east of the South African Republic, and to the east of the Orange Free State, lies the colony of Natal, of which Zululand is now a Province. This region teems with battle memories in connection with both the last Boer and Zulu Campaigns. In it there are now three principal military stations — Pietermaritzburg, Ladysmith, and Eshowe. The railway runs up from Durban or Port Natal through Pietermaritzburg and Ladysmith to the border township of Charlestown, whence it is continued through Transvaal territory to Johannesburg. The angle formed by the Newcastle district, which juts out between the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, is a position of great strategical importance, a fact clearly recognised by the military authorities in the formation of a camp at Laing's Nek. Travelling westwards, and to the south of the Orange River, we are in Cape Colony, part of which runs conterminous with the Orange Free State, but which has only one district—Kimberley—abutting on the Transvaal. Taking now a northward course, we journey through the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the capital of which is at Mafeking, within a few miles of the Boer frontier, into Rhodesia. The capital of the latter is, as every latter-day schoolboy knows, Bulawayo, from which the railway runs down through Mafeking, Vryburg, and Kimberley to Cape Town.

In the preceding paragraph we have to all intents and purposes the strategical position in a nutshell, so far as the Transvaal is concerned. But in any trouble, such as might ensue, we have to think not only of the Boers, but also of a possible native rising. While for offensive purposes British regular troops would chiefly be used, there is no question that the Volunteers and local police would, in addition to being employed to some extent on the frontier, be invaluable in suppressing any internal disturbance. As will be seen from the accompanying pictures, these forces are of a very high order of military efficiency, and for some purposes no doubt would be more useful than regular corps trained in the latest principles and practice of modern war.

Photo. Victoria Photographic Co. *DRUMMERS AND BUGLERS.* Copyright

Durban Light Infantry.

Turning to the pictures, one which naturally claims our first attention is the panorama of Durban, the famous port of Natal. Here are landed any British troops ordered for service in this beautiful colony, and, as will be seen from the picture, the view from the Berea, the hill on which the houses of the leading residents are grouped, is a striking one. Conspicuous is the "Bluff" in the distance, covered with natural forests to the water's edge, and with a lighthouse and battery on its summit. The harbour is not a particularly

Photo. J. W. Clarke. Copyright

A CRACK COLONIAL CORPS—THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.

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Photo. J. W. Clarke. MAXIM GUN DETACHMENT. Copyright
Natal Mounted Police

good one, the entrance running shallow owing to the bar. Under the advice of eminent engineers the north pier is being extended and large works carried out with a view to the permanent improvement of what is undoubtedly a port of great Imperial importance. A companion picture is a portrait group of the drummers and buglers of the Durban Light Infantry taken at the camp near Pinetown, with Sergeant-Instructor Wallace Henderson, late of the 99th Regiment, on the right. It is quite likely that this workmanlike little crowd will play in not a few British battalions landing peacefully or otherwise at Durban in the immediate future, assuming, of course, that they are not required for sterner service on the Transvaal frontier.

The Natal police, of which we reproduce a graphic photograph, is one of the best equipped and most efficient of our colonial troops. We use the word "troops" advisedly, for in every respect these policemen are thorough soldiers. They are all Europeans, number 550 strong, and are in every way ready for immediate service. With a thorough knowledge of the country, and fully trained for the requirements of South African warfare, a corps of this kind has many and various uses. Not the least of its qualifications is that it can operate not only collectively, but in small parties, and that its local influence is probably almost more weighty than the respect at present inspired by imported troops.

As an instance of the comprehensive and practical manner in which these colonial contingents are armed, we have only to look at the succeeding picture of the Maxims belonging to the Natal police. Here, indeed, is indicated a marked divergence from the idea of police which we cherish in this humdrum and law-abiding country. A London policeman is supposed to know most things, but it would take him probably some little time to acquire the same easy mastery of the most deadly small arm of modern times as is displayed as a matter of course by the "Bobbies" of Natal.

Just outside Pietermaritzburg is Fort Napier, which we illustrate. Although situated on slightly rising ground, the fort is practically surrounded by hills, and is otherwise a not altogether desirable artillery station. The bungalows are built of wood and iron, and owing to the ravages of horse-sickness, the authorities during the last rainy season were compelled to remove the gunner garrison until the rains were over.

Photo. H. W. Armstrong. FORT NAPIER. Copyright
Near Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

Photo. Copyright. A USEFUL SCOUT. "Navy & Army."
Natal Carabineer—Marching Order

The individual portrait herewith of a Natal carabineer gives an excellent idea of the manner in which these mounted colonial riflemen are equipped. The Royal Military Tournament has rendered us familiar with this style of military "get-up," and experience has shown that, taken all round, no more serviceable kit for local purposes could possibly be designed. The Cape horse, as ridden by these colonial forces, may fall short in appearance of the British cavalry ideal, but there is no mistaking its efficiency and adaptability to local purposes. Here again we are confronted with the self-evident fact that the local trooper of South Africa is capable of considerable and sustained independent action, a point of especial importance when the contingency of a native rising is taken into account.

Photo. G. W. Wilson. Aberdeen.

A NATAL MILITARY STATION—STREET IN LADYSMITH.

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Photo. G. W. Wilson. *A PAINFUL MEMORY* *Aberdeen.*
Charlestown and Majuba Hill

Photo. C. A. Lumley. *FIGHTING POLICE.* Copyright
Cape Mounted Rifles Relieving Sentry

Photo. H. Roberts. *CAPE VOLUNTEERS.* Copyright
Transkei Mounted Rifles.

The picture of a street in Ladysmith is hardly suggestive of any great military potentialities. Yet Ladysmith is a military station of unquestionable importance, and, in connection with the crisis, has been associated with what may prove to be one of the turning points of our relations with ignorant Boerdom. It is to Ladysmith that the 1st Liverpools were ordered from the Cape, by way of a reinforcement, and from Ladysmith another move has landed other corps within striking distance of the Transvaal border.

We prefer not to dilate upon the various memories aroused by the picture of Charlestown and Majuba Hill from Volksrust, which is just within Boer territory. Although in the hearts of most of our countrymen Majuba Hill is surrounded by burning recollections, it is scarcely necessary to fan these into flame at the present moment. Our feeling ought to be that it is not so much the wiping out of the memory of Majuba Hill that we should look to in connection with the Transvaal Crisis, as the institution of an entirely fresh association of ideas as regards the relative fighting capacity of the Boer and the British soldier. Whatever happens, one thing we may be certain will never occur again, and that is another Majuba Hill.

The picture showing the Cape Mounted Rifles relieving sentry conveys but a slight idea of the utility and many-sidedness of this important corps. We have not space here to give details, but may state briefly that the C.M.R. was re-organised in 1878 from the Frontier Mounted Police. Its strength is now a little over 1,000, and its headquarters are at Umtata. The C.M.R. is purely a colonial corps paid out of Cape finances, but the men are chiefly enlisted in England, although here and there are to be found colonial recruits. The work of the corps is almost as much in a military as in a police groove, and on many occasions it has done most excellent service. Some time back it contained no fewer than five V.C.'s.

Although in any great South African disturbance the Cape Mounted Rifles would not be entirely available for trans-frontier service, the corps would probably be allowed to participate to some extent in any forward movement. The men are admirably efficient, and possess some artillery, of which we give a specimen in the shape of a mountain gun detachment. A very serviceable detachment it is, too. In the background of this picture will be observed a native hut of the type commonly found in Pondoland, a district which has from time to time caused the Government some anxiety, and which the C.M.R. has done much to keep fairly quiet. As a companion picture to that of the Cape Mounted Rifles we reproduce one of a Cape Volunteer corps, the Transkei Mounted Rifles, commanded by Captain St. John Henley.

Following the scheme formulated in our opening

Photo. H. Roberts. Copyright

MOUNTED GUN DETACHMENT, CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

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Photo. F. H. Hancox. **DIAMOND FIELDS HORSE.** *Officers and N.C.O.'s.* Copyright

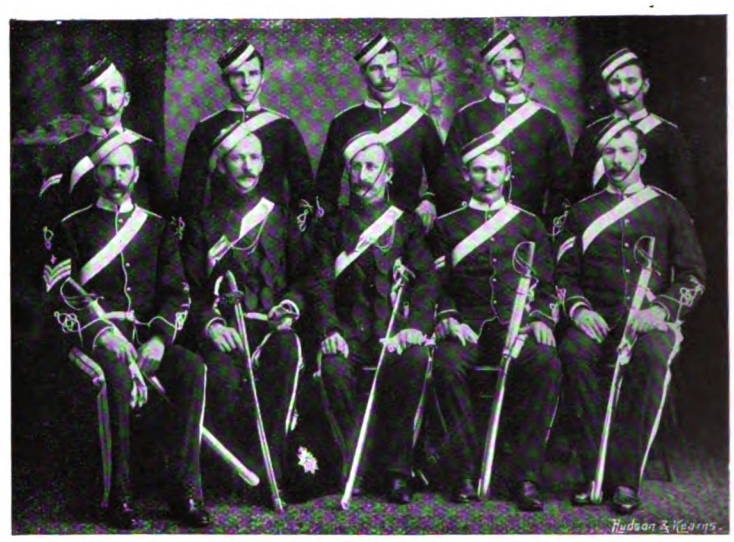

Photo. B. Harvey. **DIAMOND FIELDS HORSE.** *Group of Privates.* Copyright.

paragraphs, we now come to Kimberley, of which a picture is given showing the Market Square. The spans of oxen and the scene generally are thoroughly South African in tone, but one can imagine that a very different aspect will be assumed by this particular spot if peace gives way to war. By some alarmists Kimberley has been regarded as a very vulnerable spot, and one to which the Boers would devote early attention. We may, however, take it for granted that the military authorities are not likely to be caught napping in this direction, and that if the town were attacked it would give an excellent account of itself.

A sample of the class of defence which could be made at Kimberley is afforded by two pictures, in which first the officers and non-commissioned officers, and again the men, of a noted local force are depicted. The Diamond Fields Horse forms the right wing of the Griqualand West Brigade, which also comprises the Diamond Fields Artillery and the Kimberley Rifles. The smartness which is conspicuously prominent in these two portrait groups is highly reassuring at a juncture like the present.

A most striking and interesting picture is that showing a military force crossing a drift. Transport in South Africa is not what it is on well-metalled European roads, and in any operations across the Transvaal border, recourse must necessarily be had to teams of oxen as here represented.

Photo G. W. Wilson. **THE DIAMOND TOWN** *Market Square, Kimberley* *Aberdeen.*

Photo. Temple. *"TREKKING"—TRANSPORT WAGGONS CROSSING A DRIFT.* Copyright

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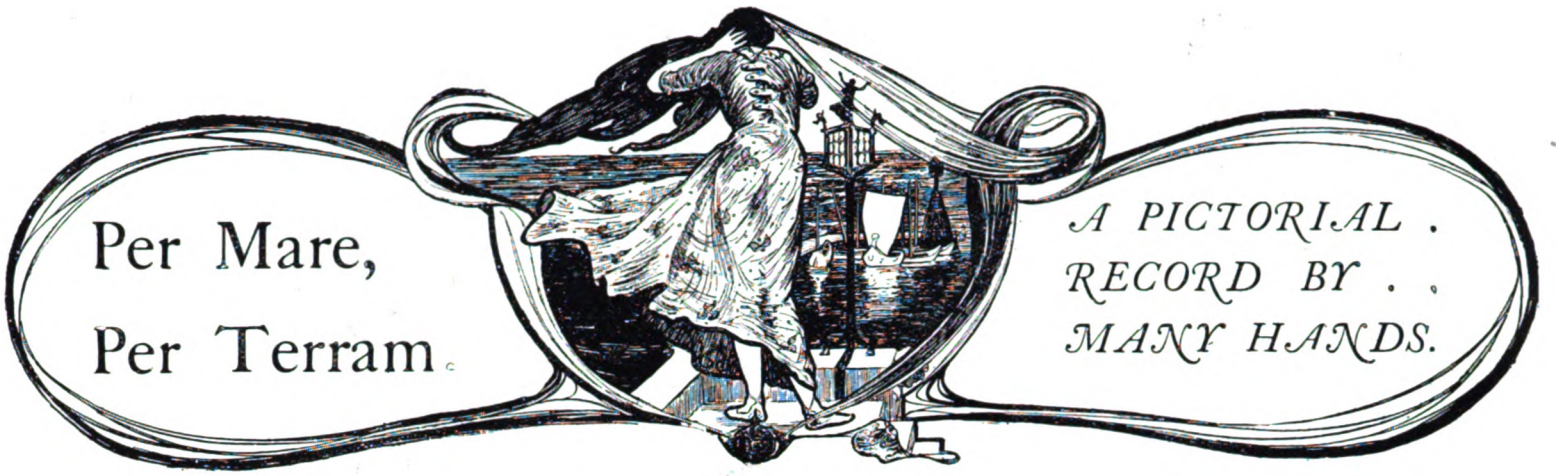

OUR readers will welcome these portraits of the Queen's grandsons, the German Emperor and his brother Prince Henry, both of them remarkable men, one possessed with the dynamic and the other with the static qualities of humanity. The "pushful" Emperor is a seaman more than anything else. "Our future lies upon the water," he cries aloud to his people, and he is the "German Michael," with the Imperial eagle upon his shield, intent on planting the flag wherever a bit of the "Weltreich" may be found. The solid qualities of his brother are not, of course, inconsistent with action, for is not his the famous "fist" that was despatched to complete the work at Kiao-Chau? The Emperor is the life and soul of the Kiel yachting week in June, he is the main inspiration of the Naval Manœuvres, which are now taking place, and he pursues indefatigably his work of developing the commercial or strategical possibilities of his country by the making of internal waterways. The Dortmund-Ems canal, lately opened, is but the preliminary to the Rhine-Elbe canal, which is the missing link in a vast system of which the Emperor has just forecast the character. Prince Henry has won high esteem during his command on the China station, and had no part in the arbitrary action which brought Admiral von Diederichs into disfavour at Manila. He is a good and energetic sailor, possessing qualities that win the respect and affection of officers and men.

Our portraits are interesting as showing two of the uniforms which are worn by German flag-officers, the third being an ordinary undress jacket uniform not unlike that used in our own Service. The Emperor wears the customary frock coat, with the stripes indicating the rank of admiral on the sleeve, and the white trousers and cap-cover which add so much to the effectiveness of the uniform. Prince Henry is attired in the full dress of his rank, and is wearing what Germans call the "Galarock" with white pointed lapels, gold-laced at the edge. The collar and cuffs have the gold oak leaves and acorns which belong to flag rank, and it will be observed that the Imperial crown, which all officers wear above the stripes in ordinary uniform, is abandoned when the "Galarock" and cocked hat are used by the admiral.

It is interesting to note that he, too, is the only officer who does not wear epaulettes with full dress, gold shoulder-knots being substituted. It is this gala dress which presents the most marked difference between German uniforms and our own, which otherwise have much in common.

Photo. Reichard and Lindner. Copyright

AN IMPERIAL ADMIRAL.
H.R.H. William II., Emperor of Germany.

Photo. Schaarwachter. Copyright

A GERMAN SAILOR PRINCE.
H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia.

A MORE distinguished group than those depicted in the central picture of the next page it would be difficult to imagine. The officer standing on the left (as you look at the picture) in Rifle uniform, and with one hand plunged deep in his pocket, is General Elrington, an old Crimean veteran, the colonel commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

On his left is Captain Holford of the 1st Life Guards,

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who is equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The group in the foreground are engaged in animated conversation. On the right, the Right Reverend Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, is having a knotty technical point explained to him by General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who wears his uniform as colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade. On the left, General Lord Alexander Russell, clad in his uniform as colonel-commandant of the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, is discussing another point with Colonel Cochrane, the officer commanding the depôt of the Hampshire Regiment, while listening with interest to the discussion is Field-Marshal H R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The group in the centre are, on the right (always as you look at the picture), Major-General Sir H. Rundle, of Indian renown, who commands the South-Eastern District, the officer talking to him being Colonel Auld, one of the A.A.G.'s of the Southern District.

The officer nearest to Colonel Auld is Colonel Laye, also A.A.G. at Portsmouth, and the fourth is Colonel Mascall, commanding R.E. in the Southern District. The officer close to the hoarding is an ex-Viceroy of India, has served Her Majesty as First Lord of the Admiralty, and now serves her as honorary colonel of the Hampshire Carabineers, the Earl of Northbrook.

Finally, in the extreme background, Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge may be seen engaged in earnest conversation with Colonel the Hon. H. Crichton, an old 21st Lancer (or Hussar, as the regiment was in his day), and now commanding the Portsmouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade.

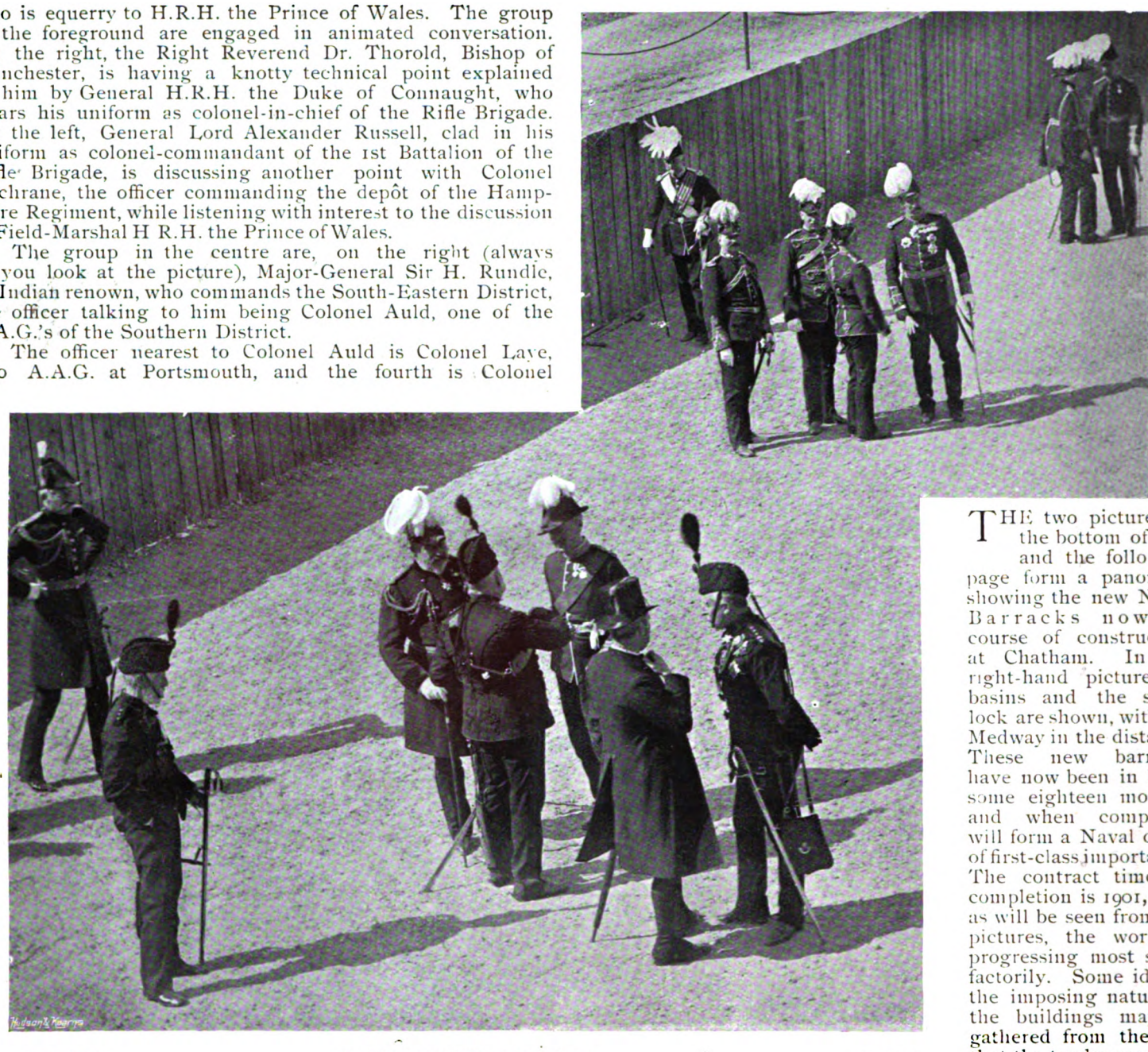

Photo. Russell. *A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.* Copyright

THE two pictures at the bottom of this and the following page form a panorama showing the new Naval Barracks now in course of construction at Chatham. In the right-hand picture the basins and the south lock are shown, with the Medway in the distance. These new barracks have now been in hand some eighteen months, and when completed will form a Naval depôt of first-class importance. The contract time for completion is 1901, and, as will be seen from the pictures, the work is progressing most satisfactorily. Some idea of the imposing nature of the buildings may be gathered from the fact that the tender accepted by the Admiralty amounted to nearly £400,000. In connection with the Naval Barracks, which are being erected on the site of the old convict prison, is a new building for a school of gunnery. But in this respect Chatham is not to profit altogether at the expense of Sheerness, for although Chatham will be the headquarters of the gunnery school, the men will continue to practise on the range at Sheerness, which stretches from the forts to the mouth of the Thames. Almost simultaneously with these comprehensive improvements, Chatham is to have a new Naval Hospital, which will be ready in 1902, and

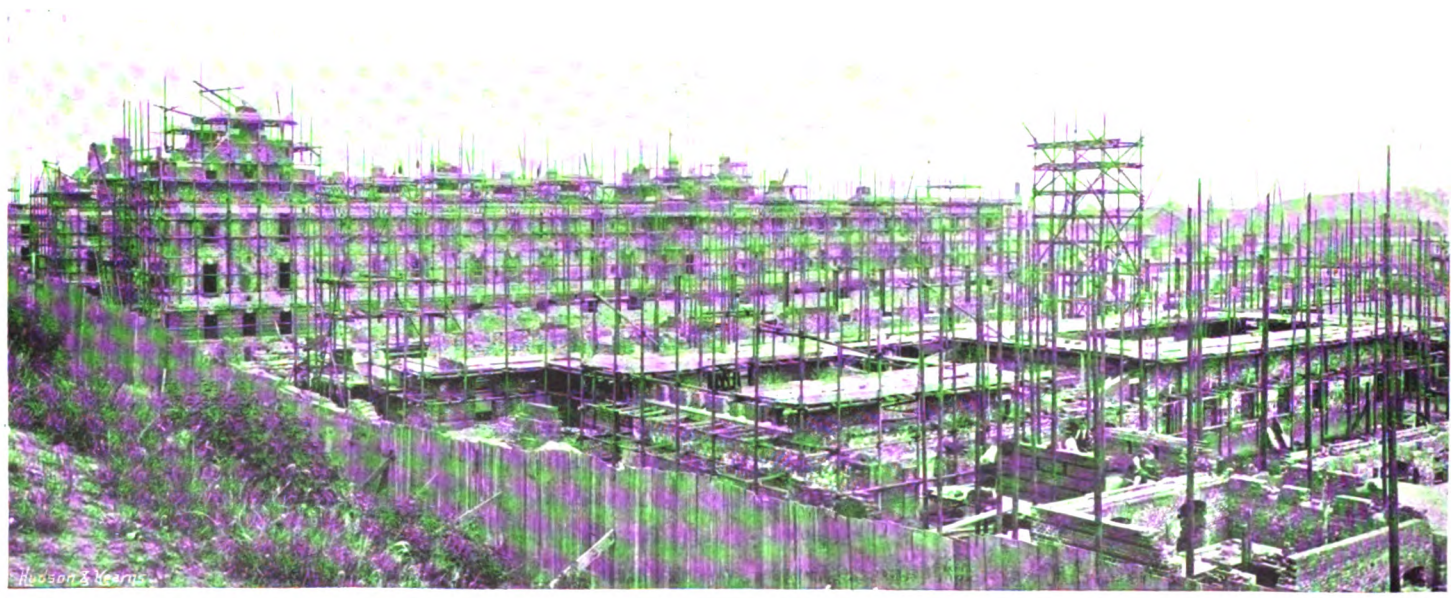

Photo. A. Devenham.

THE NEW NAVAL BARRACKS
THE BARRACKS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

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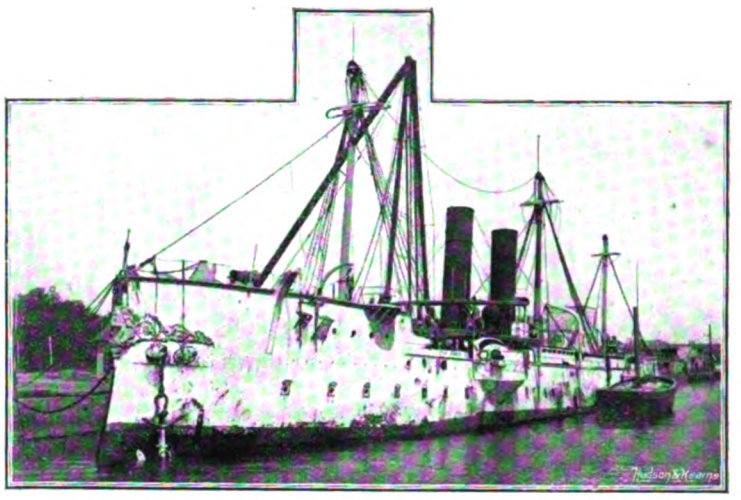
Photo. Copyright. AN OPEN-AIR TOILET. "Navy & Army."
A Snap-shot at the Bisley Meeting.



SPOILS TO THE VICTORS.
The "Reina Mercedes" at Portsmouth Navy Yard.

the buildings and site for which will have cost nearly £300,000. The local expenditure of three-quarters of a million is of itself a matter of very great moment to a town like Chatham, but, apart from this, the specific objects for which this huge sum is being spent are of great national significance. There is no question that to some extent our Naval efficiency has suffered by the inadequacy of local accommodation for seamen at this most important centre, and it is more than satisfactory that in remedying this defect the Admiralty has proceeded in no niggardly fashion.

FREQUENTERS of the N.R.A. Prize Meeting at Bisley will doubtless be able to recognise the hut which appears in the accompanying picture. The figure study in the middle distance is a pleasant reminder of that tendency to *al fresco* habits which characterises this great gathering. The average Briton is seldom happy when unable to take his morning tub, and, if circumstances prevent his doing so within four walls, he seldom objects, unless decency forbids, to perform his ablutions in the open air. Wild horses shall not drag from us the name of the distinguished individual who forms the *pièce de résistance* of this picture, for it is very possible that he himself will be surprised, though not, we are confident, displeased, at the publicity with which the snap-shot artist has invested his Bisley toilet.

ANOTHER illustration shows the "Reina Mercedes," a Spanish cruiser sunk in Santiago Harbour and recovered by the United States, as she now lies alongside the wharf at the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Virginia. A second-class cruiser, named after the grandmother of the present Sovereign of Spain, she may yet do good work under the Stars and Stripes. Her recovery in the condition here depicted does very distinct credit to the men who raised her from the bottom of Santiago Harbour.

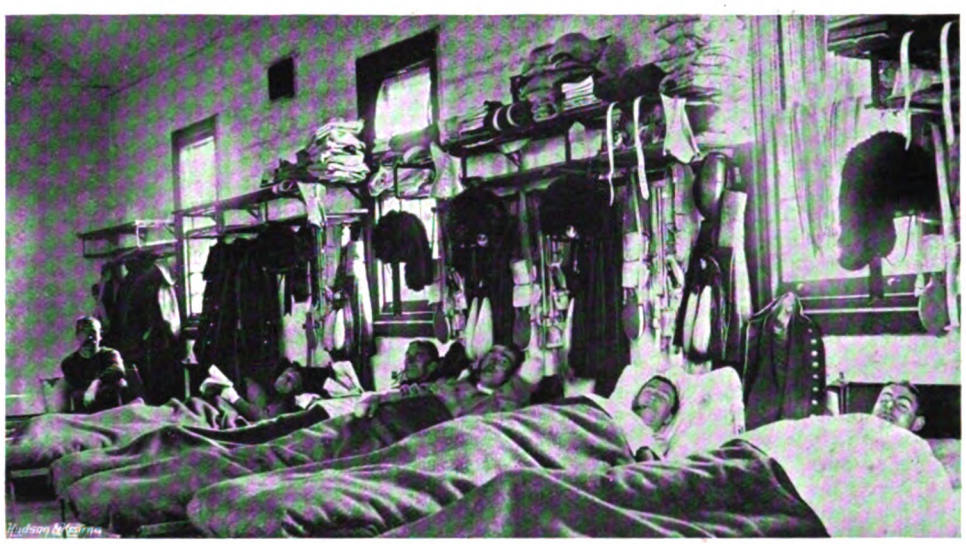


Photo Eldridge. ONLY A LITTLE TIRED. Copyright
Camerons Resting after a Route March.

THIS is not a hospital, nor are the men depicted suffering from even temporary indisposition of a serious character.

They are merely Highlanders of the 2nd Battalion of the Camerons, now at Aldershot, who are seeking repose after a rather fatiguing route march. Theoretically, of course, a British soldier, more particularly a Highlander, should be able to march any distance, and then, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more." But in practice a man is hardly to be blamed for seeking repose after a stiff fifteen or twenty miles in marching order, and, in the absence of chairs, the barrack bed forms, in such circumstances, a natural refuge.

IN no way do our Volunteers show their keenness and soldierly spirit more than by making perfect every detail of the great organisation in which they are enrolled.

AT CHATHAM.
WITH VIEW OF THE BASINS AT SOUTH LOCK. *Kyde.*

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Photo. Valentine & Sons. Copyright

WINNERS OF THE PLYMOUTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY BRIGADE AMBULANCE COMPETITION.

and no detail of that organisation is better equipped and more efficient than the medical staff and the ambulance detachments. An exceptionally smart stretcher detachment is that shown in the first illustration in this column, for it is that of the 1st, or Exeter and South Devon, Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, which won the first prize in the Ambulance Competition of the Plymouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, during its recent field training in camp at Camelford. At the head of the stretcher, administering a restorative to the wounded man, is Private Simmons, while standing at ease behind him is Private Collard. Private Carter is kneeling behind the stretcher, and the fourth member who makes up the team is Private Valentine. The hero on the stretcher has evidently had his forearm shattered by a bullet, and the excellent way in which the limb has been placed in splints and bandaged shows that the detachment have thoroughly learnt their "first aid" work. The judges in the competition were medical officers belonging to the brigade, and the medical staff in camp with the brigade are shown in the second illustration in the column. The brigade is one strong in medical officers, for the seven battalions have between them no less than fifteen doctors, the senior medical officer being Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Thomas, M.D., V.D., of the 4th or Barnstaple Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment.

IN the group that heads the second column of this page we have the permanent staff of the senior regiment of the Cornwall Infantry Volunteers, the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The two volunteer battalions of this regiment, together with the five of the Devonshire Regiment, go to make up the Plymouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, and if all have as smart a permanent staff as that shown in our illustration, the brigade should be an exceptionally fine one. The officer seated in the centre is Colonel Rosewarne, who commands the regiment, and he has on his left the adjutant, Captain Stewart, who wears on his breast the ribbons that denote he has seen service in the Soudan. It will be noticed that the majority of the non-commissioned officers also wear the ribbons that denote war service.

THE STAFF OF THE 1st VOLUNTEER BATTALION DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY.

PORTABLE FIELD SEARCH-LIGHT.

For use at night in searching for the wounded on the battle-field, and for other purposes.

A YOUNG German officer of the Guards' train battalion has invented a portable field search-light which is probably destined to take the place of the present not altogether satisfactory lantern. Our centre illustration shows at a glance its nature. On the man's back is an automatic developer of acetylene gas, which contains enough material to keep a strong light burning for about eight hours. The developer is connected by a tube with a burner placed in front of a powerful reflector of special construction, and an upright rod serves as a stand and pivot on which the light can be turned in any direction. The illuminating power of the concentrated light is nearly one hundred candles, and this gives an effective light to a distance of about one hundred yards. The light is intended to be used at night in searching for the wounded on the battle-field, but it is evident that it can be readily adapted for other purposes. The danger of explosion is carefully provided against by the inventor.

HARE and Hounds is as popular a sport with all ranks, in both the Army and Navy, as it is with schoolboys and athletic clubs generally.

The country around Exeter is well adapted to the sport, so it is not to be wondered at that the 19th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery has a strong Harriers' Club, the members of which are depicted in the illustration at the foot of this column.

Photo. J. Cooper. Copyright

MEDICAL OFFICERS, PLYMOUTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Photo. J. Cooper. Copyright

HARRIERS, 19th BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

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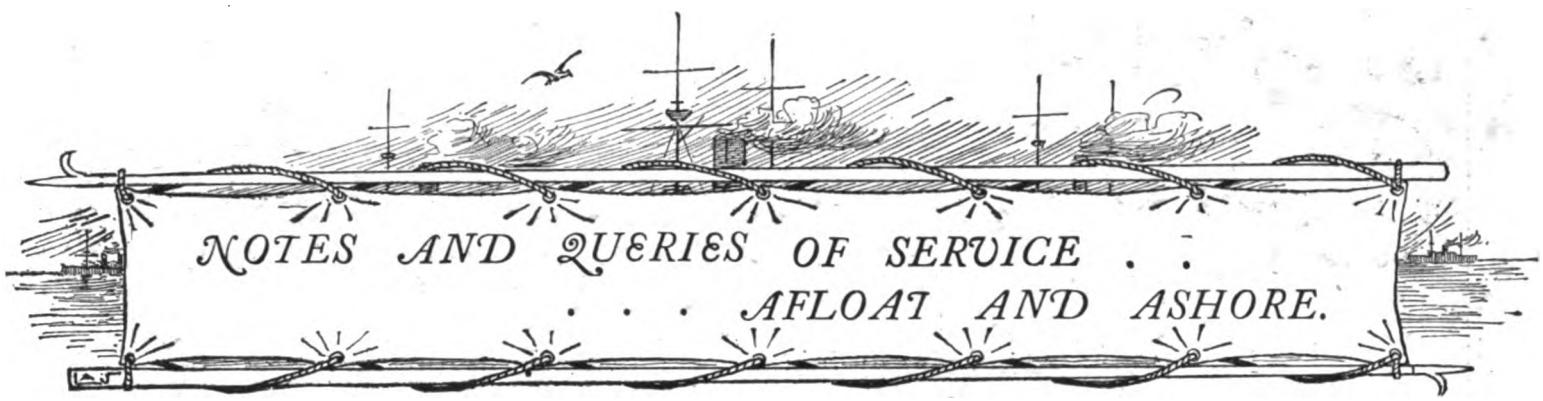

THE names of the officers composing the group on page 551 will no doubt be of interest to our numerous readers who have sons or brothers in the Public Schools Battalion. Reading from the spectator's right, and from the back, the officers are—First line: Lieutenant Lefroy, Haileybury; Captain Leake, Dulwich; Lieutenant Russell, Haileybury; Lieutenant David, Rugby; Lieutenant Rowe, Hurstpierpoint; Lieutenant Collett, Wellington; Lieutenant Peacock, Eastbourne; Lieutenant David, Uppingham; Lieutenant Forbes, Warwick; Captain Toldberg, Tonbridge; Lieutenant Watt, Bradfield; Captain Ingram, Bradfield; Captain Latham, Haileybury; Lieutenant Webb, St. Paul's. Second line: Captain Tuckett, Eastbourne; Lieutenant Hawkesworth, Rugby (standing between the first and second lines); Lieutenant Trethewy, Haileybury; Captain Barnard, Rugby; Captain Pain, Rossall; Captain Lloyd-Jones, Forest; Lieutenant Burges-Short, 2nd Somerset L.I.; Lieutenant Staffurth, Weymouth; Lieutenant Parsons, Berkhampstead; Lieutenant Newsom, Epsom; Lieutenant Tassell, Forest; Lieutenant Jones, Uppingham; Captain Bicknell, St. Paul's. Third line: Lieutenant Rintoul, Clifton; Surgeon-Captain St. Vincent Ryan, London Irish Rifles; Lieutenant Veal, 1st Welsh Regiment; Lieutenant Yatman, 2nd Somerset L.I.; Major Napier Clavering, 2nd Somerset L.I.; Captain Lascelles, Durham L.I.; Captain Riley, K.R.R.C.; Major Hoare, Haileybury; Captain Haig-Brown, L.R.B.; Captain Falkner, Weymouth. Fourth line; Lieutenant Clover, Uppingham; Captain Mason, Clifton; Captain Longland, Felsted; Lieutenant Hamilton, Tonbridge; Lieutenant Trewby, Highgate; Lieutenant Furneaux, Rossall; Lieutenant Smart, Eastbourne; Lieutenant Towring, Berkhampstead; Lieutenant Thompson, St. Paul's.

* * * *

"C. W. F. W.," who writes from Umtali, Rhodesia, asks me to tell him if the combined Navies of France, Germany, and Italy could "beat Great Britain's Navy numerically." If he means a mere counting of heads, I should say that the matter would be fairly equal in regard to armoured vessels, though we should have a superiority in tonnage, and also a considerable advantage in the number and displacement of protected and other cruisers. But Naval war does not depend wholly upon numbers; the strategical objects and disposition of forces have much to do with the result, and certainly such a combination as is suggested would be a very serious menace to us. We have not contemplated the union of France and Italy in the Mediterranean, and of France and Germany in the Channel and North Sea This is not to say that we should not be victorious in the end, but before that happened we should have lost prodigiously in trade and have suffered much in other ways. Happily "C. W. F. W." sets forth a combination that presupposes the improbable rupture of existing alliances and a new balance (or want of balance) of power, but it would be folly for Britons, remembering the vastness of the widespread interests at stake, to count upon the advantage of any small margin of superiority.

* * * *

"B. D. C."—The following information respecting the Canadian North-West Mounted Police is official. Applicants for employment must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active, able-bodied men of thoroughly sound constitution, and must produce certificates of exemplary character. They must be able to read and write either the English or French language, must understand the care and management of horses, and be able to ride well. The term of engagement is five years. The rates of pay are as follows: Staff-sergeants 1dol. to 1dol. 50c. per day; other non-commissioned officers, 85c. to 1dol. per day; constables, first year 50c., second year 50c., third year 50c., fourth year 50c., and fifth year 50c., per day. In the second, third, fourth, and fifth years good conduct pay may be added to the extent of 5c., 10c., 15c., and 20c. per day respectively. Extra pay is allowed to a limited number of blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artisans. Members of the force are supplied with free rations, a free kit on joining, and periodical issues during the term of service. Married men will not be engaged. The minimum height is 5-ft. 8-in., the minimum chest measurement 35-in., and the maximum weight 175-lb. No engagements are made in Great Britain. Application to join the force must be made personally at the headquarters, Regina. If there are vacancies and an applicant possesses the necessary qualifications, he is employed on probation for two months, at the end of which period he is either engaged for five years or discharged as being unsuited for the service. No expenses, travelling or otherwise, of applicants can be paid from the public funds. There are at the present time a few vacancies in the force for fully-qualified men who can pass the medical examination, but this is a very strict one, and the High Commissioner does not recommend anyone to proceed to Regina on the chance of being enlisted without first receiving some encouragement to do so from the Commissioner, who may be addressed at headquarters.

* * * *

"SCOTTIE" will find, by referring to the Queen's Regulations, that officers in the Militia take precedence among themselves according to their rank and date of their commissions, and take rank with officers of the regular forces as the youngest of their degree. They have precedence of officers of equal degree serving in the Honourable Artillery Company, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Officers in the Militia and Volunteers have undoubtedly the right to use the title of major or captain, according to their rank, but it is not customary, at least in England, for them to adopt the title except when on service with their regiment, or engaged in military duties. There is, however, nothing in the Queen's Regulations forbidding these officers to use the title of their rank, and the custom is often disregarded, especially in the case of colonels commanding. The Volunteer officers' decoration is not conferred on Militia officers. "Scottie" argues that the Militia is a volunteer force, but by the same line of reasoning the Regular Army may be called a volunteer force, inasmuch as the men are voluntarily enlisted. The real difference is that the Militia officer receives pay for his military service, while the Volunteer officer does not. Militia officers taking part in any active service are entitled to the medal given for the campaign in which they have been engaged. Again, only the other day we had an example of an officer in the Militia winning the V.C.

* * * *

"MATERFAMILIAS" wishes to know which is considered the best ship or station for her boy to join when he leaves the "Britannia." This is certainly a very important question, as the future of nearly every midshipman is made or marred by his experience in the first ship he joins, or at all events during the first three years of his Naval career. It is safe to say that, if possible, the boy should join a ship whose captain is known to take an interest in the welfare of the midshipmen under his command. The commander and first lieutenant may be too busy to be able to give much time to the midshipmen when off duty, but many captains are particular about the tone maintained in the gun-room. As regards stations, an officer on active service, to whom I put the question, writes: "The Mediterranean ranks first in popularity, then the North American and West Indies station, only unfortunately there are but few captains' commands, though nowadays China may be bracketed equal with the North American and West Indies station. As to facilities for midshipmen learning their work, the Channel is second to none, but beyond the natural wish of a youngster to see foreign places there are reasons connected with the staying of the ships in home ports that render the Channel undesirable for longer than a year. Parents who do not know any Naval officer, and who are unacquainted with Members of Parliament, or other persons of interest, must leave the first appointments to the Admiralty, which is guided, unless 'interest' is brought to bear, by the order of seniority of the cadets and the existing vacancies in the Fleet."

* * * *

"S. J. H."—The headquarters of the 2nd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery are at the Artillery Barracks, Leonard Street, City Road, E.C. To obtain a commission in the Volunteer Artillery you must be at least seventeen years of age, and it would be necessary for you to be recommended by the commanding officer of the corps which you desire to enter. If you can obtain such a recommendation you may take it that the War Office will raise no objection to your appointment, but you would certainly have to subsequently undergo a course of instruction as laid down by the Volunteer Regulations, which you can obtain anywhere for 1s. As to the probable cost of a commission in the Volunteer Artillery, that depends entirely on the corps selected. Corps vary very much in this respect, and you cannot do better than consult an officer of the corps which you purpose joining.

* * * *

AN interesting little picture is that of Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle and his staff, "snap-shotted" in the village of Ludgershall, near Perham Down Camp, on Salisbury Plain. The striking figure in the front is the general, who is accompanied by Colonel Ewart, Lieutenant-Colonel Tudway, and the other officers composing his staff. It will be remembered that during the Manœuvres Sir Leslie Rundle has had command of a division which was habitually opposed to one led by Sir William Gatacre, and that between them these two distinguished officers provided the troops in camp with an extraordinary amount of healthy and active instruction. Like Sir William Gatacre, Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle won great distinction in the Soudan Campaign, but, unlike him, he had been associated previously with the Egyptian Army as long as the Sirdar himself. An old 4th "King's Own" man, Sir Leslie Rundle left his regiment as a subaltern in 1883, only to return to duty in the British Army on his appointment a few months back as Major-General Commanding the South-Eastern District at Dover. The qualities which he displayed as Chief of the Staff to Lord Kitchener in the Soudan have recently been shown to excellent advantage on Salisbury Plain, and the military authorities are to be congratulated on having selected for a post so intimately connected with the battle training of the British soldier an officer who so lately has had practical experience of the movements of large bodies of troops in the field. *(See page 532.)*

* * * *

"ENQUIRER."—The custom of using white covers for the ordinary Service cap is almost certainly founded on an erroneous idea. Exhaustive experiments were some years ago carried out in the United States Navy with a view to ascertaining the most effective head-gear for hot climates, and among other results it was proved, by placing a thermometer upon the head within the cap, that no diminution of temperature was produced by the addition of the white cover The hottest description of head covering was, as might be expected, proved to be that with a glazed cover, while the difference between a white-covered Service cap fitting tight to the head and a white duck cap with an air chamber and ventilating holes was 11-deg. Fahrenheit in favour of the latter.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to a cruiser, which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Chased again by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. Next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *role* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Returning to his cabin to dress for breakfast, he reads an important letter written to Captain Laxdale by Lady Sybil Norrington. The story here reverts to Captain Laxdale, showing how his first attempt to regain his rightful position completely fails. Laxdale is set down as an impostor or a maniac, and Bunter directs that he shall be released from arrest and sent to work. As Laxdale refuses to answer to the name of Bunter he is permitted to term himself Plain Hood. During the first day at sea all goes well with Bunter, and he ventures to accept an invitation to dine in the ward-room.

CHAPTER X. *(continued.)*

THE doctor in his turn looked discomfited. "I always thought Lord Bottlemore was nephew to Lord Boldrewood," he said, "and therefore your first cousin, sir."

"Then you always thought wrong," said Spanner, "for the captain repudiates the connection."

"My copy of 'The Peerage' must be in error," said Dr. Terry. "It is really scandalous that the editor should make such slips. You might write to the *Daily Coronet*, Captain Laxdale, and expose the blunder."

"Not I," said Bunter. "I don't care a tinker's cuss what relations they give me."

The subject then dropped (as they say of the debates in the Upper House), and Bunter, who had been drinking champagne briskly, began to assert himself. To the astonishment of Dr. Terry and delight of the chief engineer, he began to scoff at the nobility, and expressed the astounding and revolutionary opinion that one man was as good as another.

"Hear, hear!" cried Mr. Spanner, banging his fist upon the table and making the glasses ring. "You're the first aristocrat, sir, that I ever heard say so sensible a thing. I drink your health, captain."

"And here's to yours, old cock," rejoined Bunter, laughing.

The chief engineer looked slightly offended. "Not so much of the old cock," he muttered, "and a little more of the mister."

Filmore's sour face peeped out from behind the ventilator. "May I ask your opinion of special promotions from the Royal yacht?" he asked, pointedly.

"I don't hold with them at all," said Bunter, "eh, Spanner?"

The enthusiasm of the old democrat was chilled. He thought the captain was making game of him, for he could not forget that the Hon. Roger had been promoted under the system of patronage that he affected to condemn. He turned sulky, and made no reply. The others laughed heartily at his chagrin, and Dr. Terry whispered to the paymaster that the new skipper was as great a humourist as the author of "Three Men and a Goat."

"So he is," agreed the paymaster, and tried to look as if he had read the work.

As the dinner drew to a close, Bunter forgot his fears, and won more friends by his genial, unpretentious manners. He partook liberally of a fruity port that circulated with the dessert, and his heart glowed with charity towards all mankind. Smoking in the mess was sternly vetoed by the regulations, but when young Phœnix sent round the cigars, Bunter at once lit his, and the officers followed his example.

"This is what I call comfortable and jolly," he said, as he leant back in his chair and unbuttoned his waistcoat. "A good dinner, a skinful of booze, and a first-class cigar for coming up. All we want now is a song, and a pretty girl to sing it, eh, Mr. Cullen?"

The man of the Calvinistic conscience dropped his eyes, and coughed reprovingly.

"You've shocked the paymaster, sir," said Lyle. "Cullen is our Anchorite, and St. Anthony was a Don Juan to him."

"He'd better have been a shipwright," said Bunter, rather puzzled; and in an absent-minded moment he poured his hot coffee into his saucer to cool.

"Look here," he continued, "why shouldn't we have some singing on deck? I suppose some of the men can sing, Lyle?"

Lyle assented.

"Then what d'ye say to a sing-song, gentlemen?"

"The very thing!" cried Dr. Terry, and others also expressed approval.

"We'll have a real social evening," said Bunter, gaily, "and, if you like, I'll sing you a song myself. Cut away on deck, Mr. Parr, and get the men aft."

Parr complied.

Bunter turned to the paymaster. "The men must wet their whistles as well as the officers," he said, jovially. "You can spare 'em a tot of rum apiece, eh, purser?"

"It couldn't be done, sir," said Cullen, firmly. "Regulation 111,002B lays it down that extra rum can only be issued in special circumstances."

"Regulation 111,002B be hanged,' 'said Bunter. "What d'you mean by special circumstances?"

"Well, sir, a gale of wind, for example."

"Rot!" cried Bunter. "Whip up a rum cask, and Lyle'll enter a gale in the log."

Lyle laughed. "The glass is falling," he said, whimsically. "The sun went down just now like an inflamed lozenge in a basin of pea-soup. There'll be bad weather to-morrow, sir, or I'm no shepherd."

The navigator had correctly described the appearance of the sunset. When Bunter and the officers went on deck they

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found the sky enveloped with lowering clouds, and not a star visible. The "Grunter" was cutting her way through a sea as black as the ward-room port wine, and the slight pitching of the vessel, as she rode lightly over the increasing swell, betrayed the coming storm.

"We'd better get the storm trysails bent before the watch below turns in," said Filmore.

"Oh, no!" replied Bunter, with a glance at the sky. "We'll have the singing now, for I see they're ready to start."

Filmore shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Damn all popularity Jacks," he muttered. "There'll be no holding the men by the time we get to Malta."

The scene presented by the quarter-deck of the cruiser was curiously picturesque. The men, attracted by the rumour of extra rum, had flocked aft to join in the singing, and had already found seats on the deck, the gun-carriages, the skylights, the hatchways, and wheresoever a human body could be packed. There had been no time to rig the quarter-deck awning, so that the black lowering sky formed the roof of the improvised theatre. Amidships a little space had been cleared for the harmonium, and a few lanterns shed a dim light upon the faces of the men. Corporal Angel flitted here and there, bidding them sit closer and keep silence. He seemed to imagine that some sort of Church service was going to be held, and that he was the pew-opener.

When the officers had seated themselves, Bunter being prominent in the front row of chairs, the accomplished Lyle took his place at the harmonium, and struck up as lively an air as the grunting instrument permitted. It was a coaling song very familiar to the men, for the words had been written by the ship's poet:

"A few more lumps of coal in the bunker,
In the bunker.
A few more lumps of coal
In the bunker, too-ral-lay."

As he played, the men gradually took up the chorus, until all voices united in a mellow roar that might have been heard a mile away. A burly young stoker was pushed forward by his comrades, and stood up bashfully in the circle of dim light near the harmonium. He sang in a deep bass the score or so of short verses that served to introduce the popular and oft-repeated refrain:

"A few more lumps of coal
In the bunker, too-ral-lay."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Bunter, in stentorian tones. "Give him an ancore, boys. Give him an ancore!"

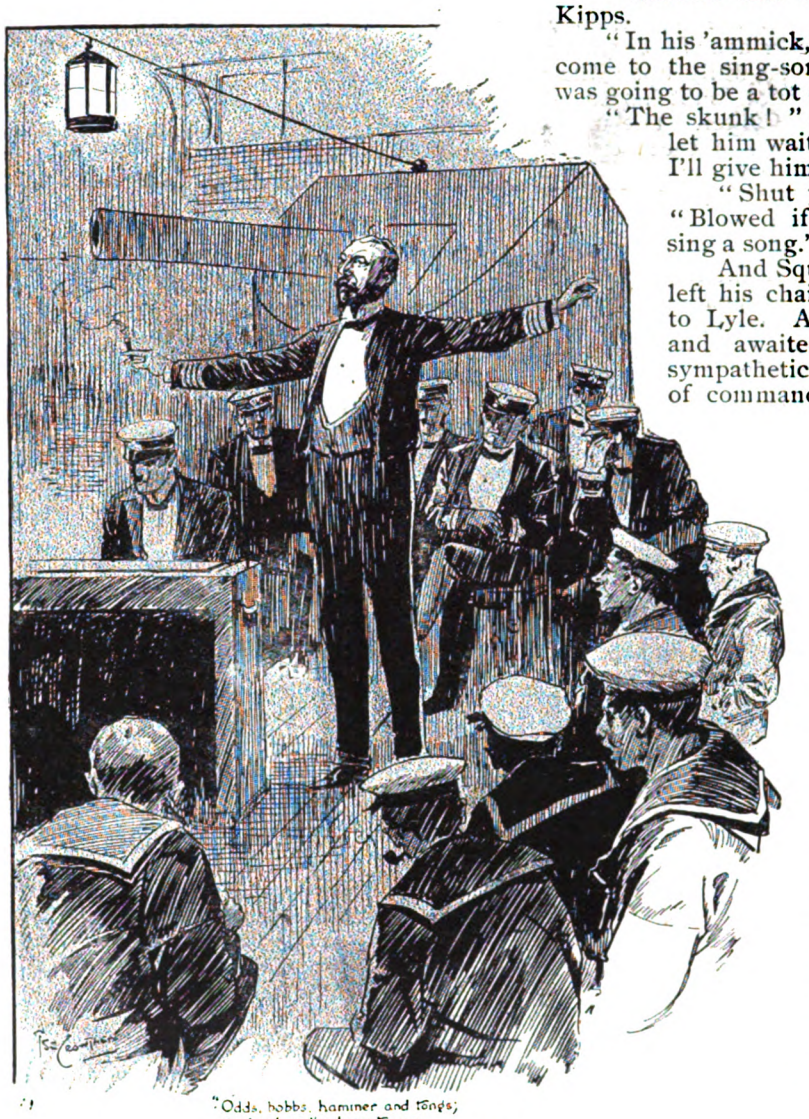
The singer ducked his head awkwardly, and fumbled with his cap. He whispered something to Lyle, and the officer struck some fresh chords. After several false starts and vain efforts to discourse in impossible keys, the bashful singer drifted by good luck into the right one, and held his own without disaster. His song, appropriate to his calling, was a parody of "Tom Bowling," and descriptive of the duties of a stoker:

"Faithful below he did his duty,
He never went al-lor-or-or-oft,
He nev-er-er went—al-oft."

This ditty was equally well received, and the stoker gave place to a highly-respectable petty officer, who sang in his turn of the charms of fair Spanish ladies as earnestly as though he had been a Mormon, with a wife in every port. But his vicious sentiments were redeemed by a rousing chorus, with the true nautical ring in it:

"We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors;
We'll rant and we'll roar across the wide seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England,
From Ushant to Scilly in forty-five leagues."

In this wise the concert progressed very cheerfully for an hour or more, the singers coming forward readily, and rendering all manner of songs familiar to their shipmates.



"Odds, bobbs, hammer and tongs;
As long as I've been to sea
I've fought with over a thousand foes,
And won the victoree."

The issue of rum delighted the simple fellows, and Bunter rose even higher in their esteem by allowing them to smoke in the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck. They puffed at their clays till the bowls glowered in the darkness like fiery eyes; and as sailors cannot smoke without spitting, they spat with freedom all over the deck.

"It will take a week's scrubbing to get the deck white again," growled Filmore to Parr. "The captain's more than two sheets in the wind. I knew he wouldn't be able to stand port wine on the top of champagne."

Parr laughed, and the angry first lieutenant withdrew from the festivities, vowing that he would serve no more under captains of noble family.

Among those who took part in the choruses and the welcome issue of rum were Bully Kipps and Tom Squib. They were seated together upon a gun-carriage, and commanded a good view of the performers.

"This is a queer start, mate," said Kipps, gloomily. "Too good to last, I'm thinking."

"The rum or the singing?" asked Squib.

"The rum, you owl," said Kipps.

They relapsed into silence during a chorus.

"Where's that skunk Plain Hood?" asked Kipps.

"In his 'ammick," said Squib. "He wouldn't come to the sing-song, though I told him there was going to be a tot of rum all round."

"The skunk!" said Kipps, bitterly. "Just let him wait till we get ashore together. I'll give him winch-handles."

"Shut yer head, mate," said Squib. "Blowed if the skipper isn't going to sing a song."

And Squib was right, for Bunter had left his chair, and was humming an air to Lyle. All the men stopped talking, and awaited the captain's song with sympathetic interest. In this first day of command he had achieved no small measure of popularity.

Presently Lyle seemed to recognise the air hummed by the captain, for he struck some chords, and began to vamp an improvised accompaniment.

"I seem to know that tune," said Squib, thoughtfully. "It sounds very like 'Odds bobbs.'"

"Dry up!" growled Kipps. "I want to listen."

Squib leant forward to obtain a better view of the captain, whose face could be plainly seen by the light of the lantern hanging over the harmonium. His cap had been placed on the floor; he held his arms akimbo, and there was a sort of swagger in his pose that arrested the attention of Squib. "I wonder," he mused, "where I've seen him before?" The thought was still in his perplexed mind when the captain turned his face in profile towards Squib, and began his song:

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
To the first lieutenant said he,
'Go call my merry men aft,
For they must listen to me.
Yonder lies a Frenchman,
And if we don't take she——'"

"It is 'Odds bobbs,'" said Squib. "I haven't heard that song since——"

"Dry up, can't you," said Kipps. "I want to hear the words."

They had lost two lines by the interruption, but Squib was quiet and grave during the chorus, which the captain rendered with Bacchanalian spirit.

"Odds, bobbs, hammer and tongs;
As long as I've been to sea
I've fought with over a thousand foes,
And won the victoree."

The sailor had riveted his eyes upon the captain, and gradually the puzzled expression of his face cleared. Some tone or gesture, perhaps some inflection in the voice of the singer, refreshed his memory; but whatever the explanation, Tom Squib was no longer in doubt as to where he had seen

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the captain before. Slowly his lips parted and his mouth opened, as though he had been a trout catching flies.

"Well I'm damned!" he muttered.

"What's the matter now?" said Kipps. "Why don't you sing the chorus, if you know the song?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, mate," returned Squib, and lest his companion should doubt the assurance he joined in a line or two of the refrain:

"Odds, bobbs, hammer and tongs;
As long as I've been to sea——"

"Well I'm damned!" he broke off, and sat staring at the captain.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Middle Watch.

Roger Laxdale, or "Plain Hood," as he was now designated on board the "Grunter," had not enjoyed his freedom for many hours before he began to regret the privacy of the stuffy cell. He was a courageous and good-tempered gentleman, but had little of the philosopher in his composition. The rough familiarity of the seamen jarred upon his cultured nature; he could not respond to the friendly overtures of his messmates. They were disposed, at the outset, to admire his audacity in assuming, like the Prince of Denmark, "an antic disposition," and rallied him playfully upon the temporary success of his ruse. They did not doubt his sanity, and they felt sure that he was Edward Bunter. The unhappy officer made no further attempt to combat these opinions, for he recognised the futility of pitting his bare assertions against the overwhelming evidence of circumstances. His hope of recognition grew fainter hour by hour, for he felt that his sole chance of turning the tables upon the impostor lay in convincing one of the officers of the truth of his story. He received the rough jokes of the men somewhat sourly, and quickly extinguished their hero worship. "You've gammoned the doctor and the skipper," they grumbled, "but you can't kid us, Mr. blooming Plain Hood."

"Think what you like," returned Laxdale, wearily. "It doesn't matter to me what you think; but I decline to discuss the subject." This haughty attitude gave great offence to the men, but he was too proud to win popularity by fostering their delusion, and felt, too, that it would be impolitic to do so. He had to submit, as tamely as he could, to their sneers and rude comments upon his appearance; but his physical strength and reputation for courage made them hesitate to indulge their spite with rough horse-play. They began to shun him from the first evening, and he resented their dislike nearly as much as their previous familiarity. The poor gentleman, accustomed to popularity and deference, was in truly lamentable case, and was too little of a philosopher to see that the sudden change from popularity to isolation was entirely true to life.

Early in the evening, whilst the quarter-deck revels were in progress, he clambered into his hammock and tried to secure a few hours' sleep against being turned out at midnight for the middle watch. Sleep, however, did not come readily to his agitated brain. The coarse check shirt of the impostor was a poor substitute for the night-shirt of good linen to which he was accustomed; the hammocks were crowded so closely as to touch one another, swaying in a compact mass with every roll of the vessel. He had not slept in a hammock for many years, and, as a middy, had been accustomed to more space and softer bedding. There were no sheets, and the blankets of the impostor offended his super-sensitive nostrils. Finally, there was a good deal of noise, and men, coming and going, often bumped against his hammock and roused his irritation. At last his weariness triumphed over these discomforts, and for an hour or two he forgot his troubles in dreamless rest.

This was too good to last, for soon he dreamt that he and Lady Sybil were standing together on the edge of a precipice. Her little foot slipped, and, in the act of saving her, he overbalanced himself and fell down—down—down—toward the ragged rocks beneath. He heard the brushwood rustling and tearing as he fell through it; then came a heavy bump, and he awoke to find that the bed clothes had slipped away and that he was standing upon his feet.

A coarse chuckle near at hand explained the situation. He was wide awake on the instant, and guessed that some ill-natured enemy had cut the foot-lashing of his hammock. Stepping out of the ruins of his bed, he crouched under the rows of hammocks and caught sight of the ugly face of Bully Kipps. Laxdale did not hesitate how to act, for he was burning to avenge the insult. He rushed straight at the sailor, and both fell heavily upon the deck. There was a rapid exchange of blows and curses, and Laxdale had the satisfaction of feeling his knuckles in contact with the broad nose of the bully, and the less pleasurable sensation of a kick upon his own bare skin.

(To be continued.)

A New Nautical Instrument.

By Davy Jones.

The nautical instruments employed on board the vessels of the various fleets have been so long in use that we hardly ever dream of the possibility of adding to their number. Among these the sextant is certainly the best known, even to unprofessional people, and the services it has rendered, and which it will continue to render, have been so great and are so thoroughly appreciated that most of us have never dreamt that some of the work it now performs could be effected by a simpler instrument and with much greater quickness. The new instrument alluded to, and which, we think, only wants to be known to become popular among sailors, is the "Distance meter," which has been designed by its inventor, Commander J. F. Stuart, to give at a moment's notice the distance from one ship to another, or from a ship to the shore.

We need hardly tell Naval students that during the performance of fleet manœuvres under steam the captains in command of the various vessels attach paramount importance to an exact knowledge of the distances from their own vessel to the leading ships of divisions, or to the next ahead or abreast. This information is usually supplied by the lieutenant who, for the time being, is "the officer of the watch."

Now, simple as this seems, it is far otherwise in actual practice, for, in addition to the multifarious duties that devolve upon that officer, it means that he must be ready at any moment to answer his captain's question as to the distance previously alluded to. In order to perform this important duty, the officer of the watch must, during the whole time the evolutions last, keep in his hand a sextant weighing about 3-lb., a costly instrument which is easily damaged. Without the sextant he cannot, indeed, supply the information that may be required, since he can only furnish it by taking a masthead angle. Now this operation implies a great deal more than is conveyed by mere words, since it means the reading off of the angle with a microscope, the taking into account the index error, and a look at the angle board which is assumed to be always handy for reference. Unfortunately it not infrequently happens that this precious, nay, indispensable, angle board, instead of being in its proper place, has been inadvertently removed or hidden away to put in its place either a signal book or something else. When this has happened—and it does happen—the unfortunate officer, in spite of having taken his masthead angle, will be unable to supply the information so much needed, since to do so without the angle board is impossible.

However, assuming even that the angle board is in its proper place, it may also happen that the table of masthead angles is not on the same board as the heights of mastheads of the vessels of the fleet. This will add one more difficulty, one more search, that is an additional waste of time. Then, again, it is quite possible that the height of the masthead in question does not exactly agree with the heights for which the angles have been calculated, thus adding a fresh difficulty. In such a case all that the officer can do is to make the angle he has found by means of his sextant fit the tables by interpolating it between two columns of angles nearest the one his sextant has given him, and working from that. In short, this implies several operations, which have to be performed in the midst of a certain amount of bustle and excitement, and rather quickly. Hence it is little matter for surprise if mistakes are made, for the present system is fraught with as many sources of errors as there are operations to be performed. Those who have gone through this ordeal will fully realise the truth of what has been stated, and will unhesitatingly admit that we have in no way exaggerated. Indeed, we know that many of those who have had to perform similar duties have often wished for a magic instrument, which, like another sesame, would remove all obstacles at the word of command, and furnish the indication so much needed at once, correctly, and quickly. This sesame is no longer a dream, thanks to the inventor of the "Distance meter."

This little instrument, only 5-in. by 3-in., and weighing barely 10-oz., can easily be slipped in and out of a coat pocket. It requires no adjustment, is always ready for use, and entirely dispenses with the angle board. No tables whatever are used in connection with it, the instrument itself being all that is required to obtain the distance from one ship to another, knowing only the height of the masthead of a particular vessel. Even a separate table of heights of masts is unnecessary, since those heights, together with other information, can be jotted down on a slate fixed at the back of the instrument. Hardly more than a few seconds are required to find a distance. The instrument can be used with great ease, and requires no special skill in handling.

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Volunteers Under Canvas.

The North Midland Brigade at Aldershot.

YEAR by year the Volunteers become more and more closely affiliated with the regular Army, and this is apparent particularly in the improved conditions which of recent years have attended the annual encampments of Volunteers. Nowadays the free and easy regimental camp which was known to Volunteers some years ago is practically a thing of the past; and when for some reason or other a battalion encamps by itself, the *locale* chosen is usually in close proximity to a military centre, where the doings of the citizen soldiers are under the critical eye of the officer commanding the regimental district.

In place of the erstwhile regimental camp Volunteer battalions now, for the most part, train "in brigade." In other words, the thirty-four Volunteer brigades into which the Volunteer infantry is divided endeavour, respectively, as far as possible, to train intact.

This plan enables the various battalions to become acquainted with each other, gives the brigadiers experience in handling their brigades, and serves to foster a spirit of *esprit de corps* among battalions of the same brigade. While thus cementing together the various units, the plan of training in brigade has also the effect of making each battalion "look to its laurels," so that in drill and manœuvre the various commands vie with each other for the first place. Of late years Volunteer discipline has greatly improved, and wherever a brigade may be encamped all the duties are conducted on strict military lines; but if quartered with regular troops, Volunteers become subject to the Army Act, and to the punishments contained therein.

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."
The 2nd Lincolns Clean Up.

It is, however, seldom that the workings of the Act have to be put into operation, for our citizen soldiers are, as a class, well behaved.

There are many advantages apart from discipline resulting from the auxiliary forces being attached to regular troops, and the "advanced school" of commanding officer, realising this, usually endeavours to take his brigade to Aldershot, Shorncliffe, or other military centre for its annual training.

Aldershot is, of course, the station most sought after, but it is not always possible to obtain permission to visit that centre of military activity. Various Volunteer units have, however, visited the camp this year, among others the North Midland Brigade.

OFFICERS OF THE 1st LINCOLNS.

This brigade, which has only recently returned home, after enjoying a week in the vicinity of the Long Valley and the Fox Hills, is commanded by Colonel Lord Newark, and has its headquarters at Derby.

It consists of the 1st and 2nd V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment, the 1st and 2nd V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, the 1st Notts V.R.C., and the 4th V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, to which are added a Supply Detachment and Bearer Company. Only three battalions of the brigade were, however, able to arrive at Aldershot together this year. These were the 1st and 2nd V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment and the 2nd V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, all of whom visited Aldershot for the first time, and were victims to the long journey which Volunteers from a distance have usually to put up with owing to the antagonism of the railway companies. The whole brigade numbers 2,729, and out

Photos. C. Knight. *OFFICERS OF THE 2nd DERBYSHIRE VOLUNTEER BATTALION.* Copyright

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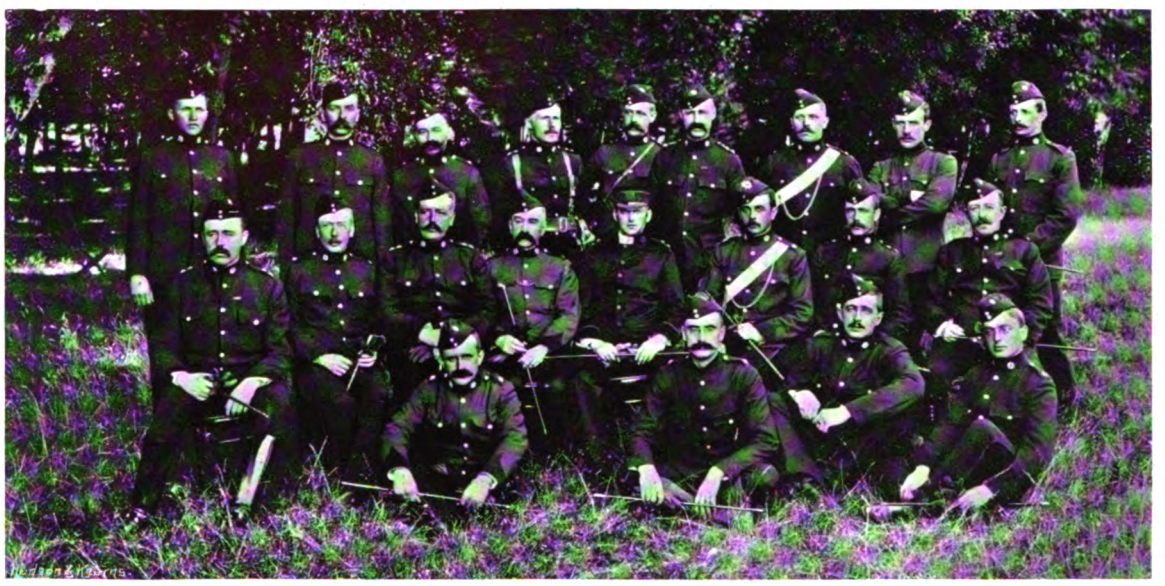
of these there were present no fewer than 1,835. The 1st V.B. Lincolnshire sent 624, the 2nd V.B. Lincolnshire 514, and the 2nd V.B. Derbyshire 697.

The first-mentioned battalion was under command of Colonel J. G. Williams, and had with it its cyclist section, which last year won the Wolseley Cup, and which holds the Brigade Cup.

The 2nd V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment was under command of Colonel T. Hutchinson, and prides itself on the age and height of its ranks. It is usually free from the younger class of Volunteer, and the men are, generally speaking, well developed. This battalion arrived on the Saturday night. It was eleven o'clock before the troops were under canvas, and the officers did not sit down to mess until almost midnight—a novel experience for most of those present. On Sunday, notwithstanding the late hour of arrival in camp, the brigade attended Divine service, at which the battalion chaplains officiated. The usual method in camp is to hold the service in the open air. This is known as a drum-head service, from the fact that a drum usually does duty as a reading-desk. The weather was hot when the wing of the brigade arrived, and for this reason Sir Redvers Buller, who commands at Aldershot, issued an order to the effect that no parades were to take place between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. This order, although it encroached upon the evenings of the troops, left them free during the day, and was welcomed by all ranks, especially by those who, having attended former camps, knew from experience how fatiguing it is to parade in the August sun. On the Monday, after the arrival of the Midland men, a parade was ordered under Colonel Viscount Newark, who superintended the movements of his brigade, while the bands came in for a share of Colonel Mayhew's attention. The latter officer is Lord Newark's brigade-major, and is a most able officer. He is the author of a hand-book entitled "Discipline," which might be read with advantage by any Volunteer. On the following day (Tuesday) the brigade practised "the attack" with five rounds of blank ammunition. The 1st V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment and the 2nd V.B. Derbyshire Regiment formed the first line, and the second line, some 800-yds. in rear, consisted of the 2nd V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment operating from the direction of Claycart Bottom and Wellington Monument. On the Wednesday half the brigade was early astir, and took up an outpost line at 6 a.m. The exercise was under the supervision of Major-General Hart, C.B., commanding the 1st Infantry Brigade. Colonel Hall, 2nd V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, commanded the Northern, and Colonel Williams, 1st V.B. Lincolnshire Regiment, the Southern line. General Hart inspected the troops in position, and expressed himself as well satisfied with the morning's work. General Sir Redvers Buller also visited the camp and inspected the lines.

THE GENERAL IDEA.
An Explanation by the Adjutant of the Derbyshires.



OFFICERS OF THE 2nd LINCOLNS.

ON THE MARCH.
Leaving Camp to Resume Operations.

Photos. C. Knight. Copyright

On the following day Major-General Hart ordered the brigade to engage in minor operations, finishing at nine o'clock, and the heat of the day was thus avoided. On the Friday the Volunteers participated in a field day with regular troops.

On Saturday the camp broke up. The Derbyshire men returned home in the morning, and the Lincolnshire battalions followed on Sunday.

Although Aldershot is not an ideal Bank Holiday resort, and a tramp through the dusty Long Valley will convince the most optimistic holiday-maker of this, the Volunteers had a good time, for their camping ground was in one of the pleasantest parts of the town.

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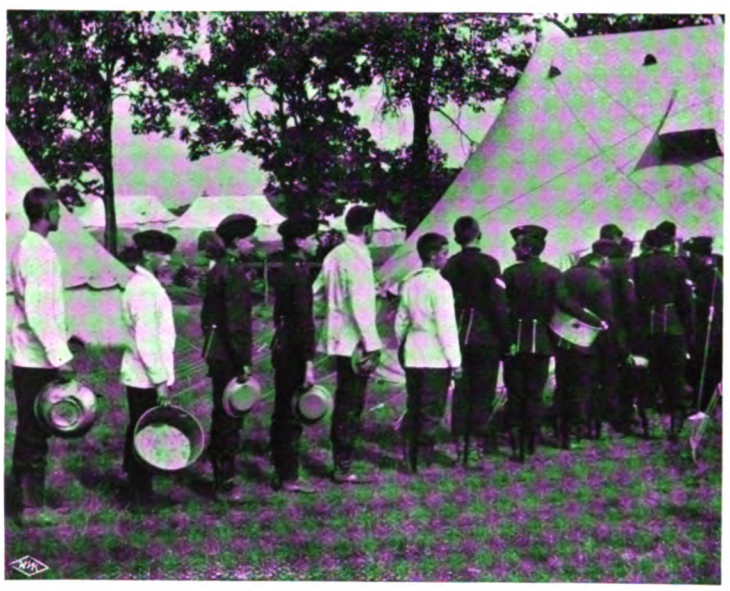
Public School Boys at Aldershot.

THE ranks of our citizen army are composed of all classes of the community, and although a large proportion is composed of working men, the desire to assist in the defence of the nation is nowhere stronger than among the better classes, as is evidenced by the earnestness with which the boys of our great public schools enter into volunteering. It was the fashion some years ago to scoff at these youthful enthusiasts, as, indeed, it was usual to ridicule the whole force at an earlier date, but experience has taught the scoffer that our public school boys, in learning the use of arms, are founding a race of men who will in future years cheerfully rally round the flag in time of need. It is at Aldershot that the boy-Volunteer is to be seen at his best, when the annual camp is formed there. The cadets from various schools form a provisional battalion under a regular officer—this year Major Napier Clavering—and while they remain at Aldershot must take part in real hard work, such as falls to the lot of regular soldiers stationed there. During the recent encampment, although no parades were held during the heat of the day, the cadets had their hands full, and well did they work. During the week they were to be seen drilling hard on their parade ground, or working out a "scheme" in the neighbourhood. On the Friday before their departure they took part in a regulation Aldershot field day on the Fox Hills, when they gained the praise of the General Officer Commanding; but, notwithstanding the fatigue, they were again on parade on Saturday morning at six o'clock, rehearsing for their inspection on the following Monday. This amount of work might be thought quite sufficient for growing lads, but the cadets themselves think nothing of it, and six o'clock in the evening saw them again parading for night outposts, in which they were occupied until eleven.

WASH AND BRUSH-UP.
The Way the Cadets take Their Bath.

Space does not admit of our entering into the details of the week's work in camp, but from what has been said it may be gathered that the week in camp is no "picnic." Guards and picquets are mounted daily, and the strictest discipline is observed. Such an "outing," as some prefer to phrase it, can be productive of nothing but good, as may be proved in future years should danger threaten the Empire.

The zeal shown by these schoolboy soldiers is all the more creditable when the fact is taken into consideration that they have to buy a good deal of their uniform and equipment themselves. Cadet corps and companies are, however, allowed camp equipment on the same scale and conditions as other Volunteer corps. Officers commanding Volunteer corps to which cadet corps and companies are attached requisition for the stores required by the cadets while in camp, also for ammunition for rifle practice, but at the same time have to say how many cadets are of sufficient age to carry on rifle practice.



"COME TO THE COOK-HOUSE DOOR."
Cadets Drawing Rations.

AFTER THE TRAINING.
The Departure from Aldershot.

Photos. C. Knight. *THE OFFICERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BATTALIONS.* Copyright

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Photo. Gregory.

SEA-LAWYERS.

Copyright

"Said the voice of unshaken experience, 'We've been 'ad. Don't tell *me*.'

"'We 'aven't. We've intercepted the beggar,' a young sea-lawyer began. 'E was rendezvousin' back to Blacksod.'

"'What were the rules any'ow?' a voice cut in.

"'We wasn't fightin' rules—we was fightin' a man. I tell you we've been 'ad. Didn't I say so when we com: round on that long slant from Rockall way? 'E's got round us some'ow.'

"'But look 'ere. The signals make it out we've won.'

"'*E* won't make it out we've won, though. Both sides'll claim it.'

"'That's what they always do. When I was in——'" —"*A Fleet in Being.*"

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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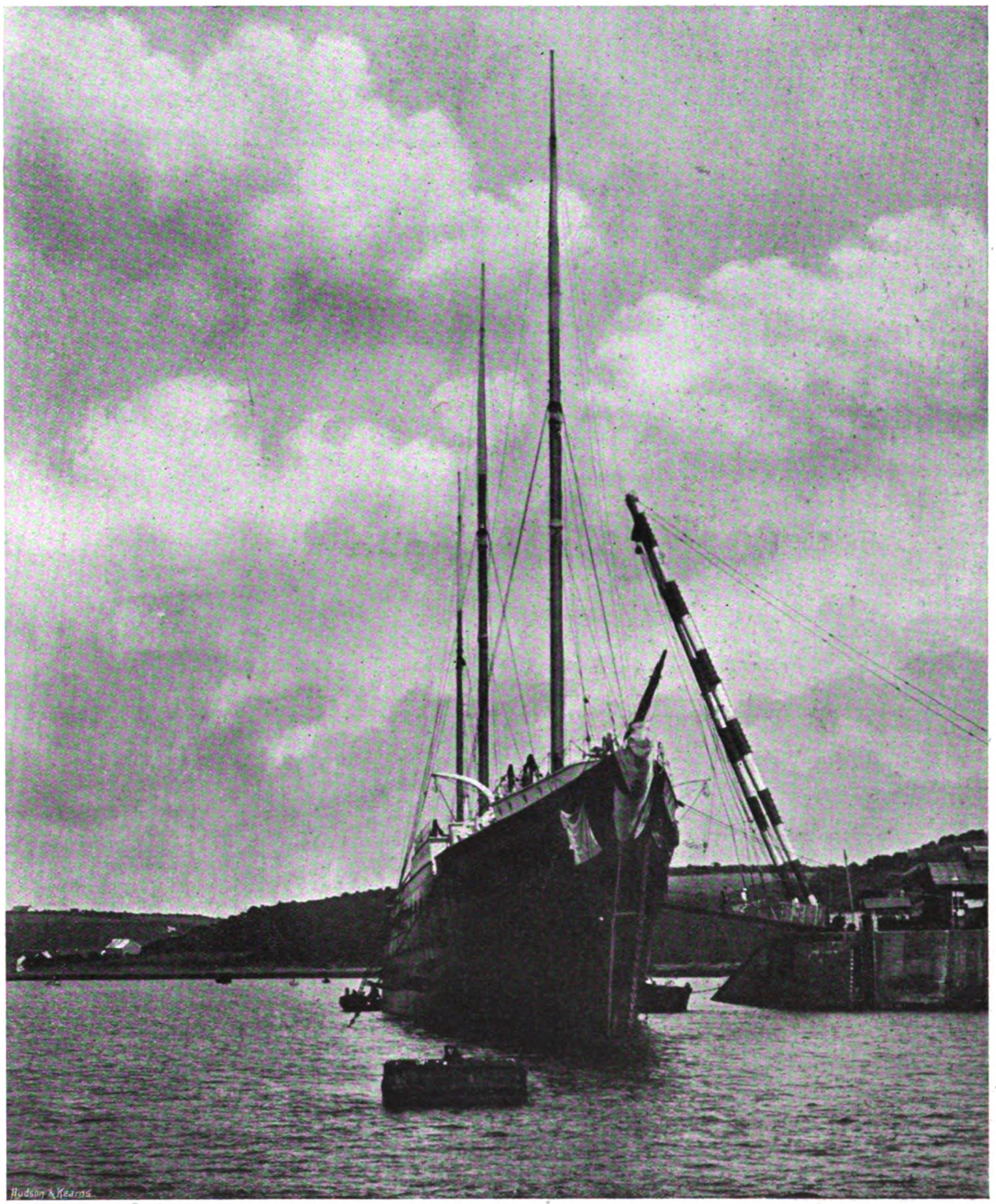

Photo, Copyright. "Navy & Army."

"THE MISTRESS OF THE SEAS."

HER MAJESTY'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

This magnificent national Birthday present to the Queen was launched at Pembroke Dockyard on April 10, 1899, by H.R.H. the Duchess of York, and will be ready for commissioning by the end of this year.

(See next page.)

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The Queen's New Yacht.

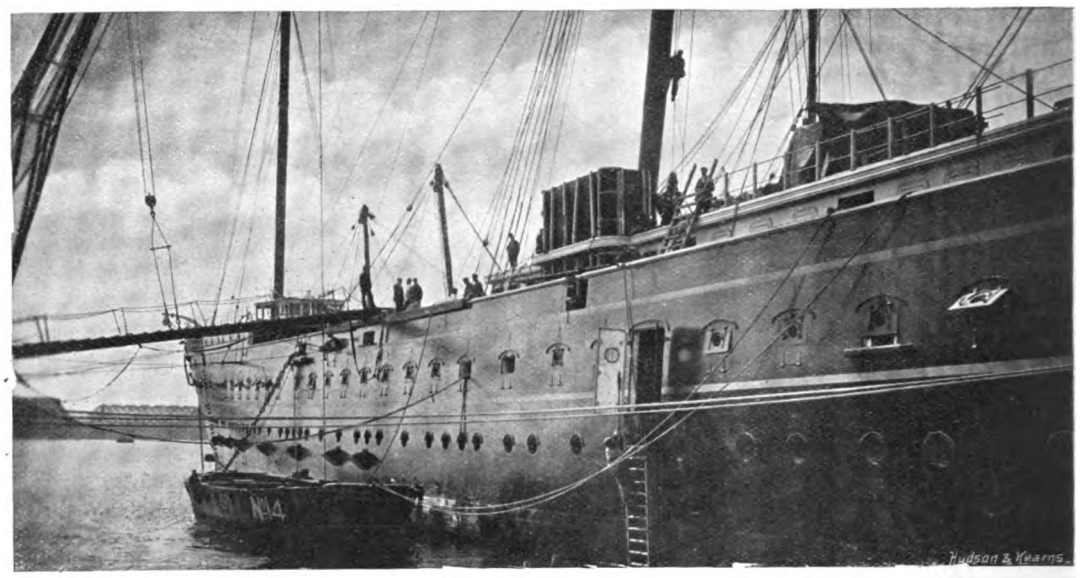
[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NO trait in Her Majesty's character is more noticeable than her desire to retain about her person everybody and everything connected with her earlier and happier years. The nation, proud of its august ruler, had watched with loving pride this loyalty to the memory of the past, and, save in one instance only, had sympathised with it. It was felt, however, that the retention of the old Royal Yacht was humiliating to the pride of the greatest Naval Power in the world, and the Queen was urged to give her consent to the building of a new one. Ever willing to meet the wishes of her people, Her Majesty put aside her own predilections, and with—who knows?—a sigh for the "past" approved the plans for the magnificent "present."

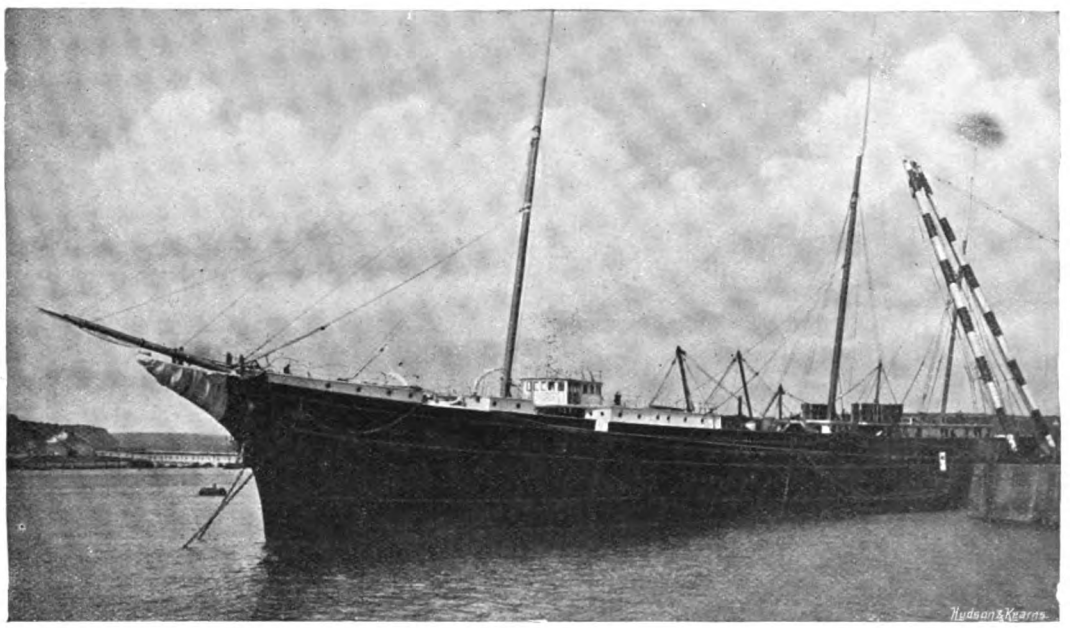
The contrast between the two is striking in the extreme. The old paddle steamer launched in 1842 always looked, in spite of her gorgeous gilding, an anachronism when modern ships were in her vicinity. Not so the new yacht, which more resembles in general appearance a racing vessel than a Royal marine palace. From the water, her beautifully-designed stem, her two tall funnels, and her three raking masts all confirm this impression, which requires a close inspection to remove.

When she is viewed from alongside on shore it is at once seen that speed has been ruthlessly sacrificed in favour of comfort, her contour resembling that of a collier rather than a yacht. This is as it should be, for the Monarch of Great Britain does not require to race anywhere. In length the "Victoria and Albert" exceeds that of every Royal yacht afloat, being 380-ft. between perpendiculars and 419-ft. over all. Her beam is 50-ft. In tonnage, the Russian "Standart" exceeds the new yacht, being 5,557 tons, as against the 4,700 tons of the "Victoria and Albert." In speed she is beaten *nominally* by the "Hohenzollern"; but the British ship is designed for a 17-knot sustained sea-speed, and this will be obtained, which is more than can be said for her rivals. No guns will encumber *her* deck, for the Admiralty rightly judged that the Royal Yacht required none, her protection being in its proper place on board Her Majesty's ships of war. Her graceful appearance is due, in a measure, to the fact that, although built of steel, her hull is wood-cased, the teak lending itself far more readily to flowing outline than the more rigid metal.

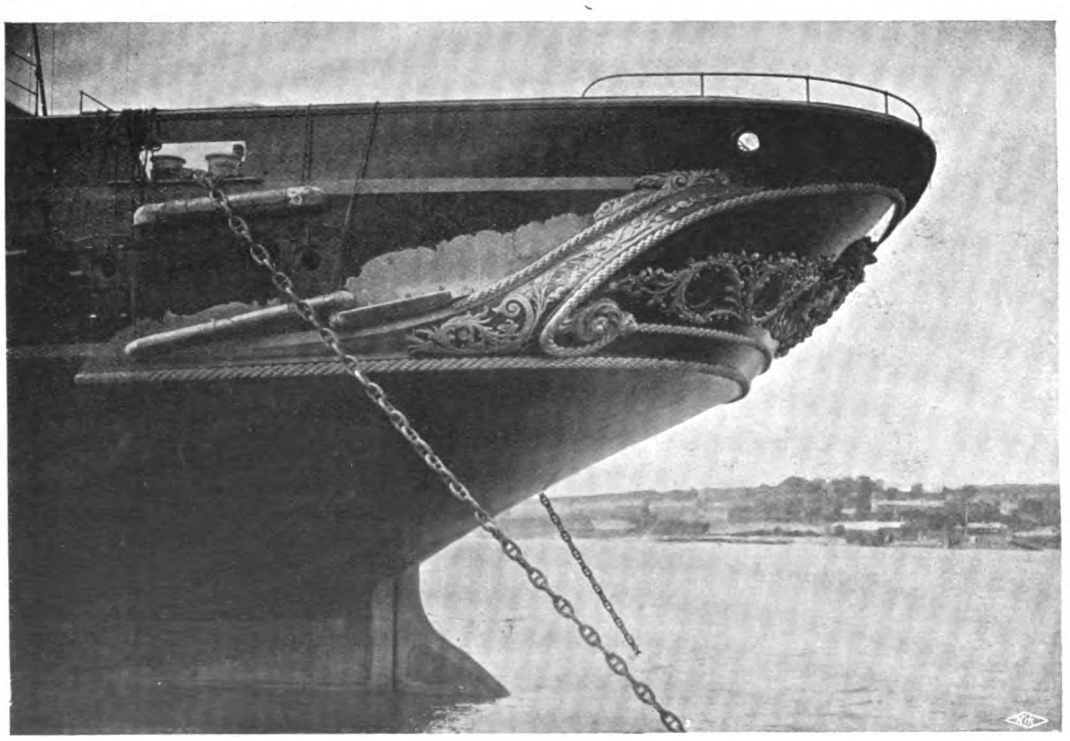
One detail which makes for comfort is well shown in the picture taken amidships, viz., the port of entry. All old ships had this admirable arrangement, which does away with the numberless steps which in a modern ship have to be ascended. The gilding and decorative work on the hull has been temporarily removed during the rough work of completing for sea.



AMIDSHIPS.
Showing the Port of Entry and the Comfortable Model of the Ship.



A ROYAL GREYHOUND.
Showing the Yacht-like Lines on which the "Victoria and Albert" is Built, and the Rakish Stepping of Her Three Masts



Photos. Copyright. *THE NATIONAL EMBLEMS.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock are Carved, as the National Mark of Union, on the Stern

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—II.

WHEREVER a few New Zealanders settle, one of the first things they wish to do is to form either a Volunteer corps or a rifle club. The former for preference, for it gives them a chance of getting that instruction which they could not otherwise obtain. This splendidly-patriotic feeling it is which has been the cause of the formation of many of the best corps in the colony, and it was doubtless this which actuated the promoters of the Hauraki Rifles when they decided to form their corps at the latter end of 1897. As far as numbers go it is quite up to the maximum establishment—sixty-three—and is well officered by Captain A. P. Harper and Lieutenant Radford, while the non-commissioned officers are all steady workers. Up to the present the corps has had a flourishing existence, and in a short time, if the same rate of improvement goes on, may be reckoned among the best in the colony.

Photo. Copyright. *WANGANUI RIFLES—A GROUP OF VETERANS.* *"Navy & Army."*

The Victoria Rifles, established in 1857, is the oldest infantry corps in the colony. In shooting, the Victoria Rifles have always held a high position, while for drill and discipline they are second to none in the province. In individual shooting they have been very successful, and have several times had men well placed at the New Zealand Rifle Association Meeting. In 1887 Captain White, the present commandant, won the Championship of New Zealand, and has on other occasions been placed third, fourth, and sixth on the list. Lieutenant Cox is at present one of the finest shots in the province. The present strength of the corps is sixty-six, or three above the maximum establishment. The uniform is khaki.

Photo. E Hall *NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE WOODVILLE RIFLES.* Copyright
The Backbone of the Corps.

The Wanganui Rifles were formed in 1870 of men who had mostly seen service in the first Class Militia against that arch-rebel Tito Kowavu. From the inception of the corps it has ranked high in the Colonial Service for efficiency and every detail that goes to mark a crack company.

Much of the success of the corps is undoubtedly due to the officers who have been in command. On the formation of the corps Captain Parkes, a most experienced officer, was appointed to command, with Major Watt, V.D., now commanding No. 2 Battalion Wellington Rifle Volunteers, as ensign. In 1877 Captain Parkes resigned, and Lieutenant Watt was appointed his successor, and continued in command until 1886, when he was appointed senior major to the West Coast Battalion. On the disbanding of the battalion Major Watt was transferred to the Active Unattached List, and in 1890, in response to an urgent appeal from his old corps, he very magnanimously resigned his majority to assume again command of the Wanganui Rifles.

On the re-establishment of the battalion systems in June last, Captain Watt was restored to his former rank, with command of No. 2 Battalion Wellington Rifle Volunteers, and Lieutenant Hughes elected his successor as captain of the corps.

In shooting, the Wanganui Rifles are redoubtable, holding for the year, as they often have, first place in volley firing for the colony, with the record average of twenty-two points per man out of a possible thirty points. The Wanganui Rifles have in each of the three competitions been the winners.

At the New Zealand Rifle Associa-

Photo. E. Hall. *WOODVILLE RIFLES—DINNER-TIME.* Copyright

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tion meetings the Rifles have won the companies' team match four times, with numerous seconds, and only one year were they unplaced, while they can reckon five champion belt winners.

In 1881, on the outbreak of the Parihaka disturbance, the corps volunteered for service, and a company of sixty-four men took part in the restoration of peace and order.

Woodville has for several years held the reputation of having some of the finest shooting men south of the line in the local club. In 1896 the club team put up a world's record of 484 for a team of five men in a seven shot match at 200-yds., 500-yds., and 600-yds., and when the formation of a rifle corps was mooted in the district it was felt that it would be a great addition to the shooting strength of the Volunteers. The present Woodville Rifles was formed in the early part of 1897, and as the corps was composed of a number of men who had drilled in the past, it quickly ranked as one of the coming corps of the colony, and Lieutenant-Colonel Newall, the district commander, at his inspections spoke of the pride he felt in having so fine a corps in his district. At the last annual camp of eight days the corps mustered very strongly, and there was hardly an absentee.

Photo. Attwood. *PALMERSTON NORTH RIFLES.* *The Bayonet Exercise.* Copyright

Raised in 1879 by Mr. G. M. Snelson, the Mayor of the town, the Palmerston North Rifles has always been well to the fore, whether in shooting, drill, or competition. In 1880, when the action of Te Whiti at Parihaka threatened to throw New Zealand into another Maori War, the Palmerston North Rifles offered their services at once and were accepted, proceeding to the scene of action sixty strong out of a total strength of sixty-three, a feat any corps in the world might be proud of. Sergeant James Carroll was in charge on the occasion, and he was afterwards promoted captain, being succeeded by the present commanding officer, Captain J. E. Hall, who has with him as subalterns Lieutenants W. L. Fitzherbert and John Mounsey. Captain Hall has been a Volunteer for nearly twenty-five years, and has filled every position from private to captain. The illustration shows the stamp of men of which the corps is composed; alert, active, and intelligent, they would be hard to beat anywhere. The white dog shown in the foreground of the picture is the corps' pet Fido, and is the property of Captain Hall. He attends parade regularly, and appears to know his drill as well as the men. The motto of the corps is "Flecti non Frangi" (bent but not broken). The Wellington Battalion is commanded by Major Collins. This officer has seen a deal of rough work in his time. One of the oldest Volunteers in the colony, he has on several occasions helped his country, and is looked upon as one of the best and most competent officers in New Zealand. The corps forming the Wellington Battalion are Wellington City Rifles, Wellington Guards, Kelburne Rifles, Civil Service Rifles, Post and Telegraph Rifles, College Rifles, and Zealandia Rifles. The last four are young corps, which have been raised in response to the expressed desire of the commandant.

Photo. Copyright. *COLLEGE RIFLES—"EASY ALL."* "Navy & Army"

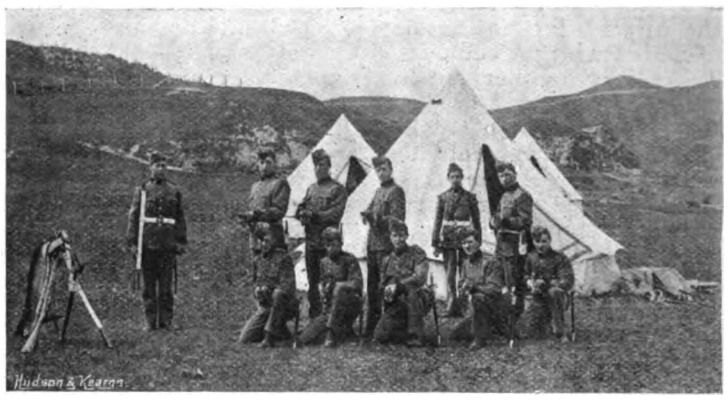

Photo. Copyright. *COLLEGE RIFLES—"READY."* "Navy & Army."

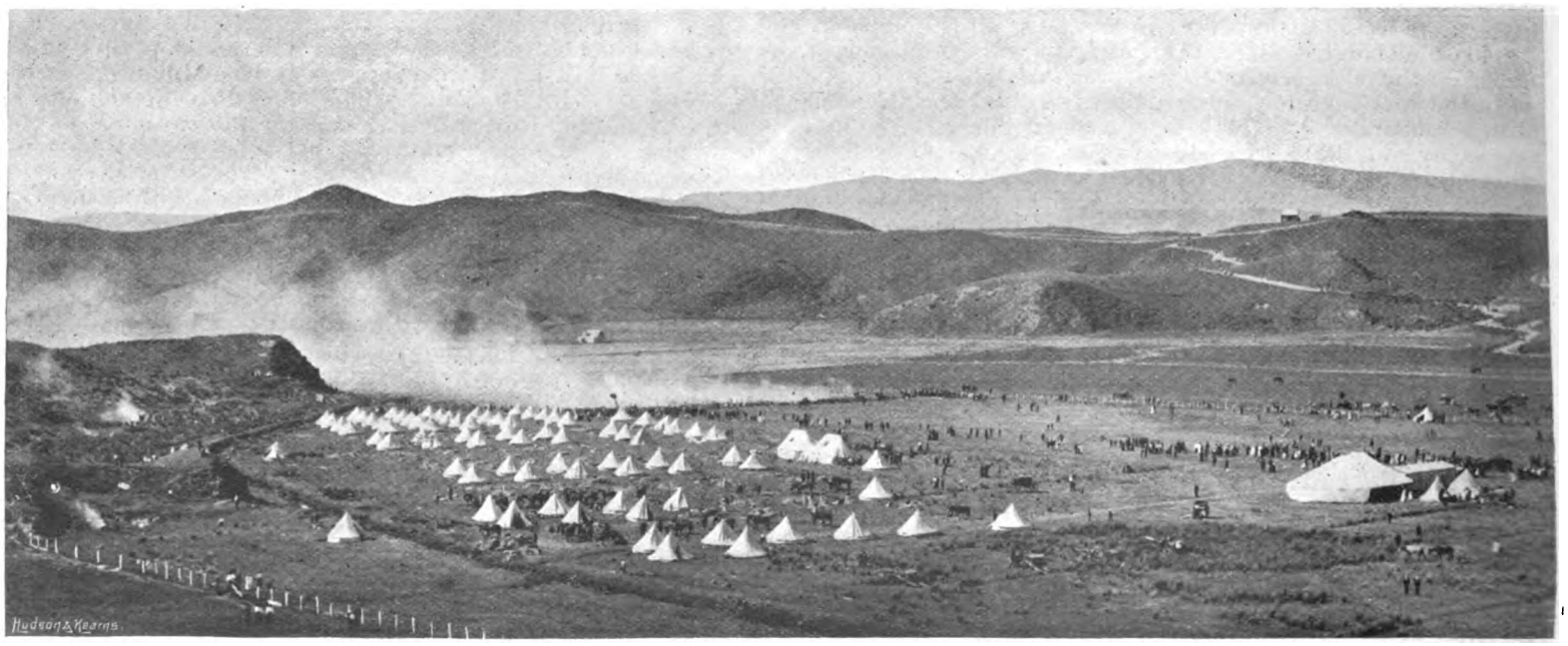

Photo Copyright *THE WELLINGTON BATTALION—A SHAM FIGHT.* "Navy & Army."

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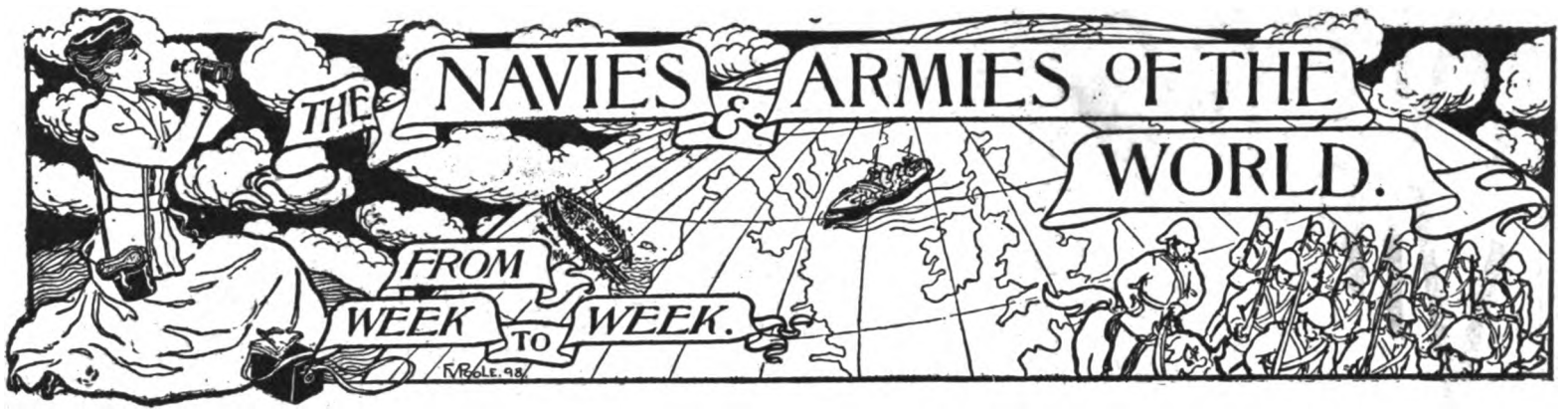

IF we had been told, say, a month ago that two officers belonging to the best corps of a great European army would turn upon a superior sent to supersede them, and shoot him, together with several others, we would have rejected the story as too wild for Adelphi melodrama. Yet this is what Captain Voulet, of the Infanterie de la Marine, and Captain Chanoine, of the French cavalry, are reported to have done at Sinder, on the road between Say and Bornu. It seems so monstrous that one's first impulse was to agree with those who refused their belief. Major Marchand, for instance, insisted that the story was a lie. He was ready to believe that Lieutenant-Colonel Klobb and Lieutenant Meynier have been butchered, but said that it must have been by the natives who had already killed Major Casamajou. But there was a difficulty in accepting this explanation. Why should the fugitives of the escort who came back with the news bring an unfounded accusation against French officers when they could so easily and so safely tell the truth? There was another possible explanation, namely, that the escort had deserted, or perhaps murdered, their officers, and had come back with a tale of a cock and a bull—an event which has happened often enough in the history of African exploration. For many years Livingstone was thought to have perished on just such evidence. But, then, why not lay the blame on the Touaregs, whose backs are pretty broad? Why bring a charge against French officers for which they would assuredly be punished if it turned out to be unfounded? Finally, how comes the story to be accepted by French officials in the Soudan, in Dahomey, and at home, though it is deeply discreditable to their country?

* * * *

The fact is that one has to accept the report, incredible as it looks. It may turn out to be false, but for the present such evidence as we have is in favour of its truth. Neither is the crime, though most exceptional, really incredible in the proper sense of the word, that is to say, physically and morally impossible. Carlyle has written a passage, in a little fragment on Duelling which forms part of his essays, very germane to this matter: "A background of wrath, which can be stirred up to the murderous infernal pitch, does lie in every man, in every creature; this is a fact which cannot be contradicted; which indeed is but another phasis of the more general fact, that every one of us is a *Self*, that every one of us calls himself I. How can you be a Self, and have tendencies to self defence! This background of wrath—which surely ought to blaze out as seldom as possible, and then as nobly as possible—may be defined as no other than the general radical fire, in its least elaborated, whereof Life itself is composed. Its least elaborated shape, this flash of accursed murderous rage; as the glance of mothers' loves, and all intermediate warmths, and energies and genialities, are the same element better elaborated." There is a capacity for sinking into the savage in the most civilised of us, which may well be worked to the pitch "of accursed murderous rage," when we are taken away from all the restraints of public opinion and of law. Witness the story of Stanley's rear guard, which only wanted to go a little further to come very near the tragedy at Sinder.

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If the report of the fugitives from Lieut.-Col. Klobb's escort is true, as the French authorities believe that it is, then it gives a frightful illustration of two evils. The first is the element of violence and brutality, in which so much of the work of exploration and occupation in Africa is done. Captain Voulet and his colleagues had been accused of excessive cruelty in collecting the porters for their mission among the natives of the Niger country. It was for this very reason that they were to be recalled. Now, no man can make a practice of cruelty for long without degrading his character. There is mere folly in supposing that because the victims are black, the man who commits crimes at their expense is not brutalised. Whether he will break out against his own countrymen or not, will depend on how far he is restrained by fear of consequences. Now it is said, by very moderate commentators in France, that Captain Voulet is an excitable man, whose head is full of wild ideas of an empire to be founded in Central Africa, and it is also reported that he and Captain Chanoine are given to drink. That they should have forgotten all restraint when excited by a long course of violence, and threatened by recall to stand a court-martial, is not incredible. The second evil which their crime illustrates, is the brutalising of the French character by the controversies of the last four years. Readers in this country who do not follow the writings of MM. Rochefort, Drumont, and others of the same kidney, can have no idea of the length to which incitements to hatred, murder, and violence have been carried by them. That sort of thing cannot go on without producing some effect. The attempted murder of M. Labori is its natural consequence, and an outbreak such as this at Sinder would only be another—and a worse.

* * * *

The "Military Student" who wrote to the *Times* of the 23rd ult. on the subject of Military Attachés expresses an opinion which a good many others must share after hearing the history of this shocking Dreyfus business. He asks whether it does not "direct attention to the uselessness of Military and Naval Attachés to Embassies in foreign countries." It does, but it also, as he clearly sees, does something more. As a matter of fact, it is another example of how evil surroundings may work to degrade men. But for the hideous atmosphere of spying, and of the suspicion of spying, which surrounds these officers, the general staff would assuredly never have been driven wild, as it manifestly has been in Paris. Observe that whatever may be the case as regards Captain Dreyfus and his accusers, there can be no doubt whatever that Colonels Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi were prepared to debauch French officers to become spies if they could. The general staff was driven to spy back on them. Between the two there went on a regular cultivation of scoundrelism, which could not but be degrading to all concerned. Spies and traitors must be used, even by those who scorn them, but whoever goes about to incite them is doing dirty work. He becomes what is called in French an *agent provocateur*, an agent of corruption. Properly speaking, he is an accessory to the crime, and the country which has to complain of his activity would be perfectly justified in bringing him to trial. To stand in the position of being liable to such treatment ought, one imagines, to be repugnant to any gentleman.

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The reaction against short service continues to give proofs of its existence from time to time in France. Lieutenant-Colonel Frocard has begun a series of papers, which he heads "La Vie Nationale et le Service Militaire," in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, which show that French officers are by no means wholly in love with the workings of this system, which was generally praised a few years ago as the perfection of military organisation. The substance of his case is that France can hardly drill her men with a standard of three years' service for the majority of her conscripts. Germany, which has a large corps of non-commissioned officers who make a profession of the Army, and a good sprinkling of long-service men, can afford to reduce her period of service to two years, and thereby gains the advantage of releasing men more rapidly for industry. This gives her a commercial advantage, which is driving the French to follow her example. But they have no corresponding cadastre of professional soldiers below the rank of officer. The two years' limit would reduce their Army to a mob of raw recruits. Lieutenant-Colonel Frocard does not, of course, propose to abolish conscription, or even short service. What he does propose is that the French Government should offer bounties and good pay, in order to persuade a certain proportion of men to re-enlist. Considering that the French are rather fond of speaking with reprobation of our "mercenary" Army, it is instructive to find a thoughtful officer proposing to follow our example by hiring "mercenaries."

DAVID HANNAY.

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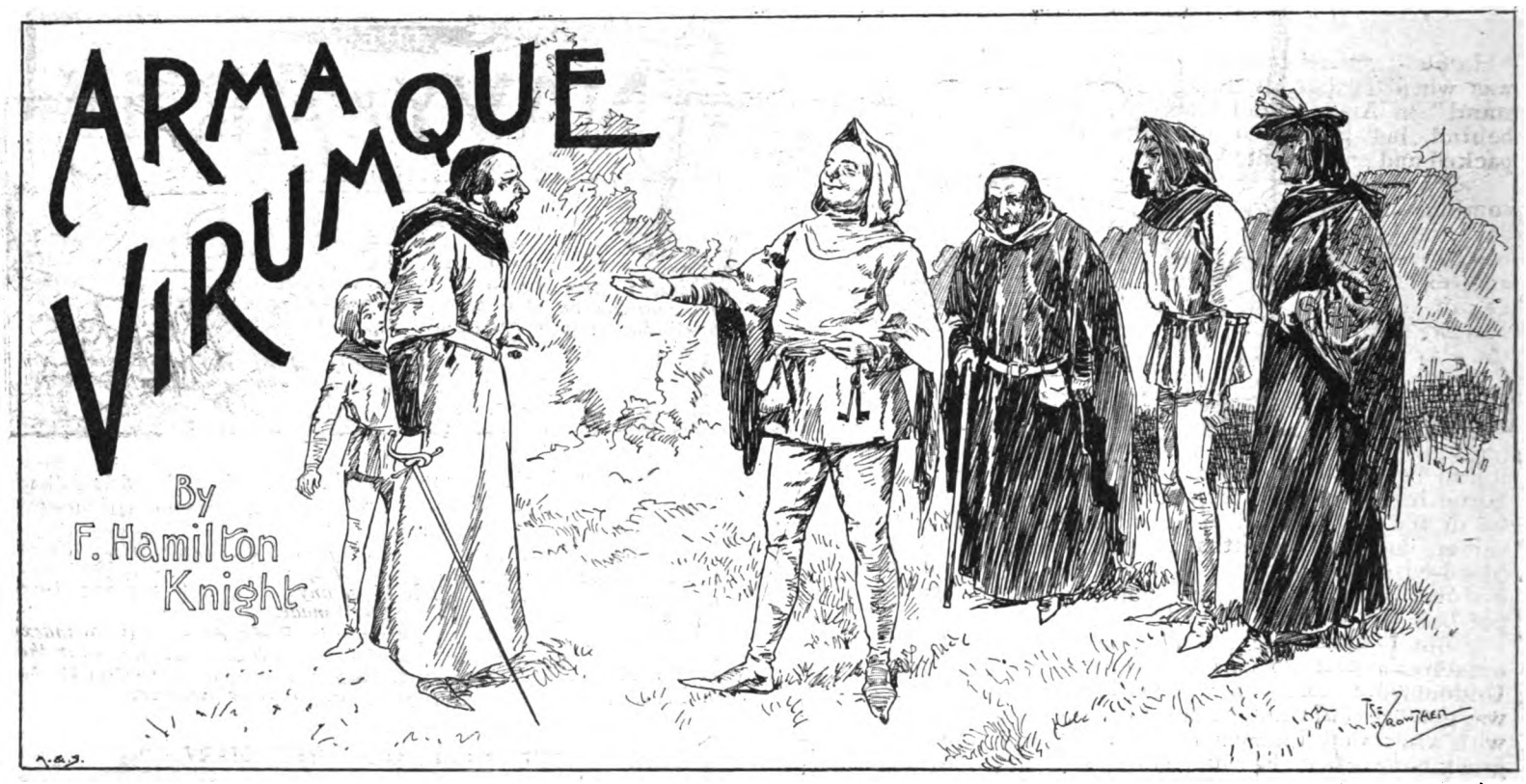

CAIUS.—Vat be all you—one, two, three, four—come for?
HOST.—To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy distance, thy montánt.

* * * *

SHALLOW.—Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

IN a recent number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, Captain Hutton paid me the compliment to refer to an article I contributed some months ago on "Stage Fights." I do not profess to have any intimate knowledge with the glorious art and science of which Captain Hutton is so distinguished an advocate, I merely jotted down a few of the many obvious and fantastic mistakes which had come under my notice from time to time; I therefore appreciated to the full the remarks to which I refer, and turned to my Shakespeare to verify the context of a line quoted therein.

Such a proceeding to me, as I hope and believe it is to most of the thinking members of the dramatic calling, is a dangerous one, and, having found the object of my search, I must needs compare this scene with that, and that with another, all the time discovering "reflecting gems," until for the thousand and first time, after half a day's reading, I sat amazed at my own ignorance of the untold beauties of the Immortal.

The next morning the first paragraph that caught my eye in the leading article of one of the contemporary journals was as follows: "Look at Shakespeare. He has taught more history to the English people than any score of chroniclers; and if it be not all quite accurate, neither is anybody's. Accuracy is impossible. Like a good general, a good historian is he who commits the fewest mistakes; but he is quite certain to commit them, whether he be of the class which despises literature and 'poses over mediæval washing bills,' or of the larger-minded class which tries to make a sort of cinematograph of human doings as they glide and glitter by." "As they glide and glitter by" is good—is it not? and my thoughts immediately reverted to Shakespeare and Captain Hutton's article. I think Captain Hutton must feel like Justice Shallow, whose words I quote for his special benefit at the heading of this article: "If I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one." My fingers itched again, until I had my well-beloved, well-worn volume in my hands.

What was Shakespeare? To that question there is only one reply, the small boy's, "Please, sir, ask me an easy one." By influence and internal evidence we can prove him to have been all and everything. Captain Hutton I'm sure knows he must have been a duellist, although I sadly fear Captain Hutton's sympathies are more with that swashbuckler Tybalt than that essence of a gentleman Mercutio, because Mercutio says of Tybalt:

He fights as you sing prick song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house—of the first and second cause. Ah! the immortal passado! The punto reverso! The hay!

There's a description of a young blood at his business in a nutshell. Who but a duellist could have written that? Argal, Shakespeare was a duellist.

And yet, again, who but an ardent lover and an ardent duellist would forge so delightful a conceit as this?

Cupid's butt shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and, therefore, too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu valour—rust rapier.

What matters time or season to Shakespeare the duellist? Would you be mirthful, would you be tickled to death with laughter? he will do it in a trice; and lo! before your eyes stand Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the timorous Viola. Can you want a funnier picture? The truculent old dog Sir Toby revelling in the mischief of the scene, the pusillanimous Aguecheek trembling in his shoes, and Viola vainly endeavouring to put on a manly front. And yet, if you are not satisfied, listen a moment, and hark to Claudius speaking, speaking almost the last words his lips shall utter on earth, giving the ultimate cue of the most terrible of all terrible tragedies: "Give them the foils young Osric." Tell me, when was the sword of Damocles about to fall upon more dread a holocaust? Wherefore, I think we may take it for granted that Shakespeare, besides being everything else, was certainly a disciple of the Captain Hutton of his day.

And now I have at last come round to the *fons et origo* of my remarks. Captain Hutton raises a point in his article which I confess I have never looked at from a strictly archæological point of view; indeed, which of Shakespeare's plays are there that can be so regarded? He advocates that the duel between Hamlet and Laertes should be fought with sword and dagger, basing his assumption on these lines:

HAMLET.—What's his weapon?
OSRIC.—Rapier and dagger.
HAMLET.—That's two of his weapons; but well.

Now I had, in my ignorance, always taken Hamlet's line merely to be in the vein of sarcastic irony with which he treats Osric throughout the scene, but I am glad that my views of the Hamlet duel expressed before meet with Captain Hutton's approval, and when, as doubtless one day it will be, done under his guidance, either with rapiers alone, or with rapiers and daggers, as he maintains it should be fought, "may I be there to see." If, as he points out, the Bradfield College boys can do it, and do it well, it certainly should be within the reach of our present-day managers to put the matter right; but to discuss archæology in the same breath as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is only to reap the reward of our friend in the fable who blew hot and cold at the same time. In the regrettable absence here of some such authoritative Court of Appeal as the Comédie Française, as long as the leading man has got on some "inky suit" or the other, the rest of the cast seem to be arraying themselves for a Covent Garden fancy dress ball. Laertes on one occasion appears as a belated Lohengrin; on another, ye gods! as a very English Italian in an opera-bouffe. I saw one in light green hose, cross-gartered with violet. Shades of Malvolio. The king and queen always rely, more or less—generally more—on the Benvenuto Cellini Twelfth-cake pattern. Ophelia sometimes has the courage to go mad in a sad-coloured gown (so unconventional, you know); but, as for the rest, it is always a hurry-scurry and a scramble to decide whether they shall be Vikings, Elizabethans, or incongruities.

I have only heard of one occasion on which the play of

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"Hamlet" was really consistently dressed all round, and that was when the late Mr. Edwin Booth arrived at "a one-night stand" in America and found all the dresses had been left behind, but he played notwithstanding, and played to a packed and enthusiastic house.

Why, even now the whole energies of a great artistic combination, guided by a master of his craft, are worrying day and night to be "absolutely correct," and possibly before these lines are in print we shall have "alarums and excursions," and trumpets and "villainous saltpetre" galore, hurled at us from a dazzling pageant at Her Majesty's Theatre; but *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* and in the play of "King John" the producers have a very free hand indeed. It seems almost a pity that such energy and devotion as is ever the concomitant of all Mr. Tree's work should be lavished upon one of Shakespeare's least worthy plays (certainly the feeblest historical play out of the ten), if, indeed, it can be truly regarded as Shakespeare's at all. When it is borne in mind that it was the fifth play that he put his name to in the two years of the least great period of his great career, and knowing that it was merely an anonymous blood-curdling drama on which he appliquéd some of his own jewels, "King John" may surely be regarded as a pot-boiler.

But I am wandering away from the question we asked ourselves at first. What was Shakespeare? Was he a soldier? Undoubtedly. Why, had be been born in a sutler's baggage waggon he could not have been more at home than he was with arms and armaments. Let the casual reader open the great book where he will, and before long I warrant he is "bombarded" by "batteries" and "ordnance," by "cannons" and "mines," shot at by "guns," by "muskets" and "pistols"; sore smitten by "halberd," by "bill" and by

Edwin Booth playing "Hamlet" in a frock coat.

"pike." If he "tilts" he shall have "shafts" in his "harness," and if that suffice him not, he shall be carved by "sword," by "rapier," by "dagger," and by "faulchion." Surely we may presume from this that he knew a little of the tented field. I can myself enumerate over 500 occasions on which the word sword is used, each time with still more varying and yet more pregnant meaning. Yes, Shakespeare was undoubtedly a soldier.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1758.—General Bligh, with a land force, accompanied by a fleet under Admiral Howe, having arrived off St. Malo, effected a landing near that town.

September 5, 1848.—Commencement of the siege of Mooltan by General Whish's army. 1807.—Bombardment of Copenhagen, by the army commanded by Lord Cathcart, began.

September 6, 1842.—General Nott took possession of Ghuznee, which had been evacuated by the Afghans in anticipation of an assault. 1781.—Fort Griswold, one of the advanced works of New London, captured by assault by Brigadier Arnold from the Americans. Our loss was 191, that of the Americans 145 killed and wounded, and 70 prisoners.

September 7, 1807.—Copenhagen surrendered to the army commanded by Lord Cathcart. The town had undergone nearly a week's bombardment, and was on the point of being stormed. 1760.—The Marquis de Vaudreuil, commanding the garrison of Montreal, finding the town invested by the British troops, under General Townshend, surrendered. Montreal was the last place of importance held by the French in Canada.

September 8, 1855.—Sebastopol evacuated during the night by the Russians, who retired to the north side of the harbour. The British army was commanded by General Simpson, the French by Marshal Pelissiér. 1842.—Afghans defeated at Jag de lak by General Pollock. 1857.—Bombardment of Delhi, previous to the assault, began. General Wilson commanded the British force.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1782.—Hughes' and Suffren's action off Trincomalee. British: Twelve ships, with 794 guns. French: Fifteen ships, with 958 guns. This was the fourth of the five battles fought in the East Indies between Sir Edward Hughes and the Bailli de Suffren, and like the others it ended indecisively, after several hours' close fighting.

September 4, 1782.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Hébé" by the British 44-gun ship "Rainbow." The "Rainbow" was armed entirely with carronades—68-pounders, 42-pounders, and 32-pounders—and her first broadside so staggered the French, who were panic-stricken at such huge shot coming from so small a ship, that they hauled down their colours forthwith.

September 5, 1800.—The fortress of Valetta and its dependencies capitulated to the squadron of the British Mediterranean Fleet blockading Malta. Malta was taken possession of as the result, and has remained in our hands ever since. Two French 64-gun ships and a frigate were at the same time captured in Valetta Harbour.

September 6, 1808.—Action between the 18-gun brig "Recruit," Captain Charles Napier, and the French corvette "Diligente." The "Recruit" brought the "Diligente" to action within pistol shot, but unfortunately, after a three hours' fight, at a critical point in the action her main mast was shot away, and the "Diligente" made off.

September 7, 1807.—Bombardment of Copenhagen by part of Admiral Gambier's fleet in conjunction with Lord Cathcart's army operating from siege batteries on shore.

September 8, 1811.—Attack by the 36-gun frigate "Hotspur" on seven French brigs off Calvados. The "Hotspur" sunk one brig, and drove two ashore, but herself grounded close under a battery and some field-pieces on shore, eventually getting off much knocked about.

September 9, 1840.—Attack on Beyrout by Admiral Stopford and Commodore Sir Charles Napier. After bombarding the place, a landing was safely effected of the Marines of the fleet, together with a division of Turkish troops.

IT is on record that a swarm of bees as weapons of war were used not once, but twice, and with the best possible effect. When Themiseyra, in Pontus, was besieged by Lucullus, the Romans employed turrets, built mounds, and made huge mines beneath the city. While they were creating the mines the people of Themiseyra dug down through the earth to the mines, and then cast in upon the Roman workers bears and other wild animals, together with a swarm of bees. History repeated itself in England when the Danes and Norwegians made their attack upon Chester about ten centuries since. The town was held by the Saxons and some Gallic allies, who tried stones and boiling water upon the besiegers without effect. As a last resource, they collected all the beehives and upset them into the enemy's camp beneath the city wall. This had the effect of making things "hum," so to speak, and it is recorded that the enemy were so badly stung that they could move neither arms nor legs.

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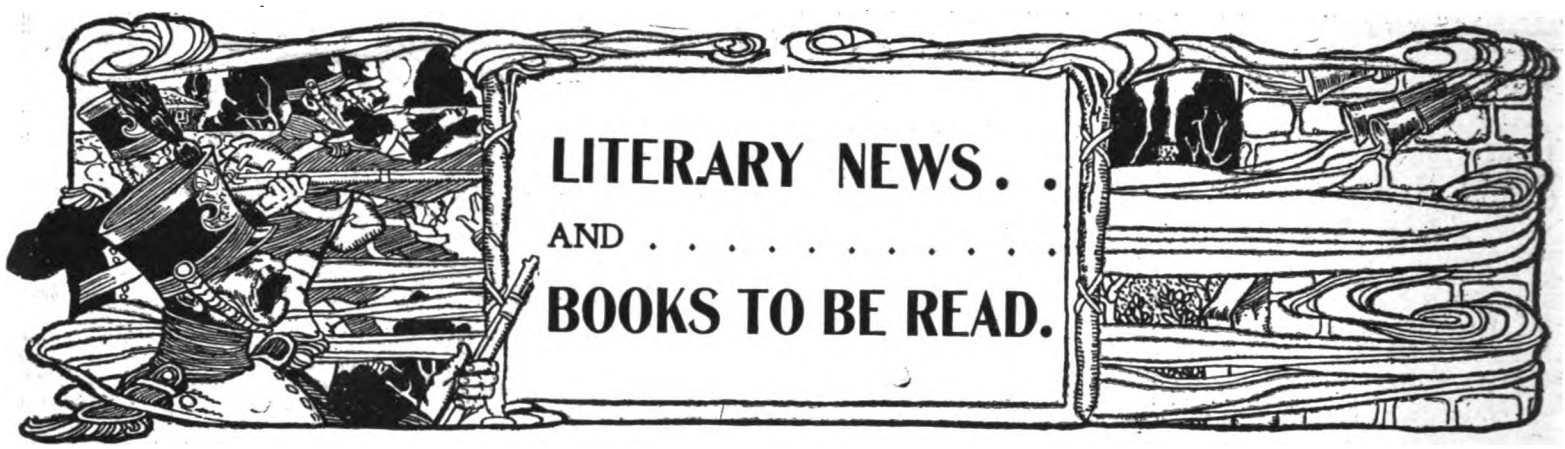

SOME of our British Nimrods must now look to their laurels, for M. Edouard Foà has been abroad, and has returned with an extraordinary "bag." "After Big Game in Central Africa," translated from the French by Frederic Lees (Black, 21s.), is the record of his triumph. M. Foà is a traveller of great experience, for he has journeyed, rifle in hand, through Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, from the Ivory Coast to the Niger and thence to the French Congo, and, on an official mission, from the Zambesi through the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and the Gaca and other countries described in "Mes Grandes Chasses dans l'Afrique Centrale." "Qui a bu boira," the French say, and M. Foà, having caught the big game fever, embarked on a new enterprise, which he describes in this book. His exponent, Mr. Lees, makes an explanation. Englishmen have taken such a high position in all matters relating to sport that they are a little apt to doubt the sportsmanlike ability of a foreigner, and to scrutinise his methods somewhat closely. Accordingly the translator gives a kind of guarantee by assuring us that he knows both M. Foà and his methods, and that both are completely above suspicion. Indeed, I see no reason to question the quality of the sport or the accuracy of the narrative. It was certainly a very remarkable journey, the more so because, except for the descent of the Congo, it was accomplished entirely on foot, the distance thus traversed being about 4,000 miles. The starting-point was Chinde, and the party, numbering about 380, ascended the Zambesi for some months, explored and hunted the country to the north and north-east, and pushed on towards Lake Bangweolo. The shores of Lake Nyassa were afterwards explored, and something added to the map both there and along the Chozi and Chambezi, which appear to be sources of the Congo. Tanganyika was also mapped, and after extraordinary difficulties in crossing the Manyema country, convoyed by troops supplied by Baron Dhanis, the equatorial forest and the land of the pygmies, the party reached the navigable Congo, and the rest of the journey was only a matter of time.

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The narrative of such an expedition must necessarily abound with interest, but in the present volume M. Foà appeals only to sportsmen, and readers who would learn the incidents, vicissitudes, discoveries, and results of the new journey across the once dark continent, must, it appears, turn to another volume. Those who delight in the chase of big game will certainly peruse these with absorbing interest and curiosity. They will find a great deal to attract them, for the narrative is both instructive and thrilling, and it is related modestly and in well-chosen language well translated. A great deal of the success is attributed by the author to the qualities of his native helpers, and in particular to Tambarika, Tchigallo, Rodzani, and Msiambiri, all excellent shikaris. The bag from August, 1894, to November, 1897, included 488 large animals and 520 small game, and the grand total was 1,228. There were 39 elephants, 14 rhinoceroses, 19 hippopotami, 16 lions, and 56 Cape buffaloes. The author's battery at starting consisted of one double-barrelled 8-bore, two express 577-bores, one express 303-bore (Metford) and one smooth 12-bore Winchester six-shot repeater. All the ammunition was supplied by Eley and Kynoch. For explosive bullets M. Foà has the greatest contempt, but he well knows the value of the expanding quality, and he will have nothing to do with telescopic sights, diamond sights, or other fanciful inventions, though I observe that he employed an electric projector or small search-light. M. Foà says that the best shot for a lion is in the neck—he has never known it to fail—but his instructions in regard to mortal shots, and all such matters, are very precise and will greatly interest every sportsman. He is full of the keenest enthusiasm for the chase, and neither hardships nor dangers discouraged him. The following is a characteristic incident in the chase of a man-eating lion on foot, the shikaris having found the trail: "The rustling grass bends forward, then opens on either side, and the lion walks out eight yards away from me, looking behind him, engrossed by the noise of the voices. Upon turning his head he sees me standing motionless, shows his teeth and snarls without deviating from his path. At the same time his tail rises, he flattens his ears, and I see he is going to charge at the very moment when, having followed him with my rifle, and aiming at the nape of his neck, I pull the trigger. . . . His four feet give way under him, and he falls stone dead without a movement." We do not begrudge M. Foà when he describes this as a "magnificent shot." The book is full of good things, being the record of a brilliant sportsman, and it is admirably illustrated, mostly from photographs.

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A far more adventurous book even than M. de Foà's is "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," as told by himself (Newnes, 6s.). All the world knows how dramatic, thrilling, and strange is the story of the new Crusoe, how attractive are its incidents and adventures, and how extraordinary was the interest aroused when the narrative appeared in serial form. Neither will anyone forget the violent controversy to which the publication gave rise, nor how one half the world was talking about it to the other. Whatever view, therefore, is taken of the narrative, there can be no gainsaying that it is profoundly interesting and curious, and I should suppose many would like to possess it in this handsome illustrated form.

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Such a book will add pleasure to a boy's holiday, and others have appeared that many will like to have in their baggage. I have before spoken of Ward, Lock, and Co.'s beautiful edition of Whyte-Melville's novels, than which nothing could be better in paper, print, and illustrations. Two new volumes (3s. 6d.) have just appeared, and it is a pleasure to have these good stories in such excellent form. Here is "Kate Coventry," if not Whyte-Melville's best, yet a very good yarn—the autobiography and self-revelation of a tom-boy, with a true woman's heart that brings its happy ending to the tale. Miss Lucy E. Kemp-Welch has supplied delightful pictures. The other volume is that dramatic and enthralling story of Rome and Judæa, "The Gladiators," which Mr. J. Ambrose Wilson has most successfully illustrated.

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It is a pity to spoil a holiday enlivened with the salt of the sea or the freshness of the mountain air, and by such books as these; but Paterfamilias, with his young ones around him, will sometimes, looking forward, heave a covert sigh. Let me remind him that there has just appeared a second edition of "Professions for Boys, and How to Enter Them," an attempt to answer the anxious question as to what we shall do with them. It is by M. L. Pechell and James J. Nolan, and has a preface by that skilled instructor Dr. Welldon, late head-master of Harrow (Beeton, 3s. 6d.). The naval, military, and civil services, the law, medicine and surgery, the church, engineering, scientific pursuits, the mercantile marine, architecture, accountancy, banking, insurance, the Stock Exchange, journalism, the stage, art, music, commerce, agriculture, Indian professions, and a miscellaneous but honourable gathering of "callings" are treated here. It is a very suggestive and useful book, fruitful in ideas, and stimulating perhaps more by its direction of enquiry than by what it actually contains. I heartily commend it as an excellent and praiseworthy volume.

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But, as I say, greater knowledge is needed before a final step is taken. In regard to the Navy, for example, the book could not go deeply enough. "How to Enter the Royal Navy," by Ernest J. Felix, with a capital article by Lieutenant H. T. A. Bosanquet, R.N. (Simpkin, 1s.), quite a new book, is necessarily fuller, and more likely to be practically useful, when attention has been directed to any branch of the naval career. Indeed it is a handy little treatise. Excellent is the account of the advantages of the Service, with its useful advice to parents. It was a good idea to include the Admiralty memorandum on physical disqualifications, which is both a lesson and a warning. I have known grievous disappointment arise from not studying this question beforehand. Then under the headings of naval cadets, engineer students and students in naval construction, and assistant clerks, we have a good description of duties and prospects and an account of examinations and regulations. Particulars of the supply and accounting departments of the Admiralty follow, with specimen examination papers and solutions. In short, the little book seems very complete and of very helpful character to the enquirer.

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The pleasant duty has often fallen to me of noticing foreign illustrated publications which, sometimes avowedly, and sometimes not less evidently, have drawn their inspiration from the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. Such journals exist in every important country of Europe and in certain of the South American States, and nearly every one, since the date of its beginning, has become an established success. A recent addition to the new school of illustrated and popular Service journalism appears to be the *Illustrierte Militar-Post* of Vienna, the official publication of the "Mars" military society, which does good and benevolent work in the Austrian Army. The illustrations are all good and of delicate workmanship, if lacking a little in force and tone, but, where such excellent things can be done, better will surely follow. A considerable feature is made in the early numbers of reproductions of military pictures by good artists, and there are scenes of military life, manœuvres and so forth, with some technical matters. The lighter side of life is not forgotten, for there are some amusing stories without words, and humorous pictures of reconnoitring, where the object is a pretty girl over the hedge in a hayfield. All seems well done, and the many sides of military and naval life are carefully treated by pen and pencil. Evidently the editor does not overlook the tastes of the serious soldier, while willing to cater for the general interests of the public. I congratulate him on his success.

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The *Century* makes a "salt-water" issue of its September number, and a very excellent one. Everyone should read Captain Joshua Slocum's story. He is the enterprising gentleman who essayed to sail alone round the world and succeeded. His craft was a 40-ft. sloop, in which he crossed the Atlantic, and rounded Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, navigating a distance of 46,000 miles unaided, with a cheap tin clock instead of a chronometer to assist him. It was a remarkable achievement, and the first instalment of the sturdy seaman's yarn makes excellent reading. Mr. Frank T. Bullen, who knows so well the ways of ships, has a contribution, and there are other seafaring articles. The pictures would be hard to beat in this number.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Irish Military Manœuvres.

SHAM FIGHTS IN ERIN'S ISLE.

THE Military Manœuvres in Ireland which have just terminated are considered to have been the most successful operations of the kind that have yet taken place in the British Isles. Profiting by the direction of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, an element of realism was arrived at hitherto unattained in English manœuvres. The opposing forces, commanded respectively by Major-General Boyce Combe and Major-General McCalmont, advanced upon each other from points fifty miles apart, with no other knowledge than the bare statement in the "general idea" of a presumed objective; all further details the commanders had to find out by the military means at their disposal. Thus, as the country was most enclosed and difficult for cavalry scouting, during the first four days of the operations both commanders had considerable experience of the "fog of war," and it was only when Major-General McCalmont successfully evaded Major-General Combe's attempt to frustrate his advance that the operations developed into the stereotyped field exercises common to the British Army.

The photographs reproduced with this article were for the most part taken during the earlier and most interesting phases of the manœuvres. The first shows Field-Marshal Lord Roberts,

Photo. Molloy. THE REVIEW IN LORD DE VESCI'S PARK *Copyright*
The Bombardment of the Directing Field-Marshal

the directing officer, at the saluting base, watching the final march past of the 10,000 men engaged in the manœuvres. On his right stands Lord Portarlington, while in the carriage on the left are Lady Roberts and her hostess, Lady de Vesci. This march past took place in a picturesque glade in Lord de Vesci's park, one of the few remaining stretches of primeval forest to be found in Ireland.

Apart from its military aspect, which left no loophole for adverse criticism, this concentration of troops in Lord de Vesci's domain was a most striking spectacle, the marching and counter-marching of so many troops amongst trees and copses making a fascinating picture.

The second illustration portrays a very interesting incident in the operations. When Major-General McCalmont was ordered to retire before Major-General Combe's force, his cavalry destroyed the bridges over the river Nore. On arrival at Durrow Bridge, the pursuing cavalry were checked, and Major-General Combe had no alternative but to bridge the river. The provisional company of sappers were called up, and in 50-min. they had thrown a trestle bridge across, making a passage for the force. As will be seen from the picture, Lord Roberts and his staff are watching the infantry making the crossing. Lord Roberts, on horseback, is standing at the foot of the masonry bridge, which is assumed to have been destroyed, while the infantry are pouring through a gap in a wall which the sappers had demolished. This wall supports the near end of the temporary bridge. Amongst the group of staff officers are Captain Baron von Luttwitz, the German Military Attaché, and Lieutenant FitzPatrick, of the South Australian Artillery.

The next picture shows the Connaught Rangers resting on the

Photo. J. Thomson. BRIDGING THE RIVER NORE. *Permoy*
The Advanced Guard under Shrapnel Fire.

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line of march. The men were only too glad to take cover from the sun whenever the opportunity offered, for the heat was almost tropical; and as the head-dress worn by the men affords little or no protection, there were constant casualties from sunstroke.

The succeeding picture shows a very fine battalion halted while acting as an advanced guard. It is the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Information has evidently come in from the front, either from a cavalry patrol or a trained bicycle scout, and the main body of the advanced guard is halted preparatory to deploying into the fields, while Colonel Godfray is reconnoitring the position. Throughout the operations the K.O.S.B. were remarkable for the splendid way the men had been trained to take advantage of the cover which the country afforded. This no doubt was due to the fact that the senior officers had served with the other battalion on the Indian Frontier. On the occasion on which the photograph was taken, the K.O.S.B., as an advanced guard, held the enemy's infantry (five battalions) for an hour and a-half, until the main attack could develop, simply by turning cover to a judicious account. The next illustration depicts a patrol of the 8th Hussars searching for a ford in the river Nore. The operations took place in a difficult country for cavalry, but the intelligent scouting of the regiment to which this patrol belongs called forth praise from the highest quarters, and it is mainly due to the 8th Hussars that Major-General McCalmont gained such signal success throughout.

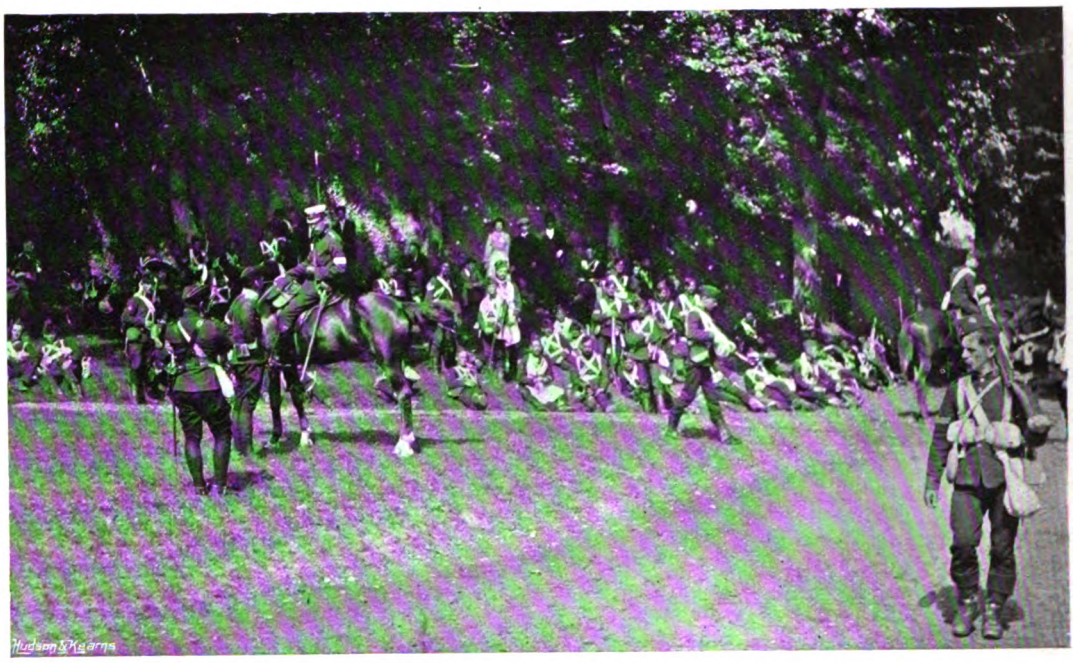

Photo. Molloy. *CONNAUGHT RANGERS ON THE MARCH.* *Five Minutes' Halt Every Half-hour.* Copyright

Photo. Molloy. *THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS—AN ADVANCED GUARD.* *News from the Front.* Copyright

Photo. J. Thomson *A RUSH FOR THE FORDS.* *The 8th Hussars First.* *Fermoy*

The next picture and the last may be coupled together, and they show different portions of an ideal position which Major-General McCalmont seized to cover the withdrawal of his force from the Nore. It was an elongated spur commanding the whole valley of the river in the vicinity of Durrow, and upon its summit Major-General McCalmont massed his field artillery, while he distributed his infantry along its wooded slopes, commanding each roadway with a machine-gun. In fact, this very battery, the 9th Field Battery, was able to burst shrapnel over the bridge seen in the second picture while it was being constructed, and while the infantry was crossing.

The artillery tactics of the two opposing generals bore a great contrast to each other throughout the manœuvres. While Major-General McCalmont invariably massed his artillery strength on well-chosen positions, Major-General Combe was ill-served by his artillery commander, the latter officer preferring to split up the brigade division and to distribute it over a large front, so that when it could come into action at effective ranges it was generally silenced by the weight of the opposing fire. Much of the ill-success of Major-General Combe's force must be attributed to the faulty artillery tactics employed.

The machine-gun of the Cheshire Regiment is shown at a point in the impregnable line which Major-General McCalmont's infantry took up on the Archerstown Spur. Irrespective of tree cover, the country supplied natural breastworks in the shape of stone walls. Against this position Major-General Combe launched a frontal attack with seven battalions with little artillery preparation. In spite of the attack being two to one against the defenders, the umpires gave the decision that the position would have been impregnable even with

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9th BATTERY R.F.A. IN ACTION—SHRAPNEL ON THE BRIDGE-HEAD.

adequate artillery preparation. It is interesting to note that the Maxim detachment in the picture is the one which was so severely handled by the elements in a thunder-storm when the battalion was marching to the point of concentration.

In the last illustration but one the Norfolk Regiment appears deployed in cornfields. It gives a very realistic picture of the country in which the operations took place. The many hedgerows and stone walls made it most difficult to manœuvre infantry in, so much so that once a battalion became engaged it was lost as a unit, and the ultimate success of an attack depended upon the company commanders.

THE NORFOLKS IN THE OPEN—"CEASE FIRE."

In short, it may safely be said that the Irish Manœuvres gave an almost unprecedented training to every branch of the Service. Particularly perhaps was this the case in regard to the military cyclists, and the part which this arm of the Service may be called upon to play in the warfare of the future. Being a country of tall hedges and intersecting roads, the cavalry were slow in picking up information, and the patrols were liable to be cut off and captured, owing to the number required. On the other hand, cyclists of fair intelligence proved themselves of great value, both in obtaining information and in carrying this back to headquarters. The experience thus gained cannot fail to increase the value of this arm if ever the necessity should arise for its use in a similarly enclosed country.

Photos. Charleton. *THE CHESHIRES ENTRENCHED.* *Copyright*

THE MAXIM WHICH WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

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The German Naval Manœuvres.

A CORRESPONDENT at Kiel, sending us some pictures taken during the preliminary period of the German Naval Manœuvres, tells us that the authorities have prepared a scheme of great magnitude for the operations of 1899. A good deal of reserve was maintained as to the actual programme which the squadrons are now carrying out, but evidently the manœuvres are regarded with great interest in Naval circles.

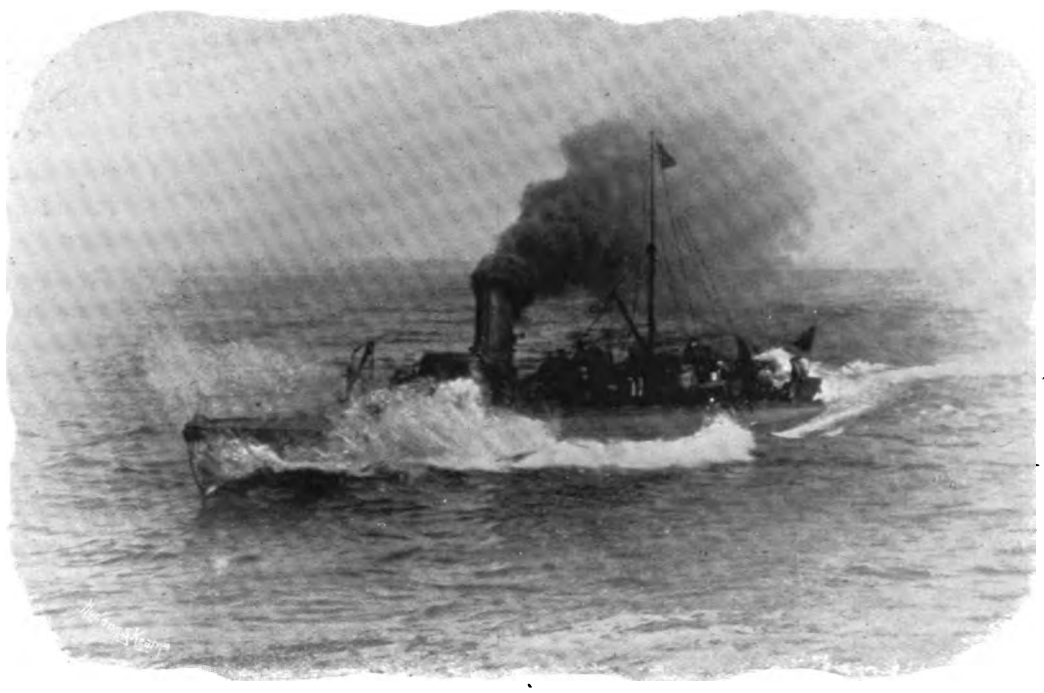
A very large force is engaged, divided into two squadrons, each of these constituted in two div sions. The manœuvring squadron has the four perfectly homogeneous battle-ships, "Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm" (flag), "Brandenburg," "Weissenburg," and "Wörth," forming its first division. These are fairly well known to our readers, and it may suffice to say that they displace over 10,000 tons, have end-to-end armour-belts, and carry a principal armament of six long 11-in. Krupp guns, coupled in three dome-covered barbettes, of which the midmost one has an arc of fire of about 45-deg. before and abaft the beam on each side, and the forward one is high above the water-line, but with an unarmoured space beneath its base.

Our correspondent tells us that the "Friedrich Wilhelm" is very elegantly fitted as a flagship, and has three spacious cabins specially for the use of the Emperor, of which the dining-room is about 18-ft. square, the study very comfortable, and the sleeping cabin, with bath, very airy. The illustration was taken during the coaling of the "Brandenburg," and it will be observed that the coal is being hoisted in by means of "whips," and not of the new mechanical transporter. It is astonishing, however, how excellent are the results of the older system in the hands of energetic men.

The picture of the man signalling with flags was taken on the fore bridge of the same ship. The German signalling is upon a system analogous to our own, but the "Hohenzollern" and some other ships, our correspondent says, have vertical racks fixed, in addition, on their bridges, in which small reproductions of the flags are slipped, these being read with ease at considerable distances with the glass. The second division of the same squadron consists of the three older battle-ships, "Baden," "Bayern," and "Sachsen," of which the last-named has lately been recommissioned, and the despatch vessels, "Hela" and "Greif," are attached to the squadron.

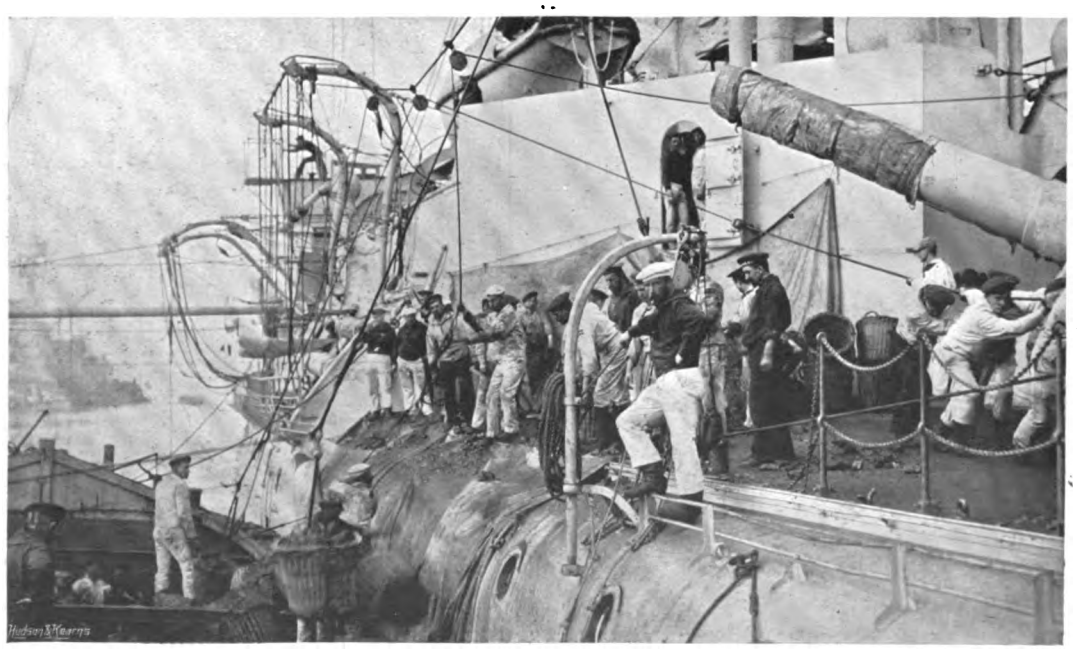
ON BOARD THE "BRANDENBURG."
A Message from the Admiral.

The opposing squadron comprises the small coast defence battleships, "Hildebrand," "Frithjof," "Siegfried," "Ægir," and "Odin," and there is also a division constituted of the Natter class of armoured gun-boats. The correspondent remarks that there is still a great dearth of cruisers, all the better vessels being on foreign stations, while few of the newer cruisers are ready. German officers are congratulating themselves that this unfortunate condition will not exist next year. As it is, there are two light divisions of small cruisers and despatch vessels formed independently of the squadron organisations, and a couple of torpedo flotillas. Our correspondent has sent us a picture of one of the boats, steaming at full speed near Kiel. He wrote just after the return of the squadrons to that port from Danzig, after the preliminary exercises. There has been a good deal of tactical training and drill for the men, but the forthcoming operations in the North Sea, to which a period of ten days is allotted, will be much more important.



ALL SMOKE AND SPRAY.
A German Torpedo-boat with a Mission.

Methods of signalling occupy a large place in the scheme of the manœuvres, and among other means employed of transmitting intelligence are large numbers of pigeons, which are in certain of the ships. Some of the Germans are very enthusiastic in this matter, and the pigeon societies at Hamburg lend their aid. Last year during the Baltic manœuvres the ships did a good deal of useful manœuvring, but the attacking squadron was then anchored within easy reach of an aggressive torpedo station, and several vessels were ruled out of action by the umpires. The dispositions of the admiral were severely criticised, but it appeared that his purpose was to give an opportunity to the boats. The fault, if fault it was, will not be repeated this year.



Photos. Copyright. COALING THE "BRANDENBURG." *"Navy & Army."*
Taking in Fuel by Means of "Whips."

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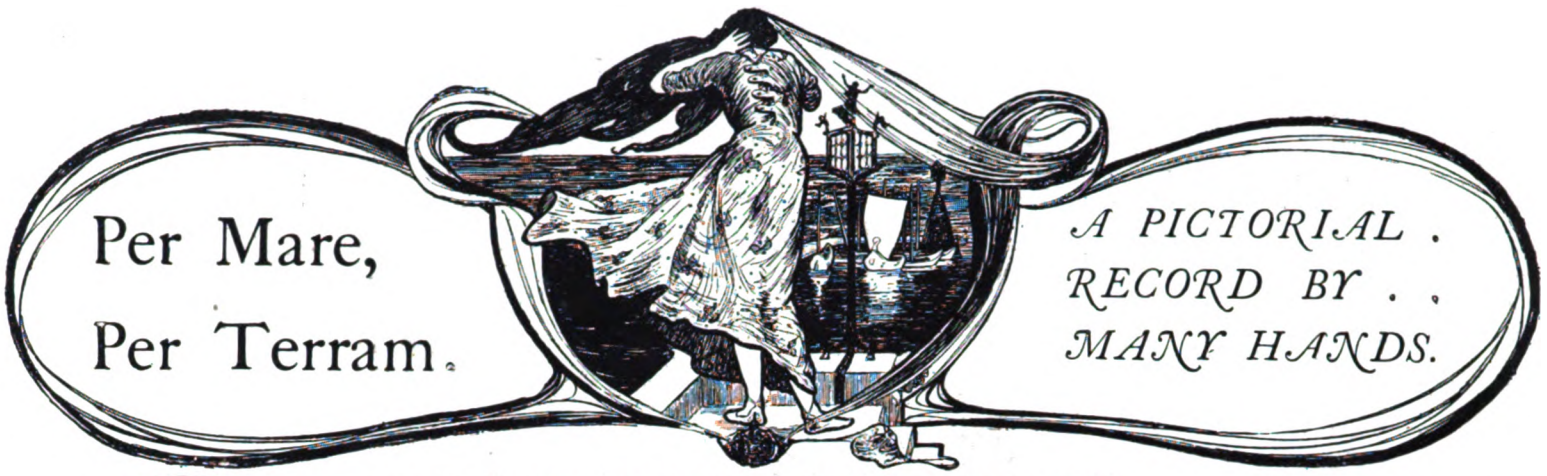

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
Lieut.-General Sir F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-WALKER, K.C.B., C.M.G.
About to succeed to the Command in South Africa.

NO more important command could devolve upon an officer than that which Sir William Butler is just vacating and to which Sir F. Forestier-Walker succeeds. It is less than a year—November, 1898—since Sir William Butler assumed the post, and he went out to take it with an experience of staff employment unequalled by very few officers in the Service. For close on thirty years he has been serving either on special service, in the adjutant's or quartermaster-general's department, or in command. His war services comprise the Fenian Raid into Canada in 1870, the Red River Expedition of the same year, the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-74, the Zulu Campaign of 1878-79, and most of the operations in Egypt and the Soudan from 1882 to 1886. His experience of command has also been large. Twice he has commanded brigades in Egypt. He has had command of a division at Aldershot, and also of the South-Eastern District. On his return home he takes over charge of the Western District.

No better choice to conduct affairs in South Africa could have been made than Sir F. Forestier-Walker, for his experience of that country is very large. He served there continuously from 1873 to 1879, for the greater part of the time as military secretary to the officer who then filled the position he is now to hold, and he was also A.A. and Q.M.G. there in 1884-85. His first appointment as general was to a brigade at Aldershot, then for five years he commanded the British force in Egypt, and in 1895 was appointed to the district he now vacates. His war services are entirely South African, and comprise the expedition to Griqualand West in 1875, the Kaffir and Zulu Campaigns of 1878-79, and the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85, in which he was A.A. and Q.M.G. to Sir C. Warren's force.

Photo. Lambert, Weston & Son.
Major-General Sir W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.
About to vacate the Command in South Africa.

ALLUSION has so often been made to the gunnery courses on Whale Island in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED that no detailed comment on this group of sub-lieutenants under instruction on the "Island" seems necessary. It is sufficient to say that these young officers go through the same course as the men, than which there is no better system both for teaching details and for promoting that perfect accord between leaders and those who are led which is the keynote of British sailoring and soldiering, especially when the latter come to be under fire. These fine young fellows make no hardship, we may be sure, of doing what their men have to do. The latter, too, will even the more cheerfully follow, through any danger, and under any condition of physical hardship, an officer who, at a pinch, can shoulder a rifle and take his place in a field-gun team every bit as well as he expects the Bluejackets under him to do.

Photo. Ellis. Copyright
THE ROYAL RED CROSS—PRESENTATION AT MALTA

THE increasing recognition accorded to the Army Nursing Service is a pleasant feature of modern military progress, and one of which a delightful illustration is given in the accompanying picture. Here we see the Royal Red Cross being presented to Miss Harper, of the Army Nursing Service, by His Excellency General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor of Malta, acting on behalf of the Queen. The scene is the Saluting Battery which overlooks Valetta Harbour, and we may safely say that the gathering is a "brilliant and distinguished" one. It is a happy concomitant of all such presentations to the Army Nursing Service that they are completely and frankly popular, for at any rate the Service spectator knows well how hardly the Royal Red Cross is won, and what serious risks, not to speak of unremitting toil and constant strain upon deeply-sympathetic natures, are the lot of every nursing sister who has to deal with cases arising from a campaign. The recipient of the Cross in the instance under notice has recently completed her tenth year of service, and was trained at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. Nursing Sister

Photo. Symonds. Portsmouth.
SUB-LIEUTENANTS R.N. AT WHALE ISLAND—GUNNERY COURSE.

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Harper was sent to Cairo in 1896, and remained at the Citadel Hospital until December, 1898.

In that month she sailed for England on board the "Jelunga," which was packed with invalid officers and soldiers. Her stay at home was a short one, for Easter of this year found her in Malta once more on duty. The Royal Red Cross which Miss Harper now wears is of the Maltese design, the several points being inscribed with the words "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," and "1883," the year in which the Order was instituted.

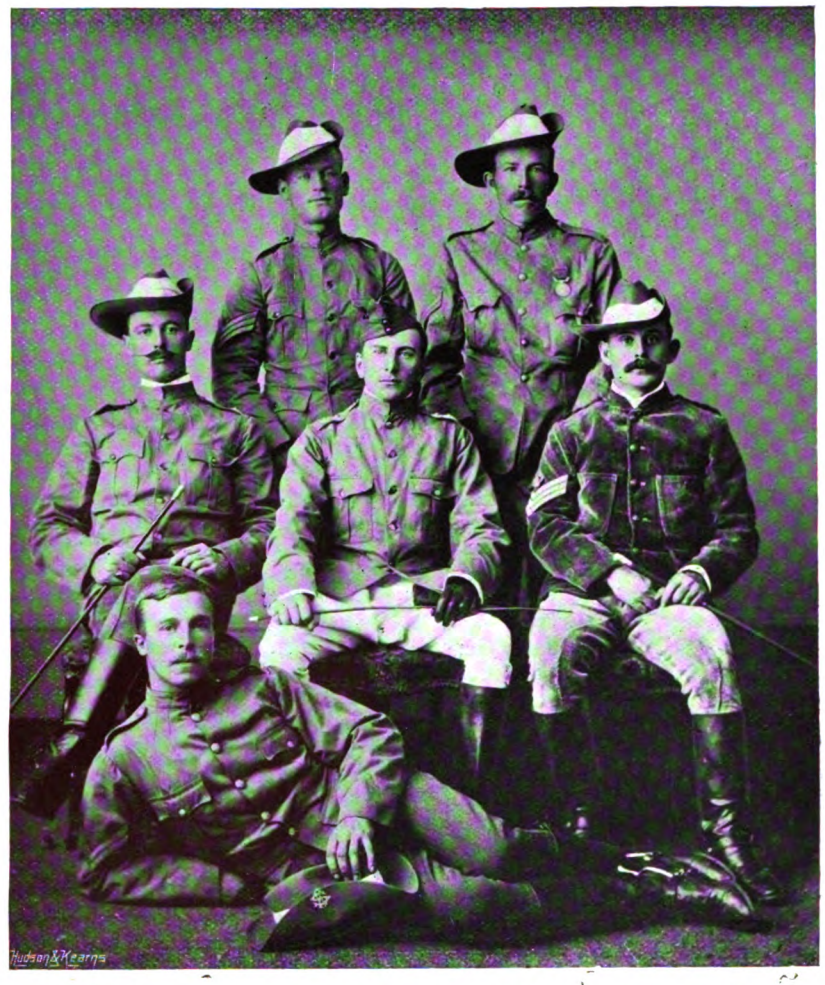

Photo. V. Morley. THE KAFFRARIAN SCOUTS. Copyright
A Typical South African Volunteer Corps.

THE soldierly-looking group which head this page are some of the officers and non-commissioned officers of a Cape colonial corps, known as the Kaffrarian Scouts, and which has its headquarters at East London. Called a rifle club, it is really a corps of scouts, the vast majority of whom have seen active service either in the colony or with Imperial troops, and one of those organisations which would in wartime supply its portion to that magnificently-trained volunteer force that always figures so largely in Cape warfare. Road sketching, reconnaissance work, and all that goes to make perfect scouts, are the duties in which Captain Lambart, who commands the corps, specially trains his men. The corps has a strength of 100 rank and file, two subalterns, and one captain in command. The men find their own horses and equipment, their only aid from Government being a capitation grant of 30s. a man per annum. Captain Lambart is seated in the centre of the picture, with, on his right, one of his subalterns, Lieutenant Weare, and on the left the sergeant-major. The group is completed by a sergeant and two corporals, one of the latter wearing the Rhodesian medal.

Photo. C. Knight. PRIVATE DORE, 2nd DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT. Copyright
Winner of the Rifle Championship Cup at Aldershot.

THE blue ribbon of the Annual Aldershot Rifle Meeting has this year fallen to the marksman depicted in our centre illustration, Private Dore, of the 2nd Devon, who, with a score of 140, carried off the Rifle Championship Cup. The scoring was close, for Sergeant-Bugler Williamson, of the Scottish Rifles, was second, with 138, and Sergeant Ashforth, Lancashire Fusiliers, third, with 136.

THE 1st Volunteer Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers is the 1st Roxburgh and Selkirk (Border Rifle) Volunteers, and the Galashiels team of this fine corps has for the second year in succession carried off the cups for marching and field firing presented by Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, and General Chapman, who commands the Scottish district. In the Minto Cup Competition the teams had to march from Merchiston to the ranges, a distance of 10½ miles, and then fire at distances ranging between 550 and 250-yds. The Galashiels team, drawn from G Company of the regiment, won by no fewer than 48 points. They made over 78 per cent. of hits on a figure target, and had only a single point deducted for a bad volley. In this competition sixteen teams competed, but for the General's Cup twenty-one teams entered, of which no less than eight were from this regiment. The Melrose team stood first, with 81 points, until near the close of the contest; but their comrades of G Company were not to be denied, and the Galashiels team headed them with 84½ points, thus carrying off both cups.

Photos. J. Grant.
A GROUP OF CUP AND PRIZE WINNERS.

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GALASHIELS TEAM PASSING THROUGH EDINBURGH.

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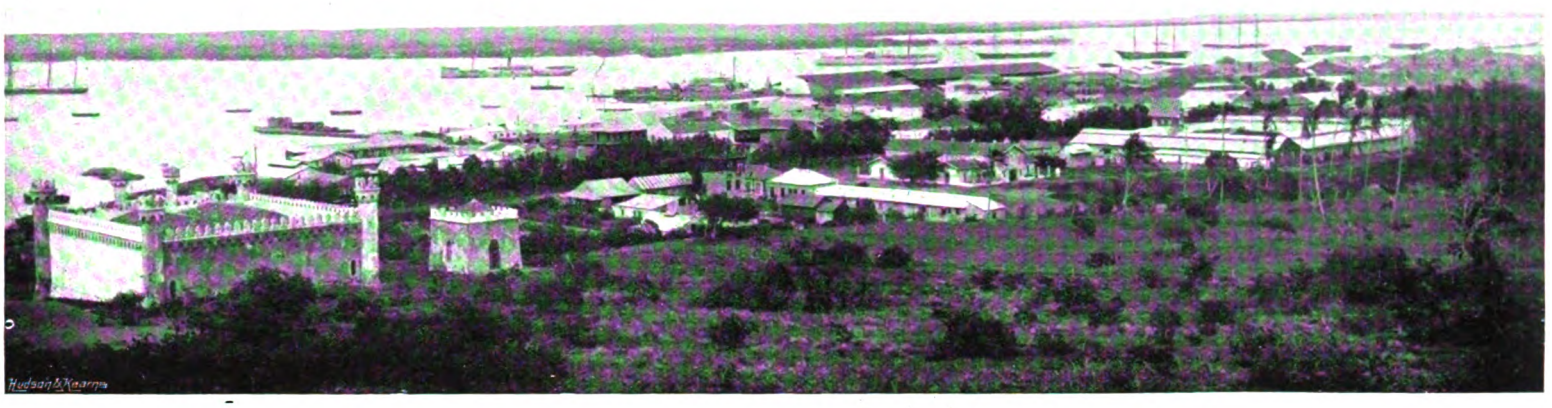
The Transvaal Crisis.



LORENZO MARQUES—THE TOWN AND PORT OF DELAGOA BAY.

IN our last two issues we dealt with the Transvaal Crisis, and illustrated both the points of strategic importance and types of the troops who are now engaged in South Africa. This week we are able to follow these up by illustrations dealing with places and men both in Portuguese East Africa and in Rhodesia. A glance at the map will show that, with the exception of the southernmost sixty or seventy miles, the eastern border of the Transvaal runs due north and south along Portuguese East Africa. The latter at its southern end is but a narrow strip of territory, so that from Lorenzo Marques, the port of Delagoa Bay, to the Transvaal border the distance is but a few miles. It is patent, therefore, that the natural sea outlet of the Transvaal is Delagoa Bay, the town and magnificent anchorage of which are illustrated in our first picture. From Delagoa Bay the railway runs direct to Pretoria, and it is over this route that the supplies of ammunition which the Portuguese Government has refused to allow entry into the Transvaal would have passed. Another port of importance, illustrated in the next picture, is Beira, a port still further north than Lorenzo Marques. Just north of the 20th parallel of latitude, it lies only about 130 miles from the Rhodesian border. Beira is, in the nature of things, destined to be the port of Rhodesia, for it is as much the sea outlet for all Matabeleland and Mashonaland—all Southern Rhodesia, in fact—as Delagoa Bay is for the Transvaal.

BEIRA, THE PORTUGUESE SEAPORT OF RHODESIA.

From Beira the railway runs inland towards Salisbury, the seat of government of Rhodesia, crossing the

Photos. Temple. Copyright

PORTUGUESE SOLDIERS—THE GARRISON OF BEIRA.

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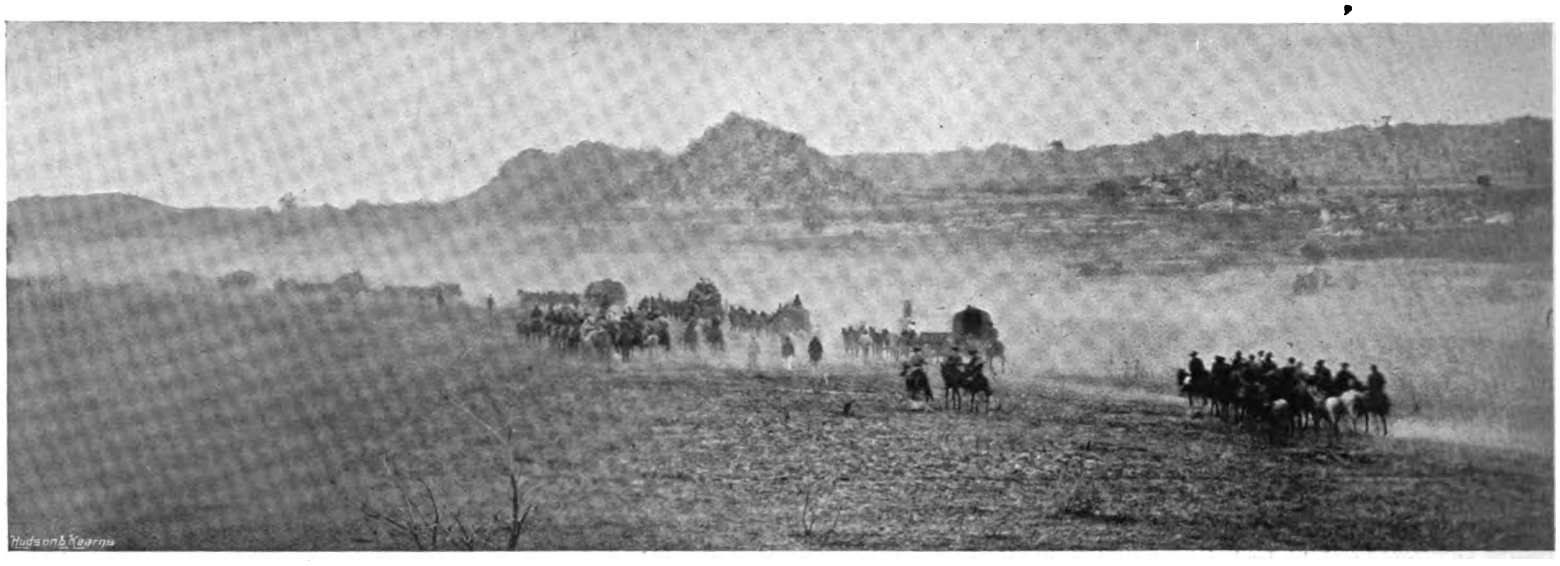

ON THE MARCH IN SOUTH AFRICA—TROOPS TRAVELLING OVER THE VELDT.

frontier of the two territories at Umtali. Umtali is, in fact, the point where the rail from Beira will tap the whole South African system of railways, for the line now completed to Bulawayo will be pushed on to Umtali to connect with the Beira to Salisbury line. It is evident, therefore, that Portuguese East Africa is bound, from its geographical position, to be vitally affected by the trend of events both in the Transvaal and Rhodesia.

Portugal of course maintains garrisons throughout her East African possessions, and the party shown in the third illustration are Portuguese troops forming part of the garrison of Beira. The Portuguese troops are not of the finest soldiery in Europe, but some of their best troops are in East Africa, and the contingent here depicted are a fairly soldierly-looking lot.

MAKING A MILITARY ROAD.
A Scene at Mafeking

The next two pictures depict scenes in Rhodesia. The party shown in one illustration are engaged in the construction of a military road at Mafeking. Mafeking is the point where the great railway line that stretches north from Cape Town to Bulawayo comes closest to the Transvaal frontier. Only a little over 200 miles from Johannesburg, it is close to Pitsani, the point from which the fatal jump off of the Jameson Raid was made.

In another troops are shown on their march across the veldt, and this is a picture splendidly typical of military life in South Africa.

The last picture shows an encampment of the Natal Mounted Police. Police is somewhat a misnomer, for they are soldiers trained most perfectly for the kind of campaigning they will be called upon to carry out, either against Boers or natives.

Photo. J. W. Clarke. Copyright

A TYPICAL SOUTH AFRICAN CORPS—AN ENCAMPMENT OF NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.

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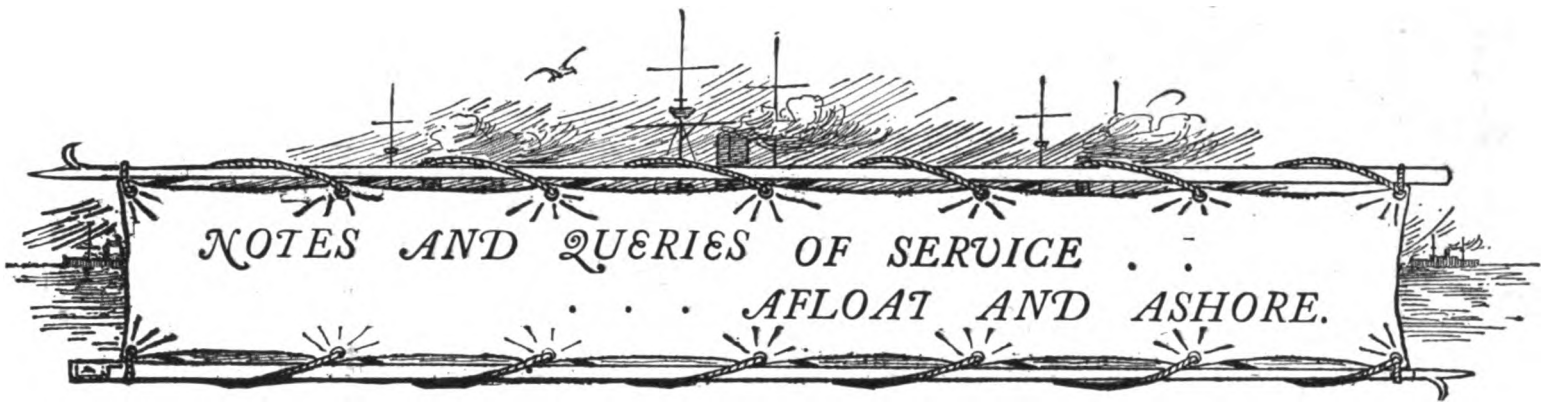

"A. H."—It is perfectly true that in the event of England going to war, and an effective blockade of our coast being maintained by the enemy, we should be starved into submission. The country can provide only sufficient food to feed 55 persons out of every 100 per year, and consequently we should only get 441½-lb. of food per person, instead of twice that amount, which our home produce with our imports enables us to have. Of the £320,000,000 we spend in food yearly no less than £176,000,000 is spent abroad. While we require 6,500,000 tons of breadstuff to feed us, we grow only 1,500,000 tons. Of the 5,000,000 tons we import, the United States sends us 2,500,000 tons, Russia 1,000,000, while the remainder comes from various parts of the globe. There is one consolation, however, and that is, before a blockade could render our position so desperate the finest Navy in the world would have to be annihilated.

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"J. C." asks, is there a possibility of General Gordon being alive? It is generally accepted as true that Colonel Flatters, of the French Army, who was supposed to have been killed by the Tourneg Arabs in 1881, was seen by an official scout of the Army alive and well some fourteen years later, though he was not allowed to converse with the man who, long mourned as dead, was still a prisoner. Further, the British authorities in India are said to be well aware that numbers of English women, captured by the Indians during the terrible Mutiny, have never been killed and are still prisoners in some of the native zenanas. The reason why the authorities do not interfere to secure their release is that it would be unwise to interfere with national prejudices. My correspondent must indeed be an optimist if he can find in these arguments any hope that General Gordon is still alive, and a prisoner in some out-of-the-way corner of Africa.

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"J. T. K." is surprised to learn that sailors—men who have sailed the seas for many years—are often sea-sick when they return to their natural element after a sojourn on shore. I can assure him that it is quite true. As to the reason of it, I can only advance the theory of a well-known Naval authority. He declares that *mal-de-mer* is not caused by weakness or stomachic disorder, nor by the action of the pulmonary organs, but is due solely to the disturbance of the equilibrium of the brain. And this contention would seem to be substantiated by the fact that indulgence in swing-boats frequently causes sickness, and again, almost any child if swung round violently will be overcome with sickness.

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"One of the most interesting of recent military 'finds,'" writes a correspondent, "is undoubtedly the recovery for the Dorsetshire Regiment of the actual colours of the old 39th Foot (1st Battalion Dorset), which were carried at the head of the regiment in 1757, at Clive's great battle of Plassey. They were picked up recently at Christie's by an officer of the regiment, who chanced to be at a sale there, and secured for the officers' mess of the regimental depôt for £11. At Plassey, Colonel Adlecron commanded the regiment, and when later on replaced by new colours, the old Plassey colours passed into his hands. The family preserved them for many years, until, on the marriage of Colonel Adlecron's grand-daughter, they passed into the care of the Walcot family in Shropshire."

* * * *

Naval displays would seem to have "caught on" all round. We have had them ourselves within the past twelvemonth at Olympia and Earl's Court, and now the French are arranging to have an extra big affair of the kind for their great exhibition of next year. Under the style of "Le Combat Naval," a large office has been taken in a conspicuous position at the corner of the Boulevard de Capucines and the Place de l'Opera and decorated with large photographs of noted French battle-ships and cruisers of the day, and the public are invited by placards to step inside and take tickets for a big lottery by which it is hoped to provide the necessary funds for next year's show.

* * * *

"Of course," writes a correspondent, "it is only a coincidence, but it is a very curious one, that the only cavalry regiment in our Service having green facings should have also the motto 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum.'" Turning up an old military work of two and a-half centuries ago—the present 5th Dragoon Guards were first raised for James II., in 1685—I find it noted that our first mounted regiment to wear green was Hampden's famous "Green Coats," at whose head Hampden fell at Chalgrove, in 1643, and that their leader's family motto was "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." There is no trace of any historical connection whatever between Hampden's Buckinghamshire Corps, disbanded in 1645, and the corps raised by the Earl of Shrewsbury along the borders of Wales in 1685, which is now called the 5th Dragoon Guards.

* * * *

"Enquirer" wishes to know what became of the Trafalgar prizes, and if any reached England after Nelson's victory? Four prizes only out of the nineteen French and Spanish ships that were taken survived the storm after Trafalgar, one French and three Spanish. The first of these was the ex-British "Swiftsure," captured from us in 1801. She, with the Spanish ships "Bahama" and "San Ildefonso," was brought to England by the "Britannia," in May, 1806. The "Swiftsure" was renamed "Irresistible," and together with the "Bahama" was made a prison hulk in the Medway. The "San Ildefonso" was made a receiving hulk at Portsmouth. The fourth ship, the "San Juan Nepomuceno," was left at Gibraltar, also as a prison hulk, under the name of the "Berwick." They were all broken up at the close of the war, in 1815.

* * * *

"Retired, R.N.," asks if any of our colonies still make grants of land to retired Naval and Military men as intending settlers; adding that several used to do so, and that he thinks British Columbia, New Brunswick, and Natal were the last colonies to make the offer. Certainly some of the colonies did offer "free" grants of land to retired Naval officers. A notice to that effect formerly appeared in the Navy List. But, unfortunately, none of the colonies now continue the practice, for not only does the overplus of our population emigrate to the colonies, but numbers of Germans, Scandinavians, and many others flock across the sea and gladly settle down under the British flag. Consequently the demand for land has so increased that the colonies can no longer afford to give it away. It does not seem too much to say that when the next "Expansion of our Empire" takes place, whatever name it may be called, whether Protectorate, Charter Land, or any other, a clause should be inserted giving certain privileges to British Naval and Military officers and non-commissioned officers, as the presence of men accustomed to bear arms must be of great advantage to any settlement in its early days.

* * * *

"Jack Ashore."—Yes, the ancient ceremony of presenting the keys of the town to the ruling monarch is still observed in the case of Portsmouth, and when the Queen arrives at Gosport, on her way to the Isle of Wight, the keys of Portsmouth garrison are always presented to her by the Lieutenant-Governor, notwithstanding that there are no gates these keys could lock; they disappeared long since. Whenever the Queen visits the "garden island," all the vessels in Portsmouth Harbour are bedecked with flags, and when the Royal Yacht, with Her Majesty on board, starts for Cowes, "man ship" is ordered, and both officers and men, in full uniform, line the decks and fighting-tops. Bugle salutes ring out while the yacht is passing through the harbour, the Marines on the bridge of the various vessels "present arms," and the Port Admiral's band on board the "Victory" plays the National Anthem.

* * * *

"Khaki."—The question as to which colour affords the best or worst mark for firing at on the battle-field does not seem to have been finally decided even yet, and when it is asserted that red is undoubtedly the most fatal colour, and the one easiest to distinguish, it would, if German experts are to be relied upon, appear to be far from the truth. With a view to ascertaining what shades offered least mark for the men behind the guns, Germany recently indulged in a series of experiments, the results of which would seem to prove that previous ideas were somewhat fallacious. The first test was to discover which colour disappeared from sight first. Ten men were dressed, two in dark grey, two in scarlet, two in blue, two in light grey, and two in green. The first to vanish from the range of vision were the pair attired in light grey, and, contrary to all expectations, those dressed in red were the next to disappear. Dark grey, blue, and lastly green, were successively lost to sight. Another, and probably more important test was that made at the rifle range to discover which colour was the more readily hit by the marksman, and this, stranger still, proved that red was by a long way the most difficult colour to hit.

* * * *

"G. M."—The process of distillation of fresh from salt water was discovered by Dr. Lind in 1761. Many previous experiments—more or less successful—had been made by various individuals, but they all involved the admixture of chemical substances. With a view to use in times of emergency, Dr. Lind also initiated experiments in rude methods of distillation, such as inverted tea-kettles, hand-pumps, with gun-barrel condensers, etc. Among the more notable of the early pioneers of the science of distillation were Francis Bacon, and Lord Verulam, who in his "Natural Philosophy" descants on the practice of the Ancients in this respect, and narrates his own experiments; Sir Richard Hawkins also, having lost most of his water in a gale of wind, was reduced to using his wits to obtain a fresh supply, which he did by the aid first of soap and then of wood ashes. A discovery made in 1754 by a Mr. Joshua Appleby, of Durham, was deemed worthy of publication by the Admiralty in the *London Gazette;* the process included the addition of lapis infernalis and calcined bones; it had the disadvantage that the residuum was so noxious that the ship's coppers could not be used for the process. The introduction of steam of course rendered the use of special distilling apparatus unnecessary. I need not remind you that one of the greatest difficulties experienced by Naval commanders in the old days was the maintenance of an adequate stock of sweet water, and want of it was one of the most fruitful sources of disease.

The Editor.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to a cruiser, which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Chased again by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. Next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *role* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Returning to his cabin to dress for breakfast, he reads an important letter written to Captain Laxdale by Lady Sybil Norrington. The story here reverts to Captain Laxdale, showing how his first attempt to regain his rightful position completely fails. Laxdale is set down as an impostor or a maniac, and Bunter directs that he shall be released from arrest and sent to work. As Laxdale refuses to answer to the name of Bunter, he is permitted to term himself Plain Hood. During the first day at sea all goes well with Bunter, and he ventures to accept an invitation to dine in the ward-room. At dinner he indulges imprudently in wine. A "sing-song" takes place on deck afterwards, and Bunter, who sings a sea ditty, is recognised by one of the men. The tale again reverts to the doings and sufferings of Laxdale in his *role* of A.B. After a miserable day he turns in, and is roused from sleep by the fall of his hammock.

CHAPTER XI. *(continued.)*

THE result of the tussle was still uncertain when Corporal Angel, attracted to the spot by the noise, thrust his lantern into their angry faces and put an end to it.

"Very well, Plain Hood," he said, threateningly; "fighting again, are you? You'll go before the furst lootenant to-morrow."

"This man cut my hammock lashing," said Laxdale, angrily.

"You're a liar," said Kipps. "I never touched it, corporal."

The corporal made his way to the fallen hammock and threw his light upon the foot lashing. "The lashing is not cut," he decided, "so you've told a lie, Plain Hood."

"Then he must have cast off the hitch whilst I was sleeping," said Laxdale. "I know it was secure when I turned in."

"Take my Bible oath I never touched his dirty hammock," said Kipps, untruthfully. "The lubber must have made hisself a slippery hitch. He ought to be reported, corporal, for pluging me."

"He will be," said Angel, grimly, for he preferred to accept the explanation of Kipps.

Too proud to defend himself further, Laxdale secured the lashing to its hook and turned in again; but he obtained no more sleep, for the loud snores of his bed-fellows were as the gruntings of many swine.

At midnight, just as he was growing sleepy again, the port watch was called, and he had to turn out. Reaching the deck, he found that the night had turned cold and rainy, and that the ship was pitching against a head sea. He had no oilskins to put on, for he did not know that the impostor owned any. He shivered with cold in the damp night air, and kept under the forecastle until driven forth by one of the petty officers. "Get aft, you skulking lubber," said the petty officer, who was fully clad in oilskins; "it's the likes of you gets the likes of me into trouble."

The poor gentleman had quite forgotten that he was required to muster to the roll-call. He muttered an incredible apology and hurried aft to join the other men.

By the light of a dim lantern, which occasionally blew out, a sleepy midshipman was already mustering the watch, by the aid of a list that contained numerous inaccuracies.

"Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson," mumbled the middy, reading from his watch-bill; and as the names were called, the owners answered "Here, sir," and passed before him in guarantee of good faith. Here the candle blew out, and the men stood grumbling in the rain whilst it was being relighted.

"Johnson," resumed the middy—"Albert Johnson!"

There was no response, and the middy repeated the name.

"Left the ship, sir," explained a petty officer.

"All right; my mistake, I suppose," said the middy. "Squib, Richards, Roberts, Snooks—Thomas Snooks!"

"Dead, sir," said a man in the crowd, grimly; but this inaccuracy was beyond a joke, and no one laughed.

As the seamen crossed the deck to answer to their names, the petty officers selected a few for such duties as "wheel" and "look-out," and, under this system, Laxdale was detailed to relieve the look-out on the forecastle at 1 a.m. He was also reminded that he belonged to the sub-division of the watch whose turn it was to hoist the ashes up from the stoke-hold. But for these disagreeable tasks he would have been free to lie down and sleep under the forecastle. He felt that luck was still against him.

For the first hour he was free, so he took shelter from the driving rain and dozed in a sitting posture.

One o'clock came, but he did not hear the pipe, "reliefs fall in," for he had fallen asleep. So it followed that the petty officer of his division had to rout him out again, and, being now convinced that "Plain Hood" was an incorrigible skulker, decided to report him to the officer of the watch. Clarence Parr was on duty, and he had already conceived a bad opinion of the man whom he believed to be Bunter. He rated him sharply, and Laxdale was too dispirited to plead fatigue as an excuse for his slackness.

"Send him to take his look-out on the forecastle," concluded Parr, sternly, "and give him an extra turn of duty for the next three nights." Laxdale turned sullenly away. "Come back, sir, and give the salute," said Parr, sharply. "Is that the way to treat your officers?"

Again there was nothing for it but to obey, and Laxdale saluted. "Everything goes wrong with me," he reflected miserably, as he walked forward to relieve the impatient look-out man. He pictured the impostor in his comfortable bed and hated him.

For the next hour he paced the narrow forecastle, and it seemed the longest hour of his life. The rain ceased not, and the wind cut through his damp clothes to his very bones. There was nothing in sight, and his task seemed useless as

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well as tedious. Far as eye could penetrate stretched the black, tumbling waters and the leaden sky. "Why should we keep men on the look-out at all," he mused, "when a ship's in the open sea?" A shower-bath of spray splashed over him as the ship plunged, and he grew quite convinced that the precaution was useless, and that the lieutenant on the bridge could see much further than himself. Yet he had never so thought when he had kept watch as a lieutenant. Indeed, he had often punished look-out men for being slack in detecting the lights of passing vessels.

Towards the end of his long hour, Squib, who was in the same watch, mounted the forecastle ladder and touched him on the shoulder. "Didn't know you was up here without any oilskins," he said, kindly. "You can have this coat of mine, an' welcome."

"Thank you, Squib," said Laxdale, gratefully, and he accepted the oilskin.

"My word, you are wet," said Squib, as he helped him into the clumsy garment. "When you're relieved you'd better ask leave to shift your duds."

The kindness of the man's rough manner gave Laxdale a much better opinion of him. "He doesn't believe in me," he thought, "but he's the only friend I've got in the ship." He resolved to do something handsome for the friendly sailor when he regained his rightful position.

At two o'clock a seaman relieved him, and he was free to lie down under the forecastle. At three he was disturbed again, and spent half-an-hour at the ash-hoist winch-handle, taking turn and turn about with another seaman at this disagreeable work. The winch-handle blistered his fingers, but the unwonted exertion made him perspire freely and saved him from taking cold. He shared a basin of greasy cocoa with Squib at seven bells (3.30), and was thankful to get it; but his gorge rose when the sailor produced from his cap a short black pipe and offered him the loan of it. "No, thank you," he said, shrinkingly, "I never could smoke ship's tobacco."

"Sorry I can't offer you a seagore, 'Ood," said Squib. "I left my case on the pianna at home! They're going to serve out soap and baccy to-morrow," he added, thoughtfully, "so you might as well draw your baccy and give it to me."

"Certainly," said Laxdale; "I sha'n't forget your kindness, Squib; and I may be able to do more for you than you suspect."

Squib sucked hard at his pipe and seemed to be turning the words over in his mind. "There's a saying down our parts," he remarked, "'Nothing for nothing; and devilish little for sixpence.' What might you want out of me, 'Ood?"

Laxdale sighed. "I want you to use your eyes and your memory," he said, eagerly. "A man may alter a good deal in sixteen years, Squib, as you remarked to that brute Kipps; but is there anything at all in my appearance, speech, or voice that reminds you of the Edward Bunter you used to know?"

Squib did not answer at once, but looked round to see if any of the men were listening. Satisfied that all those near to them were sleeping, he turned to his companion and replied, in a lower key, "Boys alter as they grow to be men, and perhaps my memory for chumps aint a good one."

"It would be worth your while to help me," suggested Laxdale.

"How do I know that?" asked the sailor, cunningly.

"I would give a hundred pounds," said Laxdale, eagerly, "to secure the punishment of that scoundrel within the next two days."

"A shower bath of spray splashed over him"

"A hundred pounds takes a deal of earning," admitted Squib.

"Well, I mean it," said Laxdale, "and I would keep my promise, you may be sure."

"Look here," said Squib, drily, "supposing I believed your yarn and wanted to earn the money? Mind, I only says supposing that was the lay of things."

"But you do believe me, Bunter. I see you do," said Laxdale, imprudently.

"This aint business-like," objected Squib. "I believes what I know—no more, no less. Supposing I could bring myself to believe that yarn of yours, what good would that do you, or me either?"

"You might go to the first lieutenant," suggested Laxdale, "and tell him you recognised——"

"There's no sense in that," Squib objected. "I'm a bad character, and he wouldn't believe me."

"You might try, at least," said Laxdale, despondently; but he saw the force of the objection.

"No, I don't see my way clear to earning that money," continued Squib, regretfully. "I'd do anything short of mu:d r for a hundred quid; but we can't prove anything, you see. Ah! there goes eight bells" (4 a.m.) "at last," he broke off, "so we can turn in."

"Stay," said Laxdale, eagerly; "there must be some way, if I could only think how to act!"

Squib shook his round head and spat thoughtfully upon the deck. "I'll turn it over in my mind," he said; "but I don't see my way clear at all!"

Laxdale sighed again, and followed the sailor below. He felt that he had over-estimated the importance of Squib's awakening.

CHAPTER XII.

Off Ushant.

At 6.30 on the same morning Laxdale had to quit his hammock and face the discomforts of another day. He awoke languid and unrefreshed, feeling, indeed, as if he had passed the night in some wild orgie. In all, he had obtained some four hours of broken rest in the foul atmosphere of the sleeping deck, and as he watched the seamen lashing up their hammocks, he wondered how they found strength to lead the hard life that so quickly exhausted his own store of vitality.

With the art of lashing up hammocks he was entirely unfamiliar, so that when he had completed his task he felt miserably ashamed of the swelling bulk of his bedding.

"What the 'ell d'you call that?" demanded the hammock stower, indignantly. "Looks like two fat old women tied up ugly."

He was sent back to make a more professional job of it, and, but for the timely aid of Squib, would have lost his half-hour for breakfast. The greasy cocoa, which he had relished in the middle watch, now turned him sick. He craved passionately for a cup of strong tea; but tea, whether strong or weak, was not to be had. As well might he have coveted the Crown jewels. He had no appetite for hard biscuit at this early hour of the day, nor was he tempted by his share of a box of "sharks." Six sardines floating in rich yellow oil might have been his, but he passed them over to Squib.

He had next to submit to the ordeal of washing and dressing in public, in circumstances of the greatest possible discomfort. He shared with Squib and two other seamen a very small tub of fresh water. He missed his sponge and tooth-brush, and had to use the common yellow soap from the ship's stores. Soap was forbidden until all four had first sluiced their faces and necks with the water; and it fell to the turn of Laxdale to rinse his soap last. He remembered, with a pang of regret, the comfortable hot bath with which he was accustomed to begin the day, and wondered if the impostor

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used his tooth-brush. Dressing on the crowded mess-deck proved a task of grave difficulty. There was no clear space in which to deposit his clothes, and the clothing had to be very cautiously extracted from the kit-bag in which the entire wardrobe of a sailor is bestowed. His bag, he found, contained cloth clothes, serge clothes, white ducks, flannels, shirts, caps, canvas coaling suits, and, in short, such a perplexing variety of garments that he spent most of the fifteen minutes allowed for his toilette in restowing the bag. Hence it followed that he was not ready when the watch below was piped to scrub the mess-deck, and he was roundly abused by the boatswain for his slackness.

"What a farce this 'watch below' is," he grumbled to Squib. "They keep us at work half the time."

"Ah, you're beginning to get an insight into things," said Squib, with a grin. "It's a dawg's life, friend 'Ood, and no error."

At eight o'clock he exchanged one form of work for another, the port watch being again called on deck. He spent an hour polishing brass-work, gun-gear, and other furniture of the vessel, and had also to clean his rifle and cutlass before divisions. The wind had moderated since the middle watch, but was still blowing hard from the south-west, so that now and again the "Grunter" plunged heavily and the decks were soaked by spray.

Laxdale saw the officers' servants staggering aft with savoury dishes and hot coffee from the galley. One of them slipped as the vessel plunged, and a plate of rolls flew to leeward. The famished gentleman grabbed one of the rolls and devoured it as he cleaned his rifle.

At the divisional muster, a supercilious midshipman found fault with poor Laxdale's clothes, and ordered him to get his kit ready for inspection in the watch below. The impostor had illegally bedizened the serge jumper which Laxdale was wearing with some fancy stitching; and this irregularity was detected by the middy.

In this wise the long morning wore away, the men of the watch on deck being constantly occupied in one task or another. They set the trysails and staysail for the amusement of the lieutenant on duty, and took them in again when the course was altered half-an-hour later; they put extra lashings upon the anchors, secured boats and guns; and, when all else failed, they cleaned the paint-work. A little before six bells (11 a.m.) Corporal Angel touched Laxdale on the shoulder and ordered him to fall in on the quarter-deck.

He was duly reported to the first lieutenant for brawling on the mess-deck and telling a lie to the corporal. His attempt to disprove the unfair charges was entirely fruitless, and Filmore awarded him a tedious punishment that threatened to make his life additionally wretched for a week to come. He was too tired to feel very indignant, and abandoned all thought of trying to convince the first lieutenant of his wrongs.

Meanwhile the ship was nearing Ushant, and, in accordance with an old Naval custom, seamen had been ordered into the quarter-boat to heave the hand lead. The precaution was a mere formality, as Lyle was too good a navigator to shave that dangerous coast even in the broad light of day. As Laxdale was leaving the quarter-deck, a petty officer ordered him to relieve the seaman in the "chains."

"I'm afraid I can't heave the lead," he objected. "You'd better send someone else."

"You'll have to," said the petty officer, curtly. "Call yourself an able seaman, and can't heave the lead! In you go, you lazy lubber, and smart about it."

Reflecting that his lack of skill could not endanger the ship, Laxdale obeyed without further protest, and clambered cautiously into the weather quarter-boat. The boat was fitted with two upright iron stanchions, some three feet apart, and to these was secured a stout tarpaulin apron, in which the leadsman could rest his stomach as he worked. His feet found an insecure resting-place upon the narrow gunwale of the boat. Laxdale regarded his lofty perch with grave misgivings; but the impostor was pacing the poop, and he was too proud to display any sign of timidity in his hateful presence. He mounted the boat's gunwale, closed his eyes, and leant forward in the loose apron. When he opened them again he seemed to be suspended from the belly between sky and sea, his life hanging by the lanyards that secured the apron. If his feet slipped, his whole weight would fall upon those slender lanyards; and, even if they bore the strain, he was likely to fall into the tumbling sea below. Even to maintain this position at all required some skill and nerve, for the ship was pitching, and the boat worked in the gripes with every roll.

"Chains, there!" bawled the impostor; "keep your lead going. You're not put there for an ornament, you know."

(To be continued.)

At a Russian Launch.

By E. C. Froom.

THE launch, a few days ago, of a new Russian cruiser was surrounded by the usual picturesque ceremonial with which the Russians know so well how to invest their naval and military functions.

The proceedings at a launch in Russia are based on the rules observed at the launch of a British ship, including even such details as the positions of the flags in the vessel. There is, of course, a religious service, the vessel is named by some member of the Imperial Family, the usual bottle is broken against the bows, and to the strains of martial music, and while the assembled troops present arms, the huge hull glides into the water.

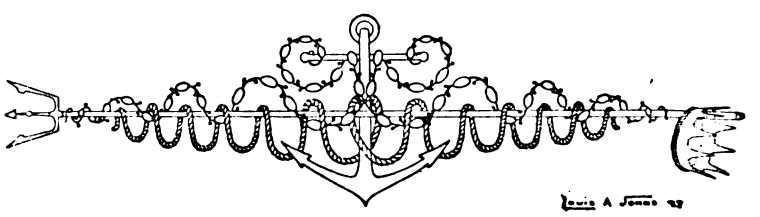
Sometimes, however, a hitch occurs. I remember being present at a launch at the Baltic Yard on the river Neva, when I was about ten years of age. I forget the name of the ship, and do not know whether it was a cruiser or a battleship. The Emperor Alexander II., grandfather of the present Czar, was present, as well as a host of Grand Dukes and other celebrities. The Imperial choristers, in their long gowns, or caftans, trimmed with gold lace, were placed on a dais close to the spot where the Imperial party were to stand, and near them stood the gorgeously-arrayed priests, about twenty in number, with the Metropolite (or Archbishop) at their head. The sun was shining with quite torrid brilliance on the scene, and it may be imagined how dazzling the effect was as the rays were reflected from the hundreds of glittering uniforms and the richly-embroidered garments of the priests.

Before the commencement of the actual ceremony, the priests went in procession all over the ship, sprinkling holy water, while the deacons waved their censers until the whole atmosphere was redolent of incense. The ship's icon (sacred picture), without which no Russian vessel could sail, was consecrated with due ceremonial, and the lamp in front of it was filled with holy oil, and set alight. The lamp of an icon, by the way, is fashioned in a curious and primitive way. It consists of a glass, shaped somewhat like the glasses we use for holding seed in a canary's cage, and the wick is held in position by a piece of wire resting on the edge of the glass. The flame is not very bright, and the smell is at times extremely objectionable.

On the arrival of the Emperor, on the occasion referred to, the christening ceremony began. The sonorous voice of the officiating priest re-echoed through the building-shed, while the voices of the choir mingled harmoniously in the responses. The bows of the ship were sprinkled with water and anointed with holy oil, and at the appropriate moment the Emperor stepped forward, named the ship, and cut the string which held the bottle of champagne; the bottle was dashed to pieces, the last of the timbers were knocked away, and—the ship did not move.

In those days they had no hydraulic rams to assist a vessel if she did not run smoothly down the ways, so the dockyard officials were presently to be seen hurrying about giving orders, and in a few minutes a crowd of men were at work. Valiant efforts were made by these dockyard men, assisted by a few hundred soldiers, but for over half-an-hour no impression was made on the hydrophobic monster. At last the Czar turned to go away, leaving his newly-christened man-of-war lying high and dry on the stocks instead of being at anchor in the middle of the river. At the moment, however, when the Imperial party were leaving the shed, word was sent up that the ship had begun to move, and the Emperor turned back just in time to see the ship make her plunge into the river, crashing through some staging, and carrying away a part of the slipway which was intended to be stationary. A good many men were thrown into the water, but it was officially reported that no lives were lost.

In those days—I am speaking of some twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago—a Russian crowd never cheered, and the multitude, on the occasion of the launch just described, scarcely uttered a sound, in marked contrast to what occurs at any similar ceremony in England. The soldiers and marines gave three cheers on the word of command, a few guns were fired by the distant forts, the assembled military bands played lively music, and as the Imperial party drove away the crowd stood bareheaded in respectful silence. Nowadays the Russians have become a little more demonstrative and a little bolder, and venture to cheer Royalty occasionally, even although the gendarmes may be close at hand to sternly suppress any undue ebullition of feeling.



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The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

A Record of Its Past and Present Performances.

THE PETS OF THE BATTALION.
The Colours and "The Antelope."

On December 12, 1671, Sir Walter Vane was appointed colonel of a newly-raised corps, which became the 6th Foot, and 111 years afterwards, during the colonelcy of Sir William Boothby, the regiment received its territorial title from the county of Warwick. That this territorial connection represents much more than a mere empty name is proved by the fact that on the recent augmentation of the infantry the Royal Warwickshire Regiment was one of those selected to raise additional battalions, and, as a matter of fact, the 3rd Battalion has not only been raised, but has actually proceeded abroad.

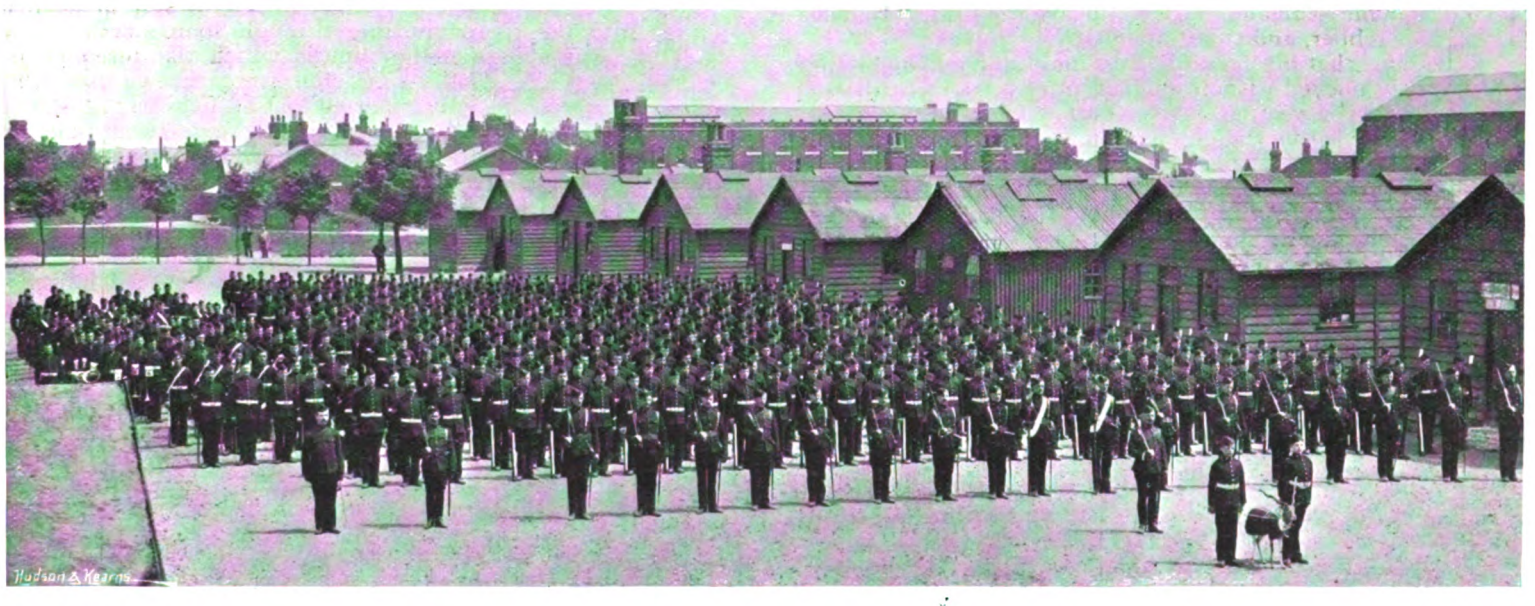
Thus the confidence shown by the authorities in the recruiting capabilities of the Warwickshire Regimental District has been fully justified. Naturally, the possession of a great town such as Birmingham is a considerable aid to a recruiting area, and other towns in Warwickshire—for example, Coventry and Rugby—have large populations. Thus it is not wonderful that a county which has only one regiment to supply, and has such ample resources to draw upon, is found fully equal to the task. It would indeed be well if all other regiments occupied equally fortunate positions. Many territorial titles are contemporary with that of the Warwickshire's, but some of these disappeared on the reorganisation of 1881, and in the case of not a few of the survivors territorialism has but little reality.

In the history of the Warwickshire Regiment a large number of distinguished names occur, and amongst others is one with which every schoolboy is familiar—the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose brilliant career was cut short in the moment of victory at the battle of Alexandria. Sir Ralph was colonel of the 6th Foot from April, 1792, till November, 1795, when he was succeeded by the Duke of Gloucester. His Royal Highness, however, remained at the head of the regiment only a few months, and from May of the following year Sir George Nugent held the colonelcy during four decades, and at the expiration of this probably unique period of regimental command had upwards of seventy years' service in the Army! In addition to a valetudinarian colonel, the Warwickshires possessed in 1842 a subaltern whose first commission bore date March 3, 1812, and who, in addition to having been present at the battle of Waterloo, had also taken part in the capture of Genoa, in 1814, by Lord William Bentinck. True, this officer, Lieutenant Muller, had been on "half-pay" for seventeen years, yet, even thus, a subaltern who had been over thirty years in the Army was a "fossil" of somewhat surprising antiquity.

The present colonel of the Royal Warwickshires, Lieutenant-General F. W. Traill-Burroughs, joined the 93rd Highlanders in 1848, and was present with that regiment throughout its career in the Crimea, and afterwards in the Indian Mutiny, serving under that grand old Peninsular veteran, Lord Clyde, more familiarly known as Sir Colin Campbell. At the storming of Secunderabad, Captain Burroughs was the first man to enter the breach. The 2nd Battalion of the Warwickshires is now stationed at Colchester, where, as will be seen from the illustrations, wooden huts are still in use. These huts will no doubt disappear before long, and certainly there is no one who is likely to regret their removal in order to make way for permanent barracks.

From first to last the various hut encampments, between initial cost and repairs, and the total loss of a great many by fire, have proved far more expensive than if brick buildings had in the first place been erected. The wooden huts were the off-spring of a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy, and furnish yet another proof that inferior articles are nearly always the dearest in the long run.

The first illustration shows the colours of the battalion, and in front of them is "The Antelope" with silver-tipped horns, who, in accordance with time-honoured custom, is always led at the head of the Warwickshires. The animal here depicted is a "black buck" (male Indian antelope), and has been at the head of the 2nd Warwickshire for eleven



Photos. Elliott & Fry — Copyright

A SMART TURN-OUT—THE 2nd BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

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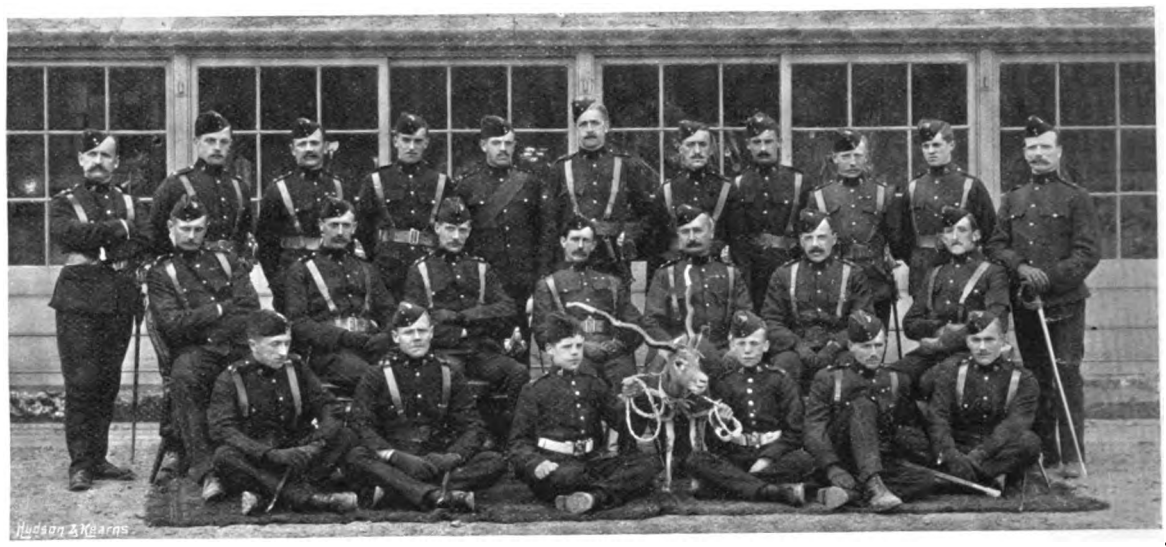
years. "The Antelope" of the 6th Foot traces his origin to the battle of Saragossa, fought on August 9, 1710, during the War of the Spanish Succession. At Saragossa the regiment greatly distinguished itself, capturing thirty colours and standards from the enemy.

Colonel Harrison, then in command of the "Sixth," was sent to England with the news of the victory, and took with him the collection of trophies for presentation to Queen Anne. The badge of "The Antelope" was on one of the captured colours, and as a mark of Royal favour Her Majesty directed that it should in future be adopted as the regimental crest.



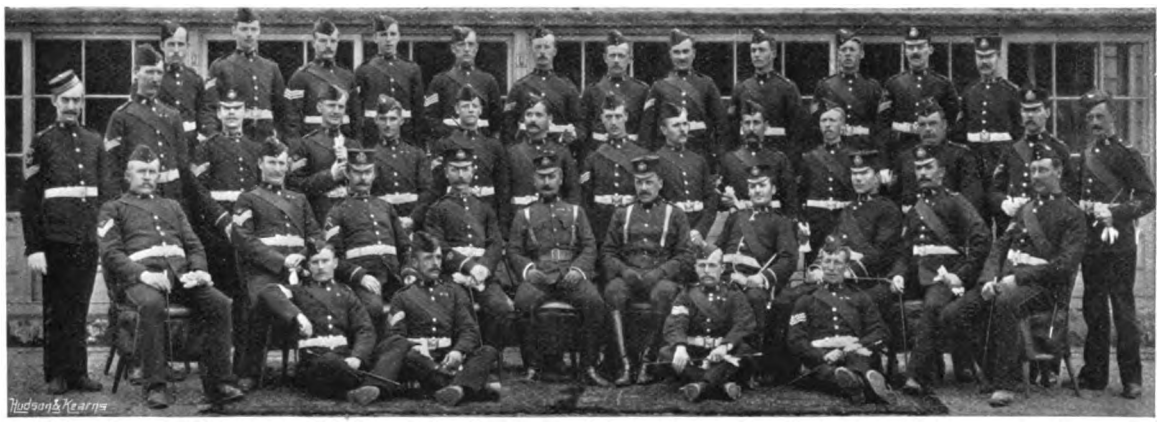
THE OFFICERS SIT FOR THE "NAVY AND ARMY."

It was well that the spoils of Saragossa were so promptly sent home, since otherwise they would very probably have been retaken by the French and Castilians at the capitulation of General Stanhope's small force, which ensued shortly after. The British troops were surprised at Brihuega on November 27, 1710, and, not being supported by Staremberg, were after a brave resistance compelled to surrender.

This misfortune, like so many others that have from time to time befallen us, was chiefly due to the unpatriotic conduct of politicians at home. Owing to the intrigues and jealousies that prevailed at the time, the Earl of Peterborough had been recalled from the Peninsula, and the forces in that country were as badly supplied and maintained as they were indifferently led. Peterborough's supersession proved to be the turning point. The series of operations had hitherto been generally successful, although conducted upon too small a scale to have far-reaching results. All this was soon changed, and the advantages gained by Peterborough were utterly lost in the complete defeat of the allied forces under Lord Galway, by the Duke of Berwick, at Almanza. The victories won by Stanhope and Staremberg, at Almennara and Saragossa, shed a momentary glimmer upon the dark aspect of our fortunes in Spain, but this was quickly extinguished in the disaster of Brihuega.

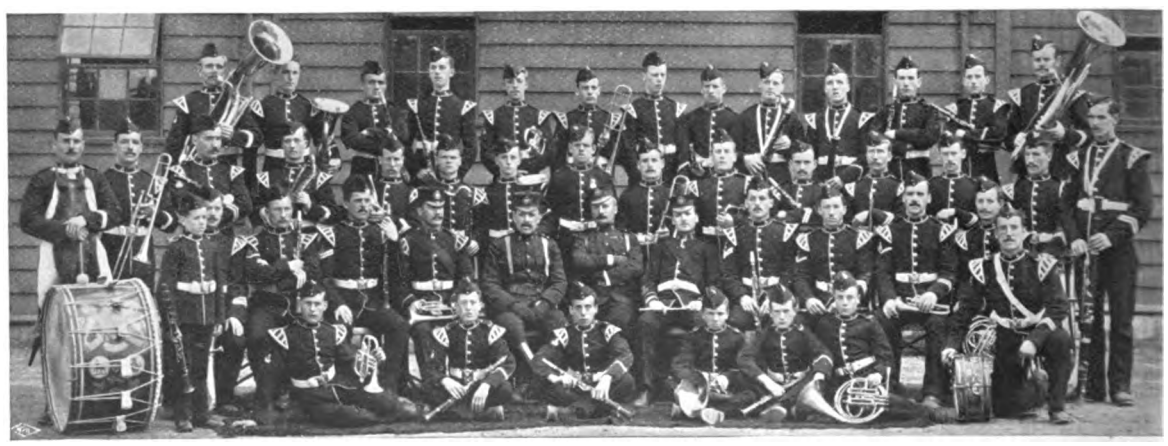
Subsequently, it would seem as if a veritable judgment fell upon the Duke of Argyll, since just as he had plotted against and put obstacles in the way of others, so also he himself failed utterly when placed in command of the Peninsular army; not because he was incompetent, but because the British Government failed to provide him with any of the necessaries for a campaign. Had, indeed, Argyll directly succeeded Peterborough, affairs might possibly have prospered, but when he actually arrived it was too late. Be all this as it may, "The Antelope" of the Warwickshires links their successors with the victory at Saragossa, August 9, 1710, when the enemy lost no less than 5,000 killed and 7,000 wounded and taken prisoners, together with the whole of their artillery.

The lustre of this brilliant victory was tarnished by the subsequent disaster and the generally unsuccessful result of the campaign, yet there are many distinctions inscribed on regimental colours that are less deserved than would be "Saragossa," which ought in common justice to have been granted to the victors in that memorable battle. In the second illustration we have the battalion on parade, drawn up in quarter-column, "by the left," with officers and colours in front. On the right are the "staff," pioneers, signallers, drummers, and band. The transport and stretcher section would, had they been on parade, have been posted in rear of the band. The officers, it will be observed, are wearing the new Sam Browne belts, which have recently been adopted as the regulation equipment for infantry officers. The shoulder "braces" are a great advantage when the revolver is worn; formerly the weight was entirely borne by the waist-belt, and caused great discomfort. A better idea of the Sam Browne belt will be gained from the group of officers shown in the third illustration, on the left of which is the quartermaster wearing the old pattern belt, which is still used for barrack duties. The orderly officer will be recognised by the sash which he wears as a badge of office. The ubiquitous black buck, of course, has his place in this group, but is evidently becoming rather bored by the protracted nature of the proceedings. The lieutenant-colonel has the black buck immediately in front of him, the second in command on his right, and the adjutant on his left. The badge on the collars is "The Antelope."



THE SERGEANTS OF THE 2nd BATTALION.

This picture was taken outside the officers' mess, in front of the entrance hall—the latter a useful apartment, usually fitted as a sort of winter garden; while in it the band plays on "guest nights." Convenient accommodation for the band under cover is not by any means universally provided



Photos. Elliott & Fry. A GOODLY LOT OF MUSICIANS. The Band of the 2nd Battalion. Copyright

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FOR QUARRELSOME SAVAGES OR CANTANKEROUS NEIGHBOURS.
The Machine-gun Section prepared for Action.

in the older barracks. For example, in what are called the "Permanent Barracks" at Aldershot, the Royal Engineers even omitted to provide an "ante-room," *i.e.*, the officers' sitting-room, and it became necessary, in consequence, to knock two ordinary "quarters" into one in order to make good the deficiency. It is, moreover, generally alleged that these military builders also forgot to include staircases in the original plans of the same barracks!

In the group of staff-sergeants and sergeants, which follows the group of officers, the sergeant-major is seated on the right of Colonel Jones. The staff-sergeants are distinguished by their forage caps, the other sergeants having field service caps. The "stranger" on the right no doubt formerly belonged to the Warwickshires, and is now attached to the battalion for duty. The pioneer-sergeant, bereft of his beard by order of the Commander-in-Chief, stands second from the left of the rear rank; the crossed axes on his arm denote his profession.

The principal feature of the group formed by the band is the extremely diminutive boy who stands by the big drum; he may not be the smallest boy in the British Army, though we should not be surprised if this is actually the case. The "big drummer," it will be noticed, wears instead of the usual leopard skin the hide of an antelope — possibly that of a departed leader of the battalion. The bandmaster is sitting on the left of the colonel. A glance at this band gives cause for reflection. The British public is so accustomed to hearing music played by bands such as this, numbering between forty and fifty performers, that it is apt to forget what it owes to the regimental officers, upon whom the cost principally falls. The authorised strength of a battalion band is a bandmaster, sergeant, and twenty musicians, and for this number only are pay and band clothing provided. Moreover, in the case of bandmasters it is almost needless to say that if the pay were limited to the 5s. per day granted by the regulations, no man fit for the position would dream of accepting it.

SOME CHAMPION ATHLETES.
The Football Team of the 2nd Battalion.

Every battalion nowadays plays football, and, judging by appearances, the Warwickshires ought to have an excellent team. The men seem to be an exceptionally sturdy and active eleven. Before many months have elapsed the result of the competition for the Army Cup will show what account of themselves this team may be able to give. There is no doubt that the Inter-Regimental Competition is an admirable institution, and does a great deal towards fostering *esprit de corps*. The interest excited by the various struggles for the Army Cup is very keen indeed, and the enthusiasm displayed by all ranks whilst watching these contests is tremendous.

Yet there is very rarely the smallest indication of bad feeling, such as is so often exhibited in matches between civilian clubs. The soldier generally takes a very sporting view of the whole thing, and when the team of his own battalion has been beaten, he has always a hearty round of cheers for the victorious adversary. Most corps which go in extensively for football have challenge shields or cups to be competed for annually in an inter-company tournament. Such trophies are greatly coveted by the companies, and give a great impetus to the popularity of the game. It is always a good thing when the company officers furnish at least one member of the team. The popularity that is earned by an officer who is a really good player is most valuable, since it is of the kind that will serve him best when leading his men in the field.

Signalling with flags, familiarly termed "flag-wagging," is of very great assistance in the field and at manœuvres. The field telegraph cannot be ubiquitous, and thus "visual signalling" is an indispensable auxiliary to or substitute for it.

In the Tirah Expedition nearly 600 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were employed in this branch of signalling. In an accompanying illustration the signallers are seen at practice, whilst a further one shows the battalion machine-gun prepared for action.

Photos. Elliott & Fry. A FEW FLAG-WAGGERS—THE SIGNALLERS POSE BEFORE THE CAMERA. Copyright

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Athletes of the "Britannia."

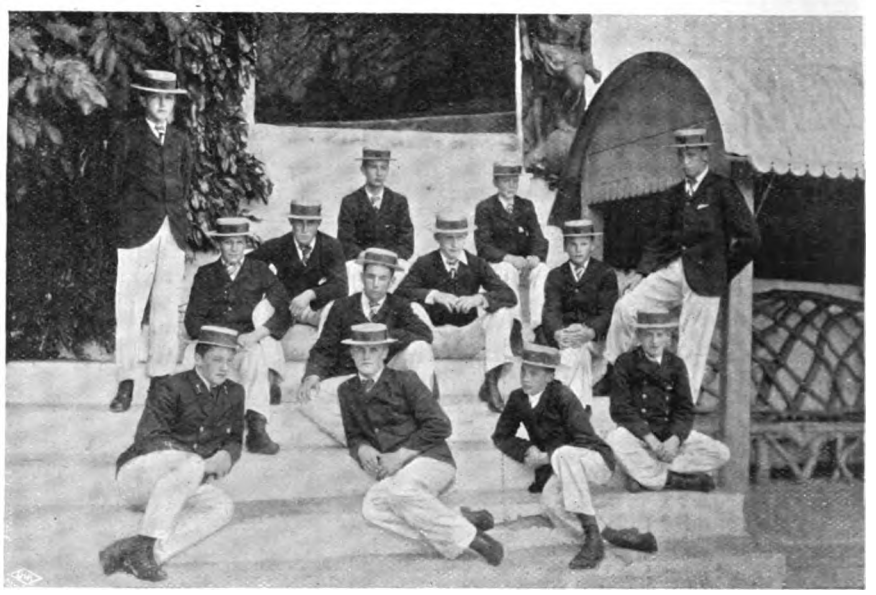
THE other day the First Lord of the Admiralty, when distributing prizes on board the "Britannia" at the closing of the term, told the cadets there assembled that when they were lieutenants, commanders, captains, and even possibly admirals, they would look back with pleasure to the time they had spent in the old ship. He might have made a similar remark when addressing any gathering of boys, but no ordinary boy can think of his school with quite the same sort of feeling that the Naval officer thinks of the "Britannia." It is his school, as Rugby, Harrow, or Eton is to the soldier, the barrister, or the parson, but much more, for besides being his school it is his University in which he is taking his degree to enable him to practise the noble profession in which he is to make his career.

The whole system of the "Britannia," scholastic, social, and athletic, is so devised as to train and fit him for this career, and not the least is it so in the last-named aspect of his training. Scholastically, the "Britannia" has to turn out a boy with a sound knowledge of the elementary science of his profession as a seaman and a navigator. Socially, it has to make the boy one who will do credit to the uniform he wears, who will scorn anything that would dishonour or sully the Service of which he is proud to be an unit, and who by having learnt to obey has qualified himself to command. Athletically, its object is to make him physically able to endure the hardships and other tests of bodily endurance that his profession is certain to entail upon him.

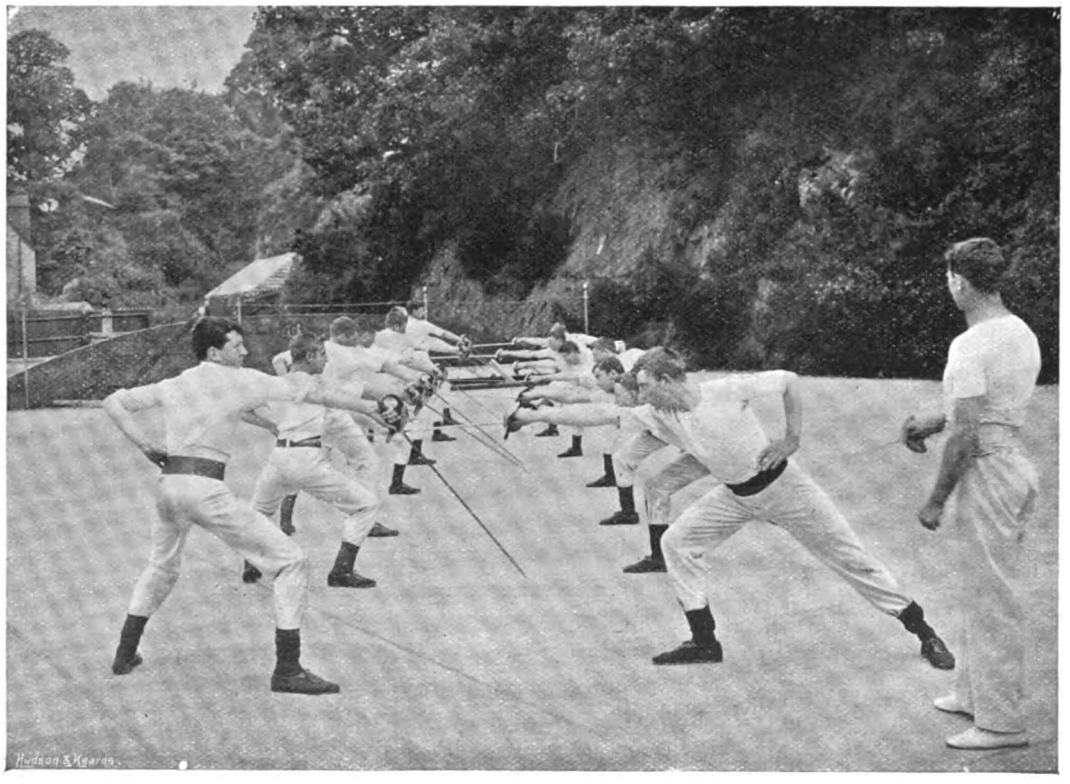
Our pictures must strike everyone as happily illustrative of this particular phase of the cadet's education. The first shows the crack exponents of the national game amongst the cadets, in the shape of the "Britannia" First Eleven—and excellent cricketers does the "Britannia" regularly pass into the Navy; and there are not many squadrons afloat in any part of the world which cannot put ashore a team quite equal to any local combination that can be brought against them.

Almost straight from the "Britannia" are the young officers of the Chatham torpedo instructional flotilla, and they, with some help from the lower deck, and under the able leadership of Commander de Robeck, himself at one time on the staff of the "Britannia," have done great work in the cricket-field during their cruises around the East Coast. Another picture shows the prize-winners in the various competitions, with those very able petty officers who act as their instructors. To these instructors the commissioned officers of the Navy owe much, for they are picked men, and the training they give the young midshipman stands him in good stead in his after career. And the Naval officer does not forget it.

THE RESULTS OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.
Prize-winners and Instructors.



A CRACK CRICKET TEAM.
First Eleven—The "Britannia"



Photos. W. M. Crockett. A FENCING LESSON—THE "BRITANNIA." Copyright

On the training staff of the "Britannia" there is always one lieutenant at least specially chosen for his aptitude in games and the interest he takes in matters of sport. He is to the cadets in such matters guide, philosopher, and friend, and to his good offices in this connection many a boy owes proficiency in some manly pursuit. The lads who have of late passed through the "Britannia" owe much in this direction to Lieutenant Trewby, whose departure was mentioned by Mr. Goschen as a matter of general regret in the ship.

Unless we are mistaken, Lieutenant Trewby was also the editor of the capital little magazine which is published on board the "Britannia" and contributed to by so many sportsmen and good fellows. Therein are always to be found special reports of all matches played by the ship's teams, all athletic meetings or gymkhanas in which the cadets take part, and last but not least, the runs of the beagles.

Our last picture is that of a fencing class, and though the Naval officer will not often be called upon to fight at close quarters, the physical training fencing gives would be hard to over-rate.

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NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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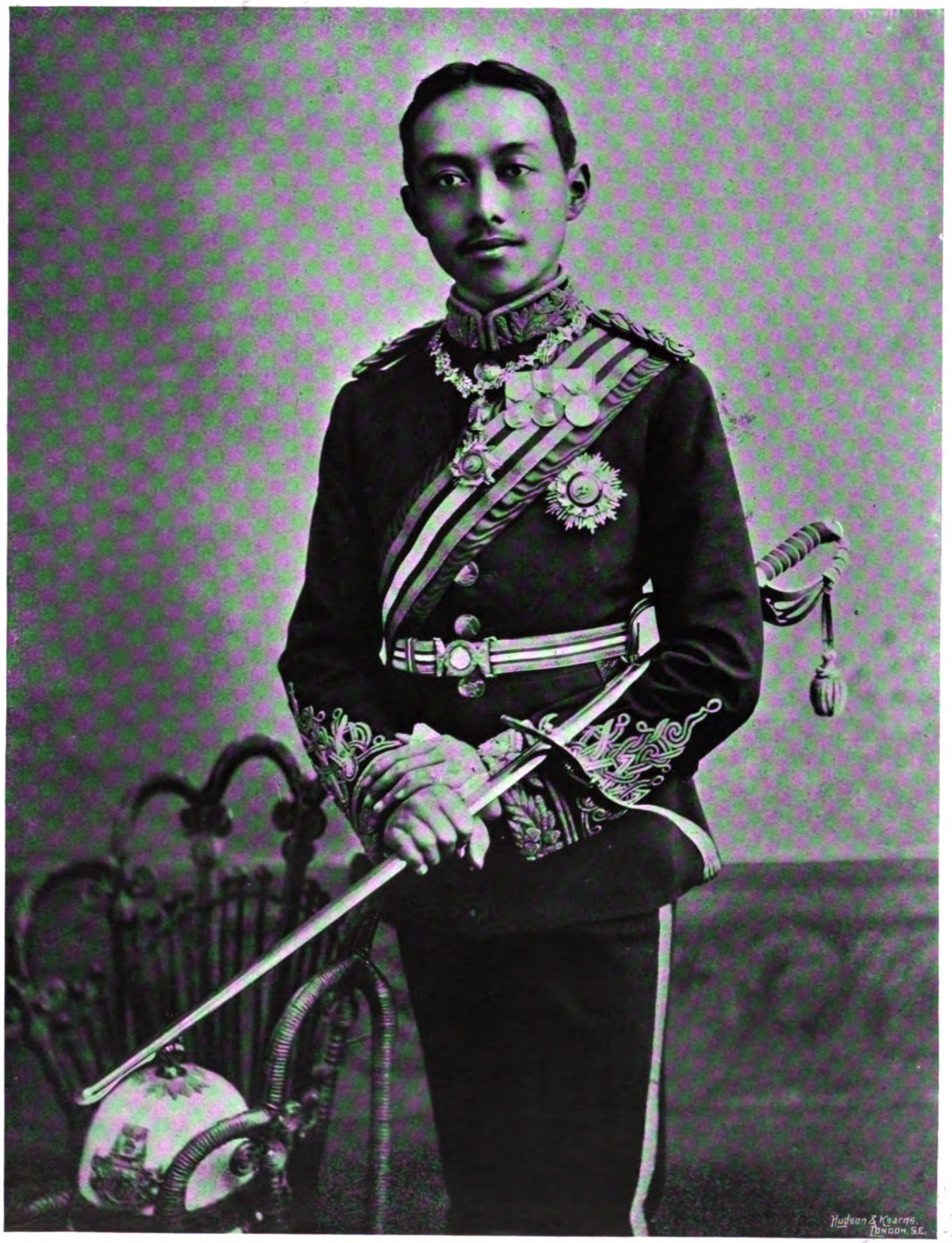

Photo. C. Knight. Copyright

H.R.H. PRINCE SOMDETCH CHOWFA MAHA VAJIRAVUDH, CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM,

AT PRESENT ATTACHED TO THE 1st BATTALION DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY AT ALDERSHOT.

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Sailors as Tailors.

EVERY man his own tailor is an old rule of the Navy for the Bluejacket, and the tailoring time throughout the Fleet at sea is, according to custom, Thursday afternoon. The day and time, it is said, were originally instituted by William IV. when Lord High Admiral, and ever since 1828 Thursday afternoon has been set apart for "making and mending." Modern invention has improved on the old style of hand sewing, with which in the days of our fathers the seaman tailor had to content himself, and we see the result in the illustrations.

"Jewing" is the Bluejackets' familiar phrase for sewing and tailoring work, and it includes the whole operation, from marking out the cloth on deck with chalk and the cutting out to the final business of sitting cross-legged and stitching the whole together, whether by hand or by the sewing-machine.

The modern Jack is devoted to his sewing-machine wherever it can be brought into play, and, in addition, those on board who possess a sewing-machine of their own make a good thing by hiring it out to messmates not so provided.

Photo Gregory. Copyright.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

The board ship usage has of late, however, become somewhat modified by the new practice at the depôts at home of serving out ready-made clothes. The idea of the new departure is to induce greater uniformity of pattern, and no doubt it goes some way towards this.

On the other hand, it hits the thrifty man hardly, depriving him of a means of adding to his pay by making the clothes of his less skilful messmates. The new depôt system of wholesale tailoring on the ready-made system, though, does not do away with the practice of "Jewing" on board ship; it restricts its scope and extent in many cases, no doubt, but Jack can still "make and mend" for himself on occasion, and does so, and will continue to do so for many a day to come.

One illustration shows other details of Thursday afternoon leisure on board ship, the men having, between times, an unwonted spell of idleness, in which, if they have nothing else in hand, they may smoke, or yarn, or watch and chaff their messmates at work.

How Jack prepares and uses his tobacco is another detail that the reader can pick out for himself in one picture, where a second-class petty officer is shown cutting off a piece of tobacco from his tightly-frapped length of prepared "weed" for present use.

But the sewing-machine is available for ship's duty as well, and for very pleasant employment. Witness what is taking place in the third of our illustrations, that in which part of a ship's flag locker is shown. The group of three men comprise a Second Yeoman of Signals (centre), a leading signalman (right), and a second-class petty officer (left), and they are busily engaged in making up the ship's paying-off pennant. They are cutting up yards and yards of white bunting into strips, and sewing them together to make the enormously long paying-off pennant, the outward and visible sign of being "homeward bound," which will be hoisted on the longed-for morning when the order at length arrives to return home to pay off, and will flutter from the masthead right away down to the surface of the water astern.

On board every man-of-war in Her Majesty's Service for some time before the paying-off order actually arrives the signalmen are always to be observed making these somewhat mysterious preparations, in which also, by the way, everybody in the ship manifests great interest, in the way of enquiries as to how the makers of the pennant are getting along with the job.

Photo. J. Fulier. Copyright

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TAILOR.

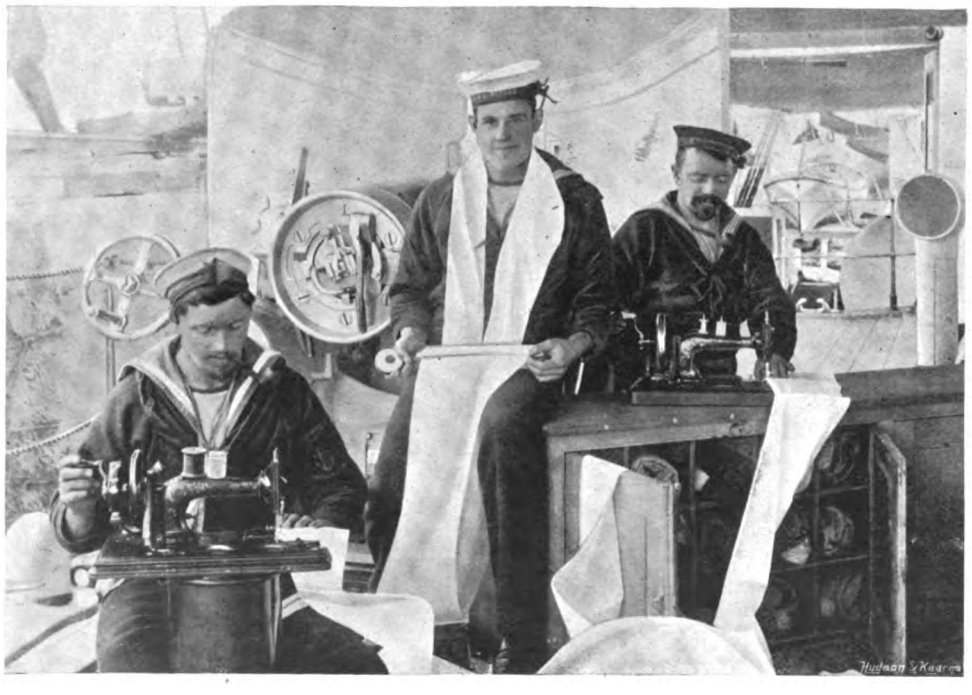

Photo. Fillebrown. Copyright

MAKING THE PAYING-OFF PENNANT.

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The Italian Bersaglieri.

THE military manœuvres which are now taking place in Piedmont are not unlikely to attract new interest to the value of that very remarkable body of Italian light infantry or riflemen known as the Bersaglieri. Foreign observers are often particularly struck by the soldier-like qualities, unusual evolutions, and general smartness of these men, and by their effective uniform of dark blue with crimson facings, and the long plume of green cock's feathers drooping from their characteristic hats. The Bersaglieri owe their creation to the initiative of General Alessandro Lamarmora, a soldier of ripe experience and great capacity, who was in command of Sardinian troops in the Crimea, and died of cholera at Kadikoi. When Lamarmora was a captain in the Piedmontese Grenadier Guards, in 1835, he presented to Carlo Alberto his scheme, and in the next year two companies were embodied. There had been light infantry and sharpshooters before, but Lamarmora had no exact model to guide him, and he himself devised the necessary exercises to fit his men for the rapidity of movement which he designed for them. They were then, as they are now, in their far larger numbers, picked men of athletic build, capable of sustained endurance in long marches, and of the quick running step, or *passo di corsa*, in field evolutions. Some changes in drill and equipment have been made since Lamarmora's time, but the principles he established are maintained. He designed a totally new outfit for his men, added a spike to the butt of the rifle to assist them in climbing heights, and provided a light gun-carriage for their particular work. Now the Alpini are more specially equipped for mountaineering, but the Bersaglieri are fully trained in all the work of light infantry, and are particularly enthusiastic cyclists.

GENERAL LAMARMORA,
Founder of the Bersaglieri.

GENERAL ROBAUDI,
Wounded at the Tchernaya.

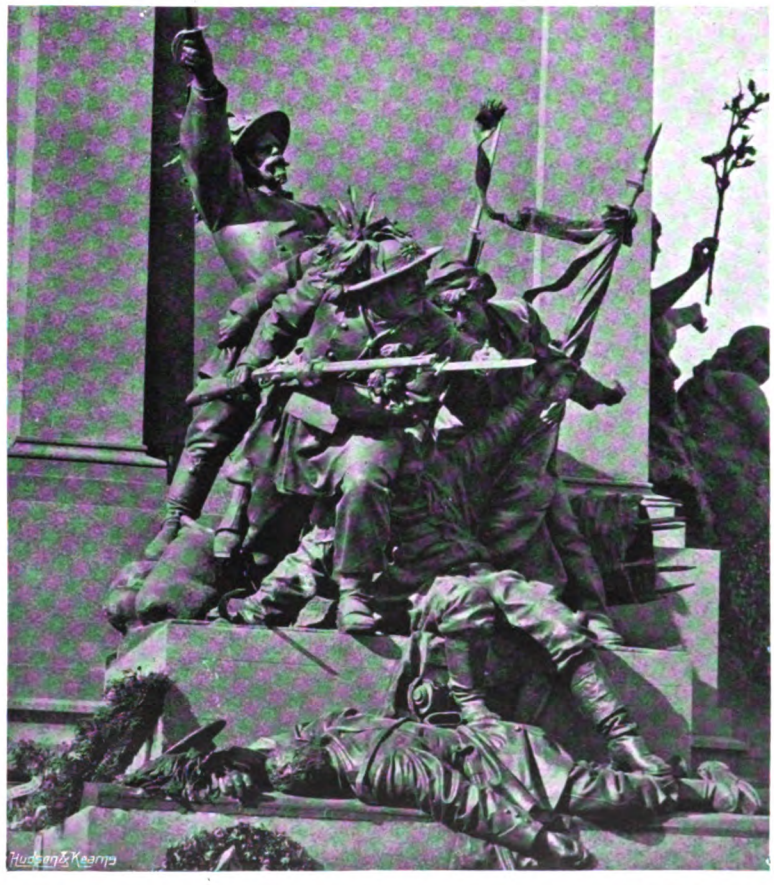
The pace of infantry—it is so in the British Army—is usually fixed at 30-in., but that of the Bersaglieri is 35-in., and is also more rapid, being 140 beats to the minute, as compared with 120 in the infantry of the line. The Italian infantry "double" with a 36-in. pace, and 170 beats to the minute, while the figures for the Bersaglieri are 40-in., and 180 beats, or three to the second. They are thus an exceedingly mobile and active branch of the forces, and their various exercises, in which their rapid pace is developed, are very striking. It will, of course, be understood that the pace is kept in reserve to some extent, and that the training is not merely for rapid marching, but still more for strength and celerity in the attack.

Very soon the formation of the Bersaglieri began to attract attention in Europe. There was much discussion as to their value, and, after the manœuvres in Piedmont, in 1839, in which they took part, the Chasseurs de Vincennes were formed by the French, and there was an impulse in the same direction in Germany. England, which had known the value of light infantry in the Peninsular campaigns, was not slow to recognise the merits of Lamarmora's creation.

In Italy the force became very popular, and there was eager competition to enter its ranks, so that the Bersaglieri rapidly increased, and drew to themselves much of the best material in the country. At the end of 1848 there were twenty companies formed in five battalions, and the strength was doubled two years later. Five battalions took part in the Crimean operations. In 1871 there were ten regiments, of four battalions each; and, with a varied establishment, there are now twelve regiments. The Bersaglieri have given many proofs of their soldier-like qualities, their devotion, and their gallantry in battle, of their marksmanship, and of their spirit in the bayonet attack.

CAPTAIN MANARA,
Killed at the Siege of Rome, 1849.

They have a brilliant record of service in the struggle of 1848 and 1849, and all the wars of Italian independence. At Goito (April 8, 1848) they fought under command of Lamarmora himself, who was severely wounded, and they distinguished themselves at Novara, Palestro, San Martino, Castelfidardo, Ancona, Gaeta, Capua, Custoza, and in other actions of the following years. Among the more famous Bersaglieri officers of those times were Lions, who took Governolo from the Austrians in 1848, Manara, who, after fighting in many actions, fell at the siege of Rome in the following year, and a young lieutenant named Sommaruga, who made himself famous at Custoza. Seizing a colour from an Austrian soldier, the two fell into a ravine, when three Croatians rushed to attack the Italian. One gave him a bayonet thrust, another struck him over the neck with a sword, and the third tried to shoot him, but by a marvel he was able to get off with his trophy. But it would be tedious to name the many brave men who fill the roll of gallantry in the history of the Bersaglieri in those stirring but terrible times.



Photos. Copyright. *THE SIEGE OF ROME.* *"Navy & Army."*
Group from the Garibaldi Monument.

The five battalions in the Crimea in 1855 were on the right of the French in the battle of the Tchernaya (August 16), and were subjected to a powerful attack. It was a sanguinary action, with varying fortunes, but in the end the Russians were driven back with great loss, and with their defeat vanished their last chance of retrieving their falling fortunes. Captain Robaudi, who greatly distinguished himself at the Traktir Bridge, and has since taken a prominent part in the useful

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Photo. *B. Ettore.*
GENERAL TARDITI,
Under-Secretary of State for War,
As Colonel of Bersaglieri.

work of the Bersaglieri in the repression of brigandage, is one of the many officers of the force who have gained literary honours, being the author of a successful romance entitled "La Stella Confidente." Coming to more recent times, the Bersaglieri had their share in the disastrous battle of Adowa, March 1, 1896. There, from midday until evening, Colonel Compiani kept his men on the top of Monte Raio, hungry, thirsty, and suffering from wounds and exhaustion, and led them in many charges against the outnumbering forces of the Negus. The majority of these brave men fell there with their colonel.

The Bersaglieri have done excellent service in peace also. When public misfortunes have afflicted their country they have been among the first to render aid. They have made themselves particularly useful on more than one occasion during floods, caused by the Arno and Po overflowing their banks, and Italy will long remember their self-sacrificing efforts during the earthquake at Casamicciola, and in the cholera epidemic at Palermo.

The green-plumed soldiers are thus no carpet warriors. They have given proof of their courage and ability on many occasions, and are very popular at home. It is a sight worth seeing when the Bersaglieri are on parade, for they represent what is best in the Italian Army, and their services are highly valued. Their officers, too, are men of high professional attainments, and many of them of great culture, and it is surprising to find how many have distinguished themselves in letters and the arts. General Cesare Tarditi, now Under-Secretary of State for War, of whom we publish a portrait, is a fine type of a good Bersaglieri officer.

Photo. *B. Lauro.*
LIEUTENANT BOSI,
10th Bersaglieri.

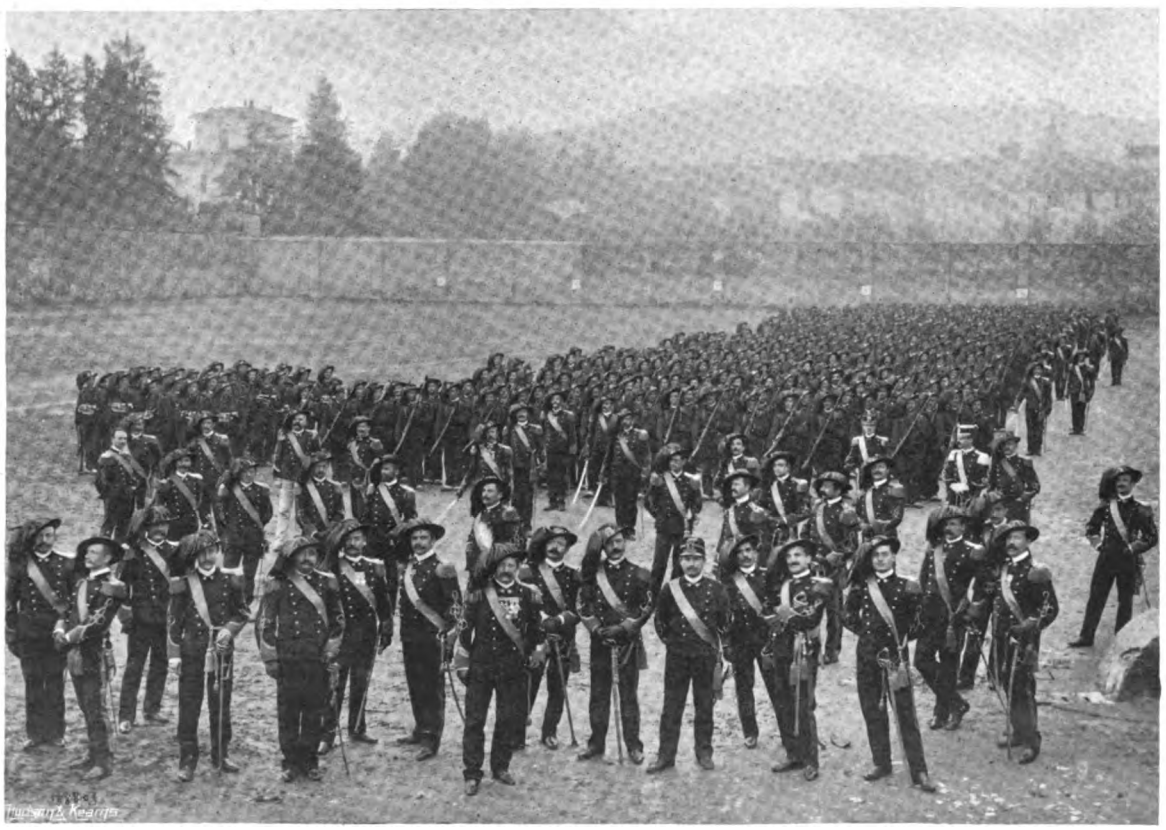
respected by his country for his good services at home and abroad, and beloved by his men for his soldier-like care of their interests. Lieutenant Pier Bosi, whose portrait we also give, is an excellent example of the Bersaglieri subaltern, for he is not only a good officer, but a poet as well, and is also famous as an athlete and successful runner.

Much more might have been written about the Bersaglieri, for their characteristic formations, and the many stirring events in which they played a part during the stormy years of the middle of the century, make them an interesting study. They have not escaped the effect of the financial retrenchments which national poverty has forced upon the Italian Government, though they have, perhaps, suffered less, by the suppression of their special inspectorate, than some other branches of the forces.

CYCLISTS OF THE 9th BERSAGLIERI

The inspectorate which has been abolished had, however, a function which was greatly appreciated in the Bersaglieri ranks. It marked the special and independent position of the corps, and assured unity of purpose and direction, and the change recently introduced was viewed with great regret. Yet there is sufficient spirit among both officers and men to sustain the character of the old Bersaglieri of Lamarmora. They were, as their name implies, marksmen, and there is scope for good marksmanship in these days. It is a misfortune for Italy that she cannot keep the full establishment of her troops with the colours, but no effort is spared to give efficient training to those embodied. The Bersaglieri, being of the best material the country produces, share in every advantage, and make use of it to the full.

All that zeal can do for them is done, and there is no doubt that, when once again they are called upon to shed their blood for their country, the green-plumed warriors will emulate the heroic example of the men we have named and many more who have fought and **died gallantly in battle and siege.**



Photos. J. David. *Copyright*
A REGIMENT OF BERSAGLIERI.

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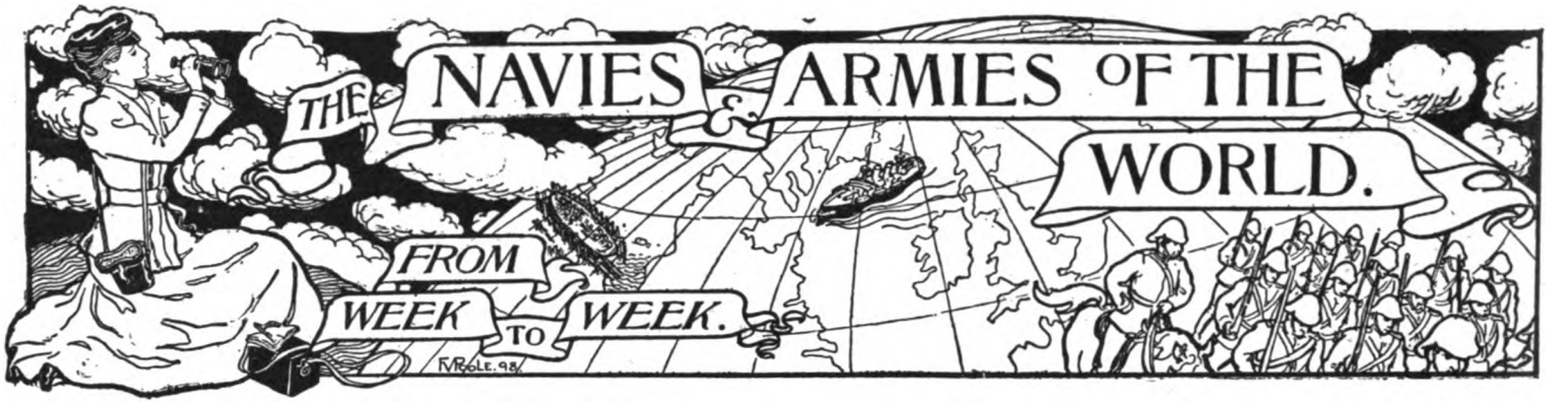

THE sorrows of all such as have to write of contemporary events in the dull season are well known. It was not without cause that the great men of old on the Press, and the fathers who begot us, invented the gigantic gooseberry, the shower of frogs, and the sea serpent. This year our friends are having a holiday, thanks to the Transvaal and the Dreyfus case. Unfortunately these subjects do not come in very well here. Neither does the Voulet-Chanoine tragedy look altogether good to handle. One would almost be thankful for the signal at Copenhagen, which is by way of being akin to the great sea serpent, and has popped up again. In fact, I reserve my right to return to the signal if nothing newer turns up for next week, since after all there is something to be said on that subject. The want of matter is so serious that there is a temptation to dwell on a really beautiful canard which has come sailing out in a German paper. It is to the effect that a British Naval officer at Manila has given it as his opinion that the Americans are not making a better business of fighting the Filipinos than the Spaniards did, and also that some Americans resident in the town are disposed to cede their possessions to us "for a consideration." That is a very business-like notion. To whom is the consideration to be given? Are we to be paid for taking their awkward job off the hands of the Americans? This is what ought to be, but probably is not, the meaning of this valuable piece of information. No doubt it is we who are to pay for the privilege of fighting Aguinaldo. It would be interesting to learn the current market price of a very troublesome bush-whacking war in a very pestilential climate.

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The Americans must "wallop" their own Filipino—if they can. It seems from the late elections that they are not much in love with the job, and would willingly wash their hands of it. This view is intelligible. As things go, the whole United States Army will shortly be in the Philippines, and they will have to choose between having nothing elsewhere or adding very greatly to their permanent burdens. But that is what they ought to have foreseen. You cannot "take up the white man's burden" and still go on carrying nothing. If the Americans thought they could, they were under a delusion, as they are now finding. What they cannot do is to rid themselves of the obligation on the easy terms of getting us to pay them for the privilege of being allowed to do the work. Perhaps Germany might be open to a bargain. It is, however, not probable that the offer will be made to her.

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The German papers have been rather fertile in large remarks lately. One of them is that the Rennes Court-martial—or, rather, all that led up to and comes out at the Rennes Court-martial—proves the French Army to be worth nothing, and so relieves Germany of her fears. The argument is that there has been an extraordinary display of weakness of judgment and of want of scruple in some quarters in the French military administration, and that therefore the Army is not to be feared. This, perhaps, is rather wild. The fact that men will be credulous in believing evil of a personal enemy, and not over-scrupulous in damaging him, does not prove that the Army to which they belong cannot fight. Still, it is the case that recent events in France do show how much she still suffers from certain defects of hers. We have not only this Dreyfus affair, but the Voulet-Chanoine Mission, and what is said about them, to show us that this is so. The what is said is even more instructive than the what has happened, which is still more or less doubtful. The *Figaro*, for example, came out with a paragraph on the alleged African tragedy which is really significant. It was quoting another paper, which was apologising for the other officers serving with Captain Voulet. The apology amounted to just this—that it is the captain who is solely responsible for the shooting of Lieutenant-Colonel Klobb, the others having no hand in it, and no choice but to bow to the *fait accompli* when they found that their immediate superior had shot his superior; and the *Figaro* seemed to think there was something in the plea. And yet, properly looked at, it is a monstrosity. If the sergeant orders the soldiers to shoot the lieutenant, and to "*se jeter dans la brousse*" (to take the bush), are they bound to obey him? And have the corporals nothing to do but to submit to what they cannot help? The French writers who make the excuse given appear to hold this amazing doctrine. They seem to believe that the other officers with Captain Voulet had no right to criticise their senior, and had no choice but to follow him into murder and rebellion. Of course on this theory the soldiers who refused to follow Dumouriez when he went over to the Austrians in the early revolutionary wars were guilty of military disobedience.

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This is a sheer reduction to the absurd of all discipline. Yet when one has paid some attention to what the French say and do in military matters, it is not surprising to find them going to this ridiculous length. Perhaps because obedience does not come natural to them, and they have to develop it artificially, or perhaps because of a vein of slavishness there is in the French character, they have invented the most ferocious theory of military subordination ever known. They lay down the doctrine that the soldier is to obey like the Jesuit—even as a stick, and is to be as passive as a corpse. In Marshal MacMahon's time an officer declared that he would not obey an order to take part in a *coup d'état* against the Republic. He was ruined, cut by all his comrades, and ill thought of even by those who were loyal to the Government. Apparently it was thought that there was danger in even recognising that there might be an excuse for disobedience, since if men once began doing that they would wrangle over order. The same feeling is very visible now. Most of the anger and contempt felt for Colonel Picquart is due simply to the fact that he has presumed to know better than his chiefs. Never mind that he is right, and that they were ordering him to do wrong. If he is excused for disobedience, then everybody who dislikes an order will take upon himself to have a conscience, and to dispute. As the sergeant said when he was asked whether atheists were marched to church in his regiment—"if that was enough they would all be atheists."

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Given this way of looking at things, and it becomes easy to understand certain events which have taken place in France, and how so many subordinates have been found to carry out shocking orders. It is in the marrow of their bones to believe that their only duty is to do what they are told, and that what the superior tells them is right because he says so. They are sincerely offended with more independent spirits, whom they look upon as rebels to the Army's code of honour. M. Paul Magueritte and his brother, who are the sons of a general killed at Sedan, have written a book on the surrender at Metz, called "The Disaster." They hold that the surrender was unnecessary, and even criminal, but that the army was right in laying down its arms because it could not have broken through the Germans without disobeying its general, and a soldier is bound to obey his superior rather than serve his country by acting for himself. With principles of this kind, it is easy to account for the want of initiative which is counted a fault among the modern French. Nobody will act till he is covered by an order from above. The Germans have some reason in believing that an Army which is so passive as this will not be formidable till it has another Napoleon at its head, which is a piece of good fortune not likely to befall the French speedily. As one extreme infallibly begets its opposite, this high doctrine of military subordination makes some others which may be seen among the French intelligible. There is the kind of rabid revolt against the authority of the chiefs which one sees in men like M. Gopier. When you are not allowed to have an opinion of your own, or any measure of personal freedom, but will not be a slave, there is nothing for it but to break out altogether.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Life-saving Appliances.

By Davy Jones.

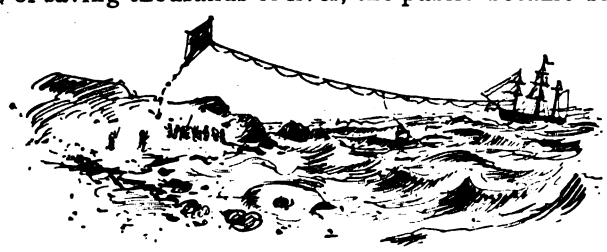
OUR life-boat service is now so well known that we hardly realise that there ever was a time when the coast of England was unprovided with this useful invention. However, it was so, and, strange as it may seem, the first life-boat ever designed is little more than a century old. Contrary to what is generally stated, Henry Greathead, the South Shields boat-builder, was not the first inventor of the life-boat. This honour must be claimed for Lionel Lukin, a native of the quaint little town of Dunmow, in Essex, and by trade a coach-builder, established in Long Acre. It was he who first designed and fitted a boat which he called the "unimmergible," for which he took out a patent in 1785. Nothing, however, came of the invention, and it is quite probable that nothing would have been done, had not the necessity for a proper life-boat been made patent to all by an event which happened a few years later in the mouth of the Tyne. It was in September, 1789, when the "Adventure," of Newcastle, was wrecked on the Herd Sand, barely a quarter of a mile from the shore, and all hands lost, in sight of hundreds of spectators who, for want of a suitable craft, were unable to render the least assistance. The immediate result of this sad disaster was to induce the subscribers of the News Room of South Shields to appoint a committee with the object of offering prizes for the best models of a life-boat. Very soon after, many plans were sent in, from which two were unanimously chosen. One of them had been sent in by Mr. William Wouldhave, and the other by Mr. Henry Greathead. A further examination of the plans resulted in Greathead's being finally selected, although it was found necessary to modify it in several respects, and to incorporate into it several of Mr. Wouldhave's ideas. This first life-boat was 30-ft. long and 10-ft. broad. She was propelled by twenty oars—some say twenty-four. The bow and stern were pointed and the keel curved. At a place like the mouth of the Tyne the boat had not to wait long to show what she could do, and the first time she went to a wreck she did her work in so satisfactory a manner that many places on the coast were soon after supplied with life-boats, which became the means of saving hundreds of lives. Boats built on Greathead's plans are still found on some parts of the North-east Coast of England. For many years these life-boats were supplied, chiefly through the generosity of private people, and it was indeed so until 1823, when Mr. Thomas Wilson, M.P. for the City of London, took steps to summon a meeting, which resulted in the creation of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, the institution now known as the Royal National Life-boat Institution. It is hardly necessary to say that this society soon received ample support, and that it was immediately patronised by Royalty. More than a passing mention of the admirable work done by the society is not necessary, neither is it requisite to speak of the bravery and devotion of the men who man the life-boats, for such things are too well known not to be above praise.

After doing a vast deal of good work, and being the means of saving thousands of lives, the public became somewhat apathetic, and not only did the interest taken in the work of the society prove to be on the wane, but it also became apparent that the support the society had hitherto received was gradually diminishing. However, an event which, strange to say, happened once more in the mouth of the Tyne, again forcibly drew public attention to the work of the society. This event took place in 1849, when the South Shields' lifeboat, manned by twenty-four pilots, was capsized and drifted ashore bottom upwards, an accident which resulted in the drowning of twenty out of the twenty-four brave fellows who manned her. Sad as this was, it was not, however, a useless sacrifice of human lives, for the Duke of Northumberland, realising that the life-boat had not reached its last stage of perfection, immediately offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a life-boat. The competitors were numerous, and 280 models or plans were sent in. Ultimately, Mr. James Beeching, of Yarmouth, was declared the successful competitor. His boat did indeed possess a very great advantage over all others: that of being self-righting in the event of her capsizing. Nevertheless, it had also some defects, and this led the committee of the Institution to appoint one of their number, Mr. James Peake, assistant-master shipwright in Woolwich Dockyard, to construct a boat which should embody the good qualities of the various systems. This boat was built at the expense of the Government. Since then the life-boat has received other improvements which it is not our purpose to mention.

Man with Cork Jacket.

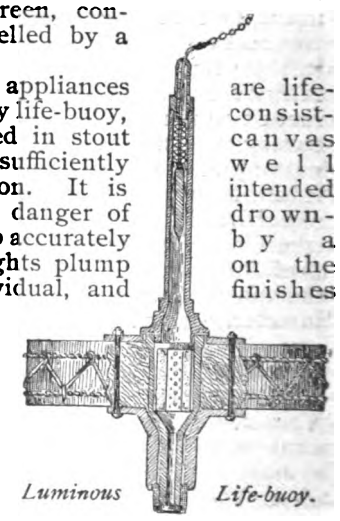
The Life-boat to the Rescue.

The following particulars in connection with the manning of life-boat stations will doubtless prove interesting. Each life-boat's crew consists of a coxswain, with an assistant, and, if possible, twice as many men as the boat pulls oars. In addition there is also a bowman. These men are usually taken from among the boatmen and fishermen, or coastguardsmen resident in the place. Whenever the men are called out they receive, out of the funds of the Institution, 10s. in daytime and £1 at night, and 4s. every time they go afloat for exercise. In addition to this the coxswain receives £8 a year. When a life-boat is required, the men are summoned either by a flag hoisted or by the firing of a small gun, or both. The establishment of a life-boat station costs about £1,000, and the average expenditure to maintain such a station is about £70 annually. There are about 300 life-boat stations on the coast of the United Kingdom. Life-boats are usually propelled by oars, though canvas is also used, and a few years since the well-known Blackwall builders, Messrs. R. and H. Green, constructed a steel life-boat propelled by a turbine.



Admiral Sir George Nares's Life-kite.

Among other life-saving appliances are life-buoys and life-belts. The ordinary life-buoy, consisting of pieces of solid cork sewed in stout canvas and provided with a line round, is sufficiently well known not to require description. It is intended to be thrown out to a person in danger of drowning, and it is sometimes thrown so accurately by a well-meaning person that it alights plump on the head of the half-drowned individual, and finishes him off at once. Hence, whoever has any occasion for throwing a life-buoy from a pier, or other place, should be careful not to transform it into an instrument of death. The common life-buoy and the cork jacket of the Royal National Life-boat Institution will be best understood from our illustrations. The cork jacket is the invention of



Luminous Life-buoy.

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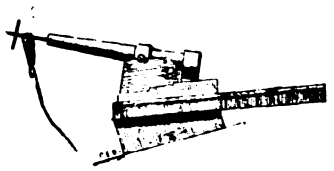
Capt. D'Arcy Irvine's Gun.

Admiral Ward. As it consists of an upper and a lower part, it is very elastic and also very secure. These jackets are the ones worn by the life-boat men, and such is their buoyancy that they enable a man to keep his head and shoulders above water even when supporting another person. Such appliances as cork mattresses and life-rafts only need a mere mention.

We will now describe a system of life-buoys largely used in most Navies, and which, though different in form and details, are yet all based on the same principle. The buoy is usually carried at the stern of a vessel, and as it can be dropped at a moment's notice, it remains pretty near the spot where a sailor may have fallen overboard. What makes these buoys such a boon is that, being luminous, they can easily be seen, especially at night, both by the man in danger of drowning, and by the coxswain of the boat sent to his assistance. So as to enable the reader the better to understand the working of the luminous life-buoy, the illustration represents a section of the tube and inner portion of the apparatus. In the very centre of the buoy is a cylindrical tin box, the inner part of which is formed of a perforated tube. This box is filled with calcium phosphate. When this chemical has been introduced the ends of the box are hermetically sealed with tinfoil. The box is then placed in a casing of gun metal, to which is screwed a tube, at the extremity of which is screwed a smaller tube rounded at the top. Through the latter passes a copper wire doubled over, and which holds in its bight, or bent part, a piece of steel provided with one eye at the upper end, and pointed at the lower extremity. The eye just mentioned is sharpened inside, and the copper wire is fastened to a chain connected with the vessel. The body of the buoy is, as usual, made up of pieces of cork, to which are attached life-lines. The lower part of the buoy is provided with a rather heavy tube of cast iron, which acts as ballast. Now, when the buoy is allowed to fall, the little chain attached to the copper wire stretches the latter, which immediately presses upon the spiral spring shown in the upper part of the tube. Besides pressing the spring upwards, the fall of the buoy also causes the wire to be stretched to its full extent, and this brings it in contact with the sharp eye mentioned before. The wire is then immediately cut and the buoy released from the vessel. At the same time the spring, being released, shoots the pointed piece of steel downwards, and the latter perforates both pieces of tin foil closing the extremity of the tin box. The water immediately ascends through the lower tube, and, by means of the perforations in the inner tube of the tin box, comes in contact with the chemical, which begins to give off a gas which catches fire as soon as it reaches the open air at the upper end of the tube. The light thus emitted is most intense. At first it is perfectly steady; it then becomes intermittent, lasting altogether about an hour, and being clearly visible within a radius of about two miles. It may be added that whoever reaches such a buoy should never attempt to climb on the top of it, which would infallibly capsize it.

Among the most useful appliances for saving life from shipwreck are those contrivances by means of which a communication can be established between a stranded vessel and the shore. Indeed, it frequently happens that a vessel is wrecked at a considerable distance from a life-boat station, or where the shore is so rocky that the use of boats of any sort is practically impossible, especially in rough weather. The first noteworthy apparatus devised for establishing communication between the shore and a ship was invented by Captain Manby in 1807. It was known as the "life mortar." It discharged a shot fastened to a line, and, as the shot was barbed, it easily caught hold of the rigging of the stranded vessel. There is no evidence to show that it was much used. Subsequently other appliances were imagined, the main idea characterising them all being that of sending a line to a ship in distress. The usual way of doing this now is to send a rocket to which a line is attached right over the ship. After the rocket has dropped, the small line to which it is fastened gets within reach of the men on board. This line becomes the means of hauling a stout piece of rope, which is made fast to the mast, or other convenient part of the ship, and the shore, and on which travels the "whip," as it is called, or endless rope, by which the life-buoy is enabled to travel between the ship and the shore with its precious burden. The illustration will make the working of the apparatus sufficiently clear. The great advantage of this "rocket apparatus" is that it can easily be transported from one part of the coast to another. There are now nearly 300 rocket stations in England, and they are the means of saving from drowning many hundreds of valuable lives.



Life-saving Arrow.

It remains now for me to say something of appliances more especially designed by their inventors for the sending of a line from the stranded ship to the shore. I shall only mention three of them, which are among the best known. The first, and most commonly employed, is the life-saving arrow, invented by M. Delvigne, and now so largely used in the French and other Navies. The illustration given will require a few words of explanation. The arrows are made of wood or iron, and are fired from a small gun which is usually raised so as to make an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees with the horizon. The gun is usually a 2-in. one. The portion of the arrow which is nearest the gunpowder exactly fits the bore of the gun. The line is so arranged that when the arrow is discharged the loops seen in the diagram slip down the arrow, and the line continues to run out unchecked until the arrow has dropped. Naturally this line, as in the case of the rocket apparatus, permits of hauling a stouter rope and whip either from the shore, or from the ship. The range of these arrows against the wind varies from 300-yds. to 350-yds., the longer distance being covered by the iron arrows. When fired with the wind, as is usually the case when a ship is stranded, they reach as far as 500-yds.

Among other useful inventions are Captain D'Arcy Irvine's "line-throwing gun" and Admiral Sir George Nares's "life-kite," both illustrated in this article. Admiral Nares's kite is made of canvas, and requires no special description to show how it can convey a line ashore from a stranded ship. As for Captain D'Arcy Irvine's gun, it is an apparatus which requires more than a passing mention, and, in my humble opinion, it is not as widely known as such a simple and effectual invention deserves to be. It was publicly tried before Royalty, and a large assembly of Naval men, at the Naval Exhibition, and it answered admirably, since Captain Irvine succeeded in sending a line in close proximity to a man who was supposed to be in imminent danger of drowning. Indeed, had the man been really in danger, there is no doubt but that Captain Irvine's invention would have been the means of saving his life. Such, at least, was the opinion of those who witnessed the experiment, and who were loud in their praises of the inventor. This "line-throwing gun" has also been tried on the coast of Ireland, and in various other places, and every time it has successfully performed what was expected of it. The gun itself is an ordinary weapon of the Chassepot kind. A reference to the illustration will show clearly what sort of an apparatus it is. Under the gun is fastened a metal drum containing about 200-yds. of a rather fine, but extremely tough, line. This line is ingeniously connected with the shot, and it unrolls as the latter flies through the air. Such is the simplicity of the mechanism, which we cannot, of course, explain here, that there is hardly a chance of a mishap. A very great point in favour of this life-saving apparatus is its great handiness. Indeed, a very indifferent marksman can hardly fail to send the line where he wishes. Besides being used as a life-saving apparatus at sea, it can be employed in a variety of other ways, such, for instance, as in case of fire, to convey a line to a window in a burning building, the line thus becoming the means of saving many valuable lives by giving the inmates the chance of hauling up a stout rope, or a rope ladder, by which a descent may be effected. This is indeed worth bearing in mind when we reflect that in cases of conflagrations in crowded parts of our towns it is on many occasions impossible to get the ordinary fire-escape to work, for want of room. The gun can also be used as an ordinary weapon by simply detaching the drum from it, and the apparatus possesses also the great advantage of occupying very little space, and of being quite inexpensive.

The Rocket Apparatus.

Such are the principal life-saving implements which the limits of an article preclude us from describing at greater length, but which we, nevertheless, hope to have made sufficiently clear to prevent the working of them being any longer a mystery.

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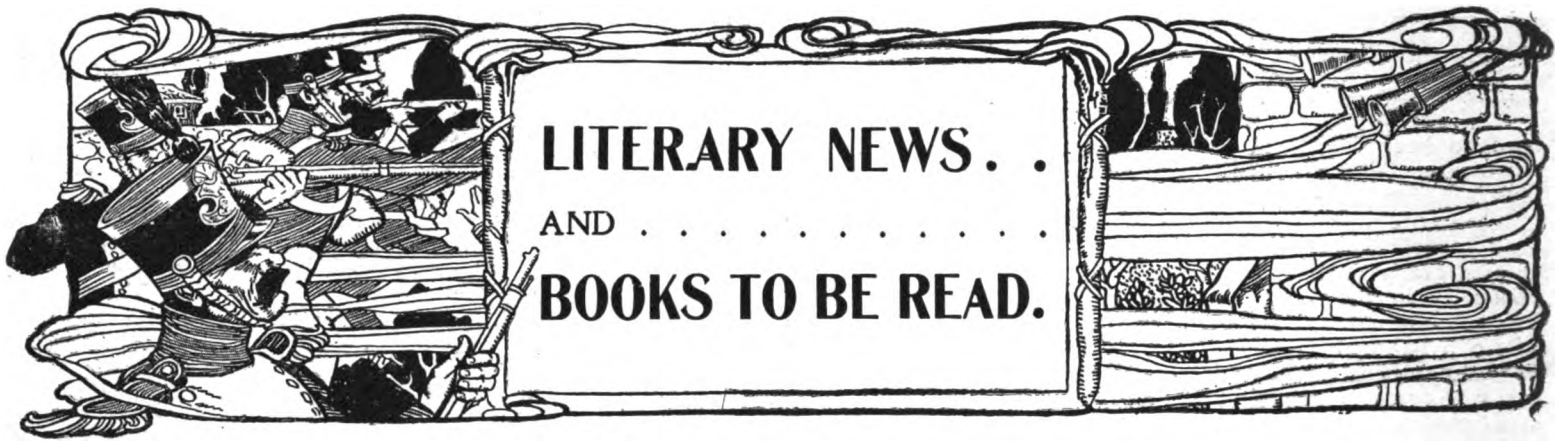

MR. LIONEL DECLE'S "Trooper 3809, a Private Soldier of the Third Republic" (Heinemann, 6s.), has been published *apropos* of the Dreyfus case, in order to illustrate the prevailing conditions in the French Army. Avowedly the purpose is to show that Dreyfus has been a victim, not so much of the malice of individuals, as of a faulty system. So far as I understand the argument, rather suggested than expressed, it is that because the colonel and officers of Mr. Decle's dragoon regiment twenty years ago trusted blindly to the non-commissioned officers under them and were often deceived, holding firmly to the *chose jugee* all the same, therefore Generals Mercier, Billot, Roget, and the rest, having been befooled by Esterhazy, Henry, and others, have elected to stand by the forgers, at the peril of honour and reputation, rather than confess themselves deceived. Mr. Decle has written a very graphic and often amusing account of his service. Evidently he never was fitted for the kind of life into which he was thrown, and he remained an outsider to the last, and with that always a stern critic of what he saw. It would not be fair to condemn the French Army—and I think Mr. Decle does not wish it—on the evidence of twenty years ago. Vast changes for the better have been effected in every army since that time, and certainly the French have made gigantic strides. The quite appalling insanitary and unsavoury state of the barracks in which the author was quartered may shock the reader, but the fact is that many French barracks at the present day will compare quite favourably with our own. Mr. Decle was a one-year Volunteer, and was in a regiment whose colonel, an old martinet, detested this class of men, apparently because he considered them shirkers and not earnest soldiers. The iniquities of one Sergeant Legros, an ignorant and brutal bully, fill a large part of the book. "Look here, my boy, don't run away with the idea that military service is all beer and skittles, or you'll soon be disappointed. I know what you Volontaires are like; you come here and imagine you're going to have a good time of it, but I warn you that you'll have a devilish bad time of it if you don't keep straight. I'm a good sort of fellow enough, but all the troopers will tell you I'm pretty stiff. I won't punish you often, but when I do you'll remember it. You're too much of a fine gentleman for my taste, so I fancy it won't be long before you get into trouble."

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The sergeant kept his word; but the Volontaire's early troubles were with the regimental tailor, his experiences being quite farcical. "The enormous weight and width of my trousers, the tightness of the tunic under the arms, and the wobbling of the helmet, which was much too big for me, conspired to produce such a state of discomfort and insecurity that I only managed to walk with legs apart, and arms held stiffly away from my body. I could hardly manage to hold my sword with my No. 9 gloves, which were, moreover, as stiff as a board; and I felt as awkward as a man who, for the first time in his life, tries to walk across a tight rope." The sergeant of the guard turned the unfortunate back, and he was greeted with shrieks of laughter, for some practical joker, and there were many, had chalked a cross between his shoulders. The Volontaire was perpetually in hot water through the exaggeration of some small fault, and he soon made hard acquaintance with the Salle de Police. His misfortunes were often prefixed by some such conversation as this, recorded, be it marked, after this interval of twenty years. The lieutenant of his *peloton* is speaking. "'So that's you?' he remarked. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Impertinent as usual,' he went on; 'how dare you answer me?' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' I replied, 'I thought you had questioned me.' 'Oh, you did, did you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, don't think another time; I don't like troopers who think; you've got no business to think; d'ye hear?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What? don't you understand me? I tell you not to answer; do you understand?'" Silence followed, but the lieutenant turned to the sergeant: "Sulky brute, that fellow. . . . These lazy dogs of Volontaires are always thinking." Mr. Decle describes his woes at length; his quarrel with the major, his interview with the colonel, very like that with the lieutenant, his repeated experiences in the *boite*, his being charged with abetting desertion, and so forth. He also describes his experiences in hospital, and the regular work and training of the regiment, the desperation with which he heard that he would not be liberated at the end of the year, and the still worse things that followed.

* * * *

The men Mr. Decle describes are generally lifelike, and his book makes excellent reading. Here is an old corporal in a dilemma that might be supposed to have some relation to the *affaire*. "This is a most serious matter. How on earth can I write down that a dragoon swears that he has had no clothes stolen when his captain says they have been stolen? That is what discipline has come to nowadays! When I was in the Guards, if my captain had said to me, 'Bouchard, someone has stolen your clothes!' I should have said, 'Yes, sir.' But now, if the colonel himself were to say to a trooper, 'You're a nigger!' the fellow would reply that he was a white man; and these are the men who are going to lick the Prussians! It breaks my old heart to see such goings on." The general impression one gathers from Mr. Decle's book is that in his day the training of the French Army was inefficient, that the officers were hated—he says some of those in his own regiment in battle would have fallen not by the enemy's bullets—and that things were about as bad as they could be, notwithstanding that there was good material. But, after all, can these personal experiences, recited after this great lapse of time, be held as a reproach to the French Army at the present time? There are serious weaknesses, without doubt, but I think the reader, while not failing to appreciate the book, will agree that they can not.

* * * *

Always very important volumes are those issued by the Navy Department at Washington, and generally very full of information. The "Appendix to the Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation" (1898) is no exception to the rule. In fact, its interest transcends that of any other like volume I have lately seen, for its pages include a whole series of papers, arranged and edited by Ensign H. H. Ward, relating to the war with Spain. The documents are of great importance, because they tell, in the words of the actors in the events, the Naval history of the war from beginning to end. They are arranged under headings thus: The destruction of the "Maine," the voyage of the "Oregon," the operations in the Philippines up to the fall of Manila, the events that led to the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron, and the Naval operations round Cuba and Porto Rico in connection with the Army, and in convoying and landing troops. The preliminary orders from the Navy Department are also included, as well as reports from outside sources, such as Admiral Montojo's account of the battle of Cavite. An attempt has been made to include every despatch and report of importance, but some are known to be omitted, and officers are requested to supply the deficiencies. It seems curious that official documents should not be within official cognisance; but, as the book stands, it seems to include, from the American side, nearly everything necessary for a reconstruction of the Naval history of the war. That is a task, however, upon which I shall not enter. I think Admiral Montojo's judgment upon the battle of Cavite is not well known, and I quote it in the translation. After giving well-deserved praise to the gallantry and devotion of all who served under him, he says: "The inefficiency of the vessels which composed my little squadron, the lack of all classes of the personnel, especially master-gunners and seamen-gunners, the inaptitude of some of the provisional machinists, the scarcity of rapid-fire cannon, the strong crews of the enemy, and the unprotected character of the greater part of our vessels, all contributed to make more decided the sacrifice which we made for our country, and to prevent the possibility of the horrors of the bombardment of the city of Manila, with the conviction that with the scarcity of our force against the superior enemy we were going to certain death, and could expect a loss of all our ships." The translation is inelegant, but the report embodies a strong censure of the shameful want of foresight in Madrid. The volume includes the series of pictures of the damaged Spanish ships at Santiago, but I have seen the same much better reproduced.

* * * *

The woes of "Trooper 3809" are far from being the only literary offspring of the notorious *affaire*. The stage responded to the dramatic character of the incidents, and the writer of fiction was abreast of the dramatist. "One of the Best," by Messrs. Seymour Hicks and George Edwardes, was a remarkable play, admirably presented, that embodied many elements necessary for success on the stage, but it has not always happened that a novel founded upon a play is successful. Mr. Seymour Hicks, however, has done very well in his version of the drama, which is published under the same title (Routledge, 6s.). The dramatic force of the play is not lost, the characters are human and lifelike, and the dialogue is sparkling and natural. If there are defects from the dramatic point of view they are in the plot being transparent from the beginning, Ellsworth being an unveiled villain, and Esther Coventry's love for him being unconvincing. Mary Penrose is delightful in the book, as in the play, and Lieutenant Dudley Keppel is quite the hero. He is the Dreyfus of the piece, vindicated with comparative ease, while Ellsworth will stand for Esterhazy or Henry, and Jules de Gruchy for some suborning attaché. The Frenchman is the secret emissary of France, the scoundrel Ellsworth is the agent of the villainy, and Esther is the catspaw. For the unhappy girl there could be no other end than that which the author has provided her. The dramatic proprieties are satisfied by the sacrifice, and the book is closed to the sound of marriage bells. There were fine opportunities in the emotional and passionate character of Esther, sapped of moral force by the influences of her early surroundings, but it has not entered into the purpose of Mr. Hicks to develop these in the story, though they would shine out of the strong impersonation in the drama. Such complex characters call for high qualities in the actress if they are to be realised in their intensity, and it is not easy to find room for the creation of them in a book like "One of the Best." It was a wise policy to make this a novel of incident, and to bring in prominently the theft of the plans of fortifications at Portsmouth, and the dramatic scene of the degradation of the accused hero before his comrades in arms. The book holds the attention, it is thoroughly interesting and wholly readable, and, having such "topical" episodes as a Court-martial and a wrongful committal, what more should the reader ask?

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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Defence, Not Defiance.

A WEEK WITH OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

A TIME to which all keen Volunteers look forward with eagerness is the annual week spent in camp. It is, of course, impossible for any battalion to muster its full strength for the annual training, for there is always a certain percentage of men in the ranks who are unable at the appointed time to leave their work, not to speak of others whose only idea is to make themselves efficient, and who, after having "put in" the required number of drills, take no further interest in their corps for the remainder of the year.

Photo. Copyright. SOUTH MIDLAND BRIGADE. *"Navy & Army."*
Volley Firing—"Ready."

It would, indeed, be well if commanding officers could dispense with the services of these lukewarm volunteers; but provided they are officially "efficient" and well-behaved, it is no easy matter for a colonel to persuade them to go. As long, too, as they perform the required number of drills, they assist in bringing "grist to the mill," in the shape of a capitation grant, an item which few corps can afford to disregard.

Fortunately such Volunteers are the exception instead of the rule, as the majority go through their self-appointed tasks very thoroughly. These, therefore, who of their own free will go annually to camp are, generally speaking, the "flower of the flock," and it is no matter for surprise that, with such enthusiastic troops under their command, brigadiers and officers commanding are able to turn their short period under canvas to very good account.

Photo. Copyright. SOUTH MIDLAND BRIGADE. *"Navy & Army."*
The Inspection.

As we mentioned in a former issue, brigade camps are now, as far as infantry is concerned, "the order of the day," and are usually pitched near some military centre where their movements are superintended and criticised by a regular officer of rank. The excellence of the work performed in the recent camps has undoubtedly been influenced for good by the clouds which have dulled the horizon of foreign affairs. Among those who are ever ready to fight Britain's battles sentiment is not dead, and the prospect of a campaign taking place in the Transvaal has undoubtedly stimulated volunteering at home, although the Volunteers as a body can never hope to leave their island home.

At Aldershot especially the most casual observer must have noticed with what seriousness the Volunteers went about their business.

In the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of August 26 some account was given of the work done by a portion of the North Midland Brigade, and the one half had no sooner left the camp than it was replaced by the other, prepared to go through the same routine. The battalions were the 1st V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, 1st Nottinghamshire (Robin Hood) Rifles, and the 4th V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, the whole commanded by Col. Lord Newark. At the same time the East London Brigade was in camp under Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, together with the 2nd V.B. Liverpool Regiment, and the 1st V.B. Dorsetshire Regiment.

The last two battalions mentioned, though not training with their brigade, lost nothing by working at Aldershot in conjunction with regular troops. As a matter of fact they must have gained a good deal of experience from their co-operation with the regulars. Colonel Gascoyne commanded the 1st and Colonel Nicholson the 4th V.B. Derbyshire Regiment, which were, respectively, 554 and 537 strong. The Robin Hood Rifles were commanded by Colonel Cantrell-Hubbersty. The East London Brigade consisted of the following battalions: The 15th Middlesex (Customs and Docks), 349 strong, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers; 24th Middlesex (Post Office), 930 strong, under Colonel Thompson; 2nd London, under Colonel Green; the 1st Tower Hamlets, 947 strong, under Colonel Wilde; and the 2nd Tower Hamlets, 381 strong, under Colonel Bryan. Colonel Spencely commanded the 2nd V.B. Liverpool Regiment, numbering 400, and the 1st V.B. Dorsetshire Regiment, consisting of 507 rank and file, was under Colonel R. Williams, M.P.

Photo. C. Knight. EAST LONDON BRIGADE. Copyright.
Tower Hamlets to the Front.

During the greater portion of the week the usual progressive programme was followed, and the training was carried out in a most thorough manner. The chief event of the week was, however, the night attack, in which a large body of troops took part. The defending force, composed of regulars of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, and detached from a supposed division, was ordered to hold a line, Playhill—Pirbright Lodge, in strength, and to resist the attempt of the attackers to break in. The attacking force consisted of the 1st Brigade of regulars under Colonel Banfield, the North Midland Brigade, the 3rd Brigade of regulars under Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, and the East London Brigade of Volunteers, to which was attached a provisional battalion made up from several London corps.

Photo. Copyright. 1st NORFOLK VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY. *"Navy & Army."*
The Last Shot in the Locker.

The latter force in two divisions left camp somewhere about 6 p.m. by different routes, concentrating at Crown Prince Wood, on the Fox Hills. Fighting did not begin until 3 a.m. The operations were

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Photo. Copyright. *WEST YORKSHIRE BRIGADE. Brigadier and Staff.* *Brabazon & McKenzie.*

Photo. J. White. *WEST LONDON BRIGADE—Brigadier and Staff.* Copyright
Capt. Willoughby. Capt. Brown, A.D.C. Col. Brown. Surgeon Lt.-Col. Thompson. Col. Guyon, Comdg. 7—57th Reg. Dist. Capt. Lawford, Brig. Med. Officer Brig.-Gen. Rl. Fusiliers, Brig.-Maj.

conducted in a dense fog, and the attack was made at daybreak. The Volunteers worked well throughout, and although they did not return to their quarters until seven in the morning, displayed a soldierly spirit throughout, and appeared none the worse for a cold night spent in the vicinity of the Fox Hills. General Sir Redvers Buller, in his report, said, "The Volunteers, generally under difficulties, showed considerable cohesion, marched well, and were directed with judgment." The West London Brigade, commanded by Colonel Guyon, selected Shorncliffe as its place of training. It consists of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd V.B. Royal Fusiliers, the 1st and 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment, and the 17th Middlesex V.R.C. Needless to say, some useful work was performed under the energetic brigadier in a country which is well adapted to manoeuvres. The accompanying illustration depicts the brigadier giving orders to his staff.

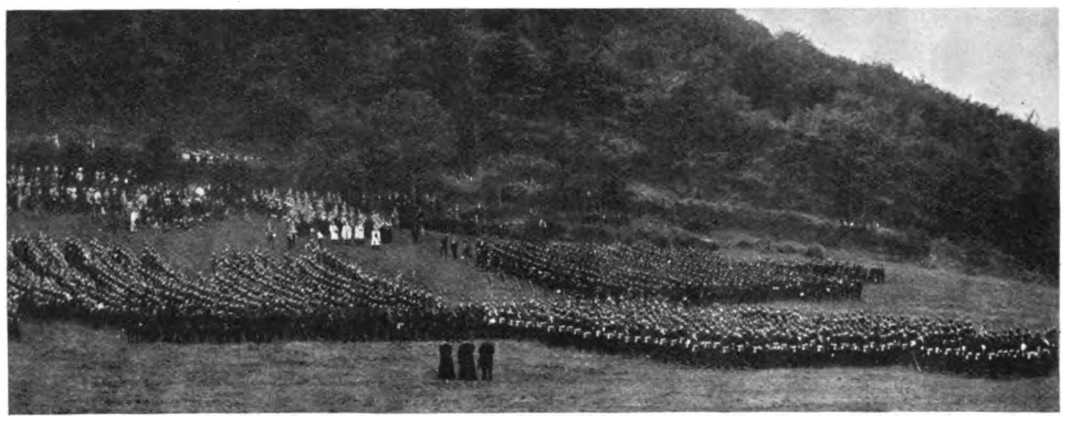

Photo. Brabazon & McKenzie. *WEST YORKSHIRE BRIGADE. Church Parade.* Copyright

Great Yarmouth has always been popular as a camping ground, and here two battalions of the South Midland Brigade recently went under canvas—the 1st V.B. Warwickshire Regiment under Colonel Swynfen Jervis, and the 1st V.B. Worcestershire Regiment commanded by Colonel Watson.

There the feature of the week was a large field day,

Photo. J. Pittuck. Copyright

OUR AUXILIARY GUNNERS—OFFICERS 1st AND 2nd GLAMORGANSHIRE V.A.

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in which the Essex Brigade also took part. The scheme assumed that a hostile force (Essex Brigade) had landed at Caister, and was marching on Yarmouth. To disperse this force, if possible, but at all hazards to make a stand at the northern extremity of the town, the South Midland Brigade was despatched. The Worcestershire men made a feint attack, and after having "drawn" the enemy, retired on the Warwickshire Battalion, which had taken up a strong position. The Essex Brigade had with them three guns, and forced the enemy to retire to another position, but in the end the Midland force was held to have accomplished its object.

Photo. R. C. Ryan. *1st V.B. SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY. Dreaming of "First Aid."* Copyright

The Norfolk Volunteer Artillery, of which the Earl of Stradbroke is colonel, also trained at Great Yarmouth, and our illustration shows them at practice. The men in the foreground are in the act of carrying the ammunition from the limbers to the guns. It might have been supposed that the corps, being commanded by the president of the National Artillery Association, would have gone *en masse* to Shoeburyness, but the Government at present, for some reason or other, does not recognise the N.A.A. Meeting as an instructional one, and gives more encouragement, as far as the grant is concerned, to artillery corps training in their own camps.

Photo. C. Knight. *1st V.B. DORSETSHIRE REGIMENT. The Colonel and Officers.* Copyright

Another picture shows the officers of the 1st and 2nd Glamorganshire Volunteer Artillery. Both these corps trained this year at Straddon Heights, near Plymouth. The latter also sent its band and a detachment to Shoeburyness Camp, where it won the No. 2 Garrison Artillery Competition. The West Yorkshire Brigade encamped in the Isle of Man, and although there is no permanent military camp on the island, the Yorkshire men had hard work to perform, including no fewer than three heavy field days on hilly ground. One of our illustrations depicts the brigade at church parade in the open, and another the brigadier, Colonel Wilson, C.B., and his staff. The brigade consists of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd V.B. West Yorkshire Regiment, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd West Riding Regiment. The 1st V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry encamped at Bournemouth, which has always been patronised by Volunteers, and our picture represents the ambulance section employed with a defensive force during a sham-fight. The battalion is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Clutterbuck.

It is a significant fact that during the summer of the present year the work done by Volunteers has been more thorough than in any previous year, and the behaviour, bearing, and powers of endurance of the citizen soldiers have, without exception, been eulogised in no measured terms by general officers commanding.

Photo. C. Knight. *NORTH MIDLAND BRIGADE—OFFICERS "ROBIN HOOD" RIFLES.* Copyright

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The Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

THE THREE ARMS AT WORK.

IN the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of August 19 some mention was made of the general scheme of action adopted in the manœuvres of 1899.

If these have not been so extensive as those of 1898 they have certainly proved more beneficial to the troops taking part, and the "three arms" have amassed a vast store of military knowledge from continual action in combination. The accompanying illustrations are typical of the work carried out by the forces on Salisbury Plain.

The 1st and 2nd Infantry Divisions were at first left in the hands of their respective commanders, Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre and Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, and it was not until the troops had learnt to work together that they came under the immediate command of Lieutenant-General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke for divisional manœuvres on a more extensive scale. Under his direction numerous fights were arranged, he himself acting as umpire-in-chief. To "open the ball," a "general idea" was issued, in which it was given out that a Southern force had advanced through Blandford, occupied Salisbury the night before, and placed its leading troops on a line indicated by Amesbury Poston and West Winterslow.

A HALT BY THE WAY.
Young Military Aspirants.

A Northern defending force which had concentrated at Swindon had moved southwards through Marlborough, and the evening before had its leading troops on a line, Pewsey — Burbage. The Southern force was under Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre, and Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle commanded the Northern force. An interesting and instructive battle ensued, in which the Artillery played an important part; indeed, the Northern Artillery became so bold that it was eventually ruled out of action. The following day a still more extensive field day took place, when all the troops stationed on Salisbury Plain took part in the operations. The infantry numbered over 10,000 of all ranks, and there were no fewer than 3,500 cavalry. The "general idea" stated that an Eastern force moving northwards on the east bank of the Avon between Cholderton and Everley was likely to meet with a Western cavalry force known to be located west of the Avon.

HORSE ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.
Thirsty Horses.

The Eastern force comprised two divisions, each under the two divisional commanders already named. Major-General French commanded the hostile cavalry force, consisting of two brigades. The operations were deprived of much of their interest by the rule which at present restricts the movements of troops to public roads and certain portions of ground uncoloured on the manœuvring map. The day's work was, however, most instructive. General French, who is known as one of our most able cavalrymen, led his men over the Avon, and operated on the two infantry divisions marching northwards from Bulford. The brunt of the cavalry attack was borne by Gatacre's 2nd Division moving in echelon of brigades. Meanwhile Rundle's division seized the high ground at Sidbury Hill. The fight ended with a brilliant charge by the whole cavalry division upon Gatacre's left flank, and the spectacle was one to be remembered by the onlookers. Lord Wolseley was present with his staff, and on the "cessation of hostilities" the troops marched past the Commander-in-Chief.

Day by day well-thought-out schemes were put forward for solution by the umpire-in-chief, in which each branch of the Service was called upon to perform the work which would fall to its lot on active service, and in these the Royal Army Medical Corps was not forgotten.

Photos. Copyright. *TAKING UP AN ARTILLERY POSITION.* *"Navy & Army"*
"Action Front."

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AN AFTERNOON OFF DUTY.
Five O'clock Tea.

AFTER A FIELD DAY.
Cleaning Saddlery.

During the preliminary part of the manœuvres, Colonel Gallwey gave special attention to the training of the officers and men belonging to the corps, and special medical schemes were set for the benefit of bearer companies and field hospitals. On one occasion a fatigue party was told off to represent wounded men of a supposed force engaged with another. These were placed at different points in the supposed area of operations, and the Royal Army Medical Corps was instructed to make all necessary arrangements before the action commenced, and for the removal of the wounded during the fight. No fewer than eleven ambulance waggons were employed for the conveyance of the wounded, and over seventy men were treated for imaginary wounds. On being found, the patients received first aid. They were then removed to the temporary hospital for skilled treatment, and afterwards conveyed to the stationary hospital at the base. The value of such schemes cannot be over-rated, for the treatment of the wounded in the field is a most important item in any campaign; but beyond such schemes the medical officers had plenty of real work in attending to the sick among the troops, and were to be seen every morning examining patients as depicted in one of our illustrations.

The Royal Engineers, too, rendered yeoman service in digging trenches, laying the field telegraph, and such-like work. Without the latter, communication could not be kept up between forces invisible to each other, but by the aid of a field telegraph waggon a wire is laid from place to place in an incredibly short space of time, and wherever the wire has been laid the ubiquitous sapper may be seen hard at work receiving and transmitting intelligence. At times, too, he may have the opportunity of tapping the enemy's wire, and of learning something of the strength and disposition of his forces. It is only occasionally that the enemy's intelligence is thus purloined, but when any detachment is smart enough to accomplish this project successfully, it invariably communicates something worth knowing to the general, and wins from him the approval it merits. While on the subject of the sapper's work on service, it may be mentioned that the balloon detachment was instrumental in deciding the issue of more than one battle on the Plain.

In such a considerable force as that which has recently been engaged in the manœuvres, a due proportion of horses must of necessity be employed.

In the mounted branches of the Service a horse is almost as valuable as its rider, and great is the care bestowed on the valuable chargers and draught animals.

In one illustration will be seen a detachment of Horse Artillery leading their horses to the water, but in this instance there is no necessity for the horse gunners to persuade them to drink, for some hours of hard work has tired their bodies and parched their throats. Another picture shows a farrier at work in the field forge, without which no force is complete, for have we not all read the story relating how a battle was lost through (in the first instance) the want of a nail.

HOW THE WIRE IS LAID.
A Field Telegraph Waggon.

A 15-POUNDER.
Preparing for the Morrow.

The saddlery and harness, too, requires daily attention; and during the manœuvres the mounted men were to be seen regularly cleaning and burnishing all their appointments, as they appear in the illustration.

Not only saddlery and harness, but guns and rifles, not to mention belts, call for continual attention on the part of the soldier, and field guns especially require to be carefully cleaned. Another illustration depicts a squad cleaning a 15-pounder, which some hours before had been belching forth powder minus shot. There are days, however, even during manœuvres, when one may snatch an hour or two of recreation; and they are taken advantage of by officers and men alike, especially by those whose wives and families are able to visit the Plain.

From Photos. *THE DOCTOR'S INSPECTION.*
Sound in Wind and Limb.

MINUS A SHOE. *By a Military Officer.*
The Farrier at Work.

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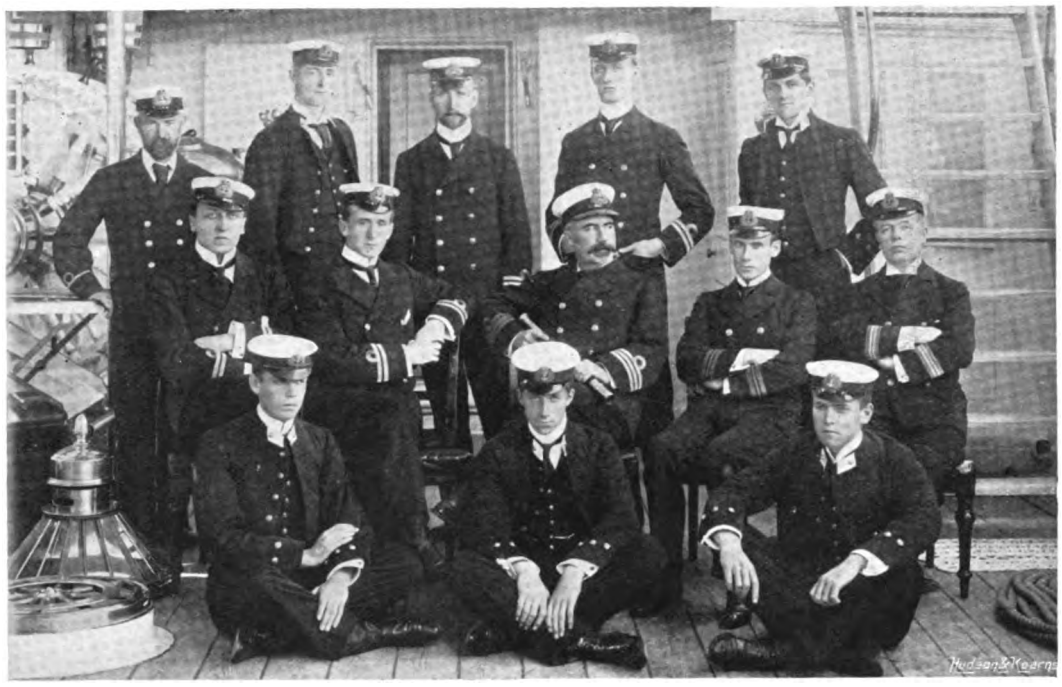
A Mediterranean Training-ship.

THE 'Cruiser,' which occupies the position above indicated, is the second of her name in this capacity, having, as the "Lark," changed names with her predecessor when the latter was relegated to harbour work at Malta. She is—or was—a screw sloop, of about 1,100 tons; but her engines have been removed, and she has now become a genuine sailing vessel for the training of young ordinary seamen.



THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.

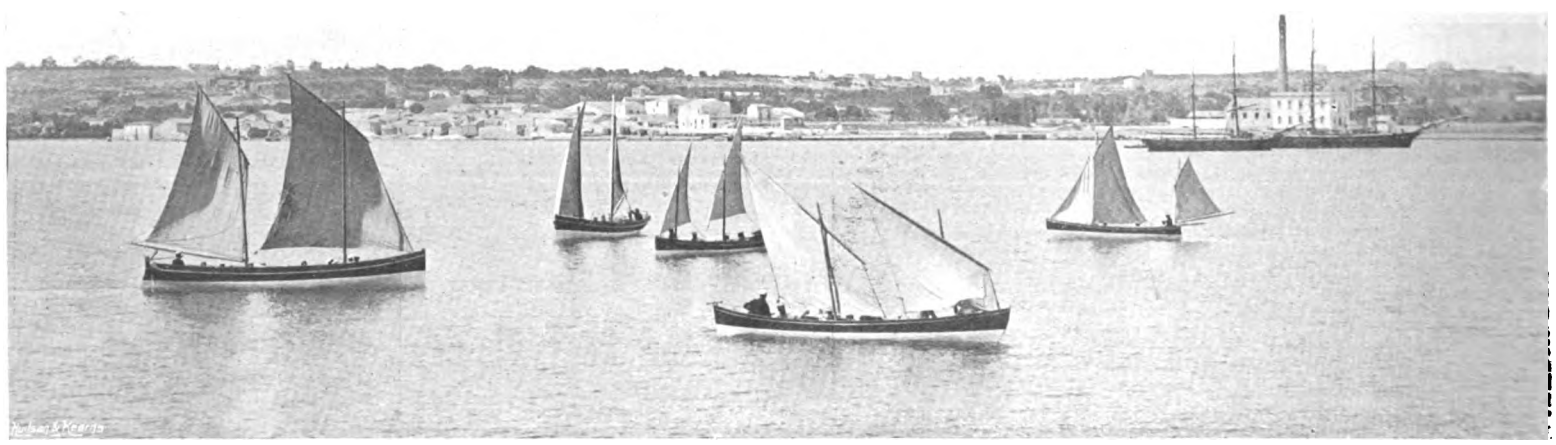
She is commanded by Commander Lewis K. Bell, and takes out batches of young seamen, in turn, for a cruise, during which they see a good deal of old-fashioned seamanship.

Commander Bell and his officers may be seen in the first picture, and it will be noticed that there are four midshipmen among them; very good training for them as well as for the young seamen.

The next picture is decidedly a very pretty one, representing the vessel under full canvas, with a fair wind, having the starboard studding sails set. There is not much wind, certainly, and if the captain is in a hurry he will have to pocket his impatience, such being the inevitable fate, at certain times and seasons, of those who dwell in sailing ships.

A FAIR WIND.

Next we see, not the "Cruiser," but her boats away for exercise under sail; a very necessary and salutary operation, for it may sometimes, even in these days of steam, be of the utmost importance that a boat should be cleverly handled under sail, involving perhaps a question of life or death. The boats are variously rigged, as will be noticed; but it would occupy too much space to go into this subject in detail. The large boat—a cutter—on the left, has a fine spread of canvas, and should sail well. The large picture shows the crew engaged in an operation which is invariably performed in modern vessels by steam. They are weighing the anchor, by means of an old-fashioned capstan; the long capstan bars are inserted in square holes in the capstan head, and the small rope, called a "swifter," is then passed round and securely hitched, as tight as possible, in the notched ends of the bars. The crew then man the bars, and walk briskly round, the cable being taken round the lower part of the capstan, the links fitting into an iron "sprocket," made to receive them. Usually there is some kind of music, if only a solitary fiddle, to give the time; and there used to be great rivalry in the old days as to which crew should run the anchor up most smartly. In the early days of steam capstans, it was no uncommon thing for some vessels in a squadron to be fitted with steam and others not, and a smart crew, with a hand capstan, would not unfrequently beat their neighbour's steam, running round at a frantic speed, while the band or fiddle played a lively jig. "Hands up anchor," was a stirring cry, especially when homeward bound,



Photos R. Ellis. BOAT EXERCISE. Copyright.

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"HAVE TOGETHER."

Photo R. Ellis.

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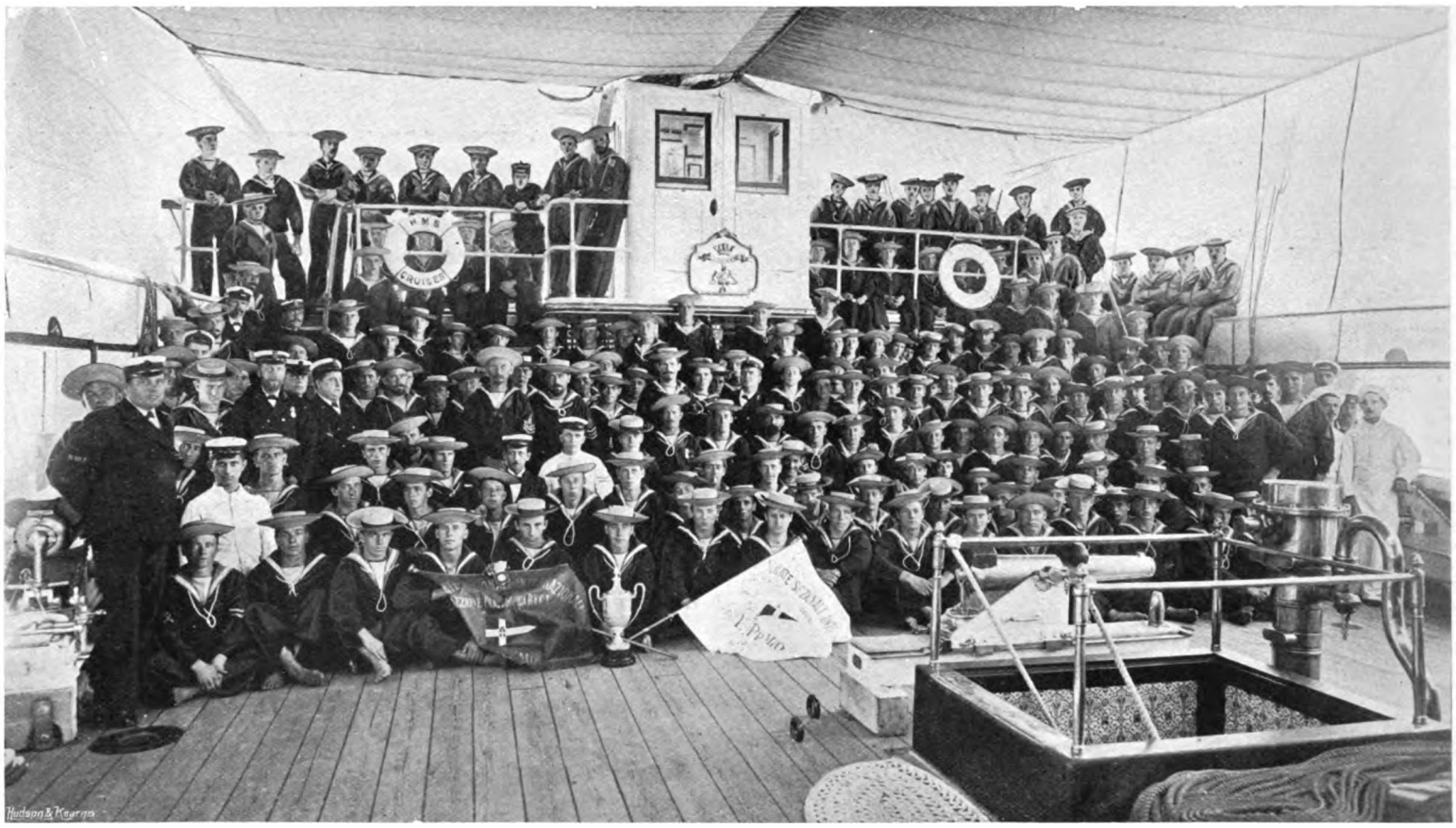
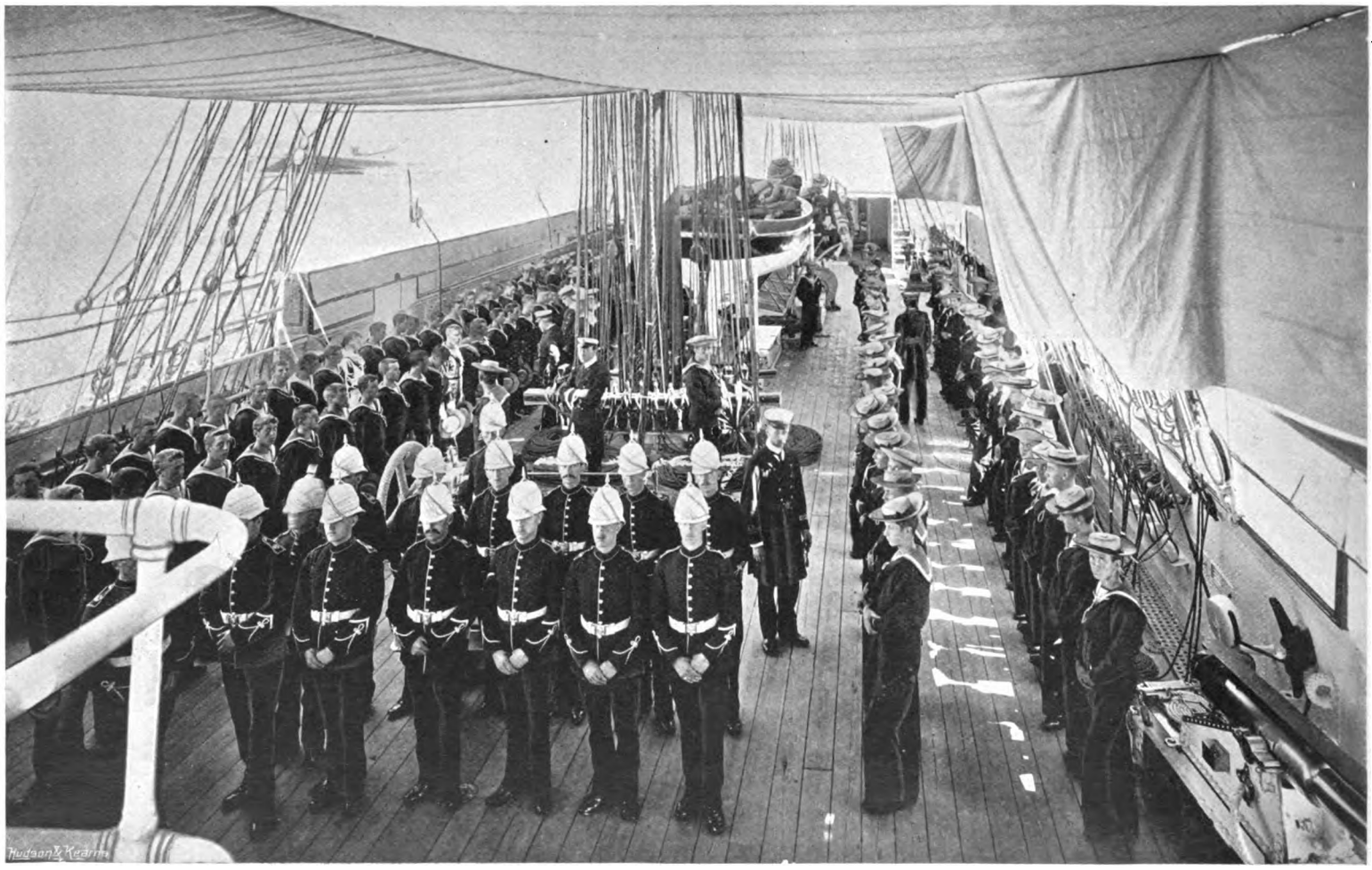


THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

the men racing to get a place on the bars. The crew in the next illustration are grouped on the quarter-deck, some being on the poop, where the chart-house may be noticed. Some trophies of rifle competitions or boat racing are displayed proudly in front; in the foreground is the "after hatchway," sacred to officers, and close by it, on the right, is a pump for washing decks or extinguishing fire; the small gun just beyond is for use in a boat.

In the last picture an excellent view is obtained of the deck, looking forward, with the crew at "divisions" for inspection. The strong rail on the left is on the poop, and at the far end of the deck may be seen the ladder leading up on to the "topgallant forecastle," at the bow of the vessel. The awning curtain, to keep out the slanting rays of the sun, runs along on the starboard side. It is not, however, very hot weather, for the crew are all in blue serge; they wear their straw hats, and the marines their white helmets, and the dress of each is very becoming.

On the left, or port side, the men have their hats off, for the captain is going round, and may be seen, in fact, just to the left of the mast, closely and critically scrutinising some young seaman's general turn-out, for personal cleanliness and a well-kept kit are two points by no means neglected in the final education of the embryo Bluejacket.



Photos. R. Ellis. *AT DIVISIONS.* Copyright.

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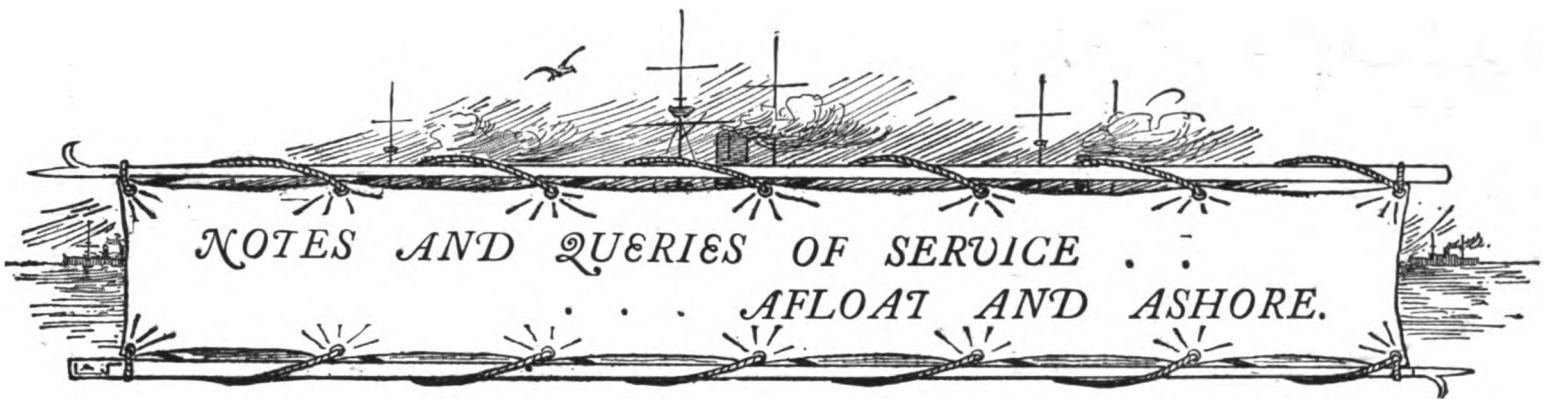

I REGRET that in the issue of July 15 the commandant of the Sirmoor State troops should have been described as "Kunwar Bir Bikrani Singh," instead of "Raj Kumar Bir Bikram Singh." The fault, however, lies at the door of the editor of the Indian Army List, for the name was taken as therein given, with the exception that "Bikram" became metamorphosed into "Bikrani" through a printer's error. Raj Kumar denotes son of the King, and it is a proud title, for the Rajahs of Sirmoor can show an unbroken descent as rulers of their State and Rajpoots of the bluest blood for eleven hundred years; and *noblesse oblige* is no mere phrase with the present rulers, for in his last half-yearly report the Lieutenant-Governor pronounced Sirmoor to be "the model State of the Punjab." Though Raj Kumar Bir Bikram Singh is a captain in the Imperial Army, he is within the State a major, having been raised to that rank by his father, the late Rajah, Sir Shamsher Prakash, G.C.S.I.

* * * *

"Is it true," asks "Taffrail," "that some of the regiments of the British Army bear the names of Naval victories as 'battle honours' on their colours?" It is true, and in the following cases: Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801 is one, and it is borne as a battle honour—"Copenhagen"—by the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, in commemoration of the fact that detachments of the old 49th Foot were serving as small-arm men on board Nelson's ships, and also by the Rifle Brigade, which, as Colonel Manningham's Rifle Corps, was employed at the same place in the same capacity. In like manner the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment commemorates "St. Vincent, 1797," among its battle honours, in honour of the fact that a detachment of the old 69th was doing duty as Marines in Nelson's own ship, the "Captain," on "Glorious Valentine's Day," and had a hand in the taking of the "San Nicholas" and the "San Josef." The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, then Duke of Edinburgh, was instrumental some ten years ago in getting this coveted distinction officially recognised for the 2nd Welsh.

* * * *

"D. W. W."—In the "Formidable" the 9-in. side armour only extends for 54 per cent. of the ship's side, or for the length of the citadel containing the 6-in. guns. From the citadel to the ram the protection consists of 2-in. plating. The difference in the 1899 battleships, "London," "Venerable," and "Bulwark," is that the belt is continuous, narrowing down to a thickness of 2-in. at the ram. With regard to your second query, concerning the bow protection of the "Cressy" class, the 6-in. belt stops 90-ft. from the stern and 120-ft. from the bow, with 5-in. bulkhead protection at each end forming a citadel round "the vitals," as in battle-ships. Beyond this there is only the special protection for guns' crews, the two 3-in. protected decks and a bunker stretching across from one side of the ship to the other and placed well forward. The bow is therefore unprotected by side plating, and in the vessels of the "Drake" class this question of bow protection is to receive increased attention, economy of weight being obtained by leaving the vessels unsheathed.

* * * *

"MULVANEY" is right in asserting that Russia has the largest Army in the world. With a population of 129,000,000, its Army on a peace footing totals to 860,000, which in war time could be raised to 3,500,000. Germany, with a population of 52,250,000, supports 585,000 soldiers in times of peace, and these could, if necessary, be brought up to 3,000,000. On a peace footing, the French Army is 615,000 strong, the second largest in the world, and could be raised to 3,000,000. Austria-Hungary have 385,000 men always ready, and could put in the field nearly 2,000,000, while Italy's armed peace includes 231,000 soldiers, which would multiply into 1,250,000 in war-time. Great Britain's Army totals only to 163,569 men, or rather more than 500,000 if war broke out, while that of the United States is but 25,000 men, and 140,000 in war-time. These figures mean in France that every soldier fights for 15 civilians, in Germany every soldier fights for 17, Russia finds 1 soldier in every 37 persons, Great Britain 1 in every 72, and the United States 1 in every 445 people. The Navy, of course, tells a different story.

* * * *

"X. Y. Z."—In reply to the first three questions in your letter, it is certainly possible for a cavalry officer of not less than one year's commissioned service to obtain a commission as second lieutenant in the Army Service Corps. You will find this laid down in Paragraph 3 of the Royal Warrant for Pay, Appointment, Promotion, and Non-effective Pay of the Army. The paragraph contains a further regulation to the effect that before final appointment to the Army Service Corps all candidates shall be required to pass a probationary period of one year from the date of joining. When desirable in the interests of the Service, the probationary period may be terminated earlier. With reference to your fourth question, as to the allowance necessary for a subaltern on joining a cavalry regiment at home, "provided it is not a particularly expensive one," I have repeatedly stated that it is quite impossible to give even any approximate estimate in such cases without knowing full particulars. Assuming the youngster to be fairly careful, and the station to be one where constant entertaining is not necessary, I should say that about £25 a month in addition to pay would adequately meet all reasonable requirements.

"GLATTON."—Glatton is the name of a little village in Huntingdonshire. In 1760, owing to the connection of a director of the East India Company with the place, the name "Glatton" was given to an Indiaman, and after her it continued to be given to a series of other Indiamen down to the year 1820. In 1795, during the war with France, the Admiralty purchased three Indiamen from the company to serve as men-of-war, and among them was the then "Glatton." The ship served in the Royal Navy many years, and the present "Glatton" is the successor to the name, the third of the line in all.

* * * *

"PRIVATE."—At home the furlough season commences on October 1 and ends on March 1. Furlough is, of course, a privilege, and granted at the discretion of the commanding officer. The length for which a soldier is allowed to leave his unit is usually governed to a great extent by the distance he is stationed from his home, but he can usually rely on a month or six weeks yearly. Not more than 25 per cent. of a corps are usually sent on furlough at one time, but the number of men allowed the privilege is left to the discretion of the general officer commanding, who on the return of a battalion from abroad may often think it advisable to send, say, two-thirds of the regiment or battalion on furlough at the same time. Special furloughs are granted to men of good conduct about to proceed abroad. Sometimes, however, the indulgence is taken advantage of, and the man instead of sailing for India embarks for America. Furloughs are, in addition, given to sick soldiers when it is stated by a military medical officer that the man in question is likely to benefit by a change, and that his friends are in a position to give him the attention which his ailment demands. Soldiers who rejoin after the expiration of a furlough are liable to punishment, unless some reasonable excuse is forthcoming. They cannot, in any case, plead want of money, for they have only to apply to their commanding officer for a travelling warrant, the expense of which is subsequently recovered from them.

* * * *

"DOD."—I have been at some pains to obtain a definite and comprehensive reply to your query as to entering the Army Ordnance Corps as an artificer, but have not been as successful in doing so as I could have wished in the case of an old subscriber like yourself. As far as I can make out, you would be eligible for the Machinery Artificer section up to the age of thirty years, and I do not suppose that in the case of such a skilled workman the fact of your having lost three or four teeth, and being otherwise of not very superior physique, would disqualify you. I should recommend you to procure a copy of the Regulations for Army Ordnance Services, which can be obtained through any bookseller for 1s. 6d. If that does not give you all the information you require, I should suggest your applying to the adjutant of the Ordnance Corps, Woolwich.

* * * *

NEMO.—The "Forte" was commissioned in 1860, by the late Captain E. W. Turnour, as flag-ship of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Henry Keppel—now Admiral of the Fleet—Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope and West African station. The present Admiral Sir A. C. F. Heneage was his flag-lieutenant. After twelve months' employment on that service she was transferred to the South-East Coast of America, and commanded first by Captain—now Admiral—T. Saumarez, and subsequently by the late Captain—afterwards Vice-Admiral—A. Mellersh, as the flag-ship of the late Rear-Admiral—afterwards Admiral—R. L. Warren, Commander-in-Chief of that station, and returned to England in 1864. The present Admiral Lord Charles Scott, Vice-Admiral A. Markham, and Captain—retired—Hardy McHardy were lieutenants in her. In 1868 she was commissioned by the late Captain J. H. J. Alexander. He conveyed her to the East Indies, where she became flag-ship of Commodore—now Admiral—Sir Leopold Heath, who flew his broad pennant in her until 1870, when he was relieved by the late Rear-Admiral J. H. Cockburn, who died on board. The present Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax was her captain during the period the rear-admiral's flag was flying, and Vice-Admiral—retired—H. Bury-Palliser commander. The lieutenants now living who served in her, are, as far as I can trace: Rear-Admiral—retired—H. J. F. Campbell, Captain—retired—A. J. Errington, and Captain J. S. Hallifax, of the "Thunderer." Since she was paid-off in 1872 she has not again been in commission, and is now a coal-hulk in the Medway.

* * * *

"K. S. C. S."—You ask whether it is possible to obtain a commission in the regular infantry through the Volunteers? In Paragraph 1A of the Royal Warrant for Pay, Appointment, and Promotion of the Army, it is laid down that a commission as second lieutenant may be given to an officer of the Volunteers, but I do not gather that such an officer is entitled to any exceptional facilities for entering the Army by competition as is granted to Militia officers. I may be wrong, but my impression is that the regulation refers to the bestowal of direct commissions under altogether peculiar circumstances. You can, however, easily satisfy yourself on this point by applying to the Under-Secretary of State for War, War Office, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., of the Royal Navy, is in love with Nelly Pratten, a publican's daughter. He is drafted to a cruiser, which is on the eve of sailing to the Mediterranean; but, instead of going on board, he obtains a day's leave from the guard-ship and stays ashore all night. The water police try to arrest him, but he assaults them violently, breaks free, and obtains another meeting with Nelly. She refuses to marry a common sailor. A lover's quarrel is interrupted by the water police, and Bunter again takes to flight. Chased again by the police, he reaches the beach, enters a bathing-machine, and enjoys a swim. While he is bathing the police arrive, and Bunter sees them. Re-entering his machine, Bunter conceives the daring ruse of purloining the clothes of a gentleman who is bathing from the adjoining machine. He executes this ruse with success, and the gentleman, who has been obliged to assume Bunter's discarded uniform, is arrested in error by the police. Bunter discovers from some letters that he has purloined the clothes of his new captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale. He also learns that the captain has not yet joined the ship, and is a stranger to the officers. In the light of this discovery he resolves to continue the impersonation of Captain Laxdale, believing that he will be able, for a time, to avoid detection. Next morning the "Grunter" weighs and sails for Gibraltar. Bunter plays his *role* of captain without exciting suspicion, but makes an enemy of the first lieutenant. Laxdale's first attempt to regain his rightful position completely fails. He is set down as an impostor or a maniac. As Laxdale refuses to answer to the name of Bunter he is permitted to term himself Plain Hood. During the first day at sea all goes well with Bunter, and he ventures to accept an invitation to dine in the ward-room. At dinner he indulges imprudently in wine. A "sing-song" takes place on deck afterwards, and Bunter, who sings a sea ditty, is recognised by one of the men. The tale again reverts to the doings and sufferings of Laxdale in his *role* of A.B. After a miserable day he turns in, and is roused from sleep by the fall of his hammock. Laxdale keeps the middle watch, and gets into trouble for neglect of duty. His experiences of the work of a seaman are detailed through the night and the following morning. A crisis is reached when he is required to heave the lead.

CHAPTER XII. *(continued.)*

LAXDALE started, nearly losing his balance, and cautiously gathered up the lead and line. Being on the port side of the ship, he was obliged to swing the lead with his left hand, and this greatly increased the difficulty of his task. He stiffened his legs, bent forward in the apron, and began to swing it backwards and forwards in the approved style. As a cadet in the training-ship he had sometimes practised heaving the lead from a stone wharf, but since those days he had been content with a theoretical interest in the exercise. Thus, when the lead had attained quick momentum, and he tried to swing it round above his head, the effect was both startling and painful. A loop of the line caught on the iron stanchion, and the lead, arrested in its flight, fell heavily upon his shoulder, narrowly grazing his head.

He heard a coarse guffaw from the poop, and guessed that the impostor was enjoying his clumsiness. The lead fell into the water, and trailed behind the ship at the full length of its line. Slowly and awkwardly he gathered the line in again, and prepared for a second attempt.

"This time," he thought, "I shall probably brain myself." He wondered that his exploits attracted so little attention, but a glance ahead showed him that a large mail steamer was nearing the "Grunter," and that everyone was watching her.

Again he began to swing the lead, and this time he succeeded in whirling it over his head. As it swung forward for the second time, on its upward flight, he put his trust in unreliable Providence and released the line. Unfortunately the lead, which should have taken a flight parallel with the ship's side, was deflected by Providence into another direction. It flew inboard, shaved past Filmore's head, and found a resting-place in the abdomen of Corporal Angel. Simultaneously the ship plunged, Laxdale lost his footing, clutched wildly at the slippery apron, and fell headlong into the sea.

Bunter, who was watching the unskilful performance of the leadsman, and roaring with laughter at the fall of Corporal Angel, was the first to observe the more serious accident.

"Man overboard!" he bawled, lustily, and then, running swiftly to the after end of the poop, he seized a "Kisbie" life-buoy, and plunged into the bubbling foam of the ship's wake.

It was an act of high courage; one of those impulsive, unreasoning actions that humanity, in its natural shrinking from danger, agrees to label heroism. And yet Ned Bunter was no hero, though he may have deserved the title quite as much as many a man who wears the cross of valour. He yielded to a full-blooded impulse which he had no time to analyse, which, indeed, has baffled sober analysis since the Flood.

When he came spluttering to the surface, and a great green wave splintered in his face, the "Grunter" seemed miles away, and he alone with the life-buoy and the tumbling seas. Presently he was borne high upon the white crest of a wave, and looking round, he spied the head of Laxdale.

He was not many yards away, for Bunter had been prompt in his leap.

"Hold up, mate," Bunter shouted, and began to swim towards Laxdale. His progress was slow, for the rough sea impeded him; but whenever he gained the summit of a wave he shouted brief words of encouragement.

The official instructions for saving drowning men are peculiar, but Bunter felt bound to carry them out. "I must assure him in a loud and firm voice that he is saved," he remembered, as he buffeted with the waves; "and I must lay hold of him by the hair and turn him over on to his back."

"You're saved, you're saved!" he spluttered repeatedly, as he drew nearer; but his voice did not sound "loud and firm," and he felt the absurdity of the assurance.

"No good winding myself like this," he decided, so he left off shouting and redoubled his efforts.

Laxdale was nearly exhausted, and Bunter knew it. He himself was impeded by the life-buoy, yet dared not relinquish it. Thus, as Bunter struggled through some thirty or forty yards of rolling waves, the Hon. Roger looked grim death in the eyes and knew that his sole chance of escape lay in the endurance of his enemy. Need it be said that during these critical minutes all enmity, all thought of revenge, passed from his mind.

"God bless you," he gasped, as Bunter cannoned into him and grabbed at his hair. Fortunately for Laxdale his hair was too short to afford his preserver a secure grip; but it is irritating to have your hair pulled, even when you are in danger of drowning.

"What the deuce are you about," gasped Laxdale, as he erked his head free.

Bunter lost all respect for the official instructions, and pushed the life-buoy into the captain's hands.

"Put your head through it," he panted.

Laxdale could not answer, for he was nearly exhausted;

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but he was too generous to deprive the sailor of his share of the buoy. He grasped one side of it with his hands, leaving the other to Bunter.

It had sufficient buoyancy to support both, and he felt that Bunter must need it as much as he did himself.

Thus they remained for some minutes, their faces just out of the water, but frequently buffeted by the waves. Bunter was the first to recover breath and to attempt conversation. "They're turning the ship round," he said, eagerly.

"Yes, I know," said Laxdale.

"They might have lowered a boat," Bunter complained.

"She'd have been swamped if they had," said Laxdale.

"How will they get us on board, then?"

"They'll have to get to windward of us," said Laxdale, "and pay out a line."

Bunter grunted.

"I owe you my life," said Laxdale, after a pause. "You're a brave man, Bunter."

"Thank you," said the sailor, rather humbly. "Will you shake hands with me, sir?"

Laxdale disengaged one hand and held it out to the sailor.

"That's more than some officers would have done, sir," said Bunter. "I'm afraid I've played you a dirty trick."

"You have," said Laxdale, simply; "but this makes some amends."

"And I shall have to keep it up a bit longer," continued Bunter, "whether I want to or not."

"What did you personate me for?" asked Laxdale.

"It's a long story," said Bunter, "and I'll explain another time. There's a woman at the bottom of it, as I don't mind telling you."

"*Cherchez la femme*," murmured Laxdale, pedantically.

"Never heard of her in my life," said Bunter. "The gal's English."

"Look," said Laxdale, "the mail-boat is closing in too. They must have seen us."

"Our chaps'll pick us up, never fear," said Bunter. "They'd never leave the captain to drown."

Laxdale frowned. "You mean to persist in this silly fraud?" he asked.

"I must," said Bunter, "till we get to Gib."

"As you please," said Laxdale, haughtily. "I shall expose you if I can."

"And I don't blame you for trying," said Bunter, considerately.

There was no further talk, for by this time the "Grunter" had steamed back close to them, and lay tossing broadside on to the waves a little to windward of the life-buoy. The force of the sea was broken by her hull, and they floated in relatively smooth water.

"Now, sir," said Bunter, and they struck out for the grass line that had been secured to a boat's breaker and thrown towards them. A few minutes later they were safely hoisted inboard and stood dripping on the quarter-deck amid the cheers of the seamen. It was a spontaneous tribute to the popularity of Bunter, and marked their appreciation of his courageous deed.

Corporal Angel, still rankling from the effects of seven pounds of lead in the stomach, voiced the general view.

"It aint every captain," he said, "who'd have risked his life for such a lubberly, quarrelsome skunk as that there Plain Hood."

But the discreet Squib was loyal to his friendless messmate.

"Come below, mate," he said, kindly, "and get dry. I made sure you'd gone to Davy Jones's locker."

"If I had," returned Laxdale, "you'd have been about the only man on board this ship that would have cared."

"What about your preserver?" said Squib, reprovingly.

"He's a hero," said Laxdale, warmly, "and he saved my life; but he'd have been wiser had he let me drown."

"Well, perhaps he would," said Squib, philosophically. "I wouldn't go overboard in a heavy sea myself to save the whole 'Ouse of Lords."

From which admission it may be judged that Squib was a sad Radical.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rivals in Conference.

Lyle and Parr were among the first of the officers to congratulate Bunter upon his escape from death; nor were they backward in expressing admiration of his gallant conduct.

"I made sure you'd be drowned, sir," said Parr; "for we couldn't risk lowering a boat in such a nasty sea. I should like to tell you, sir, that it was the pluckiest act I've ever seen, and that we're all proud to serve under you."

"Stood dripping on the quarter deck amid the cheers of the seamen"

"Thank you, Parr," said Bunter, awkwardly. "You're a straight chap, I know, and I'm glad to have your good opinion."

"They're tremendously interested in the rescue on board that mail-boat," said Lyle. "There's a man in her who knows the semaphore, and they've been slapping in questions for the last quarter of an hour."

In confirmation of Lyle's statement, one of the signalmen here came up to Bunter, touched his cap, and presented a slate. Bunter took it from him and turned very red as he scanned the message. It ran thus:

"The captain, crew, and passengers of the ss. 'Sappho' beg to express their admiration of the gallant conduct of Captain the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and sincerely hope that he is feeling none the worse for his immersion."

"Say we're both all right," he stammered. "Here, Lyle, you send 'em a pretty answer. I must go and shift my togs."

The lieutenant wrote a suitable reply, smiling as he did so at the embarrassment of the hero. A few minutes later the screw of the mail steamer began to revolve, and her head swung round towards England. The passengers and crew, still lining her bulwarks, gave the "Grunter" a parting cheer, and the ladies continued to wave their handkerchiefs till the two vessels were miles asunder. It was the only tribute that beauty could render to valour in the circumstances. If Bunter could have boarded the mail-boat he might have had as much flattery as a moderate man could desire; for many a pretty maid thought of the brave captain for quite two hours afterwards. There was also a newspaper man on board, who made some excellent "copy" out of the rescue; but this transpired later.

Whilst changing his clothes, Bunter reflected that he had an excellent excuse for an interview with Laxdale, and he determined to send for him. "Sparks," he said, "I should like to give that man Hood a glass of grog after his ducking. Tell him to come to the cabin."

A few minutes later Laxdale was admitted.

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"Bring the whisky," said Bunter.

The valet obeyed, and, when he had withdrawn, Bunter shut the door, and drew a heavy curtain across it. For some moments the real and the sham captain stood eyeing one another in silence. Laxdale was the first to speak.

"You have something to say to me?" he asked, stiffly.

"A great deal," returned Bunter; "and none too much time to say it in."

Laxdale ostentatiously seated himself in the best arm-chair and crossed his legs. "I suppose you have decided to admit the fraud?" he said, less stiffly. "In that case I shall not forget the service you have done me to-day."

"You're on the wrong tack, sir," said Bunter. "Why should I be such a blighted fool as to give the show away?"

"Your detection is inevitable," said Laxdale. "I have many friends in the fleet at Malta. For your own sake it would be prudent to make a voluntary confession."

"Quite right, sir," said Bunter, cheerfully; "but you see I'm not going as far as Malta. I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that I mean to clear out before the ship leaves Gib."

"I didn't think of that," said Laxdale, simply. "Still, you'll probably be caught, in any case."

"I must chance that," said Bunter, drily. "I reckon a court-martial would give me three years chokey for this little spree?"

"Possibly five," said Laxdale; "but if you confess at once I will use my influence. After all, you saved my life."

Bunter shook his head as he poured out the whisky. "Put that out of your mind, sir," he said, impatiently. "It aint likely I'd face a court-martial of officers when I've a good chance of getting clear away."

"Then what do you want with me?"

"Well, sir, I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry I ever began this business. Having started on it, I'm bound to go on till I can sling my hook; but it's rough on a gentleman, like you, to be clapped into cells and all that. I'd more than half a mind to own up when I saw you laying in to those sharks of water police; but I was a bit mad that afternoon, and, as I told you, there was a wench at the bottom of it all."

Laxdale thought of Lady Sybil and sighed.

"Come, cheer up, sir," said Bunter. "Try a drop of the whisky."

Laxdale shook his head. "Man, man," he groaned, "your foolish prank has ruined my whole life."

"Don't say that, sir," cried Bunter. "You'll be captain of the ship again in a few days; so where's the ruin come in?"

"You don't understand," said Laxdale. "How should you? Stay," he added; "there were some letters in my pocket."

Bunter blushed. "I know," he said. "One was from your gal. I was obliged to read them."

"Your freak will cover me with ridicule," said Laxdale, bitterly. "Lady Sybil will never consent to be my wife."

There was anguish as well as bitterness in his voice, and Bunter was smitten with futile remorse.

"Damme!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. Couldn't you make her see the joke of the thing, sir?"

"Impossible," said Laxdale, wearily. "Lady Sybil has no sense of humour. I took her to see 'Charley's Aunt' once, and she came away in tears. I hate your funny women," he added; "one can never be sure they aren't laughing at you."

In genuine concern Bunter fell back in his chair and scratched his head. "I'm damned sorry for this," he muttered; "damned sorry."

Suddenly his face brightened, and he sprang to his feet. In so doing he upset a tumbler of whisky and soda over Laxdale's trousers. "Beg pardon," he said, lightly. "I've got an idea."

"Don't mention it," said Laxdale, indifferently; "they're *your* trousers, after all."

"What you want, sir," said Bunter, "is to stop this affair from getting known. If we can keep it quiet, the gal will be none the wiser."

"True," said Laxdale; "but that's impossible."

"Look here," said Bunter, confidently; "there's plenty of ways of keeping the thing quiet, and I'll help you all I can."

He took a few turns up and down the cabin, deep in thought.

"When we get to Gib.," he suggested, "I'll be very ill, and make the doctor send me to hospital. You must do a bunk before the ship leaves for Malta, and hide in one of the grog-shops till we can change clothes on the quiet."

A ray of hope lighted up the gloomy face of Laxdale, but quickly faded away. "It wouldn't do," he decided. "The doctors would see you were shamming; and, even if they didn't, you'd have to rejoin the ship on recovery. Then the whole business would leak out."

"I'm afraid it would," Bunter admitted. He paced the cabin again and found fresh inspiration.

(To be continued.)

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1759.—Action in the East Indies between Vice-Admiral Pocock and the Comte d'Aché. The British squadron of seven ships of the line and two 50-gun ships fought the French of ten ships of the line for six hours, after which the French drew off, leaving the British too disabled to follow.

September 11, 1809.—Capture of the Dutch brig of war "Zephyr," 14 guns, under a fort in Monado Bay, Celebes, by the British 10-gun brig "Diana." Five Dutch gun-boats also came to help the "Zephyr," but the "Diana" ran in close, silenced and took the "Zephyr," and beat off the gun-boats.

September 12, 1799.—Capture of the Dutch gun-brigs "Drak," 24 guns, and "Gier," 14 guns, off the Texel, by the British "Arrow," 24 guns, and "Wolverine," 12.

September 13, 1747. — Capture of the French 32-gun frigate "Renommée," by the British 44-gun ship "Dover," in the Channel.

September 14, 1779.—Capture of the Spanish 32-gun ship "Sta. Monica," off the Azores, by the British 32-gun frigate "Pearl," after a two hours' fight.

September 15, 1795.—Surrender of the Cape of Good Hope to a squadron of three 74's and two 64's, under Vice-Admiral Sir G. Keith Elphinstone, with a force of troops on board.

September 16, 1710.—Destruction of two Spanish men-of-war, in Ribadeo Harbour, near Cape Ortegal, by the "Weymouth" man-of-war, with a frigate and a galley. A Spanish battery within musket shot of Spanish ships was silenced, and a galleon made prize of at the same time. Captain Robert Johnson, of the "Weymouth," was knighted for his exploit by Queen Anne.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1780.—Colonel Baillie's force of 3,700 Europeans and Sepoys attacked near Perambakam by Hyder Ali. Baillie made a most gallant resistance, but he was surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, and obliged to surrender. Of Europeans alone 700, besides Sepoys, were slain on the spot. Among the few prisoners was Captain, afterwards Sir David, Baird.

September 11, 1709.—Marlborough and Eugene defeated the French under Marshal Villars. Loss of the allies was 20,000 men; the French lost nearly 17,000 of all ranks, besides 16 pieces of artillery, 20 colours, and 26 standards. 1842.—Cabul entered by the British army under General Pollock.

September 12, 1814.—The Americans defeated near Baltimore by General Ross.

September 13, 1759.—Wolfe defeated the French under Montcalm, on the Heights of Abraham, just outside Quebec. Wolfe was killed on the field, and Montcalm mortally wounded. 1882.—The lines of Tel-el-Kebir carried by British troops, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the Egyptians routed.

September 14, 1857.—Delhi stormed by the British army under General Archdale Wilson. After terrible loss, our troops won their way into the town, but it required six days' fighting to complete the capture.

September 15, 1762.—Action at Wetter, in Germany, during the Seven Years' War, in which the French, under the Prince de Condé, were driven off the field by the allies, commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Lord Granby commanded the British contingent.

September 16, 1776.—Action near New York, in which General Howe obliged Washington to retreat, with the loss of 300 men.

I WAS glad to see the following note in the *Daily Chronicle* in connection with the frontispiece of the issue for August 26: "A lost child is no rarity in the streets of London, but the episode of this character depicted in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is both quaint and interesting. A sweet little mite, she cannot be much over two years of age, has missed her nurse at the Horse Guards' gate, and has found her way inside the guard quarters. The correspondent who snap-shotted her has done so just as she has trustingly placed herself unhesitatingly in the charge of the big sentry, to whose gauntleted hand she is clinging, while the policeman endeavours to ascertain something as to whom or where she belongs. The corporal of the guard looks on seriously, evidently not having quite made up his mind as to whether she is to remain in military custody or be handed over to the civil power. It is a quaint and pretty little picture."

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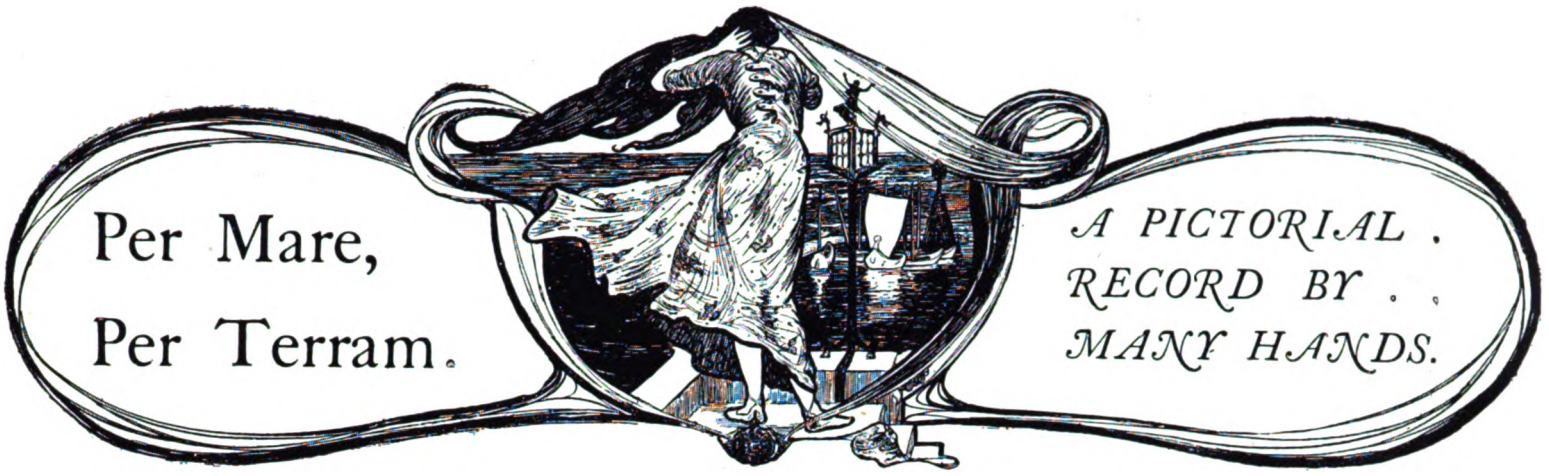

Photo. *W. Hoffert.*

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,
As Colonel of the Prinz Friedrich Karl Infantry Regiment.

THE daughters of the House of Hohenzollern are ardently attached to military affairs, and they inherit a keen interest in soldiering from the long line of their fighting sires. When, therefore, Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles — the famous "Red Prince" of the Franco-German War — became the bride of the Duke of Connaught in St. George's Chapel Windsor, on March 13th, 1879, winning all hearts by her beauty and grace, she came among us ready to throw herself into the military interests of her husband. The Duke of Connaught is popular wherever he goes, and the Duchess is a genuine favourite with the English people. Our portrait of her in a military capacity will not fail to interest our readers. This gracious lady is here represented in her undress uniform as chief or honorary colonel of the German regiment which bears the name of her gallant father — the "G.F.M. Prinz Friedrich Karl von Preussen" (8th Brandenburg), No. 64, Infantry. The German Emperor delights to honour his regiments, while conferring personal distinctions at the same time, and thus many of them have as chiefs the ladies of his house, while others are under the nominal command of foreign sovereigns, or of soldiers of special distinction at home. The Prinz Friedrich Karl Regiment belongs to the Third Army Corps, with its headquarters at Berlin, and the Ziethen Hussars, of which the Duke of Connaught is honorary colonel, are also attached to the corps. Our other portrait is of the Duchess of Connaught's cousin, Princess Charlotte, Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, daughter of the Emperor Frederick, and eldest sister of the Emperor William. She is in uniform as chief of the "Kronprinz Friedrich Wilhelm" (2nd Silesian) Grenadier Regiment, which was named in her father's honour before he came to the German throne.

The two Royal ladies were born within a day of one another, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who saw the light on July 24, 1860, being one day older than the Duchess of Connaught. Naturally the two cousins were much together during their girlhood, and grew up almost like sisters. When they were living at the Summer Palace at Potsdam, the people of Berlin often saw them in the parks together; they were educated under the same instructors, and, along with Prince Henry of Prussia, whose portrait was lately given in these pages, were confirmed at the same time in the Palace Chapel in Berlin, in 1877. Three days later the betrothal of Princess Charlotte to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen was announced, and it was during a yachting cruise, in the same summer with her family and her future husband, that the Duke of Connaught met the Red Prince's daughter, who was one of the party. Mutual attraction drew the young couple together, and no one was surprised when the Duke, on the occasion of the double wedding of Princess Charlotte to the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and of her sister, Princess Elizabeth, to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, in the following year, sought and won the hand of their fair young cousin. The announcement of the betrothal was received in this country with universal gratification, and when the happy pair were united at Windsor in 1879, Englishmen and Englishwomen welcomed the auspicious event with high hopes which have never been falsified.

The people of Berlin still remember having often seen the Duchess of Connaught as a girl, with her sisters Marie and Elizabeth, who died young, at the military parades at Tempelhof. The little Princesses were encouraged by their father to take a deep interest in military glories; they learned a good deal of the work of actual soldiering, and many a story of the stormy days of 1870 thrilled their youthful ears. To belong to the Army was an ambition now fulfilled, and though the Duchess of Connaught can rarely don her German uniform, we may be sure she never loses interest in the regiment named after her honoured father. Her cousin—whose husband, in his military capacity as commander of the 2nd Infantry Division of the Guard, has been stationed at Potsdam, Charlottenburg, and Berlin—has often been present at the parades and drills of her regiment, and is well known and highly esteemed both by officers and men. The Duchess of Connaught, on her part, has constantly manifested her interest in the welfare of the British soldier, and, like her gallant husband, is popular throughout the Army.

There is much to be said for the German plan of including ladies among those who may become honorary chiefs of military forces. Our own Queen holds that position in the 1st Dragoons of the Prussian Guard. It is inspired by a chivalric idea. The dearest hope of the knight who rode in the lists was to win the smile or favour of a courtly lady, and the spirit is with us still. According to an American admiral, it was the girl behind the man behind the gun that won the recent battles. Certain it is that the smiles of beauty send men on to victory, and when great ladies, the daughters and wives of soldiers, are at the heads of regiments, having a personal part in the glories of their troops, and feeling a deep interest in every officer and man, it cannot but be that their sisters share the thought, and that feelings of gallantry, loyalty, and devotion are evoked.

Photo. *E. Kaupp.*

The HEREDITARY PRINCESS *of* SAXE-MEININGEN.
As Colonel of the Kronprinz Friedrich Wilhelm Grenadier Regiment.

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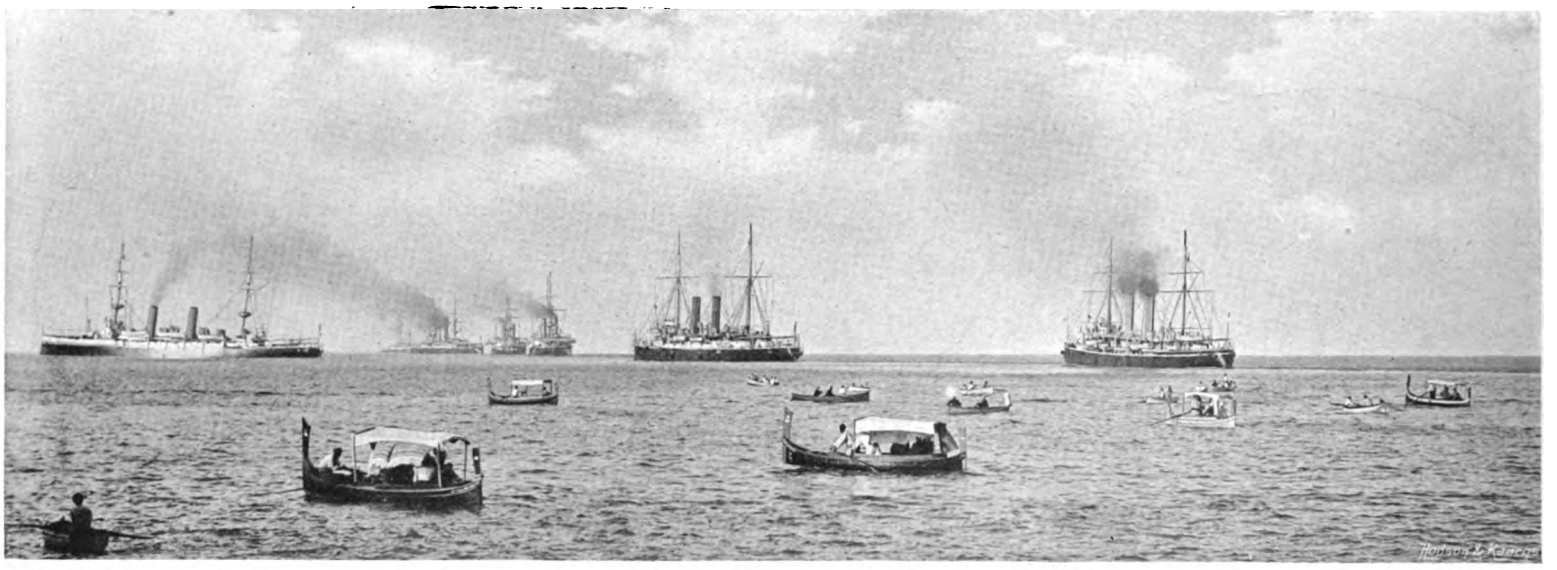

Photo. R. Ellis. *STARTING ON A SUMMER CRUISE—THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET LEAVING MALTA.* Copyright

FRAMED in a picturesque setting, the West Country men here shown form the Severn Brigade, recently under training at Minehead. It comprises two Volunteer battalions of the Somersetshire (Prince Albert's) Light Infantry, one of the Gloucestershire, three of the battalions affiliated to the Welsh, and the supply detachment and bearer company.

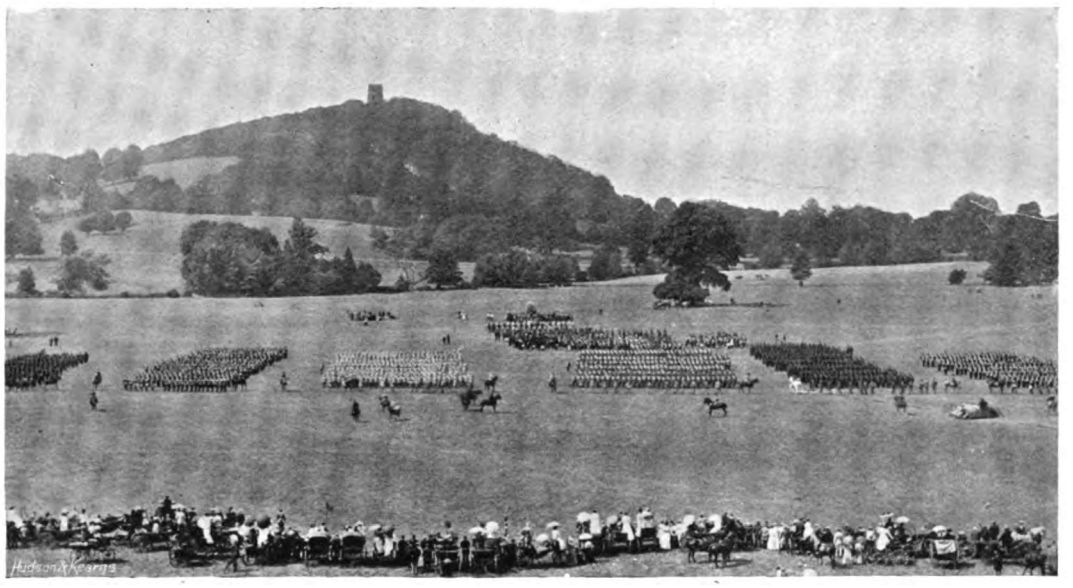

Photo. Elliott & Fry. *WEST COUNTRY VOLUNTEERS.* *The Severn Volunteer Infantry.* Copyright

LAST week was the first anniversary of the battle which crushed the Reign of Terror and Mahdism in the Soudan. This week we are able to give an interesting picture of the situation in the Anglo-Egyptian zereba as it appeared when the "cease fire" was sounded after the first two Dervish attacks had been repulsed. The picture is eminently interesting, as it portrays in its background, in faithful detail, the ranges of hills which formed the chief strategical points in the final issues of the struggle. On the right of the British position appear the low ridges of the Kerreri Hills, the actual spot where Broadwood's cavalry became mixed with the Khalifa Wad Helu's flank attack; where the Camel Corps at one period was so seriously placed; and where two guns of Young's Horse Battery were temporarily captured by the Dervishes. To the left stands Jebel Surgham, round the base of which the two main attacks upon Gatacre's Division were attempted, and from which spur the Khalifa Abdullah himself watched the early issues of the day. Between Jebel Surgham and the Kerreri Ridge lies the undulating desert in which Macdonald manœuvred his brigade to meet the final effort of Mahdism, and an inch to the left rear of the former, as it faces you in the picture, denotes the spot where the flower of the Baggara died round the Khalifa's flag. The foreground in the illustration shows the Rifle Brigade and the Lancashire Fusiliers as they were brought up to support the firing line, when the frontal attack upon Wauchope's Brigade was at its zenith, while in the middle distance the actual formation of the British firing line may be traced. Looking at the picture you have the Nile behind you, and the open area of the zereba in your direct front.

Many of the day's casualties occurred as the wounded were being conveyed across this space to the field hospital on the Nile bank.

JEBEL SURGHAM. *PLAIN WHERE MACDONALD'S*

Photos. Copyright. *BRITISH DIVISION—LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS SUPPORTING FIRING LINE.*

THE BATTLE OF

THE SCENE IN THE ZEREBA AFTER THE

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Photo. Copyright. AN EXCITING MATCH. "Navy & Army."
The "Trafalgar" v. the "Nile" and "Sans Pareil."

Photo. Copyright. JACK'S SMOKE. "Navy & Army."
Serving Out Rough Tobacco.

AS is often shown by pictures in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, cricket is a popular sport on board ship in the Navy, and this year the Reserve Squadron during the recent manœuvres carried it to such an extent as to organise inter-ship matches. The "Trafalgar's" team is a fine one, and had the temerity to challenge two ships, our first illustration being that of the great match in which the officers of the "Trafalgar" played an eleven of officers from the "Nile" and "Sans Pareil," the former team winning by fifty runs. The writer was during the manœuvres with the Channel Squadron, and he can speak from experience of the excellence of the "Jupiter's" team As the "Trafalgar" is port-guard ship at Portsmouth, he would suggest that when the Channel Fleet is again at Spithead the "Trafalgars" should send the "Jupiters" a challenge. They had, however, better stipulate to play on their own ground, as the "Jupiter's" quarter-deck is a bit cramped for cricket.

Photo J. Cooper. 19th BATTERY R.F.A. HARRIERS' CLUB ATHLETIC SPORTS. Copyright
The Potato Race.

TOBACCO is served out to sailors, as will be seen from this picture, very much in the rough. Subsequently in Jack's skilful hands it undergoes an elaborate system of preparation, which was illustrated and described in this journal about two years ago. After freeing the leaf from the rougher fibres it is soaked in water—some connoisseurs use a little rum to heighten the flavour—and then wrapped tightly round — "served" is the technical term—with yarn.

The tobacco is of excellent quality, and in the picture Jack Tar and Joey the Marine look as if they were not altogether sorry that the time had arrived for a fresh issue.

IN a recent issue we illustrated the 19th Battery R.F.A. Harriers' Club, and the centre picture in this page is a snap-shot taken at their athletic meeting. It is that most amusing contest, the potato race, a sprint race picking up twenty-five potatoes at a yard apart, and was won by Gunner Norman. The battery is lucky in having a commanding officer like Major Gordon, who does so much to encourage the club. This year prize-money of a value of close on £10 was given by him.

THE Mediterranean Squadron has recently left Malta for its second summer cruise, and the fine sight the squadron made as the vessels steamed out of the Grand

BRIGADE WAS PRESSED. KERKERI RIDGE.

EGYPTIAN DIVISION—RIFLE BRIGADE SUPPORTING FIRING LINE. "Navy & Army."

OMDURMAN.
FAILURE OF THE SECOND DERVISH ATTACK.

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Harbour at Valetta is well shown in the illu tration at the top of page 598. Eight superb battle-ships and three cruisers were its fighting strength. Few nations could show such a squadron, for it comprised the battle-ships "Revenge," "Anson," "Illustrious," "Cæsar," "Ramillies," "Royal Oak," "Hood," and "Empress of India," and the cruisers "Venus," "Theseus," and "Thetis." And the crowd of quaint Maltese boats in the foreground shows that many left the beach to see the squadron depart.

SINCE the awful "Victoria" disaster, in which the terrible loss of life was partly due to the small percentage of good swimmers, the Admiralty has taken care to

From a Photo. "HANDS TO BATHE." *By a Naval Officer.*

encourage swimming in the Navy, and nowadays there are few seamen who cannot keep themselves at any rate afloat until help, which is usually forthcoming at short notice, arrives. The accompanying picture gives a vivid notion of the means by which Jack learns to be at home not only *on* but *in* his proper element.

A UNIQUE ship is the "Polyphemus," the sole representative in the British Navy of the class known as torpedo rams, and that she excites curiosity everywhere is not to be wondered at.

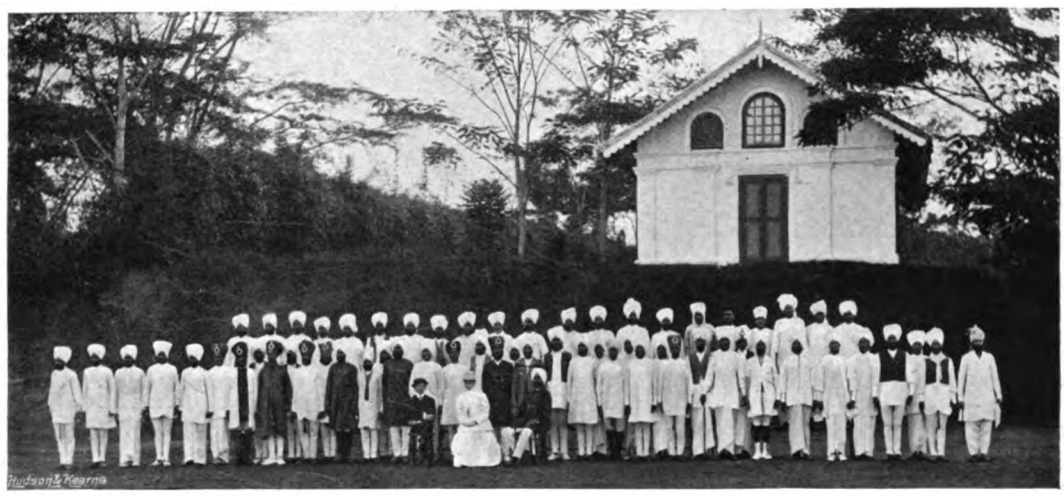
She has recently been cruising off the coast of Morocco, and our illustration depicts her deck when she put in at Tangiers.

Photo. Copyright. MOROCCO BOUND. *"Navy & Army"*
Visitors in the "Polyphemus" at Tangiers.

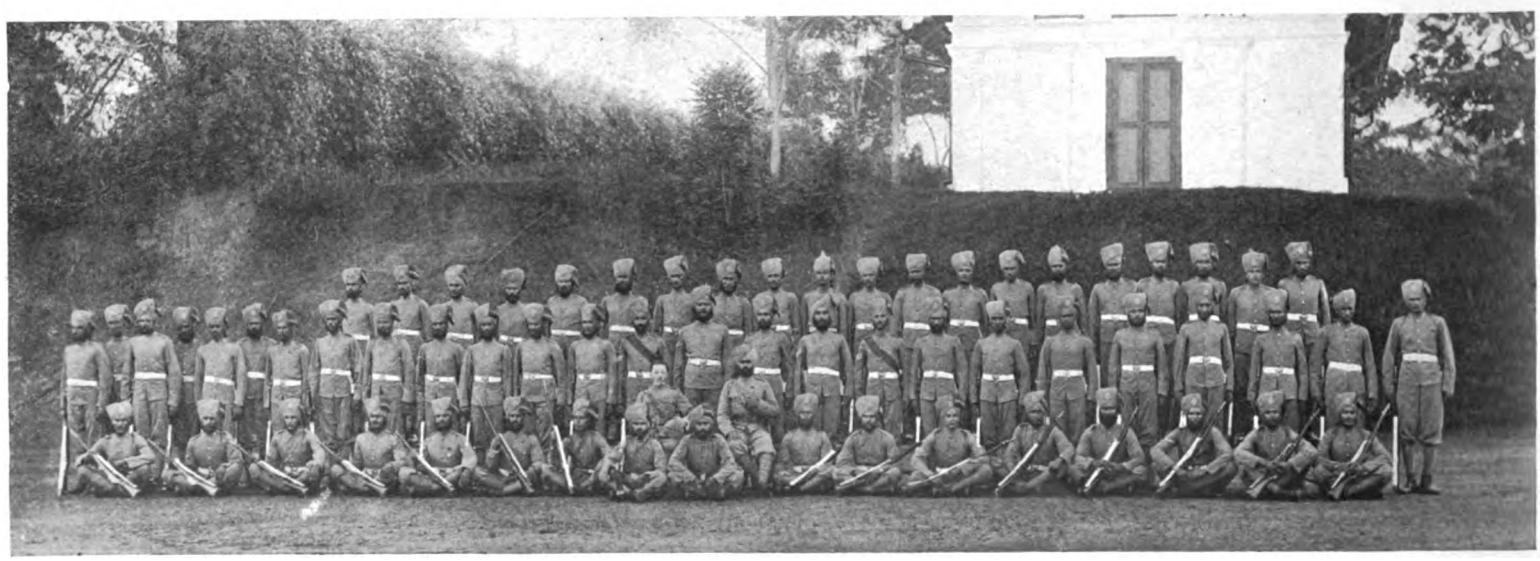
INDIA not only maintains her own quota of Imperial troops, but also helps liberally our smaller Eastern dependencies by enabling them to enlist their men from within her borders. In this way is raised that fine corps, the Malay States' Guides, of which two illustrations are here given. With but few exceptions the men are all Sikhs from the Punjab, and the pictures speak for themselves of their physique and soldierly bearing. The corps comprises five companies, and there is also a half-battery, and it is officered, as far as Europeans go, by five officers from various British regiments.

The company here shown is C, that commanded by Captain R. E. C. Edye, of the 3rd South Lancashire Regiment. In the first group the men are shown in mufti, Captain Edye and his wife being seated in the centre.

In the lower group the same company and their officer are shown in the workmanlike khaki kit that forms the uniform of the Malay States' Guides.



C COMPANY MALAY STATES' GUIDES IN MUFTI.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

C COMPANY MALAY STATES' GUIDES,
COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN EDYE, 3rd SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 137.] *SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1899.*

Photo. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

"*FOUND.*"

"Perhaps you may like to know the sequel of the interesting little drama pictured on your front page recently. The tiny mite was not given over to the Civil Power, but fell into the more tender hands of her natural protector."—*A Correspondent.*

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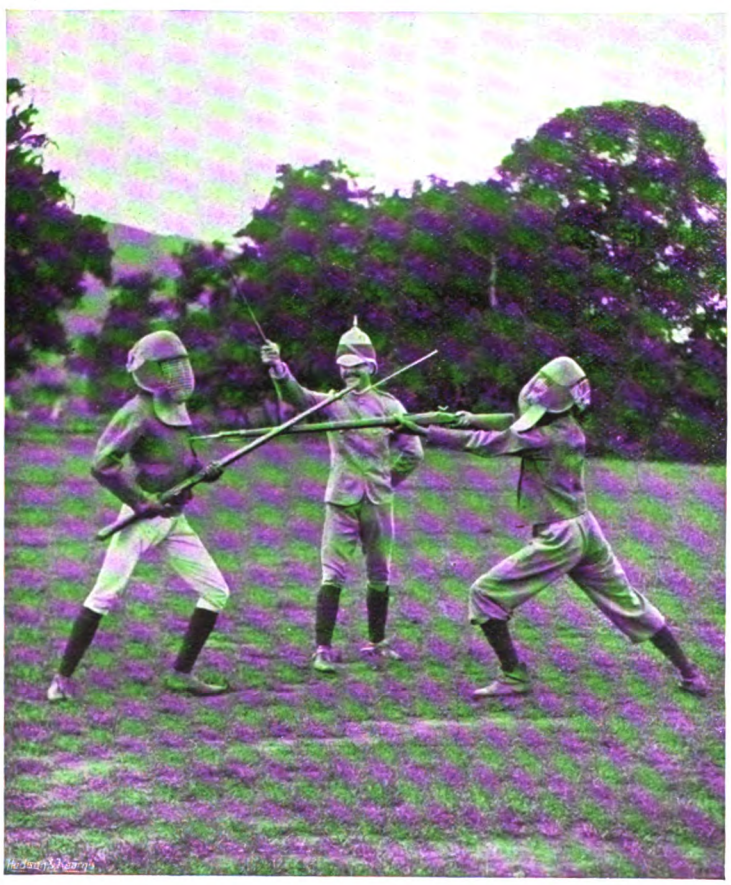
Life at Fort Stedman, Shan States.

IN the Christmas Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED we reproduced, with descriptive comment, a series of striking photographs taken by an officer serving on one of the British outposts in the Shan highlands. These were so greatly appreciated, and of such original, not to say unique, interest, that we are glad to be able to extend the series by the six accompanying pictures, all taken in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Stedman, of which we have already given a written, as well as a pictorial, description. Our first picture shows the officers' boat on Lake Inlay, which lies close to the Fort, and the surface of which is dotted with the pile-supported huts of a tribe called the Inthas (in our previous article this name was, unfortunately, misprinted), to whom we shall more particularly refer later on. We mention them here because the native boatman is an Intha, and a very handy sailor-man he looks. As to the boat, we are not quite sure whether her lines would enable her to carry off the highest honours in a Cowes Regatta, and the "saloon accommodation" may leave something to be desired. But we daresay that, with such a good spread of canvas, a fair turn of speed is obtainable, and we are quite sure that a spin in this primitive yacht is a welcome relief from the monotony of drill, and a pleasant addition to the shore pastimes in this out-of-the-way region.

OFFICERS' BOAT ON LAKE INLAY

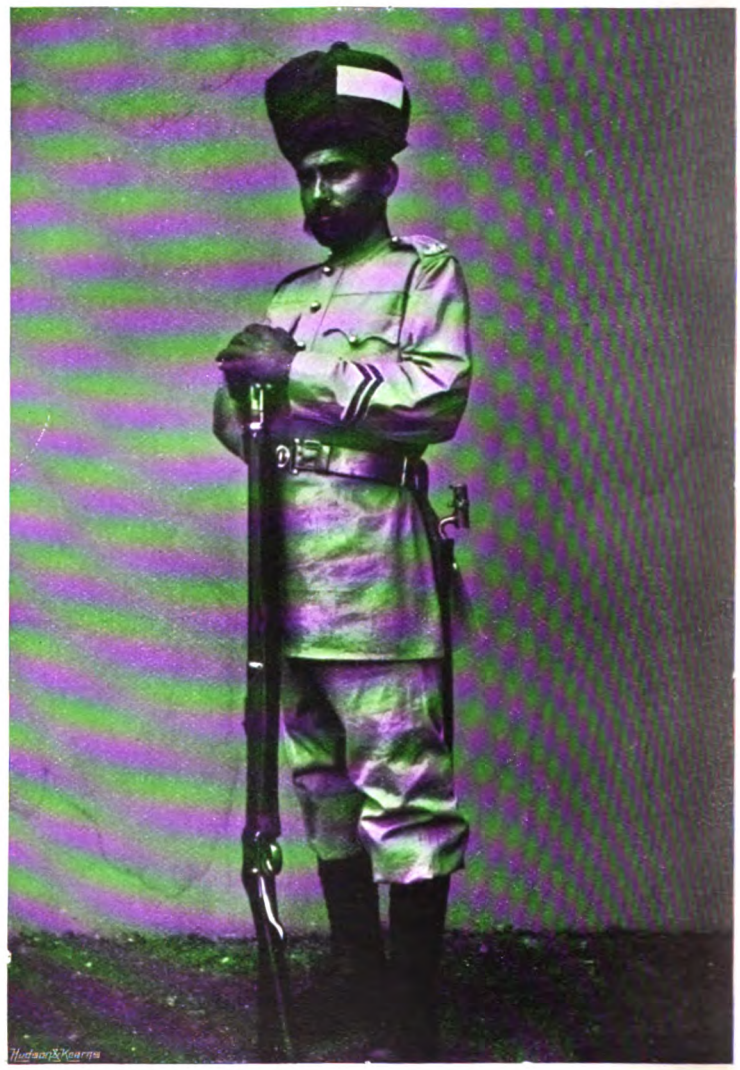


From Photos. By a Military Officer.

PATHANS—BAYONET v. BAYONET.

The mere existence of the boat, moreover, is a pleasant indication of that abiding love of sport and healthy recreation which is one of the best and brightest characteristics of the British officer.

The smart upstanding soldier below is a Pathan, a member of that great race of Indian Frontier hillmen with whom our relations are so singularly varied, but who, whatever those relations may happen to be, invariably command, in one direction or another, our liking and respect. Not much more than a year ago we were busy fighting those "cheerful scoundrels," the Afridis, who are highly representative Pathans, and there is



A PATHAN SOLDIER.

no question as to the respect with which *their* fighting qualities inspired us. In our own Service we have numbers of Pathans, not a few of whom are Afridis, and, as a rule, they take rank with the Sikhs for bravery and fidelity "to their salt."

In another picture we see two Pathan soldiers "hard

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at it" in the familiar contest of bayonet *v.* bayonet. This is just the very exercise for Pathans, who, in addition to being exceedingly apt at any sort of training tending to make them good fighting men, are naturally of an athletic and active build, and, like all hillmen, very quick on their feet. The whole attitude of the two combatants is suggestive of elasticity, though incidentally it may be remarked that the smart British officer who is umpiring, and has just smilingly declared a "palpable hit," does not lose by physical comparison in this respect.

The picture showing a company of one of the Burmah battalions engaged in bayonet exercise is one which calls forth a number of serious and interesting reflections. Here are between thirty and forty native soldiers, mostly recruited from the warlike races of Northern India, yet now isolated under a British officer hundreds of miles away from their homes, in what is to them literally a foreign country, peopled by a strange race speaking a different language, and as yet only half subjected to British rule. At any moment the officer commanding this little detachment may hear of a sudden rising in the neighbourhood, and may have to march, at an hour's notice, to the scene of the disturbance and bring his rifles into action. If this is not being on active service, it is the next best thing to it, and it is pleasant to think that in such remote spots, far away from the watchful eyes of generals and their staffs, these little outposts not only keep watch and ward, but omit no portion of that constant drill and disciplined exercise which make the British soldier, white or coloured, the alert and vigorous fighting man that he is.

We have already alluded here, and in our previous article, to the Inthas, and now we give two separate and highly-attractive pictures, the first, we believe, that have ever been published of this curious lake-dwelling tribe. One of our pictures shows a water festival in full swing, the crowds crossing a bridge which leads from the shore of the lake to the "water village" beyond, and everyone evidently on pleasure bent.

We are further able to give a set group of Inthas, dressed "all in their best," and very pleased and flattered at being included in the sun-picture which the English officer is taking of them. The type of countenance revealed is scarcely one of classical beauty, but it is open and good-natured, and the physique is very fair indeed. The Inthas are not only the nearest neighbours of those on outpost duty at Fort Stedman, but they are among the friendliest and most helpful of the surrounding tribes.

Perhaps some of these fine days, as the beneficent rule of Great Britain more and more clearly comprehends these distant highlands, there will arise a generation of Inthas with ideas above the spearing of fish and the holding of water festivals; and of such, may be, it will be possible to make, as we have made of far less promising material, fresh and useful soldiers of the Queen.

BAYONET EXERCISE AT FORT STEDMAN.

AN INTHA WATER FESTIVAL.

From Photos. *A LAKE-DWELLING TRIBE.* By a Military Officer.

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Scenes of Military Life.

IN THE FIVES COURT AT ALDERSHOT.

If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, it is no less true in the case of "Tommy." At almost every Military station a fives court is to be found, and every afternoon there are seen in camps, such as Aldershot and Shorncliffe, a number of men joining enthusiastically in the game, which is all the more interesting when teams from different regiments compete.

Photos. Copyright. *Eldridge.*

A QUIET GAME OF QUOITS.

The game of quoits is one which, like rounders, finds favour in the eyes of soldiers generally. In many regiments quoits are provided for the use of the men; and so popular is this pastime that one may frequently see various groups of soldiers off duty eagerly waiting their turn on the ground set apart for the purpose. The photographs of which our illustrations are reproductions were taken outside the Brigade Canteen, South Camp, Aldershot.

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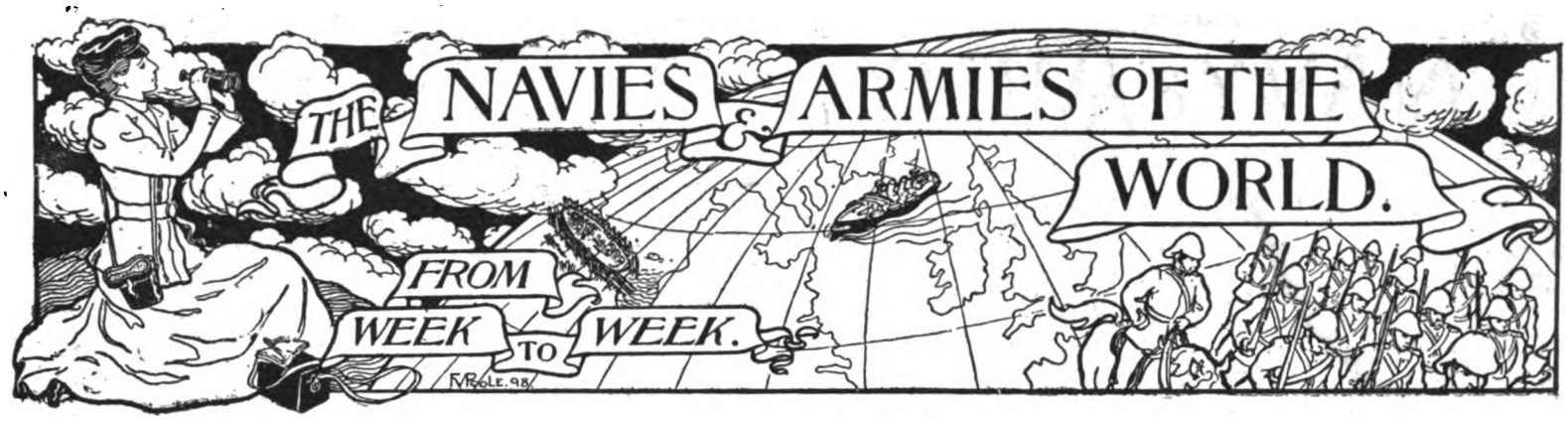

HERE is a little Naval story which may not be without interest to the reader. It comes from no recondite source, but from the volume of the Parliamentary History which contains a condensed account of the debates on the Mutiny Bill of 1749. It was told to prove the necessity there was for enlarging the power of holding courts-martial in the Navy. The Parliamentary History, though common in all reference libraries, is not so much in the hands of the general, or even of the professional, reader, that the tale is likely to be familiar. For the better understanding of it, let it be noted that under the Act of 1661, which ruled the Navy till 1749, the right to order a court-martial belonged to the Commander-in-Chief only, and could not be either delegated or transferred; even if he were killed in action, or compelled to come home through ill-health, the second in command needed a special commission. The authority, in short, resided not in the office but in the man. Where he was not present, it did not exist. This being so, we understand why it was that Captain Oakum, of the "Thunder," in which Roderick Random was loblolly boy, began to be more restrained in his conduct as he approached the flag. If he had only been nearing a detached squadron he might have continued to indulge the natural brutality of his temper.

* * * *

Now for the story, which is this: During the war of the Austrian Succession there was a certain captain, not named, cruising on the coast of Portugal, who took a spite at his first lieutenant and put him in irons. The ship came into Lisbon, where there were various other vessels. The lieutenant made his case known, and it was generally felt that he had hard measure. Moreover, it is pretty clearly indicated that the captain was already known to be at least very eccentric. Yet, since the Commander-in-Chief was not present, nothing could be done. So the ship sailed for home with the first lieutenant in irons. On her way she met an enemy; thereupon the captain gave manifest proofs of derangement of mind. We are not told what he did—at least, in the Parliamentary History. If evidence exists elsewhere, I have not yet seen it, and shall be glad to learn its whereabouts. Only looking at what was not considered derangement in Captain Watson when he took the "Northumberland" into action, with the "Content" and the "Mars," or in Captain Elton when he threw away the "Anglesea," in the same war, it must have been something extreme. The field is left open to conjecture; but this much is recorded, that the other officers, seeing the state the captain was in, put him under restraint and released the first lieutenant, who took command, and fought the enemy. When they reached England an enquiry was held, and it was discovered that the captain was stark staring mad. Surely this is a pretty story, and presents great possibilities to the Naval historical novelist. Remember that the rule which forbade the carrying of women was very ill observed, that the captain could no more have been court-martialled for breaking that rule than for ill-treating his first lieutenant, and it is clear that one can bring in the female interest, which it is so difficult to do in the Naval novel. Given a tyrant and half-mad captain, who says, "Once on board the lugger all will be well," an injured heroine, a hated rival in the person of the gallant first lieutenant, and a sea-fight, and the romance writes itself.

* * * *

Would it when written be one quarter so wonderful as this romance in real life which has reached, not an end—very far from it—but another "curtain," at Rennes? One may well doubt whether it could, though it had been written with all the necessary knowledge and at the height of his powers by Victor Hugo, the greatest master of tragic romance. This time there can be no question as to what the majority of five in seven of the officers forming the court-martial has done. In 1894 it was possible to believe that the officers had before them something which they could honestly believe to be evidence. There is no possibility of taking that for granted now. Everything which could be raked up against Captain Dreyfus has been dragged into the light. A few proper names and a few technical details have been produced behind closed doors, but the substance of the evidence is matter of common knowledge. Now there is nothing in it to show that this unhappy Jew officer is guilty—not a shred, not a scintilla of evidence. That of itself is sufficient reason for acquitting him. A man is to be condemned because he is proved guilty, not because he may have been. But this is not all. Much has come out to prove that Captain Dreyfus is innocent, which is a further reason for acquitting him. Yet in the face of this five officers out of seven have found him guilty. And they have done it in a fashion which has stupefied mankind. They have declared him guilty with extenuating circumstances. What possible extenuating circumstances—in other words excuse—can there be for treason in anybody, and especially for one who becomes a French citizen by his own act—since he might have remained a subject of the German Emperor—only to betray his adopted country at the very first opportunity, he, too, being in easy circumstances, without the pitiful excuse of poverty? The only possible explanation of what they have done is, that they did not believe the prisoner guilty, but were resolved to support the generals and the first verdict in the interests of discipline, though the first verdict was obtained by proved breaches of the law and by perjury. In this case they have been guilty of mere scoundrelism, and have justified the worst which has been said against the justice and honour of the corps of French officers by their enemies.

* * * *

It must be allowed that Frenchmen on all sides have odd ideas of evidence. There is M. Trarieux for one, a strong Dreyfusard, who has made incursions into our history for examples of unjust verdicts, and has come back with the execution of Admiral Byng as a case in point, and with our indifference to the favourable opinion of his conduct expressed by the Duke of Richelieu as an example of what comes of not taking foreign evidence. What the Duke had to say was neither here nor there. It only amounted to an expression of his personal opinion that Byng could not have raised the siege of Minorca. Even if he were right, which is at best doubtful, that would not exonerate Byng. The admiral was accused under the 12th and 13th Articles of War of not having done his utmost to injure the King's enemies, and to help "a known friend in view." No man who looks at the proved facts can doubt that Byng failed to do his utmost. To say that he was shot for an error of judgment only shows confusion of mind. It is an error of judgment in the pickpocket to be fingering the old gentleman's watch when the detective is looking, but his Lordship would hardly direct the jury to find "not guilty" on that ground.

* * * *

Whether Parliament was right, in 1749, when it made death the only penalty for an offence against Articles 12 and 13 is another question. The severity of the penalty came to be considered excessive, and it was modified in 1779. Yet when the 22 George II. c. 33 was being passed, Parliament was told by the emphatic mouth of Vernon that it was just to shoot poor young Lieutenant Baker Phillips for surrendering the "Anglesea," though the court-martial found that the loss of the ship was mainly caused by the unofficer-like negligence of her captain. It had seen how tender the court could be with Lestock, who jumped at every excuse for not helping a known friend in view, and with Cornelius Mitchell. If it thought that there should be "one law for the rich and for the poor," and that, since great officers thought severity good for the poor, it should be the severe one, I do not know that it did aught contrary to the principles of eternal justice.

DAVID HANNAY

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1791. — The hill fort of Raymaughur, near Bangalore, surrendered after a few hours' brisk artillery firing.

September 18, 1415.—Henry V., with 50,000 men, having landed on the coast of Normandy, reduced the town of Harfleur. 1759.—Brigadier-General Townshend, who had succeeded Wolfe, slain in the battle of the 13th, erected batteries in front of Quebec, and on the 18th the French garrison of 6,000 men, under General de Ramzay, capitulated, and were afterwards conveyed to France.

September 19, 1356.—The Black Prince, with 12,000 men, defeated King John of France, who had 60,000 men, near Poitiers. The French lost heavily, and their King was captured and taken to England as a prisoner.

September 20, 1854.—Lord Raglan and Marshal Saint-Arnaud defeated the Russians on the banks of the Alma, after a hard-fought but brief battle. The loss of the British was 2,002, almost all of which fell upon the 1st, 2nd, and Light Divisions. The allies numbered about 50,000 men, including 7,000 Turks, who took no part in the battle, and the Russians 39,000 men, under the command of Prince Menschikoff. The loss of the Russians was nearly 6,000 men. There is doubt about the French loss. Lord Raglan estimated it at 560; the French official reports set it down at 1,343; but the balance of evidence is that it was under 1,000.

September 21, 1777.—The American General Mayne, with 1,500 men and four guns, was surprised on the night of the 20th-21st by Major-General Gray with three battalions. To prevent an accidental alarm, General Gray directed that muskets should not be loaded. Having driven in the enemy's outposts, the British fell with the bayonet on the Americans, who were confusedly falling in in the wood where they had bivouacked, and in a few moments routed them. The American loss in killed and wounded was 300 men, while 70 were taken prisoners. The British loss was only eight of all ranks.

September 22, 1781.—The fort of Poloor, near Trepessore, captured by Sir Eyre Coote.

September 23, 1803.—Major-General Wellesley, with 4,500 Europeans and Sepoys, and some Mysore and Irregular cavalry, defeated Scindia and the Rajah of Berar. The enemy numbered 50,000 men, with 100 guns at Assaye. Wellesley's tactics were as daring as skilful, and his loss was 1,990, but he captured all the enemy's guns, and inflicted great loss on them.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1797.—Action off St. Domingo between the "Pelican," 18-gun brig, and the French privateer "Trompeur," 12 guns. After half-an-hour's fight the "Trompeur" partially blew up, and then the rest of the hull sank, sixty of her crew, including the French captain, being saved by the "Pelican's" boats.

September 18, 1810.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Vénus" off the Isle of Bourbon, in the Indian Ocean, by the British "Boadicea," 38. The "Vénus" was with a corvette and a prize, and the "Boadicea" had a sloop and a gun-boat with her, but these did not affect the action, which was settled at close quarters in 10-min.

September 19, 1777. — Capture of the American 16-gun brig "Lexington," off Ushant, by the British "Alert," 10-gun cutter, after upwards of four hours' fighting.

September 20, 1803.—The British 8-gun cutter "Princess Amelia," with twenty-six men, attacked off the Texel by the Dutch "Union," 12 guns, seventy men, and "Wraak," 8 guns, fifty men, and engaged at close quarters for over an hour, finally beating the enemy off triumphantly.

September 21, 1757.—Capture of the French "Emeraude," 28 guns, by the British "Southampton," 32 guns, off Brest, after a quarter of an hour's action, the two ships being most of the time foul of each other, having drifted together in a dead calm.

September 22, 1795.—Destruction of the "Sans Culottes," French 18-gun brig-privateer, by the British "Aimable," 32 guns.

September 23, 1796.—Action between the British 18-gun brig "Pelican" and the French 40-gun frigate "Medée" in the West Indies. Finding the "Medée" in chase, and overhauling her, the "Pelican" shortened sail, and waited for her opponent, reserving her fire till within carronade distance. After an hour's fighting the "Medée" suddenly drew off, and made sail away, leaving the "Pelican" with the honours of war.

"The Lady of the Lamp."

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."—*Longfellow.*

IN every corner of our Empire, nay, in every civilised country in the world, the name of Florence Nightingale is known. In this country that honoured name has been for nearly fifty years "familiar in our mouths as household words." But Miss Florence Nightingale is so connected in our minds with her work in the Crimea that it is not generally known that she is living amongst us in London, a venerable old lady of eighty years of age. It is impossible to put too high a value upon the services rendered to her country by this lady, who has rightly been called the "Heroine of the Crimea." Before Florence Nightingale took the whole subject in hand, the profession of nursing was regarded as one which no decent woman would follow, and the sick and dying were relegated to the tender mercies of women of the type that Dickens has immortalised in Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig. Florence Nightingale altered all this, and has left us as an everlasting monument to her memory the neat and skilful trained hospital nurse, a woman everywhere respected for the sake of her calling, which is now justly esteemed noble.

When the Russian War broke out Florence Nightingale was known to comparatively few as an enthusiast and expert in hospital matters; but no one could have foretold that she was to make her name beloved and reverenced all over the world. In the autumn of 1854 the horrors of the Russian War had reached their climax. Every day brought letters describing the ghastly condition of our troops. Men who were wounded in the Crimea had to endure a sea voyage and to be brought to the hospitals at Scutari before they were attended to. And what hospitals they were! The commonest accessories were wanting; no attention was paid to decency or cleanliness, and the atmosphere was indescribable. The wounded were carried in by their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who were not allowed to remain with them. "The sick," wrote Dr. Russell, in a despatch to the *Times*, "appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying." In answer to this bitter cry of distress there was aroused an enthusiastic desire to help. But how? Mr. Sydney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert) and Miss Florence Nightingale solved the difficulty. Mr. Herbert had long known Miss Nightingale and recognised her organising skill and experience, and he determined to write to her. Even as he wrote, on October 15, 1854, asking her assistance, she had written offering what he was asking. The letters crossed. "There is," Mr. Herbert wrote, "only one person in England capable of organising and directing such a plan, and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt." Miss Nightingale at once agreed to go out to the Crimea and organise the hospital arrangements. The materials for a staff of good nurses did not exist, and she had to put up with the best that could be got in a short time. Six days after Mr. Herbert had written his letter, he was able to announce that Miss Nightingale and thirty-four nurses were ready to leave that day for the seat of war.

On November 5, the day on which Inkerman was fought, Miss Nightingale landed at Scutari. A large number of men wounded at Balaclava had been landed there the day before. There were 4,000 men, sick and wounded, in the hospitals at Scutari, and the mortality in the crowded buildings was frightful. One of the nurses wrote home a few days after her arrival: "The whole of yesterday one could only forget one's own existence, for it was spent first in sewing the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them and assisting the surgeons when we could in dressing their ghastly wounds after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds had not been dressed."

Everything was in disorder; but soon Miss Nightingale's influence was felt. Dr. Russell wrote: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, the hand of the despoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quickly away, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. With the heart of a true woman, and the manner of a lady accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character."

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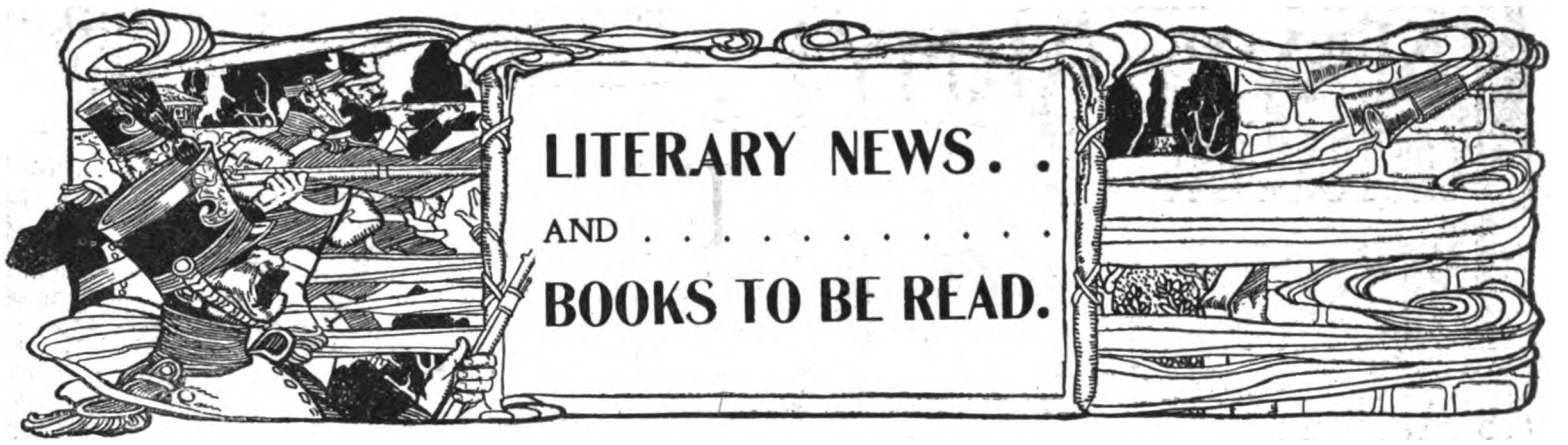

THE diligent searcher for evidence of popular interest in the Navy has not far to seek in these times. History and romance alike record the successes and triumphs of the past, and the general facts of history are passably well known. The boy, however, has hitherto been somewhat neglected in the more serious branches of Naval study, though many books not specially intended for him are very well suited for his instruction. Mr. Hamilton-Williams broke what may, perhaps, be called fresh ground in his "Naval Power," doing better in his second volume than in his first. Now Mr. Cecil H. Crofts, assistant-master at Tonbridge School, specially dedicates to the British schoolboy a little volume entitled "Great Britain On and Beyond the Sea" (Johnston), which is somewhat curiously described as "A Handbook to the Navy League Map of the World," whereof a reduced copy accompanies it. I may say of the book that it bears the evidences of scholarship and careful compilation from many good authorities, so that as a brief manual of the broad facts of Naval history, and a conspectus of our foreign possessions, it is very praiseworthy. The author exercises a sound judgment, and has dealt successfully with his materials. It is the defect of such books that they tend to be meagre, neither attracting the reader nor satisfying him when he is won. One of the charms of Naval history has always been its romance, the tale of its mystery, the splendour of its pictured triumphs, and the long roll of shining gallantry that glorifies it. The modern school has invested it also with a profound significance, and assigned to its victories, and often to its mere presence and silent pressure, a far-reaching effect that is something of an entrancing marvel. If it were but possible to combine the two qualities in one brief book we should have a triumph indeed! I do not make these remarks in depreciation of Mr. Crofts' work, for he cannot be blamed for failing in what he has not attempted, and could not have achieved. His little book is welcome, and has a right place in the scheme of the Navy League.

* * * *

There seems to be a necessity of shifting one's point of view in regard to the events of Naval history from time to time. It might at least have been thought that we knew all about Trafalgar, and had never depreciated our idol, Nelson. Admiral Colomb, however, in the *United Service Magazine* tells us we must revise our judgments in regard to both. It seems that careful old James has led us all astray, and that, like a flock of sheep, we Naval historians—Mr. Crofts is one, and the present writer cannot escape the imputation—have followed one another in asserting that Nelson attacked the French in two lines nearly at right angles to Villeneuve's line. We have "one and all combined to destroy Nelson's character as a tactician" by making him bear down in a way which it is hardly too much to say was the "worst possible." Admiral Colomb has hinted at this matter before, and he now advances his plea, though I am bound to say without satisfying evidence. However, the present paper is merely an outline, and the admiral appears to promise a more exhaustive treatment. He certainly begins in the right way by showing that it is more rational to conclude that Nelson, Collingwood, and the captains intended to attack in the manner prescribed by the order of October 9 than to fancy that the great seaman changed his mind before the 21st. Now it is evident from Nelson's order that he intended to bear down upon the enemy's line with his own two lines almost parallel to each other and to it, attacking the centre and rear, both numerically weaker, while the French van was left for the time partly out of consideration, on the ground that it would have to stand on for some distance before it could tack or wear to weather on the British ships. Admiral Colomb, taking Nelson's order and Collingwood's despatch, as also the ships' signal books, into consideration, asserts that the attack actually did assume this form. He gives diagrams to scale in order to illustrate it, but, as I say, he has yet to produce the full evidence for his reasonable contention. However, it is something to say what is new about Trafalgar, and I think the readers of this page will like to be informed of the argument.

* * * *

While I am talking about magazines and the sea, let me say that the *Century* has produced a "Salt-water Number," which is capital. These American magazines certainly set us a pattern in the matter of illustration, and are still very commendable. Winslow Homer, unknown in England, as a painter of the sea; Cruising up the Yang Tsze; Captain John Derby, the man who brought the ill news of Concord and Lexington to England before the king's messenger could arrive; and "The Way of a Ship," by Frank T. Bullen, the clever author of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" are among the subjects. But the first chapter of Captain Joshua Slocum's account of "Sailing Alone Round the World," a very dramatic story, from which I might quote much, is the best thing among many good ones.

* * * *

If you wish to read a good story, do not read "The Magic of the Desert" (Blackwood, 6s.). The name of its author, W. Smith-Williams, is unknown to me, but I think the gentleman—if it be not a lady, which is doubtful—is a good deal of a wag. "Story! bless you, I have none to tell!" I suppose he would cry. He is more of a satirist of manners than a story-teller, and some parts of the book, particularly the early chapters, are very brightly written, and make capital reading. There is a good deal of humour in the description and dialogue, and numberless characters flit through the pages. Here is the promising soldier who has written "a treatise on the management of subalterns, which has been adopted as a text-book in the German Army, and who contrived to do all his fighting under the eye of a special correspondent." He is only a figure in a large gallery of guests, which also includes a lady "who collects sons-in-law much in the same way that other people collect postage stamps, and never allows a rare or valuable specimen to escape her." We are whirled off in the train of a colonial governor, and have some excellent fooling among the "nicest people who meet in the nicest way." We encounter Sir James West, who, as James East, was torn from his native country to confer great benefits on Australia, carrying in his heart the bitter thought that it was he who introduced the rabbit pest. From this region we are hurried off to New Zealand in the most casual manner, and in the Pacific encounter a philosopher who discovers the cradle of navigation and sea-sickness. "When an island became overstocked with humanity, when the vengeance of not only killing, but afterwards eating, your enemy palled upon the jaded palates of the cannibals and lost its ecstasy, man began to wonder what that distant island on the horizon could furnish in the way of new and savage joys." Through the Straits of Magellan we reach the Andine country, and are plunged into a revolution in the most whimsical way. A wag plants a British flag on the top of a fiery volcano; the State troops are unable to reach it; guns are brought up from a distance of 100 miles, and they bombard it. Still it flutters; the people are indignant at the army. Angry words lead to blows; one party of "ists" flies at the throat of the other. The battle is waged, ships are torpedoed; and we close the book wondering where is "The Magic of the Desert," and with the suspicion that the author is laughing at us. It is clever, even brilliant in parts, but it does not rivet the attention, and is so casual that you may begin at any chapter and lose nothing. Perhaps it was written for the holiday season.

* * * *

"The Dark Horse," by Nat Gould (Routledge, 2s. 6d.), is a good story of sporting character cast in Australian scenes. If not so strong in its interest as "The Double Event," and some other of the same author's works, it possesses excellent qualities and is thoroughly readable. Rolf Boldrewood has done better bushranging in one or two books, but the villainous moonlight gang of Sam Langden and its desperate operations are very true to old Australian life. Ben Bowser, the rugged boundary-rider, is a capital and life-like creation, and the heroine, cast in a hardy mould, is very charming. Black Diamond, the dark horse of the story, is discovered at Wammerawa Station, some miles from Sydney, and trained by the hero. Suddenly the horse disappears, being stolen by the gang, but villainy is worsted and virtue triumphs. Movement and character are in the narrative, and flesh and blood are in its personages. The writing of the tale is also very good, and the description and dialogue are alike easy and natural.

* * * *

Just at the right moment appears a new edition of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Jess" (Newnes), one of those books which these days place in the hands of every man for the modest price of sixpence. Few people know—what I believe is the fact—that its author was absolutely the first man to hoist the British flag in the Transvaal at the time of the original annexation. He was a youth of nineteen or twenty when he hauled that historic cord at Pretoria. Rider Haggard is therefore a man of double mark in these days—a man who believes that, though the Little England party still exists, it exists, to use his own words, "upon the edge of its own grave," and that the dominance and responsibilities of our Empire are no longer the argument of parties. But I am not to write upon politics—perhaps, even, upon Imperial politics—here. I am to commend to many readers the perusal of "Jess." As a story it stands well among its author's best. It has all his imagination and virile power, but much more than some of his books is it allied closely to the primitive facts of our nature. There is less of the adventitious in it, more of the truly emotional, and the interest in its pictures of life, and in its pathos and tragedy, is profound. Moreover, it is a tale of the Transvaal, showing clearly its author's grasp of facts and clear foresight. Not a very pleasant picture of the "simple pastoral people" is this, and we hear a good deal of the "verdomte Britische Gouvernment" from the mouths of Boers. Here is how Muller speaks of the Africander: "The men who pull the strings are down in the Cape. They want to drive every Englishman out of South Africa. When Shepstone annexed the Transvaal he turned the scale against the Dutch element, and broke up the plans they have been laying for years to make a big anti-English republic of the whole country. . . . If the Boers win the day, they will declare themselves; if not, you will hear nothing of them, and the Boers will bear the brunt of it. They are very cunning people the Cape 'patriots,' but they look well after themselves." Here in a nutshell you find the kernel of South African politics. But "Jess" is not a political book. It has all the strong qualities of true fiction; it is full of action; its characters are men and women of flesh and blood; its spirit is true to life. On the back of this new edition we have Oom Paul discussing affairs; within is the life of the men and women whose fate and happiness hang in the balance—a story, therefore, of deep interest at this day.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Nautical Drama.

its Authors, Producers, & Interpreters.

By T.L.R.

A Theatrical Representation in an Inn Yard of a Nautical Play—In the time of Charles II.

TAKING into consideration the peculiar richness and abundance of the material at hand, it does seem somewhat strange that more advantage has not been taken of it by the great English dramatists to depict on the stage scenes from the life of the British sailor. It is true that in a large number of plays a nautical character has been an incident, but to find a play dealing wholly, or even largely, with the sea and her sons, among the early playwrights, is almost impossible. Giffard, in his notes to Ben Jonson's plays, remarks upon the frequent stage direction in the older dramas: "Thunder and a sea-fight (or 'fighting at sea') heard outside." He explains that, in the mystery plays which preceded the spoken drama, such sensational adjuncts as "red fire, sea fighting, and storms" were simulated "outside." This, of course, was only in the effort to satisfy that peculiarly British liking which caused a later commentator to ask: "Who in the name of *wonder* shall say that our national taste is not *marvellously* inclined to the *supernatural?*"

Even Shakespeare's one effort at a sea effect, in the first scene of "The Tempest," can hardly be claimed as convincing.

Probably the earliest play dealing largely with nautical characters, presenting whole scenes devoted to their delineation, is "Eastward Hoe!" the result of the combined labours of Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston. The character of "Seagull, a sea captain," is well drawn, and the scenes at the "Blue Anchor Tavern in Billingsgate," in which he relates his adventures on the Spanish Main, and tells stories of "Virginia's wealth," are true to life. It is in this play that one of the characters says:

"We will have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship that hath compassed the world, where, with full cups and banquets, we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage."

In Kit Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" we have the Spanish Vice-Admiral Martin del Bosco; and in "The Sea Voyage," by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a scene on board a ship at sea in a storm which bears a strong resemblance to Shakespeare's scene.

But none of these can be called truly representative. This is the more remarkable because of the historical evidence we have of the "deeds of derring-do" done by British Naval commanders of the period, of the wide influence of the Navy of the time, and the great general interest taken in all things appertaining to the sea and ships and Naval battles.

Perhaps the cause is not so far to seek as at first thought it appears. Landsmen are proverbially ignorant of the sea, of ships, and of sailor lingo. That there was long ago a public anxious for stories of the sea, and descriptive of the sailor's life, was proved even before Smollett let loose Lieutenant Thomas Bowling, Commodore Hawser Trunnion, Jack Hatchway, and the rest. But to put such characters on the stage, to make them "rant and roar like true British sailors," in "really and truly" sailor language, without the help of descriptive context (for it must be remembered that scenery, as we understand it, was unknown in those days), would have been about equivalent to taking Madame Bernhardt, or Coquelin, or the Saxe-Meininger to a remote village in Cornwall or a mining camp in the Klondyke.

But it was not until the early years of the eighteenth century that what may be called the nautical drama attained anything like a vogue. It was in 1710 that Charles Shadwell's "Fair Quaker of Deal, or the Humours of the Navy," fairly set the ball rolling in this direction. Probably it was found somewhat of a difficulty to obtain actors sufficiently acquainted with the ways of seafarers, or sufficiently intimate with their calling, to be able adequately to reproduce them and their characteristics on the stage. There were sailors at Wapping, and at Billingsgate, it is true, but only here and there a writer found it to his interest to study them. And actors of the period probably did not fall in with them at all, except when one, more adventurous ashore than usual, made his way out of the Ratcliffe Highway, and got lost at Highbury Barn or Vauxhall. There are persons living in parts of England to-day who have never boarded a train, and I know people myself in London who have never seen the sea! Indeed, to produce a play whose interests and action were exclusively Naval, even at this date, would be a risky proceeding for any London manager, supposing it possible to find the playwright who could provide the play and give it a sufficiently interesting plot, dialogue and character.

Fourteen years after Shadwell had invented Flip, Cribbage, Mizen, and Easy, Thomas Cooke produced a species of *ballet d'action*, entitled "Albion," and then another fifteen years elapsed ere "The Farewell and Return," a ballad opera, was produced. The nautical drama was not in a very flourishing condition, certainly! "The Press Gang" appeared in 1755, and from that time onwards scarce a year passed that did not bring before the public some suspicion, at least, of an attempt to popularise the sea upon the stage.

Lord Howe's victory was the signal for a positive glut of Naval (real Naval) plays, and what would probably nowadays be called "variety" entertainments. Of these "The Glorious First of June," the dialogue of which was written by Sheridan and Cobb, while songs were provided by the Duke of Leeds, Lord Mulgrave, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Richardson, and others, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on July 2, 1794. "Arrived at Portsmouth," by W. Pearce, with music by Shield, was produced at Covent Garden a few weeks later. Then came "Cape St. Vincent, or British Valour Triumphant," "Britain's Glory, or a Trip to Portsmouth," by Benson; "Naples Bay, or the British Sailors at Anchor," and thenceforth for many years the British tar became a recognised and expected figure on the stage.

Every British Naval feat of arms, and there were a good many during the next twenty years, was made the *raison d'être* of a masque, a *ballet d'action*, a musical entertainment, operatic farce, comedy, or drama, and it was in these years that the Dibdins, Campbell, and Fitzball began their almost interminable supply of nautical pieces, and had for exponents Munden, Incledon, Braham, the dramatic ancestors of T. P. Cooke, O. Smith, John Reeve, Yates, Butler, Gallot, and William Terriss.

Of Munden it is said that in this kind of character he was unequalled; as a British sailor he was "boisterous as his native element, and in worldly wisdom as green, reeling drunk and uproariously loyal and entertaining. The Jack Tar as we delight to remember him in his days of prize-money and grog." Unfortunately this was almost the only side of his character shown upon the stage, the only view of his nature seen by the landlubbers Jack seemed to have such a contempt for.

But there were, of course, other sides, and presently there arose an able representative, who, however, exaggerated the good points in Jack's character as much as Munden and his contemporaries overdid the bad. On April 23, 1786, the

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wife of a worthy medical man practising in Titchfield Street presented her lord with a son, who was destined to become a pattern for (stage) sailor heroes for more than three-quarters of a century. His influence is felt even to this day. Having an early bias towards the sea, the lad, at the age of ten, embarked on His Majesty's ship "Raven," and was stationed for two years in the Mediterranean, sharing in the victories of the Earl of St. Vincent. Coming home, he was wrecked off Cuxhaven and contracted rheumatic fever, in consequence of which he was invalided for a time. On his recovery he sailed with Captain Prowse in the "Prince of Wales," bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, and was employed at the blockade of Brest Harbour. After the peace of Amiens was proclaimed he was paid off, and, seeking for fresh laurels, embraced the stage as a profession, making his first appearance at the Royalty Theatre in 1804. From thence onward Thomas Potter Cooke's career was one of almost unending triumph. His "Long Tom Coffin" was described as a masterpiece. He gave a new feature to the sailor's character. It was that of thoughtfulness and mystery, of deep-toned passion and romance. Long Tom Coffin had beheld the ocean with a meditating eye. He adored it as his element, and reposed upon its billows. He embodied the utmost conception of the author.

Here was indeed a new view of the British tar. The elder Dibdin had written sea songs that shall live so long as British sailors go to sea, Thomas had already tried his hand at drama with some success, and the younger, Charles, was following in the same footsteps. With what acclaim they must have welcomed this newly-discovered genius. How the public, already worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the actual deeds of the actual national heroes, must have looked upon T. P. Cooke, himself a sailor who had fought with Howe, as a prodigy of valour and virtue. Who can wonder that when, with the accent of a stentor, he strode down to the footlights and declaimed: "There's no name bad enough for the rascal that tramples on a virtuous woman!"

Or again: "How light and warm all over it makes an honest man when he can serve a helpless female in distress!" the enthusiastic pit and gallery rose as one man and cheered him as though he were a veritable hero.

"Gratitude to the three Dibdins," says a writer in the early part of the century, "for doing justice to the British sailor. Congreve has made him a sea-calf, a tarpaulin; the elder Colman, a crimp and a bully; but the Dibdins have raised him to the rank of a rational being, with feelings and affections, and without any abatement of his eccentricity and humour."

A demand having once been created for the new stage sailor, the supply was not long before it was forthcoming. In his "remarks" at the beginning of the published edition of Edward Fitzball's "Floating Beacon," which, produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1824, had the unprecedented run of over a hundred and forty nights, "D. G." writes:

"Five-and-twenty years have well-nigh elapsed since Sadler's Wells first treated the town with a nautical drama. The convenient proximity of Sir Hugh Middleton's handiwork suggested to the managers the happy expedient of availing themselves of so valuable a neighbour. It being therefore announced that the obedient stream would make its first appearance on any stage, we failed not to be at our post; and right glad we were to find that it was received, by an overflowing house, with torrents of applause. From this time the nautical drama became a popular entertainment." T. P. Cooke's great rival was O. Smith Yet their methods were essentially and entirely different.

T. P. Cooke as Paul Perilous in "False Colours."

The former was celebrated for his bold, vigorous, and romantic pictures, with sudden unexpected dashes of pathos mingled with his good humour and rollicking jollity. It was this pathos which so distinguished him from Munden and Gallot, from Reeve and Yates, while Campbell did not possess the same characteristic of virility. O. Smith, on the contrary, was notable for his mysterious, abstracted, half-crazed look and manner, for the ominous, hollow voice, stealthy step, and subtle devilry peculiar to him. Even when he, for a moment, discarded these idiosyncrasies, and assumed a more human mood, it was difficult to divest one's self of the feeling that this happier vein was only "put on" to enhance some more terrible effect to follow it. O. Smith was an ideal smuggler, pirate, mutineer; T. P. Cooke the embodiment of the diamond in the rough.

O. Smith as Luke in "Luke Somerton."

It is but fair, in recording these names, to mention at least those of some of the actresses who helped them to achieve success, and who justly shared their laurels. The portrait painter (alas! there were no Kodaks in those days) and the epigrammatist have given us undying testimony of the beauty, grace, and eloquence of Miss Poole, Miss Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Humby, of Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Young, and the beautiful Miss O'Niel. Certainly the Jack Junks, Tom Coffins, Dick Oakhams, and Harry Lanyards had the best of material to love and fight for.

Stage scenic illusion had not arrived in those days at the marvellous perfection which has been reached by a Harris, an Irving, a Tree, a Barrett, or a Conquest. Our forefathers were satisfied with many a makeshift. So long as there was plenty of red fire, gunpowder, and smoke, they forgave the management many shortcomings. But they insisted upon the actors being up to the mark. There were "combats of eight," and real sailors' hornpipes, and real lusty songs. There were really beautiful "virtuous females" to be carried off and rescued. The action was brisk; the dialogue, if not of the highest standard from a literary point of view, was full of lofty sentiment and breezy fun. The *dénouements* were invariably "awful and impressive," as the old playbills declare, and the retribution of the villain and his associates dramatic and complete, while the valorous sailor and the virtuous female always joined hands and went off to get married. So mote it be!

I have now brought the nautical play down to the middle of the century. If I am permitted, in another paper I will endeavour to trace its evolution through the past fifty years, during which it has seen many changes, and will try to sketch some of the difficulties which beset playwright, manager, costumier, and scene maker, and above all the actor, to whose lot falls the portrayal of the British sailor, and especially the Naval officer, on the stage.

Gallot as Jack Junk in "The Floating Beacon."

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—III.

Photo. Copyright. THE WELLINGTON BATTALION IN CAMP—A VIEW OF THE LINES. *"Navy & Army."*

THE City Rifles form the oldest corps in the Wellington Battalion, and were incorporated in 1867. For several years Major Collins was in command of this corps, and raised it to a very high standard in shooting, drill, and discipline. When he was raised to the rank of major, Captain W. G. Duthie was promoted to the command.

The ranks of the corps are always full, and should a vacancy occur it is filled immediately. Private Hawthorn, the young New Zealander who did so well in the Queen's at Bisley in Jubilee year, was a member of this corps. The Wellington Guards come next, in point of age, having been formed in 1879. As far as shooting is concerned, it would be difficult to find a corps to equal the Guards anywhere south of the line. Among its members are several who have taken high positions at the New Zealand Rifle Association Meetings, including the redoubtable Arthur Ballinger, twice champion of New Zealand. Speaking of Arthur Ballinger recalls a most peculiar incident. Shooting at Trentham (Wellington), at the New Zealand Rifle Association Meeting in 1895, the brothers W. H. and A. Ballinger, after firing for a week, tied in the championship aggregate, and on shooting off W. H. succeeded in defeating his brother. Each had previously won the championship belt of the colony once. It is doubtful if ever in the history of shooting such an incident had previously occurred. The Guards are one of the best all-round corps in the colony, and can give points to many others in drill and discipline.

Photo. Copyright. THE SERGEANTS, WELLINGTON BATTALION. *Kinsey & Co.*
Representatives from the several Corps.

The uniform is similar to that of the Foot Guards. The officers are Captain J Duthie, jun., and Lieutenant C. J. S. Harcourt.

The College Rifles, Wellington, of which corps an illustration appeared in our last article, were recently formed in response to Colonel Penton's request for an increase in the Volunteer force.

The corps is recruited from Old Boys of any secondary school in the colony, and, although it

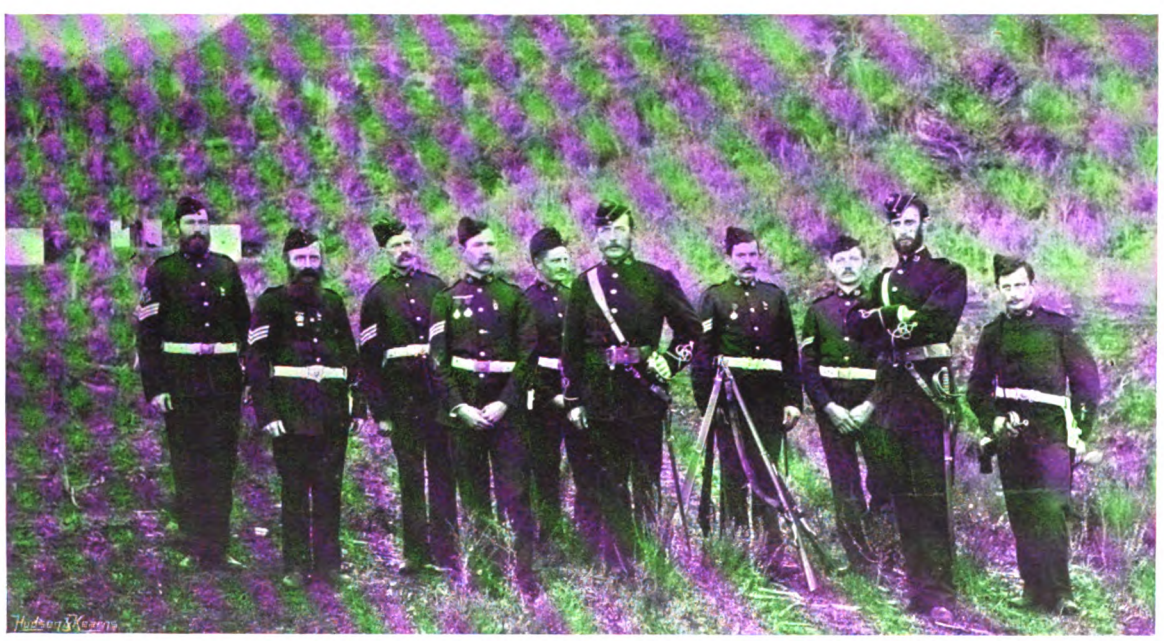

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS TE AROHA RIFLES (AUCKLAND). *R. E. Crombie.*
On the Rifle Range.

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was only formed in June, 1897, has a full roll of sixty-three. Captain Brandon, the officer commanding, is an energetic and capable officer of many years' experience, and the corps is fortunate in having obtained such a popular and zealous captain The uniform is khaki, with green facings. The colours of Wellington College are worn on a ribbon beneath the badge. The members are enthusiastic in their work, and have evidently a desire to make their corps one of the best in the Wellington Battalion. Occasionally the corps goes into camp at Miramar, just outside Wellington, from Saturday till Monday, a practice which adds much to its efficiency.

The Kelburne Rifles were raised and offered their services to the New Zealand Government in the year preceding the Queen's record reign celebrations, but at the time the Government replied suggesting that the offer should again be made at the commencement of the new Volunteer year. This was accordingly done, and the services of the new corps were accepted. Its title was taken from Lord Kelburne, R.N., eldest son of the Earl of Glasgow, then Governor of the colony. The first parade in public was held in commemoration of Her Majesty's long and glorious reign.

The young corps created a favourable impression by its smart and accurate movements, which impression it has ever maintained, and is now one of the smartest corps in the Wellington District.

As previously stated, all the above-mentioned corps belong to the Wellington Battalion.

A deal of the excellence of the Volunteers in the Wellington District must be credited to Staff-Sergeant-Major Finn, who may fairly be termed the *doyen* of instructors for New Zealand.

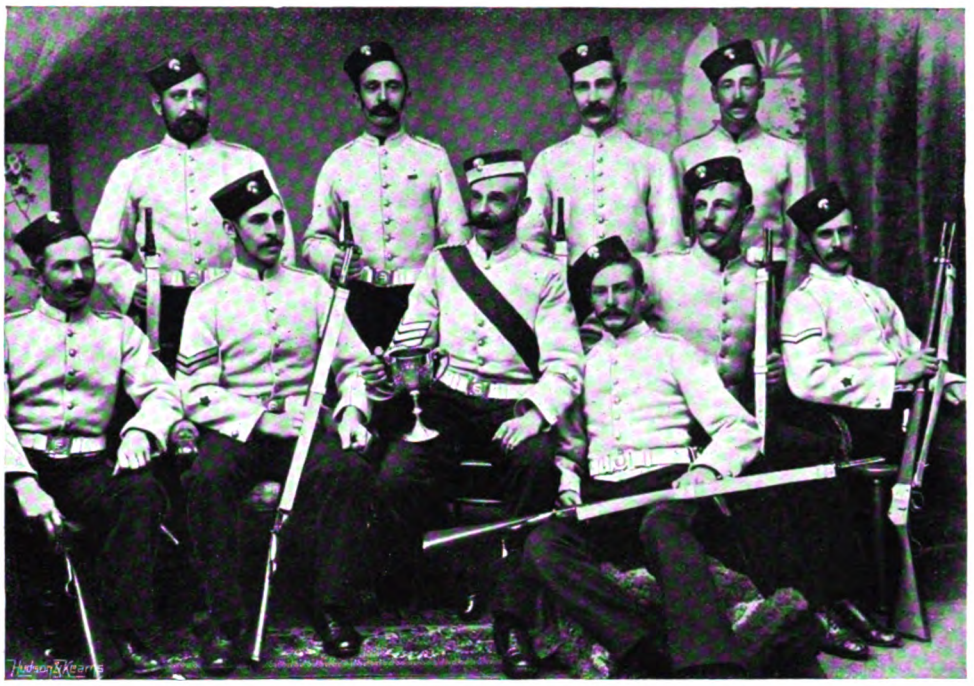

Photo. Copyright. THE WELLINGTON GUARDS. *Hermann.*
Winners of the Seeley Cup.

Photo. Copyright. THE CITY RIFLES (WELLINGTON). *Wickers.*
District Champion Team, 1898.

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s KELBURNE RIFLES (WELLINGTON). *"Navy & Army."*
A Young but Efficient Corps.

In the Wellington District there are numerous shooting competitions, the principal of which are the District Meeting and the Seeley Cup competition.

At the District Meeting large numbers of prizes are given, but the principal one is the Champion Team Prize, and this was won last year by the City Rifles, and Private Turner of the same corps. who annexed the District belt, was the best individual shot at the meeting. The Seeley Cup, which is also a team event, but fired at a different time, was won by the Wellington Guards, who put up a very fine score for the trophy.

The headquarters of the Te Aroha Rifles, of which corps another illustration appeared in a former issue, are situated in the very heart of the Auckland Hot Lake district. The corps, which numbers sixty-three of all ranks, the maximum establishment allowed by the New Zealand Government, is a remarkably efficient and well-found body. It was formed in September, 1892, the first captain being Captain F. Pavitt, who had previously had experience with a corps in the South Island. In shooting the Te Aroha Rifles can claim a fair record. In 1893 and 1894 they won the first prize for volley firing in their district, and were only just beaten in 1895. As a whole the members are fair shots and regularly practise on the range. At Easter camps the corps is well represented, and in drill compares favourably with any in the district, a fact which speaks much for the intelligence of the officers and men. The corps is unfortunately so isolated that battalion drills are virtually impossible.

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A Fisheries Protection Vessel.

THE "Hearty" is a somewhat exceptional vessel, employed on exceptional work—"Special Service" is the technical name for it in the Navy List—and the service for which she is at present detailed is the protection of our fisheries, under the direction of the Admiral of the Reserves. She is, in fact, a larger edition of the powerful sea-going tugs the first of which was purchased by the Admiralty some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and renamed the "Seahorse," and several of which have since been specially built. The "Hearty" was constructed at Dundee in 1885, and is of 1,300 tons displacement. She is well supplied with engine-power, and will steam at nearly 14 knots.

Unlike other vessels of this class, however, she is a regularly commissioned ship, commanded at present by Commander H. G. King Hall, who has seen some service. He was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and subsequently served, under Rear-Admiral Bedford, with the Naval Brigade landed in 1894 for the punishment of Fodi Silah, a rebellious African chief, who gave a great deal of trouble. Commander Hall was mentioned in despatches, and received the Distinguished Service Order. As our readers are probably aware, the jurisdiction of any country with a sea-coast extends for three miles from the shore, and any foreigner fishing within that distance is liable to have his nets, etc., confiscated, and, should he offer resistance, must stand his chance of being fired upon. It is quite obvious that the question of trespass may resolve itself into a matter of a very narrow margin, and it is not always easy to say for certain whether the alleged offender is or is not within the prescribed boundary.

A HEARTY CREW.

Some of the Ship's Company Pose before the Bridge for their Portraits; probably these are nearly all the Regular Deck Hands, exclusive of Firemen, etc.

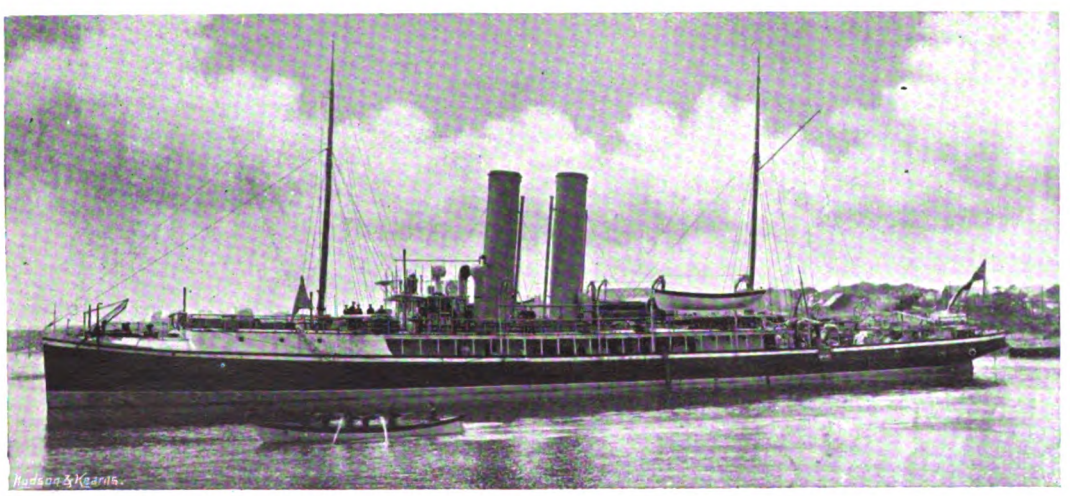
THE COMMANDER AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

Commander King Hall with his little Staff of Officers; Two Lieutenants, Surgeon, Assistant-Paymaster, Engineer, and Four Warrant Officers.

Certain it is, at any rate, that our fishermen complain loudly in some localities of the injury done to their trade by these interlopers, and very recently an obstinate Frenchman, fishing within a mile and a-half of Dungeness, compelled the commander of the "Leda" to fire upon him, with the unfortunate result that a man was killed. However, the crew had only themselves to thank for it, and the British commander was very properly exonerated from all blame.

The company of the "Hearty" numbers 60 all told, and a portion of it is represented in one of our illustrations; also a group of Commander Hall and his officers.

The vessel carries four small breech-loading guns, of somewhat obsolete type as regards both guns and mountings, but the men are not permitted on that score to grow rusty in the handling of them, as will be seen in another of our pictures, where there is a class at gun drill. The picture of the "Hearty" shows her to be a handsome and business-like-looking craft, almost like a gun-boat in general appearance, though she does not come under that designation.



Photos, Copyright. *THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND.* *Broughton & Sons.*

The "Hearty," of 1,300 tons, specially commissioned for the protection of the Fisheries, under the Orders of the Admiral of the Reserves.

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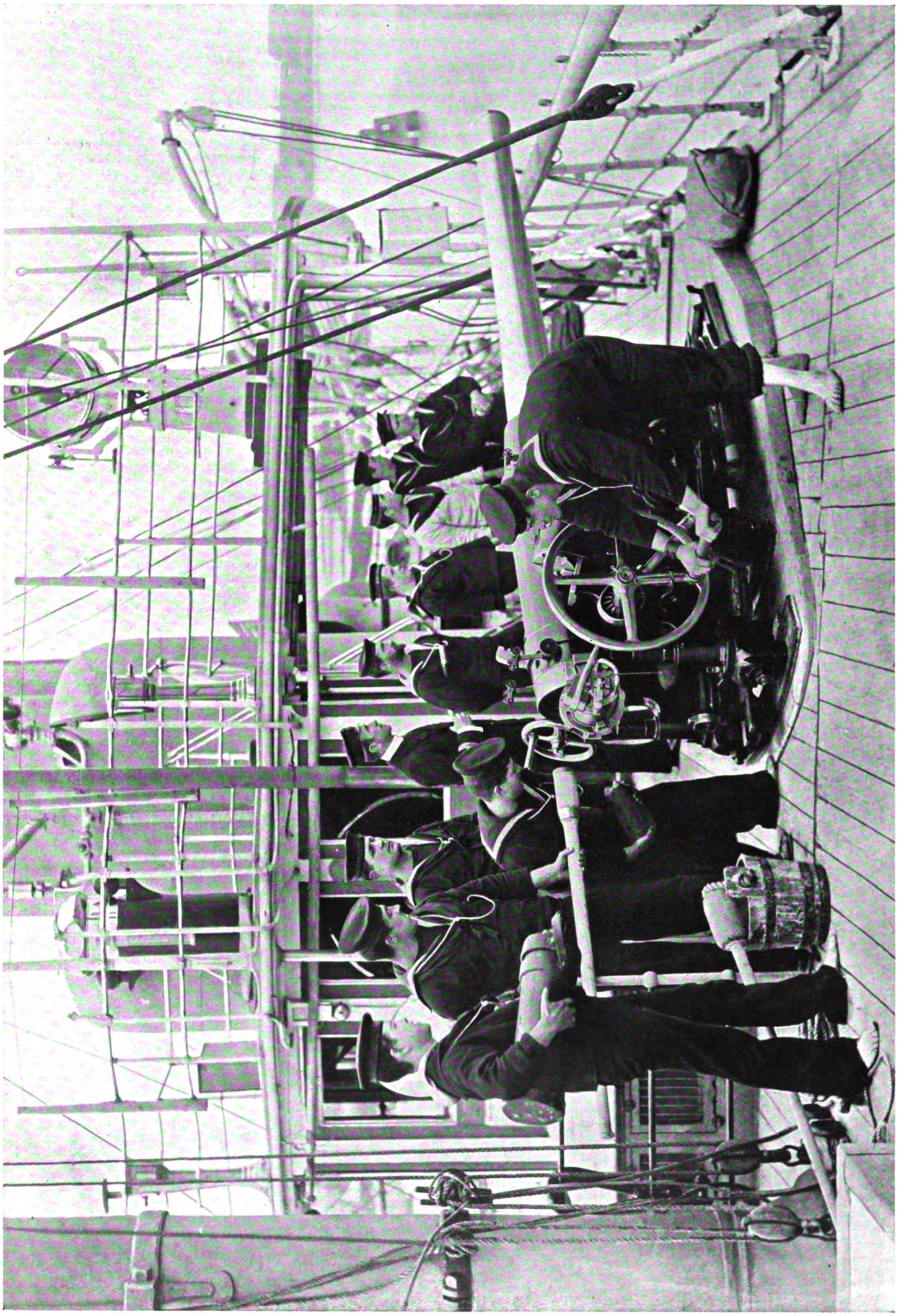

Broughton & Sons.

FISHERY PROTECTION DRILL.

A party of men at gun-drill. They have no bloodthirsty desire to fire on fishermen, but they like to shoot straight.

Photo. Copyright.

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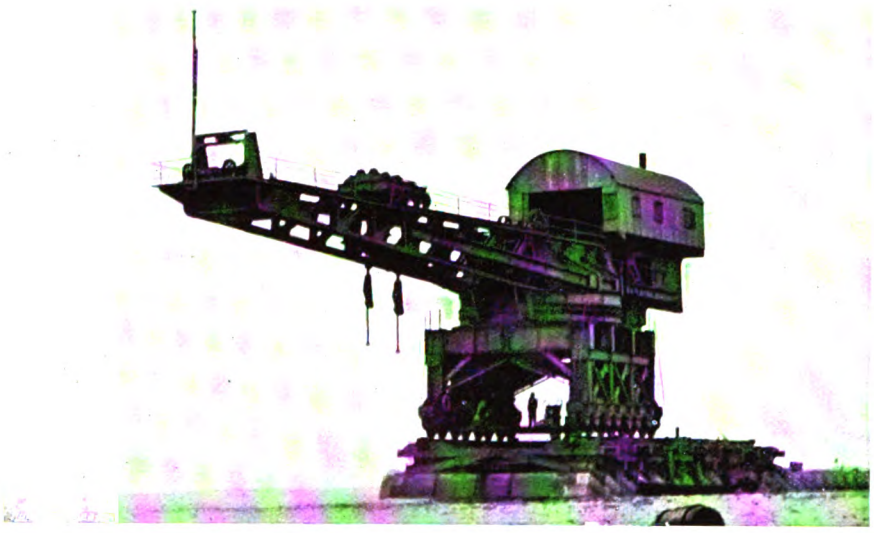
The New Dock Works at Gibraltar.

THE extensive dock works now being carried out at Gibraltar consist principally of extensions of the New and Old Moles, the formation of an entirely new detached mole, an inner mole for small Government vessels, and three large graving docks.

The New Mole, originally about 1,100-ft. long, which, like the Old Mole, was in existence at the time of the capture of Gibraltar by the British in 1704, is being prolonged into the bay in a north-west direction for an additional 2,700-ft., and when finished will be simply the old portion carried in a straight line to a total length of about 3,800-ft., the portion added being called the New Mole Extension.



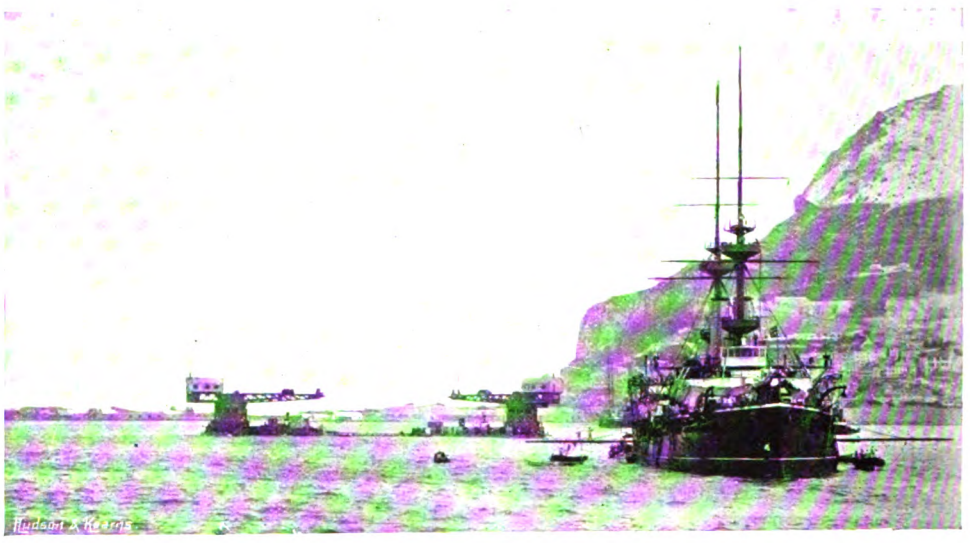
A TITAN AT THE SOUTH END OF THE DETACHED MOLE.

The Old Mole is being continued in a west-north-west direction for about 1,500-ft. from the end of the old portion (which is 700-ft. long), then it will bend due west for about 1,500-ft., and finally will turn sharp to the south for another 1,500-ft. in the direction of the end of the New Mole Extension. This will be called the Commercial Mole.

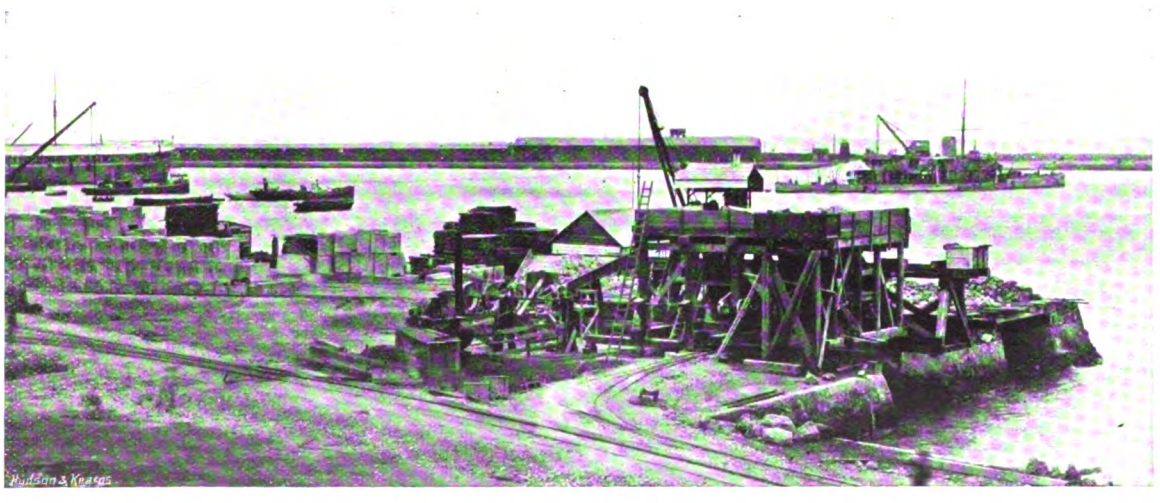
Thus the distance between the ends of the New Mole Extension and of the Commercial Mole will be about 3,700-ft., and in this space is being built a detached mole 2,720-ft. long, leaving an opening between its south end and the New Mole Extension for the entrance of war-ships and mail steamers, and between its north end and the Commercial Mole an entrance for mercantile vessels. At the angle of the Commercial Mole is to be a row of five open docks or berths about 300-ft. long for large vessels to land their passengers and cargo. This alone will be a great improvement, as in rough weather passengers find it very uncomfortable to land in the small boats, the P. and O. and Orient liners lying out nearly half a mile from the Ragged Staff, which is their present landing-place, and the Cunard, Anchor, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, and other ships lying still further from the Waterport where they now land their passengers and cargo, and, of course, the transhipment of goods into lighters will also be dispensed with.

The work on the New Mole Extension is now practically complete for about 1,200-ft. and for the remainder of its length it is just awash, and on the Commercial Mole a length of about 600-ft. may be said to be nearly finished; but enormous quantities of stone have been laid on the sea-bed in other parts which will not show above the surface for many months. The work on the detached mole is particularly interesting. In the first place, a large steel caisson was sunk on a prepared base 45-ft. in height, in about 11 fathoms of water, at a spot which will be about the middle of the detached mole and a few yards east of the wreck of the "Excellent." The caisson itself, which is 30-ft. deep, was built on shore and floated out to its position, then sunk and filled with concrete, and on it was erected a powerful travelling crane or Titan made by Messrs. Stothert and Pitt, of Bath, and capable of lifting 36 tons at a radius of 75-ft. The crane runs on sixteen wheels on rails of very heavy section. It was at once set to work laying the big concrete blocks on the south side of the caisson, and as fast as the mole was constructed the crane travelled over it towards the south, until the top of the caisson was again left vacant. At once the contractors commenced the erection on the caisson of a second crane precisely similar to the first, and when it was completed at the end of 1898 it began its labours in a northerly direction. This "burning the candle at both ends" is being pushed on very rapidly, and more than 400-ft. of the detached mole has now been constructed. The inner mole has been completed. It encloses a small four-sided area, of which the present Ragged Staff Mole forms a portion of one side, the space between the Ragged Staff and the end of the new work forming the only entrance. This was a comparatively light undertaking, the water being shallow and the mole much narrower in cross-section than the outer ones. This is for small craft, such as torpedo-boats, War Department vessels, etc.

The principal land works under construction are the three big graving docks, of which only one



GIANT CRANES AT WORK.



Photos. Copyright. *MAKING THE CONCRETE BLOCKS.* *"Navy & Army."*
The "Polyphemus" beyond and the New Mole in the Background.

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has yet been begun. The other two docks will occupy the site on which the dock-yard workshops now stand, and these will be moved further north to ground which is being prepared for them. No. 1 dock is a double one, and its total length when the middle caisson is removed will be 850-ft.; No. 2 dock will be 550-ft. long; and No. 3 450-ft. These graving docks will be available alike for war-ships and mercantile vessels; and as the graving dock at Cadiz is at present the only one in the South of Spain, it may be expected that great advantage will be taken of the Gibraltar dry docks. The dry dock at Cadiz is 500-ft. long and 26½-ft. deep; the three at Gibraltar will each be 35½-ft. deep and 95-ft. wide at the entrance.

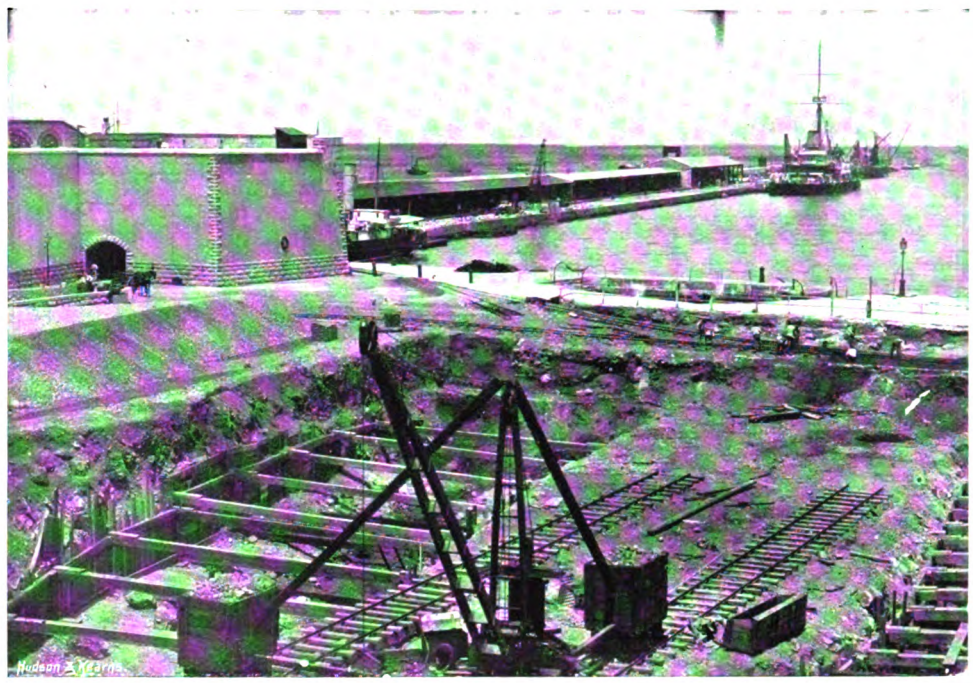

Photo. Copyright. THE "DEVASTATION" AT THE NEW MOLE. *"Navy & Army."*
The Big New Dry Dock in the Foreground.

The British Consul at Cadiz said, with a great deal of truth, in one of his recent annual reports, speaking of Cadiz, "The new docks at Gibraltar will also, when completed, doubtless have a depressing effect on this port, since while at present Cadiz has the only dry dock in Southern Spain, and all ships in the neighbourhood, even those from the Canaries, must come here for cleaning and repairs, when the Gibraltar docks are finished all vessels will go there for those purposes, on account of quicker despatch and greater economy."

The submerged masts of the wreck of the "Excellent," already referred to, were a danger to navigation, and were until the middle of 1898 protected by a bell buoy, but it was then removed, the close proximity to the detached mole rendering it unnecessary.

Of the auxiliary works which have had to be undertaken by the contractors (Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton), by far the biggest was the tunnel under the Rock for getting stone, etc., from the east side, which was finished in June, 1898. It is 1,100-yds. in length, and crosses the Rock from east to west, and has been in constant use since its completion.

Nearly all the workmen employed on the dock works are Spaniards, who come in from Spain every day, chiefly from Algeciras, La Linea, and San Roque, although a few live on the Rock.

Those from Algeciras are brought to and from the New Mole in one of the Algeciras-Bobadilla Railway Company's steamers, generally the "Enrique."

Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

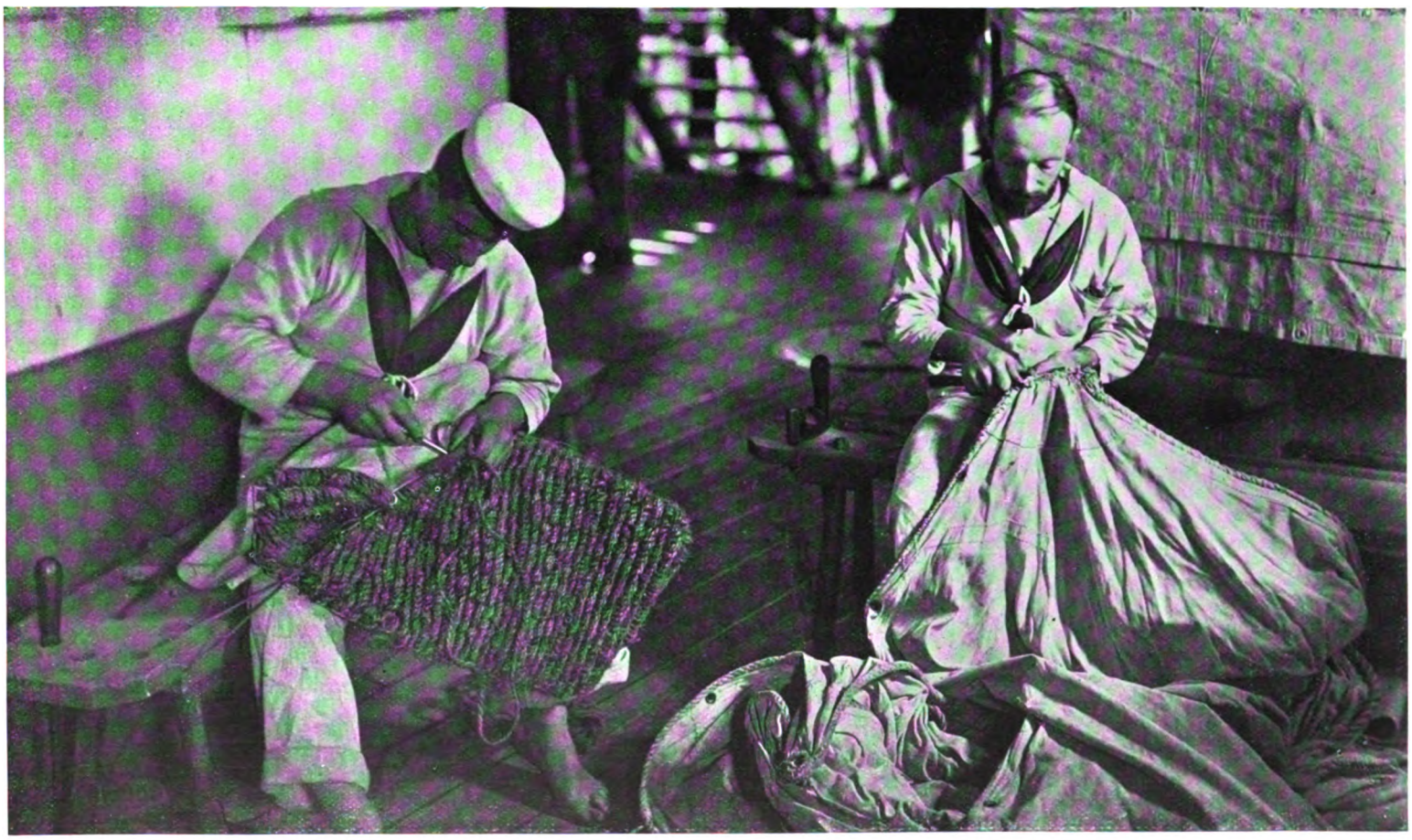

Photo. Copyright. *R. Thiele.*

MAKING A COLLISION MAT.

The use of the article under construction in the illustration is plainly indicated by its name—a collision mat. Stout canvas forms the foundation upon which a thick layer of tarred hemp is firmly stitched. When placed, by means of ropes, over a hole under water, with the roughed hemp inside, the suction draws it tightly inwards, and stops the inrush in a great degree.

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In Trust to the Nation's Care.

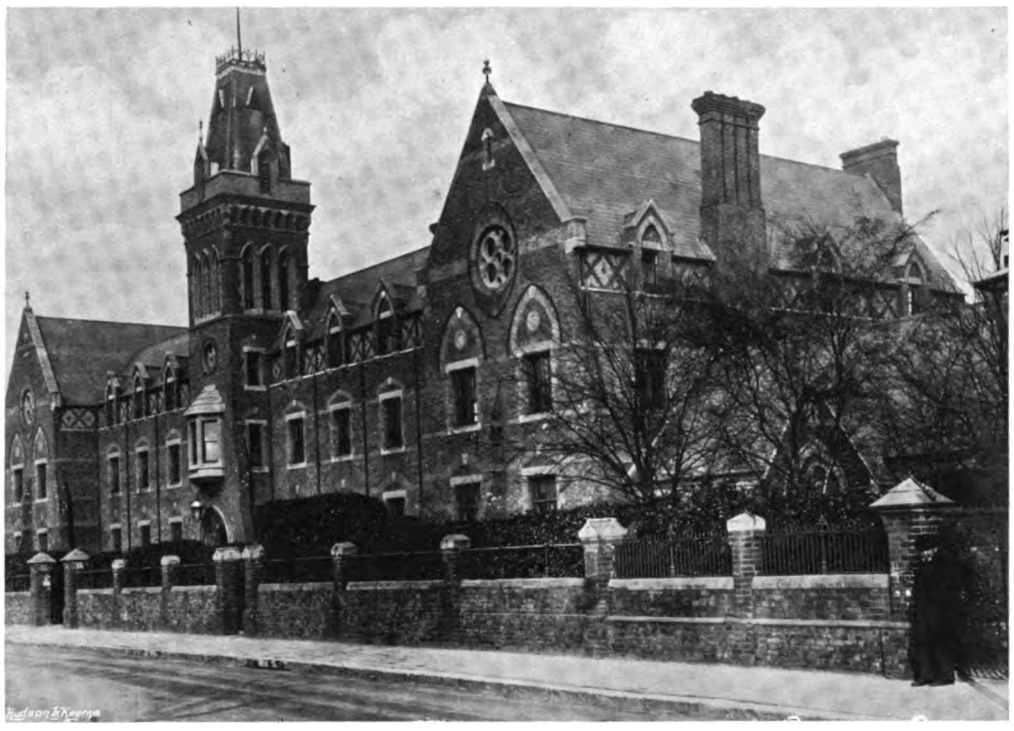
THE ORPHANS OF OUR SEAMEN AND MARINES.

UNDER the guidance of its kindly matron we recently had the pleasure of viewing the Royal Seamen and Marines' Orphan Schools and Female Orphan Home, at Portsmouth. In this useful and bright home and school about 150 girls are entirely provided for until they can be found situations, and seventy-two boys receive their education up to the age of fourteen.

SONS OF THE COUNTRY'S SERVANTS.

Managed by a committee representative of all branches of the Navy, including three from the lower-deck, and dealing with the children of sailors and marines, it is not surprising to find Naval ideas of good order and cleanliness in much that meets the eye. All is beautifully clean, and we found but one fault—a pictorial paper may be pardoned for mentioning it—the supply of pictures is quite insufficient, so that there is much bare wall space for art to make bright and cheerful in the near future.

The boys, who are educated and have two meals at the school, but sleep at their own homes, are of course dressed in sailor clothes, and bright sturdy little fellows they look as one sees them Sunday after Sunday marching to the Dockyard Church. The girls keep touch with the Navy by means of their navy serge hooded gowns trimmed with red braid. In addition, they can aspire not only to promotion to "cap girls" but to badges for good conduct, laundry-work, needlework, and housework, besides prizes. The mention of these badges also reminds us that the girls do all their own laundry-work and cooking, and make their own clothes. Then when the girls go out to service the home provides them with a suitable outfit.



THE SCHOOL, AS VIEWED FROM THE RECREATION GROUND.

It may be mentioned here that the cap girls are older, and are permitted to wear caps and aprons indoors. They stand in much the same relation to the other girls as the sixth form of a public school to the younger boys.

The buildings are situated in an airy situation, having an uninterrupted stretch of open space in front, formed by the United Service Recreation Grounds, and there is a small playground for the use of the inmates. For outings there is an occasional picnic, and for the annual picnic a gun-boat is sometimes kindly lent by the Commander-in-Chief. The Home also incurs expenditure in connection with a swimming-bath, a gymnasium, and a drum and fife band. Glancing over the road to the Officers' Recreation Ground, we wished we could add gardening to their recreations. Regularly on the day following Trafalgar Day the children are given an entertainment on board the "Victory" by the Naval Depôt, all the internal decorations put up for the celebration of Trafalgar Day being retained for the entertainment.

It only remains to conclude this description with the objects set forth in the Home's appeals for help, viz., "to provide for the fatherless children of our seamen and marines a useful and religious education, according to the principles of the Church of England, and to support and clothe them as far as the funds will admit. Numbers of such children are found in our Naval ports." It takes them when young, the boys at six and the girls at from seven to eleven years old, and it is able to boast of having placed many girls in domestic service under happy conditions, and of having given a good foundation to the careers of numbers of young men.

Photos. Aitree. *THE "CAP" GIRLS AT THE ORPHAN HOME* Copyright

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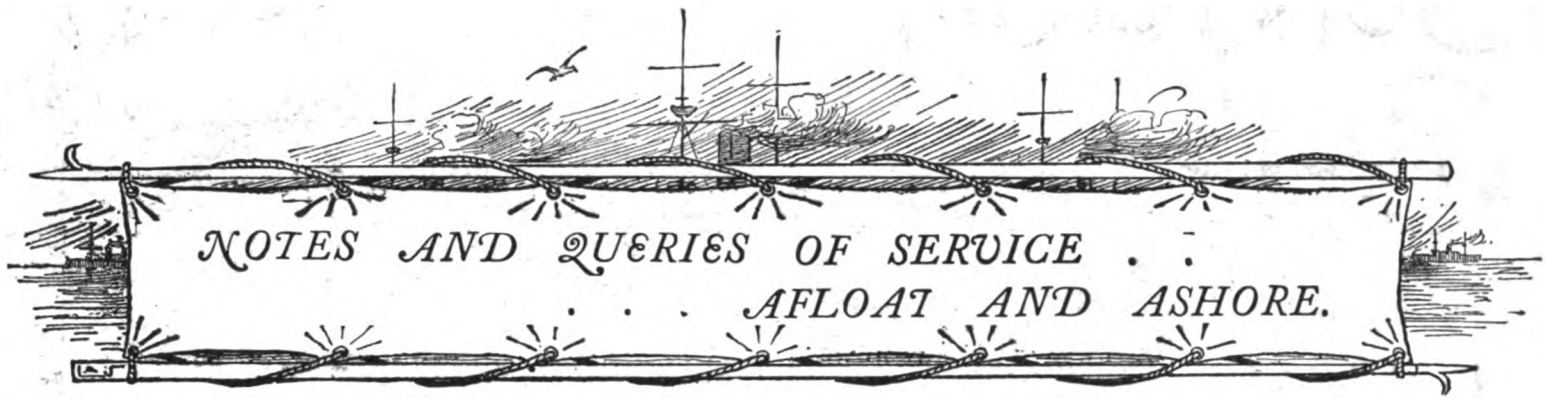

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Referring to the issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for August 13, 1898, which contains a query from a correspondent *re* feather bonnets of Highlanders, and to the replies thereto in the issues of September 3 and October 8, I should like to make the following remarks: From the inspection returns of the 42nd Highlanders, dated May, 1768, we learn that the officers had 'blue bonnets with black ostrich feathers,' while in 1790 (May 14) the inspecting officer—General Tonyn—remarks as follows: 'Bonnets are entirely disfigured; they are so covered with lofty feathers that they appear like high Grenadier caps of black bearskin, and are made by that means expensive to the men.' This combined with Lieutenant-Colonel Holden's remarks is conclusive evidence that the ostrich feathers were worn long before the Egyptian Campaign of 1801. While on the subject of the Black Watch, the following extract from the report of the inspection of the garrison of Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 9, 1784, may be of interest: 'The 42nd Regiment could not appear in their full uniform for want of plaids, etc., which the commanding officer thought proper annually to dispose of during the late war to purchase a more commodious dress for the American Service, with the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief. The regiment appeared remarkably clean dressed—the men had on white strong ticken trousers with short black cloth gaiters.'"

* * * *

"S. O. C."—There is certainly less drill than formerly connected with the general inspection of a battalion at the present day, but it is, perhaps, more searching in other respects. Inspections are divided into two heads: (1) In quarters; (2) In the field, and in technical subjects. The first includes the inspection of kits and quarters, when the general, or other inspecting officer, goes round the barrack-rooms, inspects each man's kit, and examines the cook-houses, sergeants' mess, recreation-room, and married quarters. The second is not covered by the formal inspection of the battalion or regiment on parade, by the march past or the advance in review order, but embraces an examination of the unit concerned in field manœuvres, physical training, construction of shelter trenches or rifle pits, field firing, attack and defence of posts, range-finding, outpost duty, advanced and rear guards, pitching tents, etc. An inspection in many of the subjects enumerated is also carried out at such places as Aldershot, after the annual course of field training. With a view to testing the efficiency of officers in drill and manœuvres, the general usually requires them, in turn, to drill a battalion or company, and to take charge of an advanced or rear guard, or portion of an outpost line. When the various ordeals are past, the inspecting officer submits a report to the War Office, in which are contained all the sins of omission and commission of which the unit inspector has been guilty.

* * * *

"ADJUTANT."—In every regiment or battalion stationed at home there is an adjutant and an assistant-adjutant. The former is, in a sense, A.D.C. to the colonel, as well as being his official secretary. He is responsible to the colonel, in a measure, for the efficiency of the non-commissioned officers and for the drill of the battalion, and especially of the recruits. On days when there are no commanding officers' parades he drills the battalion, when all officers junior to him must attend. He carries on the official correspondence, superintends the preparation of returns, and last, but not least, "tells off" the junior officers for minor irregularities. It may be added that he is the channel of communication between officers junior to himself and the colonel. Adjutants are now required to go through a course of instruction at Aldershot, or the Curragh, in physical training of recruits, and must be in possession of an extra certificate of musketry. To the assistant-adjutant fall the duties of assisting in the musketry training of young officers and recruits, and of instructing the machine-gun detachment. He is exempt from garrison and regimental duties while engaged in musketry training, but at other times performs the work of a company officer. In the British Army both the adjutant and assistant-adjutant are officers, and receive extra pay for their staff duties.

* * * *

"53 MESS—'REVENGE.'"—The ballad of the "Revenge" can only be found in a copy of Tennyson's works. It is not, as far as I can find out, printed separately or in any book of recitations that I can name off hand. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers, but there ought not to be any difficulty about getting a Tennyson at Malta—possibly even a second-hand copy. As the ballad was written some years ago by Tennyson, it will be found in any fairly early edition of his writings, and should be cheap and easily picked up.

* * * *

A "LONDON CORRESPONDENT" asks how he can distinguish the three regiments of Foot Guards? At first sight the regiments are so much alike as to be confusing to anyone who does not know where to look for the distinctive marks, but when once these distinctions are pointed out the regiments are easy to distinguish. Grenadiers wear white plumes in their bearskins, the Coldstream Guards red plumes, and the Scots Guards have none. In undress the colours are reversed in the forage caps, that is to say, the Grenadiers have a red band to their caps, the Coldstreams white, while the Scots wear the unmistakable red and white dice pattern. But these are not the only distinctions, though they are the most conspicuous. The buttons on the tunic will tell a spectator to which regiment a Guardsman belongs. A Grenadier wears the buttons on his tunic at even intervals, and has four on his cuff, also at even intervals; a Coldstream has his buttons arranged in pairs, with a large interval between each pair, and the four buttons on his cuff are similarly arranged; and a Scots Guard has his buttons arranged in threes, with a gap between each set of three, and has only three buttons on his cuff. Again, a Grenadier wears on his collar and his cap a grenade, a Coldstream a star and garter, and a Scots Guard the star of the Thistle on his cap and a thistle on his collar.

* * * *

"AN OLD SHELLBACK" says that in a book recently published about the Soudan Campaign the writer, in describing the advance on Omdurman, speaks of seeing the constellation "Southern Cross," and my correspondent asks if this constellation is visible at Omdurman. The writer of the book in question is obviously mistaken. It is generally said that the Southern Cross is not visible until within 2-deg. or 3-deg. of the Equator, on the north side, and Omdurman lies near the sixteenth parallel. To confirm this opinion, I asked a war correspondent who went through the campaign in the Soudan if he had seen the constellation. He told me that he had not seen it, and that as he had learnt to tell the time at night by the stars it would have been impossible for him not to have seen the Southern Cross at Omdurman, if it were visible there.

* * * *

IT may not be generally known that certain non-commissioned officers in the British Army are entitled by prescriptive right to what may be called perquisites, quite outside their ordinary regimental pay and allowances. Among such perquisites, perhaps the most interesting is one which, from time immemorial, has been sanctioned in many regiments in connection with the carrying of the colour. In several corps which could be mentioned, and possibly in many others, it is a traditional custom for the sergeant drummer—or, to give him his former title, the drum-major—to receive a fixed sum, usually 30s., from every subaltern on the first occasion on which a colour is carried by the officer in question. So far from this being considered in any way a tax, it is always most cheerfully paid, and probably as cheerfully accepted by the non-commissioned officer. In cavalry regiments a fixed sum is habitually given for breaking-in an officer's charger to the military style of equitation. This, however, is purely a business transaction, unhallowed by the sentiment which demands that the colour of a regiment should always be associated with either honour or rejoicing. In a minor sense the festivity, which we may be sure usually accompanies the subaltern's gift to the sergeant-drummer, is akin to the Colour Ball which almost invariably takes place when a regiment receives new colours.

* * * *

"A. D. C."—The last existing British Trafalgar man-of-war, besides, of course, the "Victory," was the "Achille," 74, broken up in the year 1865. No public interest—or hardly any—was taken in the Navy in those days, and not a word appeared in the papers as to the identity of the "Achille." She was not a French prize, as her name would imply, but a British-built ship, launched on the Thames in 1798, and given her name in honour of the recent capture of a French "Achille," the French vessel taken in very gallant circumstances in the famous ship duel with the "Mars," 74, when Captain Alexander Hood was killed.

* * * *

THE following curious paragraph is from the *Times* of December 19, 1806, and relates to the despatch of troops from London to Ireland during a period of great excitement. It reads very curiously in these days of railways, when our very useful canals have in many cases been allowed to fall into decay. It runs as follows: "The first division of the troops that are to proceed by Paddington Canal for Liverpool, and thence by transports for Dublin, will leave Paddington to-day, and will be followed by others to-morrow, and on Sunday. By this mode of conveyance the men will be only seven days in reaching Liverpool, and with comparatively little fatigue, and it would take them above fourteen days to march that distance. Relays of fresh horses for the canal-boats have been ordered to be in readiness at all the stations."

* * * *

"G. C. B."—The Militia is closely allied to the standing Army, and there have been for many years valuable reserves of men in the Militia who are engaged to serve in the Regular Service in any part of the world, if called upon. In the Infantry Militia, these reserves amount to one-fourth of the strength, and in the Artillery Militia they are one-third. Most of the information you require was given in our number of August 26, in answer to a correspondent signing himself "Scottie." It may, however, be added that according to military law an officer of Militia is at all times an officer—not merely when on parade, but all the year round. He cannot go out of the country without leave, he is always at the disposal of the authorities, and he is entitled and expected to let himself be invariably addressed by the title of his rank. Many officers of the Constitutional Force "live up" to their honourable position, and those who are indisposed to do so are year by year becoming more scarce.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar, not a soul on board being aware of Bunter's fraud. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to expose the fraud and turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as an impudent impostor who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident, though he is very eager to regain his rightful position. After the rescue Bunter has a private interview with Laxdale, and explains how he was tempted to perpetrate the fraud. Laxdale urges him to confess to the officers, but Bunter, who hopes to escape from the ship, refuses. Finding that his conduct threatens to cause great injury to Captain Laxdale, Bunter tries to devise some plan of undoing the mischief without surrendering himself to justice. He is sorry to learn that Captain Laxdale's *fiancee* is sure to resent the impending scandal and break off the engagement. For this very reason Laxdale would gladly avoid an exposure of his humiliating position. Yet he feels it to be his duty to regain the command, and can see no way of concealing the facts.

CHAPTER XIII. *(continued.)*

"HERE'S another plan," he said. "I'll go bathing at Gib. and get drowned. My body will be carried out by the currents and lost. You do a bunk, as before, and we'll both get back to England."

Laxdale pondered this suggestion in his slow way, and rejected it. "That's no good, either," he said, pettishly. "I couldn't expect people to believe that I'd swum from Gibraltar to England."

"You could be picked up by a homeward-bound vessel," said Bunter.

"The story would get into the newspapers," Laxdale objected. "I should have to give the name of the ship that picked me up, and the Admiralty would discover the fraud. I should be branded as a liar all over England."

"Well, sir, I'm stumped then," said Bunter. "Since I can't help you to keep it dark—and I wish I could—I must look after number one."

"Don't tell me your plans," said Laxdale. "It would be my duty to prevent your escape. I ought to warn the officers that you mean to desert at Gibraltar; and yet the task is repugnant to me, for I cannot forget that you saved me from drowning."

"You can warn them and welcome," said Bunter. "They won't believe you, sir; so it can't hurt me. I think you'd better go now, if you don't mind," he added. "The officers might think it rum if you stayed here talking too long. I have to be careful of your reputation, you know."

Laxdale rose and walked towards the cabin door. With his hand upon the lock he paused and made a very generous speech. "I bear you no malice now," he said. "You saved my life. There are two hundred pounds in my desk, and you will need money."

"Captain Laxdale," returned Bunter, earnestly, "you're a real gentleman. If I have to use any of that money I'll pay it back to the last blooming bob."

Laxdale opened the door.

"Stop a bit, sir," cried Bunter. "Take a bottle of whisky with you."

The ghost of a smile lurked on the captain's lips. "Well, as it is my own whisky," he said, "I think I will."

He went out with the bottle hidden under his jumper.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM SQUIB'S DILEMMA.

IT was past noon when Laxdale quitted the cabin. His watch had been piped to dinner, so that he was surprised to find Squib loitering near the main mast. They walked forward in silence until they reached the fore hatchway. "Well?" said Squib, meaningly.

"There's no well about it," replied Laxdale, irritably.

"You needn't snap a feller's head off, anyway," grumbled Squib. "What did he want with you in the cabin?"

"That's my business, I believe."

Squib looked surprised, and assumed an injured tone.

"Seeing as I'm the only pal you've got in the ship," he said, "it aint civil to try and boom me off like that, 'Ood."

Laxdale edged away from him, and began to whistle.

"How can I help you if you serve me like this?" said Squib. "You'd best tell me what he said."

By this time Laxdale had made up his mind. "Look here, Squib," he said, stiffly, "I said I'd pay you one hundred pounds if you succeeded in exposing the fraud; but if you want the money, you must earn it yourself."

"Well, aint I trying to earn it?" said Squib, smoothly.

"I'm not so sure that you are. You've done nothing yet, at all events."

"There hasn't been time to do nothing," pleaded Squib. "It aint any use for me to go and spin a yarn to the officers, and be put down as a blooming liar. I'm waiting for a chance to speak to Bunter alone. When he sees that I know him, we shall soon make him pipe down."

"He's not so easily frightened as you think," said Laxdale.

"Ah, he'll sing a different tune when we get to Gib.," said Squib, confidently. "Got any friends there, 'Ood?" he added, carelessly.

"None," replied Laxdale, incautiously. "If I had I could do without your help, and save my hundred pounds."

"What's that under your jumper?" asked Squib.

"A bottle of my own whisky."

"Better let me stow it away for you," said Squib, "so as we can have a tot together now and then. A bottle goes nowhere among a whole mess."

Laxdale complied, and went down to dinner.

In the course of the day Squib made several more attempts to ascertain what had passed between the rivals; but though he was very persistent, Laxdale kept his own counsel. This unexpected secrecy perplexed Squib considerably.

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"This job ought to be a little gold-mine to me," he mused, "if I work it properly. I ought to be able to make a jolly good pay-day out of both of them." His chief fear was that the fraud would be detected through some untoward accident. He wished to stand well with Laxdale, yet felt half-reluctant to injure his old shipmate.

All day the "Grunter" held her course through the Bay of Biscay, but Squib found no chance of speaking to Bunter. Whenever he came on deck Squib tried to catch his eye; but these attempts had to be made with caution, and all were crowned with failure. By evening the gale had moderated; the stars shone out clearly; the "Grunter," though she still rolled heavily, made good progress through the heavy ground-swell. Laxdale's watch was on deck from 8 p.m. to midnight, and he studiously avoided Squib. This was not difficult, for the punishment inflicted by Filmore obliged him to stand to attention, facing the ship's side, from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. The cramped posture fatigued him greatly, and he registered a vow that he would disrate his enemy, Corporal Angel, at the first opportunity. The man was a tyrant, he argued, and quite unfit to be trusted with power over the men. He began to suspect that the ship's police grossly exaggerated and even manufactured many of the offences that they reported to the officers. Even land police have been known to do the same.

At 10 o'clock he was released, and walked forward to lie down for an hour before taking duty on the look-out.

Squib intercepted him. "Come behind the gun and have a pull at the whisky," he suggested.

"You haven't stinted yourself, I notice," said Laxdale, as he examined the half-empty bottle. He sipped a little of the neat spirit, and retained the bottle in his own keeping.

"I'm going to board him to-night," whispered Squib. "I'm only waiting now for his steward to turn in."

"As you please," returned Laxdale, coldly. "Don't bother me about it. I want to get some sleep."

"You might be a bit more friendly," Squib grumbled.

"And you might be less infernally familiar," replied Laxdale, sharply. "I prefer to keep our relations on a business footing. Just try to remember that I'm your captain, and keep your place."

"Curse your aristocratic airs," thought Squib, but he concealed his spleen, and protested, for the fiftieth time, that his highest ambition in life was to help Laxdale to circumvent Bunter. "And it aint for the sake of the money I'm trying to help you," he added, mendaciously; "though I don't deny I could do nicely with a hundred quid."

"Your sense of duty is the stronger motive, no doubt," said Laxdale, cynically.

"That's right, sir," said Squib, unsuspiciously. "I was always strong on dooty, from a boy." He paused a moment, and plagiarised an anecdote related by a friend. "When I was ten year old," he said, giving the incident a personal application, "my dad begun to take me out in his fishing smack. He was a terrible man for dooty, was dad. One night it come on to blow damn hard, and dad wanted the gaff-topsail took in. 'Tom,' says he, in his growling way, 'shin up and stow that there blanked topsail.' 'Hold hard, mate,' says dad's pardner; 'the kid'll get drownded.' But dad never went back on his orders. 'He's got to do it, or die,' says he. And I done it," added Squib, with artistic brevity.

Laxdale yawned, and offered no comment.

"So, you see," repeated Squib, not sparing the obvious moral, "I was brought up to be strong on dooty from a boy."

Believing that his story had created a favourable impression, Squib strolled aft to resume his spying upon the movements of Bunter. The officers, with the exception of the lieutenant of the watch, had all turned in; the quarter-deck was deserted. The captain's cabins were under the poop. No light was now burning in the pantry, and Squib felt satisfied that the steward had retired for the night. The sailor crept aft into the deep shadow cast by the poop, paused for a moment at the cabin door, then quietly turned the handle and entered.

The outer cabin, fitted as a dining-room, was unlighted; the door of the inner room was open, and disclosed to Squib's view a little paradise of upholstery, illuminated by rose-tinted electric lights. The occupant was comfortably seated in an easy chair; a table at his elbow supported the inevitable whisky bottle; his legs rested upon a cushioned divan that followed the contour of the ship's stern. His face was not visible to the intruder, but Squib caught the gleam of gold lace upon the coat-sleeve, and noted the easy assurance of the man's attitude. He was smitten with sudden fear. His knees trembled, his breath grew laboured, damp and sweat broke out upon his round face, as he stood hesitating to advance. What if he had made a mistake after all? He remembered with deep conviction that all men were liars, and doubts of the veracity of Plain 'Ood crossed his mind. 'Ood might be mad, as well as untruthful. He remembered that such had been his earlier conviction, and his heart sank as he reflected that his recognition of Ned Bunter was based upon no tangible evidence. Thus his resolution wavered, and he was on the very verge of flight, when a slight movement of one of the gold-laced sleeves made him pause. He caught sight of a common clay pipe as it was raised to the lips of the man in the easy chair, and his doubts vanished as rapidly and as illogically as they had gathered. "No gentleman," he reasoned, "would smoke a clay." Reassured by this belief, he advanced quietly to the door of the inner cabin, and stood, with a grin upon his face, considering how to announce himself with dramatic fitness. And his method proved effective.

"Ned Bunter.....I know all!"

"Ned Bunter!" he exclaimed with theatrical emphasis, "I know all!"

Bunter started, and dropped his clay. It fell upon the leg of the table, and broke in pieces. He was greatly alarmed, but had sufficient self-control to remain motionless in his chair.

"I know all," repeated Squib, as he stepped into the cabin and shut the door behind him.

Bunter displayed great presence of mind. His courage was equal to the emergency. "And who the hell are you?" he demanded, fiercely, as he rose and faced the intruder with threatening mien.

Squib shrank back in some alarm. "I'm an old pal," he said, hurriedly. "Don't you know me, Ned, old man?"

"Be damned if I do, and be damned if I want to either," growled Bunter. And then recollecting his assumed position, he added, with spurious dignity, "How dare you enter my cabin without knocking, you unmannerly swab?"

"Stow that, Ned," said Squib, grinning. "My name's Tom Squib, and it won't wash."

"Plenty of names would be better for a scrub," retorted Bunter, as he took him by the arm and held his face close to one of the electric lamps.

"There's no extra charge for inspecting my chump," said Squib. "Look away as long as you like, Ned."

Bunter released him at last, and resumed his seat with studied indifference. "Well," he admitted, quietly, "I begin to remember you now. We were in the training-ship together, and we used to be good pals."

"So we are still, old man," said Squib, with exaggerated heartiness. "Let's have a drink together, since the grog's so handy."

"You can take a tot," returned Bunter, coldly. "I don't drink with you till I know what you want here."

"What I want with you, old man?" echoed Squib, in an injured tone. "You needn't be so rusty with an old pal."

Bunter softened a little, and poured some whisky into his own glass. "If you mean to stand by me and

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hold your tongue," he said, "I'll call you a good pal; if not——"

"Of course I'll stand by you, Ned," said Squib, readily. "Haven't I come here to do you a sarvice?" He gulped down his whisky, and held out the glass for more.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so," returned Bunter, doubtfully. "What is it you're so anxious to do for me besides drinking my grog?"

"I'm coming to that, Ned, old man; but you needn't grudge me a tot."

Bunter handed him the bottle and waited, eyeing his visitor inscrutably. Squib refilled his glass, and produced a black stumpy pipe. "We'll have a little chat and be cosy," he said. "That smart toggery suits you very well, Ned. Damned if I should have spotted you if you hadn't sung 'Odds Bobbs' t'other night."

"Ah! was that it?" said Bunter, drily.

"Mostly that, Ned; but other things besides."

"What other things?"

"Well, I generally keeps my weather-eye lifting," said Squib, complacently. "I happened to pal on a bit with the 'Onourable——you know who I mean—Plain 'Ood, we'll say."

"You didn't think he was barmy?"

"No, I put him down as a liar at first," said Squib.

"And what do the other chaps think about him?"

"They all think him a liar. They think he's shamming barmy so as to get out of the Service."

"Good!" said Bunter; "then nobody knows except you?"

Squib nodded.

"Does *he* know you've spotted me?" asked Bunter, sharply.

"Does who know?" said Squib, affecting density.

Bunter saw that he was evading the question, and his distrust returned. "I mean does Hood know?" he asked, carelessly.

"No," said Squib, emphatically; "it aint likely I'd tell him. I'm not the man to split on an old pal, Ned."

"Well, I might have known that," said Bunter, craftily.

"No, no, mate," continued Squib. "I says to myself, 'Tom Squib,' says I, 'you'll have to stand by old Ned, and help him out of this here precious mess he's got into.'"

"That's friendly," said Bunter; "I'm very much obliged to you, Tom. Some swines I've known would have acted very different. It would have been easy for you to have split on me to the Hon.——to Plain Hood, I mean; and plenty of men in your place would have done it. Instead of that," he continued, "you keep your mouth shut, like a good pal, and only think how you can help an old messmate."

"Yes," said Squib, modestly. "I always stands by an old pal. 'Dooty be damned,' says I; 'I'll see old Ned through the shoals.'"

"And all out of pure friendship," added Bunter, with simulated gratitude. "You're a noble fellow, Tom, and I'm proud to know you."

Squib coughed uneasily. "That's all right, Ned," he said, doubtfully; "but of course you wouldn't like me to be the loser through standing by you in your trouble."

"Why, what have you got to lose by it?" demanded Bunter, sharply.

Squib busied himself with his pipe, and looked down.

"I shall lose a lot of money by it, Ned," he said, with an air of dismal sacrifice. "'Ood would pay a long price if I liked to split on you to the officers."

"How do you know he would?"

"Well, it stands to reason he would," said Squib. "Only to-day, when he was talking to me, he said he'd give five hundred quid if he could prevent you from getting away. It's my belief he'd pay any money to get you five years' chokey."

"It's lucky you're such a pal of mine," said Bunter, drily, "otherwise you might have been tempted to tell him what you know."

There ensued an awkward pause, very embarrassing to Squib.

"Ned," he said at last, "a ragie's a ragie; but I've got a wife and family to keep."

It was now the turn of Bunter to assume density.

"A bundle-man don't need to go back on his ragies," he remarked; "what's being spliced got to do with it?"

Squib did not press the family claim. "You're in clover," he said, bluntly. "Here you are eating and drinking like a blessed lord; nothing to do but sit on your starn and let the wind blow. Where do I come in, Ned, old man? That's the p'int."

Bunter eyed him steadily, and Squib coloured.

(To be continued.)

On the Heights of Abraham.

By A. B. TUCKER.

THE year 1759 is one of the most glorious in our military annals. The greatest victory of that year was the capture of Quebec. To secure Canada was one of Pitt's great objects, and to accomplish this Quebec had to be attacked. The task was entrusted to General James Wolfe.

Quebec lies on a promontory facing the left bank of the St. Lawrence, close to the confluence of that river and the St. Charles, which thus covers its eastern side. On the other side of the St. Charles the ground rises, and continues in a rugged and difficult mass till it sinks at a point where the river Montmorency falls into the St. Lawrence in a lofty waterfall. The ridge between the Montmorency and the St. Charles is called Beauport. On this ridge the French army, under the gallant Marquis de Montcalm, had taken up its position. Thus there was no possibility of investing Quebec, to which the French army had access by a bridge across the St. Charles. On the other, or Quebec, side of the St. Charles the heights, on the edge of which the town is built, extend up the St. Lawrence, and are called the Heights of Abraham. These heights were believed to be inaccessible to an army. Wolfe had tried in vain to draw Montcalm from his seemingly impregnable position. Suddenly the daring project occurred to him of surprising the Heights of Abraham, and he immediately set to work to carry out his bold design.

Admiral Saunders, and the troops below Quebec, made constant feigned attacks to divert the enemy's attention from Wolfe's enterprise. On the night of September 12 the troops were landed, and just at daybreak began the hazardous and laborious ascent of the heights. On the summit was encamped a small detachment of French, which was speedily overpowered, and when the morning light came Montcalm found to his surprise some 4,000 or 5,000 men in position opposite to him on the heights. To cover Quebec it was necessary for him to withdraw his troops from Beauport. This he promptly did, and ascended the heights above the town to meet his intrepid foe. His force amounted to 10,000 men. Wolfe drew up his men in order of battle within cannon shot of the town. His right wing rested on the edge of the cliffs overhanging the St. Lawrence. It consisted of the 35th (1st Royal Sussex), the Louisburg Grenadiers, and the 28th (1st Gloucestershire); the centre was composed of the 43rd (1st Oxfordshire L.I.) and 47th (1st Loyal North Lancashire); and the left of the 78th (2nd Seaforth Highlanders) and the 58th (2nd Northamptonshire). These formed the 1st Division; but as they did not extend far enough to the woody slopes which ran into the river St. Charles, Wolfe filled the gap with the 15th (1st East Yorks) and two battalions of the 60th from the 2nd Division. The reserve was formed by the 48th (1st Northamptonshire). Two field-guns had with difficulty been dragged up the height, and this was all the artillery Wolfe had.

The French opened the attack. Wolfe had given strict orders to his men to reserve their fire, and with magnificent discipline they waited under the hostile fire until the enemy was within about forty yards of them. Wolfe was wounded in the wrist, but hastily binding up his wound, he passed down the ranks and encouraged his men. Then at length the command to fire rang out, and the discharge was deadly in its effect. Before this the enemy had been pressing on in perfect order; when it was over there were huge gaps in the French ranks, interspersed with panic-stricken and dying men. Montcalm strove in vain to rally his men. The British soldiers stood calm, and reloaded. Then Wolfe, sword in hand, springing to the front, ordered the whole line to advance. Delivering another withering volley, our men rushed on with the bayonet. The French broke and fled to the outworks of Quebec, closely pursued by their victorious antagonists. The only resistance came from the enemy in the brushwood on either side of the battle-field, who kept up a galling fire. Wolfe was again hit, but he still pressed on. But another ball struck him, passing through his lungs, and he fell. Carried a little to the rear and set down, Wolfe, hearing an officer near by exclaim, "See how they run!" asked with emotion, "Who run?" The officer replied, "The French." Wolfe instantly gave orders with the view of cutting off the enemy's retreat, and then said in a faint voice, "God be praised! I die happy." In a few minutes the heroic commander, who was only thirty-three, died. Our losses amounted to only 57 killed and 607 wounded; but, besides General Wolfe, General Moncton was among the killed. The French lost 1,500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. General de Montcalm and the second and third generals in command of the French were carried off the field mortally wounded.

Five days later Quebec surrendered, and Canada became a British possession.

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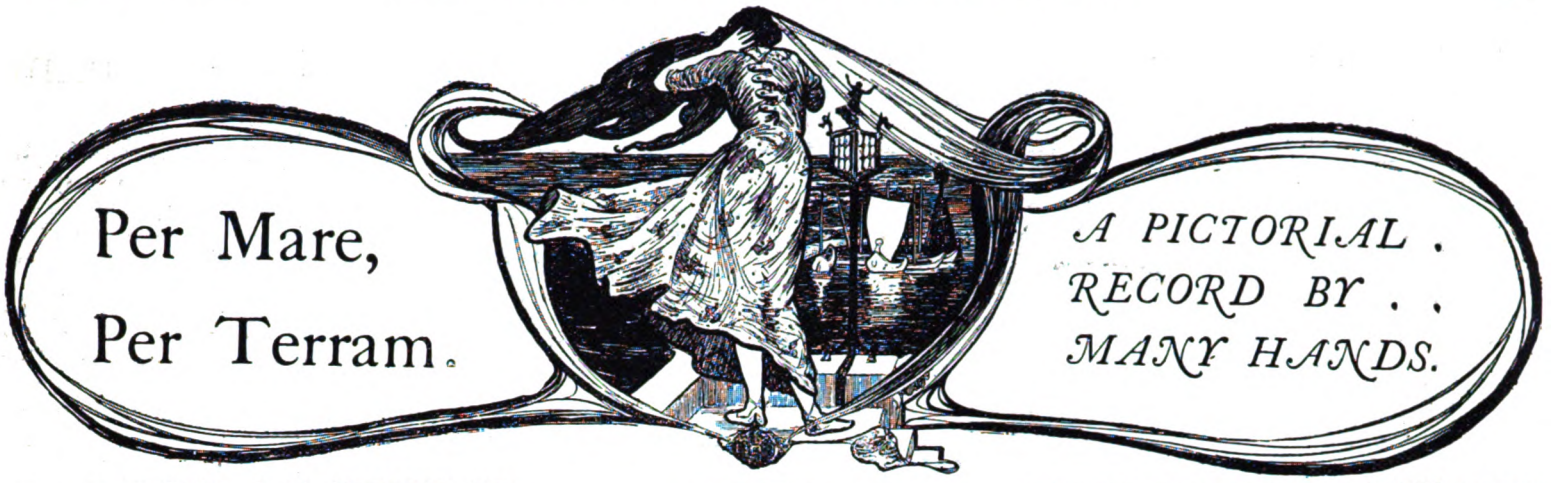

MAJ.-GEN. A. E. TURNER, C.B., by special permission of the German Emperor, attends this year, and not for the first time, the German Autumn Manœuvres. The long string of orders and medals on Major-General Turner's breast is sufficient token of his good service. *Apropos* of his decorations, Major-General Turner is, perhaps, the most uniquely decorated man in the whole British Army, for he holds not only the military but the civil C.B. This latter he earned by good service in Ireland during the disturbed times in that country of the last decade. After the dastardly assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, Colonel, now General, Sir Henry Brackenbury was specially appointed Assistant Under-Secretary for Police and Crime, and on going to Ireland took with him, as private secretary, Major Turner, as he then was. He therefore had an unique experience of civil work in Ireland, and on his return to England in 1885, after the Egyptian Campaign, being appointed Assistant Military Secretary to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, commanding the troops in Ireland, it was not long before he was offered and accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Aberdeen, the then Viceroy. This, however, he held for but a short time, for when General Sir Redvers Buller was sent over to Ireland to cope with the terrible state of crime that was rampant throughout the country, Colonel Turner accompanied him in the same capacity as he had served the Viceroy. In 1887 General Buller became Under-Secretary for Ireland, and his place as Special Commissioner of Police for the counties of Kerry and Clare was taken by Colonel Turner. In 1889 this jurisdiction was extended to the counties of Cork and Limerick, and Colonel Turner remained enforcing law and order in this portion of Ireland until 1891. His purely military career has also been one of considerable distinction. From 1877 to 1879 he was brigade-major of the South-Eastern District at Dover, and after that adjutant of Horse Artillery at Aldershot. In 1884-85 he was with Lord Wolseley in Egypt as D.A.Q.M.G. on the Headquarters Staff of the Gordon Relief Expedition, and saw hard fighting at Abu Klea. When the Soudan was evacuated, the task of transporting the loyal inhabitants of Dongola to safety in Upper Egypt fell to him, and some 13,000 men, women and children were brought to Wady Halfa without the loss of a life. He received for these services the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, with, of course, the Egyptian medal and Khedive's star. His well-earned military C.B. came to him on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee.

Photo. *M. Jacolette.*
MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. TURNER, C.B.
Specially Permitted to Attend the German Manœuvres.

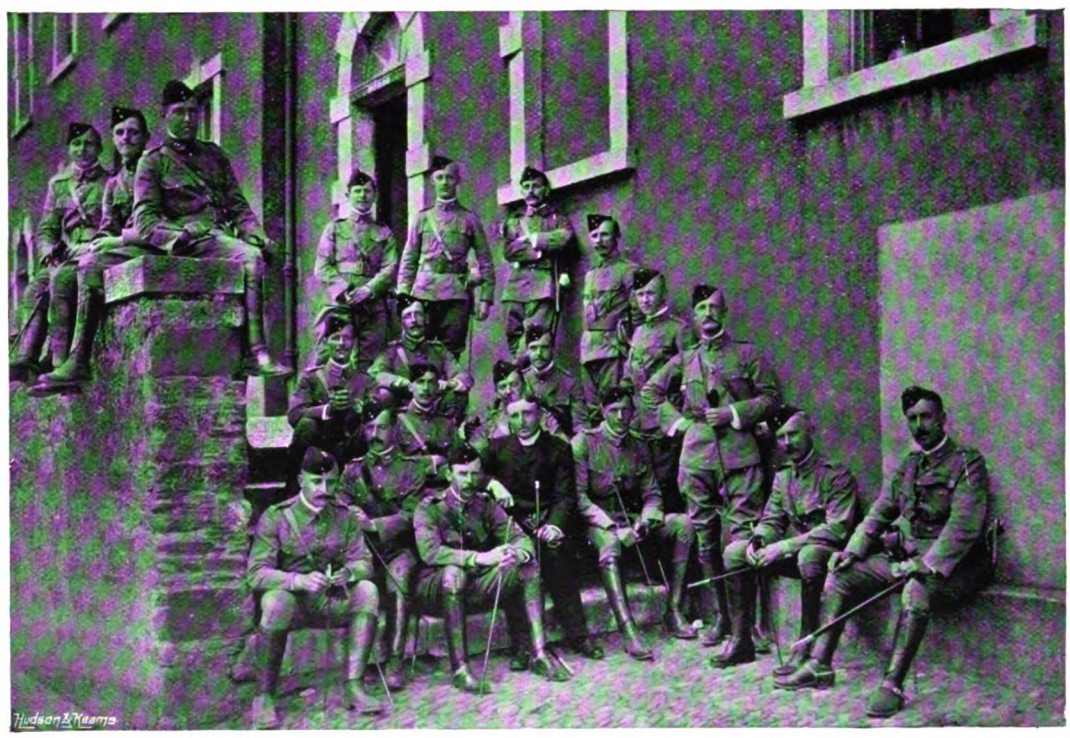

Photo. Copyright. *THE LATEST REINFORCEMENTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.* *J. Thomson, Fermoy.*
Officers 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

NO two regiments that ever served John Company had a finer record than the two battalions of Bengal Fusiliers which, first incorporated in the Queen's Service as the 101st and 104th Foot, became on the introduction of the territorial system respectively the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Royal Munster Fusiliers. That this is so is fully shown by the fact that they bear on their colours the names of twenty-two battle honours, all gained in the Company's service, and ranging from Plassey to Lucknow. Since they became a Queen's regiment they have added to their honours roll "Burmah, 1885-87." Of this regiment the 1st Battalion is now arriving at Natal, and our centre illustration shows the officers of the battalion wearing their field kit. It was taken immediately prior to their departure. That a regiment like the Munsters will live up to its record goes without saying, and not for the first time will several of the officers in the group here presented lead their men into action should the occasion to do so arise. The battalion is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward S. Evans, the tall soldierly figure standing in the centre of the group.

Photo. *Symonds.*
Capt. the Hon. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, R.N.
The New Chief of the Staff in the Mediterranean.

CAPTAIN THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMBTON will, when he brings home the "Powerful" from the China station, take up the appointment of chief of the staff to Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

Captain Lambton, who is a brother of the present Earl of Durham, is a very young officer for his rank, for he has only just passed his forty-third birthday. He joined the Service in 1870, and became captain in 1889. His promotion to commander was granted for his services at the bombardment of Alexandria. He was present also at Tel-el-Kebir and went through the Egyptian Campaign, for which he holds the medal and bronze star, and was decorated with the Order of the Medjidie. Captain Lambton has served in

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the Royal Yacht, and was for three years private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

IN our last issue we gave some details of the training-sloop in the Mediterranean—the "Cruiser"—and this week we give a picture of the officers who to-day serve in her. Commander Tuffnell, who is her captain, is a well-known signalling expert and the inventor of a system of instructing signalmen which obviates the necessity of using full-sized flags. The "Cruiser," being a training-ship, is exceptionally strong in officers for a ship of her size, for she carries no less than five lieutenants, and usually has half-a-dozen "snotties" lent to her. It is not generally known, that "Cruiser" is an old Service name, but this is the sixth since 1752. Bombardments seem to have been their *forte*, for a "Cruiser" figured twice at Copenhagen and also at Sveaborg.

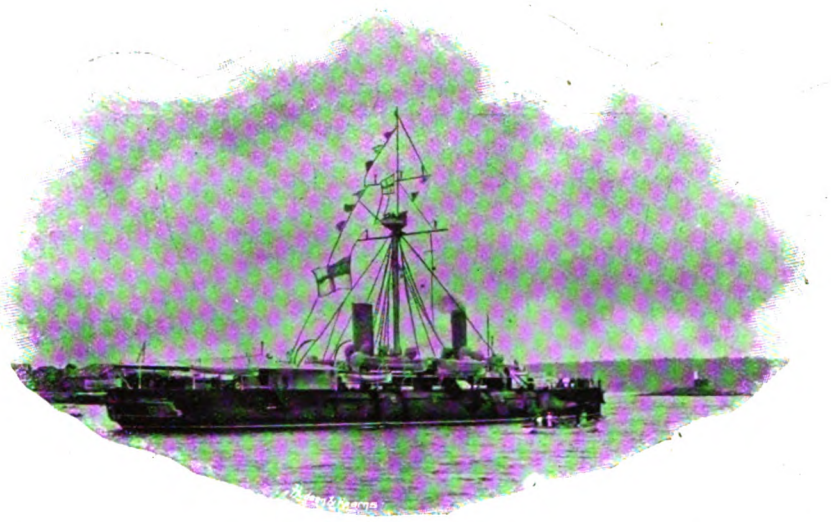

Photo. Copyright. THE "IMPERIEUSE." "Navy & Army."
The Late Flag-ship on the Pacific Station.

and his flag-ship, the "Imperieuse," was paid-off a few days ago at Portsmouth.

The very excellent photograph of this stately first-class cruiser which we here reproduce was a snap-shot taken from the deck of the sloop "Icarus" as the flag-ship was leaving Esquimault, the Naval headquarters of the station, homeward bound.

The "Imperieuse" has been relieved in the Pacific as flag-ship by her sister ship, the "Warspite." The two ships are unique in the Navy, in that their main armament is mounted on what is known as the quadrilateral system, until recently so popular with our friends on the other side of the Channel. This armament in these ships comprises four 9·2-in. 22-ton breech-loaders, mounted one forward, one aft, and two amidships, one on each beam. Another thing for which they are celebrated is that their gun-rooms are the largest and most commodious in the Navy. "As big as the 'Warspite's' gun-room" is a synonym for palatial in the British Navy.

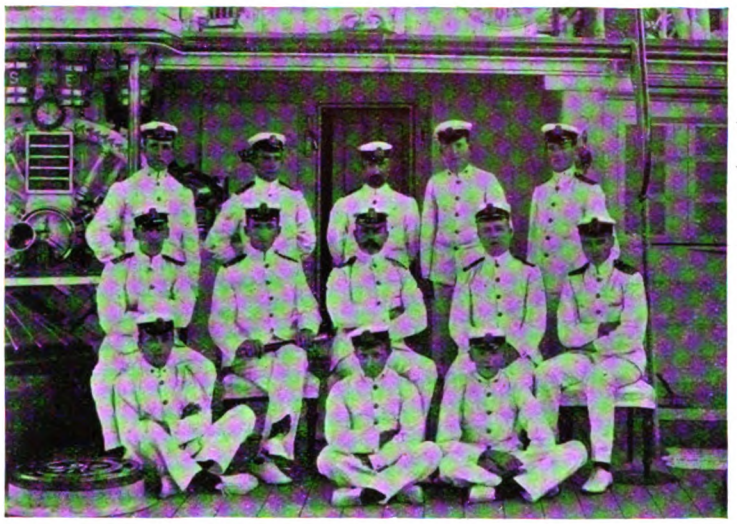

Photo. Copyright. THE OFFICERS OF THE "CRUISER." R. Ellis.
The Mediterranean Training-sloop.

CAPTAIN NORCOCK has just returned home, after concluding his term of service as commodore on the South-East Coast of America station, and our illustration of himself and his officers was taken on board his flag-ship, the "Flora," prior to his departure for England. Captain Norcock is seated in the centre of the group, and is easily distinguishable by the single broad stripe on his sleeve, which denotes his rank as commodore. The commodore, whose kindness and courtesy made him as popular on shore as he was in the fleet, will be much missed on the station. Captain Norcock returns home to take up an appointment in the Naval Intelligence Department, for which he is well suited, being a torpedo expert, and having considerable war experience.

THE command of the Pacific station has just been given up by Rear-Admiral Palliser,

Photo Copyright. "FIRST AID" TO THE WOUNDED. C. Knight.
Detachment R.A.M.C. Mustering for the Cape.

YET another picture connected with South Africa, for the scene here depicted shows the sergeant calling the roster of the detachment of the Royal Army Medical Corps that has just been despatched to South Africa. The picture was taken immediately prior to their departure from Aldershot. The men, it will be seen, are in full marching order, and wearing the white helmets which denote they are for foreign service. Their kit is stowed in the big white bags of which each man carries one. If war comes it is quite likely one of the men here shown may bring back a V.C. with him, for when V.C.'s are to be won the men of the R.A.M.C. usually come in for their share.

Photo. Copyright. W. Thomson.
CAPTAIN C. J. NORCOCK AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "FLORA."

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Photo. Copyright. **CUP WINNERS AT SHOEBURYNESS.** *A. H. Fry.*
2nd Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers.

OUR pictures this week may be said to range from Pekin to Peru, for they illustrate or connect with events in every quarter of the globe. This one, however, brings us very close home, for it represents the group of the 2nd Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers which represented the regiment at what may be termed the Artillery Bisley, the camp of instruction and prize gathering of the National Artillery Association held annually at Shoeburyness.

From the cups in the foreground it will be seen that they did not fail to distinguish themselves.

THOUGH to-day no single fighting ship is masted and sparred, it would be hard to overestimate the usefulness of the drill aloft that our Bluejackets get in the training-brigs. Our picture shows how training of this kind is carried out, for the figure perched on the bowsprit is drilling the boys aloft on the foremast.

The particular ship is the brig "Martin," a tender of the "St. Vincent." An article on the training-brigs appeared in this paper recently.

DRILL ALOFT.
Sub-Lieutenant Instructing.

A GOOD deal of interest was evinced at Aldershot a few days since in the Annual Obstacle Race Competition for the challenge shield presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The competitors had to race across country for one mile, clambering over all sorts of obstacles likely to be met with in time of war if they were advancing to the assault of any fortified works.

The shield was finally carried off by the 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles, one of the regiments which is spoken of as being held in readiness for service in South Africa. The shield has invariably been won by a rifle battalion team, and the two officers, eight sergeants, and ninety-six rank and file of the Scottish Rifles who won the competition are to be congratulated on their victory. The obstacles comprised a fortified hill to be climbed, in addition to rails, ditches, water-jump, etc.

Photo. Copyright. **THE CONNAUGHT SHIELD COMPETITION.** *C. Knight.*
The Right-hand Vault by the Winners.

THE shrine here depicted is that of a mysterious saint who perished by our rifles during the last Tirah Campaign. No traveller passes it without kneeling to offer a prayer to Allah, and the numerous flags around are thank-offerings, betokening prayers answered. Let us hope that the spot may not become the cradle of a fanaticism that might entail the necessity of another frontier expedition.

Photo. Copyright. **A HOLY GRAVE.** *Dobbie.*
A Ziarat, or Shrine, on the Indian Frontier.

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A Naval Wedding.

THERE could be no more popular officer than Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Culme-Seymour, to Commander Trevelyan Napier, R.N., was the most interesting Naval social function that has occurred at Portsmouth for a very long time. Some of the personages who attended are illustrated in the pictures given on this page.

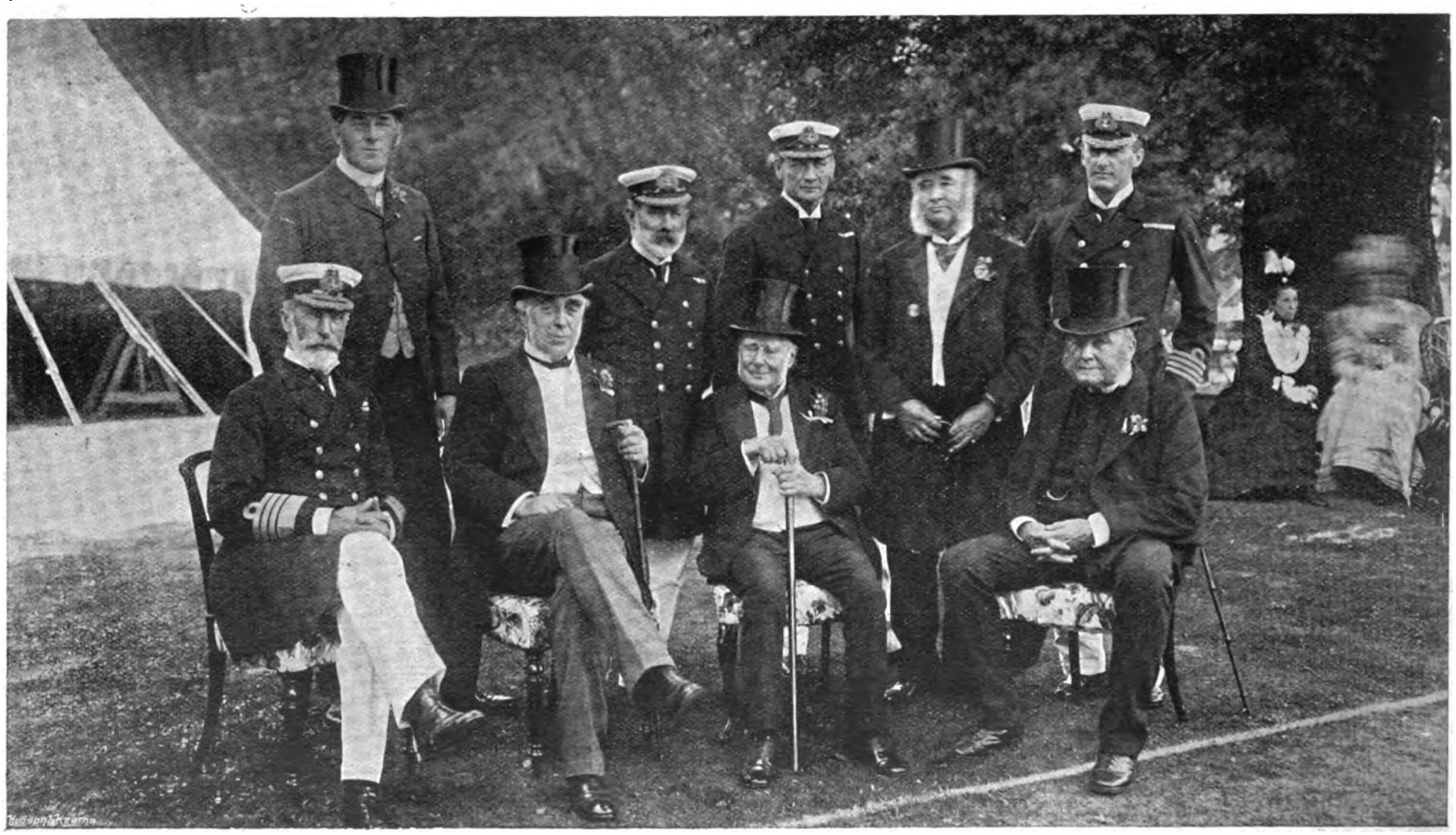
The first picture is that of that grand old veteran of the Navy, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, G.C.B., with his two grandsons, who evidently, judging from their costume, intend to follow the profession of their grandsire. The bonnie laddies are the sons of Captain Hamilton, R.N., who commands the torpedo school "Defiance" at Devonport. The next picture shows the wedding group, Commander Napier and his bride being seated in the centre, with the admiral behind them, his breast decorated with a triple row of ribbons, and Commander A. Leveson, R.N., the bridegroom's best man. The five little bridesmaids were each escorted by a small page, wearing the picturesque Bluejacket costume of fifty years ago. The two tiny mites, twin daughters of Captain Dodgson, R.A., seated on one chair, brought up the rear of the procession. Finally, the last picture shows us as distinguished and representative a group of Naval officers as could be selected. Seated on the left of the picture is the Commander-in-Chief, the father of the bride, with Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, on his left. Next to Mr. Goschen is the old veteran, Sir Harry Keppel, and on his left Lord Hood of Avalon, who, as First Sea Lord, had so much to do with the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and after whom the first-class battleship "Hood" is named. In the standing row the officer in mufti on the left is Captain Fawkes, the private secretary to the First Lord. The shortest of those in uniform is Captain Hamilton, and next to him is Captain Durnford, D.S.O.

The other officer in uniform is Captain May, M.V.O., a great gunnery expert, and head of the school at Whale Island.

Standing between the last-named officers is Admiral Sir Alexander Buller, who was Commander-in-Chief in China during the China-Japan War.

SONS OF THE SEA.
Admiral Sir Harry Keppel and His Two Grandsons

THE BRIDAL PARTY.
Commander Napier and His Bride.



Photos. Copyright. *HEADS OF THE NAVY.* *West & Son.*

Standing—Captain W. H. Fawkes. Captain F. T. Hamilton. Captain J. Durnford. Admiral Sir A. Buller. Captain W. H. May.
Sitting—Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour. Right Hon. G. J. Goschen. Admiral of the Fleet Sir H. Keppel. Admiral Lord Hood of Avalon.

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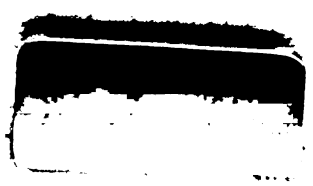

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